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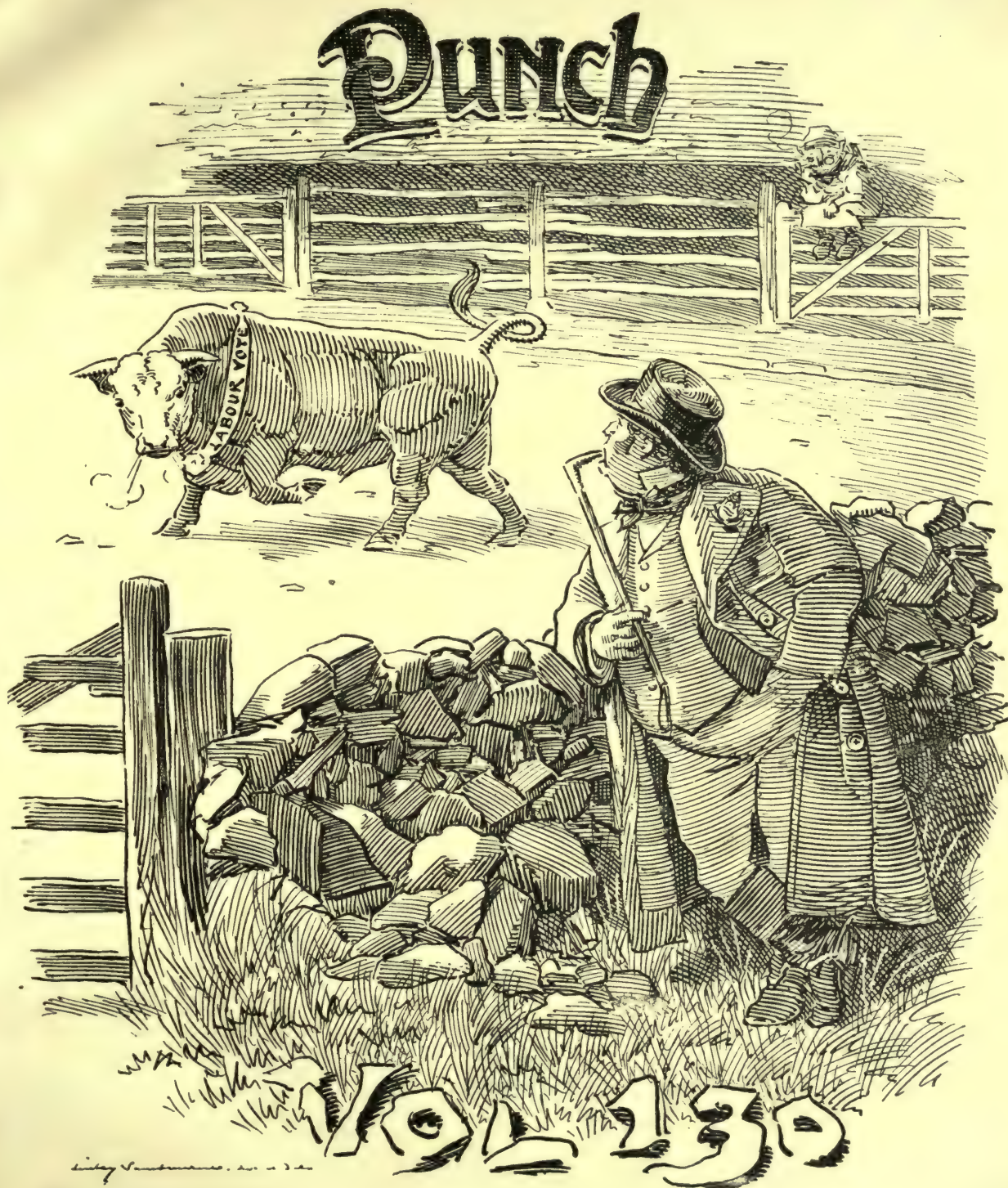


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THE ESTATE OF THE LATE
JAMES NICHOLSON

PUNCH

Vol. CXXX.

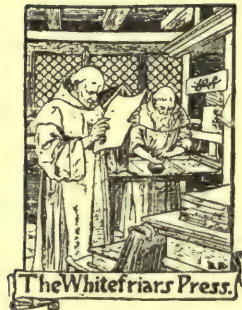
JANUARY—JUNE, 1906.



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1906.



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

Punch's Almanack



Punch's Almanack for 1906.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

MR. PUNCH, HAVING HEARD A RUMOUR THAT A CERTAIN AMERICAN PROFESSOR IS ALLEGED TO HAVE SAID THAT A MAN IS "TOO OLD AT FORTY," BEGS TO INFORM HIS PATRONS THAT HE PERSONALLY, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-FOUR, IS GOING AS STRONG AS EVER—AS SHOWN IN THE MONTHLY RECORD OF HIS PROWESS. THUS—



IN **JANUARY** HE WON THE WALTZING COMPETITION AT PRINCE'S.



IN **FEBRUARY** HE HAPPENED TO BE PASSING THROUGH SWEDEN AND RATHER SURPRISED THE NATIVES WITH A 200 FOOT JUMP!

Punch's Almanack for 1906.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"
(EXPLOITS OF A SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD.)



IN **MARCH** HE SAT TO HIS FRIEND MUDPUSHER, THE ACADEMICIAN, FROM NINE TILL ONE EVERY DAY, FOR HIS COLOSSAL EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF "VICTORY," AND ENJOYED IT.



IN **APRIL** AT THE INTERNATIONAL EPÉE TOURNAMENT IN PARIS, HE WAS UNTOUCHED; COMPLETELY DEFEATING THE LAST MAN WITH A MAGNIFICENTLY EXECUTED "CHANGEZ, BATTEZ, DÉGAGEZ, MARCHEZ, LIEZ EN SECONDE."

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT BRIGAND-CHIEF.



It was an ancient brigand-chief,
And a horny eye had he,
And the lethal weapons that lined his
belt
Would have stocked an armoury.

Around the camp-fire's ruddy glow
His brigands sniffed the breeze;
Half-cock (or more) each stalwart bore
His blunderbuss at ease.

Then up and spake that ancient sport:
"I have a tale to tell—"
The brigands sighed and yawned full
wide,
They knew the wheeze so well.

"It was September's opening day,
To British sportsmen dear—"
That was the way the tale began
Steadily once a year;
By his own request he told that geste,
And they could not choose but hear.



"'Tis fifty years ago to-day
Sithence this thing occurred;
We sallied out a merry rout
To slay the partridge bird.

"Brand-new my suit of Tartan check,
Wrought of the Scots home-spun;
In brand-new boots I tramped the roots
Beneath a brand-new gun.

"My eye was bright, my step was light,
My heart was hot within,
And all for a maid whose peerless love
I rather hoped to win.

"She was a sporting damosel,
Well knowing what was what,
And had vowed she never would yield
her hand
(So I was given to understand)
Save to a first-class shot.

"Therefore with many a prayer that I
That day might earn renown,
I blazed to right, I blazed to left,
I blazed into the brown;
I blazed the livelong morning through,
From 10.15 to nearly 2.0,
But never a bird came down.

"We had reached the final turnip-patch,
Nor yet had I tasted gore,
When lo! a single bird arose
Immediately beneath my nose,
Of somewhat larger size than those
I had observed before.

"It was my chance ere luncheon brought
The ladies in its train;
I gave the bird a yard or so,
Then, letting both my barrels go,
I blew the thing in twain.

"Ha! ha! I cried: but the guns replied
All down the line with 'Shame!';
It seems that I had felled to earth
A pheasant, young and tame;
'Twas wrong, said they, such birds to
slay
Or ever October came.

"At lunch they laughed; I even heard
My winsome lady howl;



For on my platter they had spread
The sections, obviously dead,
Of that infernal fowl.

"Laughter and gibe from rude coarse
men
Ere now have made me curse;
But to be mocked of one you love,
O that is far, far worse.

"My blood was up: I filled a cup
Full of the gold Rhine wine;
Drank 'Death to bird and man and
beast!'
And straightway left that grisly feast
With never a farewell sign.

"Thenceforth I swore all living things
Should lie beneath my ban;
I swore to seek some larger clime
Where I could kill, with no close time
For bird or beast or man.

"Comrades! In these Circassian parts
Where life runs fairly cheap,
With Tartar and Turk and Jew for
game
Have I not purged my ancient shame?
Say!" But the brigands said no word
By way of comment upon the bird,
Being, in fact, asleep. O. S.





A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

General Blazer. "AH, PARTNER, DO YOU—ER—DISCARD FROM—ER—STRENGTH OR WEAKNESS?"

Mr. Mildman. "ER—ER—GENERALLY FROM FRIGHT!"



The Mere Man. "I—ER—LEAVE IT TO YOU."

His Partner. "COWARD!"



G. H. Hardy

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—ONE STYLE.



G. H. Hardy

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—ANOTHER STYLE.

OUR CRÈCHE.

(Extract from a letter from Mrs. Bobbie Dash in the Wild West to her dear friend at home.)

Bottleford, Canada.

"... NOW ABOUT THE BALL. WE HAD MILES TO GO TO GET TO THE PLACE OVER AWFULLY ROUGH COUNTRY, AND AS USUAL THERE WAS NO ONE WE COULD LEAVE AT HOME TO LOOK AFTER OUR BABIES. WE HAD TO TAKE THEM WITH US, AND YOU CAN IMAGINE WE ARRIVED RATH' DRAGGLED AT THE BALL-ROOM. WE HAD A RIPPING DANCE; EVERY ONE WAS THERE—



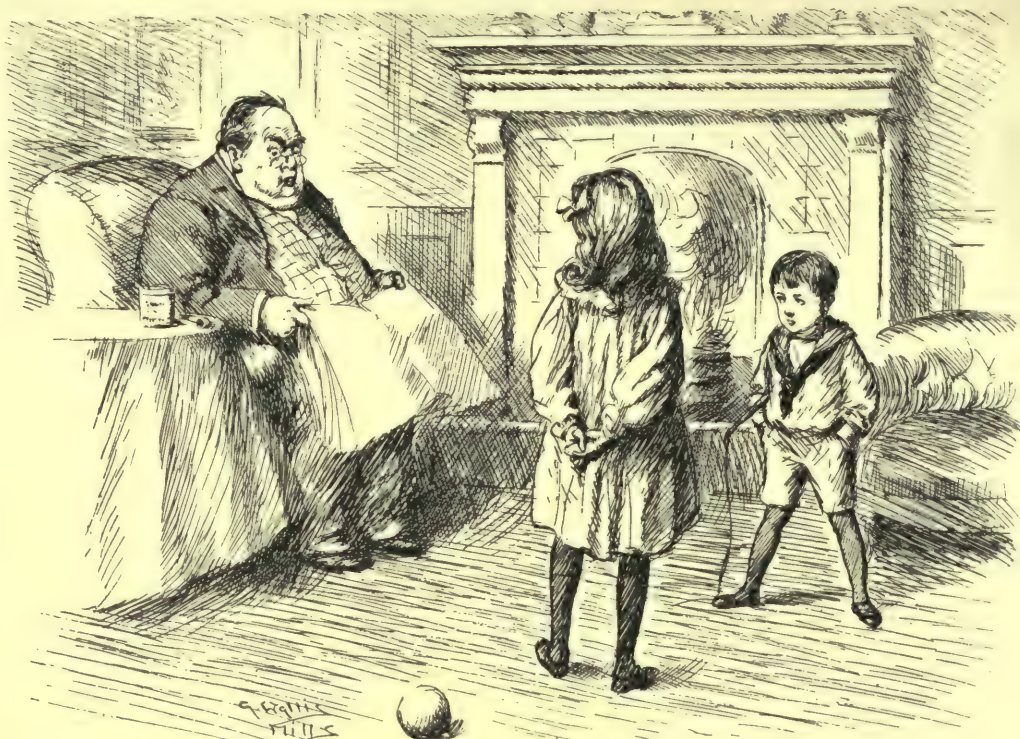
—AND THAT GOOD OLD SOUL, TUBBY, OUR ONLY BACHELOR, WHO IS NOT A DANCING MAN (HE LIVES NEXT DOOR TO THE BALL-ROOM), LOOKED AFTER OUR BABIES FOR US, AS HE ALWAYS DOES. WE LABEL THEM, YOU KNOW—

—SO THAT IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, HE JUST LOOKS UP THE NAME OF THE MOTHER AND—



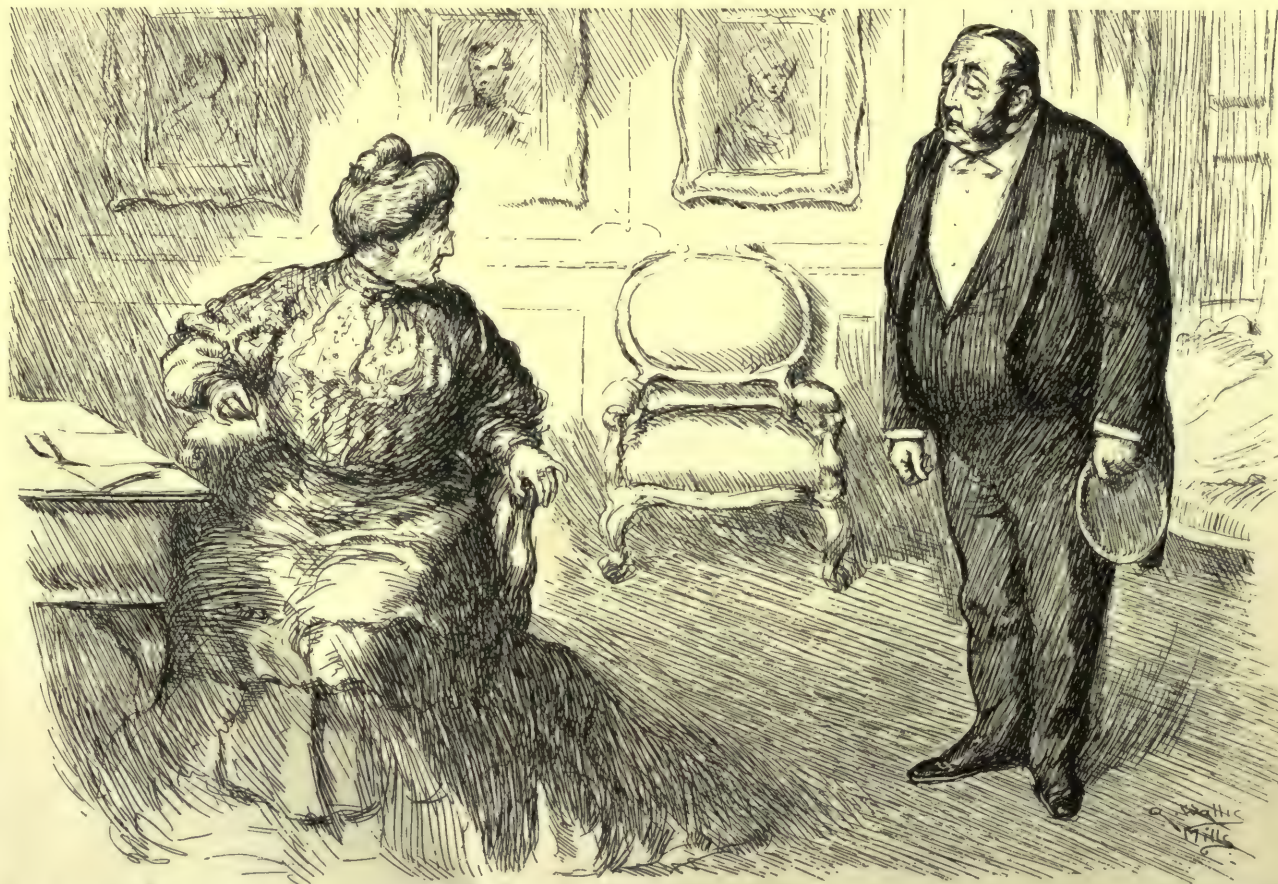
—HUNTS HER UP FROM THE BALL-ROOM. I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT HIM.

GEORGINA HAD AN AWFUL TIME OF IT WITH HER KIDDIE, AND LOST THE LAST SEVEN DANCES."



Tommy. "LET'S PLAY AT ZOO, AND UNCLE BE THE ELEPHANT."
Uncle. "QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR."

Elsie. "OH NO, HE'S NOT A BIT LIKE AN ELEPHANT."
Elsie. "I THINK HE'D MAKE A MUCH BETTER HIPPOPOTAMUS!"



Her Ladyship (who has been away from home for Christmas). "WELL, BLUNDELL, I HOPE YOU ALL HAD AN ENJOYABLE CHRISTMAS DINNER?"
Blundell. "YES, THANK YOU, MY LADY. AH! I—ER—TOOK THE LIBERTY OF OBTAINING—IN THE ABSENCE OF YOUR LADYSHIP—THE BIGGEST GOOSE PROCURABLE!"



HODGE'S LITTLE WAY.

Huntsman (in perspiring hurry). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOX?"
 Huntsman. "YES, THAT'S HIM, THAT'S HIM, WHERE IS HE?"
 Huntsman. "YES, OF COURSE."
 Huntsman. "YES, YES. BUT WHICH WAY DID HE GO?"

Hodge. "HAS 'UN GOT A GREAT BIG BUSHY TAIL?"
 Hodge. "DO 'E 'AVE A BROWN COAT?"
 Hodge. "LOLLOPS ALONG LIKE A DARG, DON'T 'E?"
 Hodge. "I AIN'T SEED 'UN!!"

G. D. ATTWOOD

THE OLD STORY.

CHAPTER I.—*Foreword.*

O LIST to the unhappy tale of John and Emma Caroline.
In Hoxton he was something in the vegetable-marrow line!

CHAPTER II.—*His Pride.*

But though his trade was sordid he was just as proud as Lucifer—
The Spirit (say) of Humbleness, he didn't see the use of her.
His clothes were rich but tasteful, and a bit above the Hoxtonite,
Who'd greet him, dressed for dinner, with "What ho! the fancy socks to-night!"
His wicked pride—well, John has never been the one to hide it, so
I may as well explain at once the reasons why he sided so.

CHAPTER III.—*Its Cause.*

His sister at a garden fête, dressed charmingly in white and brown,
With wavy pleatings round the hem, had shaken hands with Crichton-Browne,
His brother's son was friendly with the Carlton chef, and what is more,
His father knew a fellow who had hunted with the Cottesmore;

And John was raptured at the thought of walking out with Caroline;
He took a 'bus to Baker Street, and travelled by the Harrow line.

CHAPTER VI.—*The Meeting.*

They met; the conversation turned on Photos and Phylacteries,
The Weather and the Government, and who our Greatest Actor is,
And then, at some remark of his, she looked and murmured "What a swell!"



CHAPTER VIII.—*The Refusal.*

She thanked him very kindly, and she spoke in words as set as his:
"An apple makes me bilious, and I do not care for lettuces."

CHAPTER IX.—*His Wicked Boasting.*

Then John was slightly scornful, and he said, "My foolish Caroline,
I am not just a person in the vegetable-marrow line.
My sister at her country house, dressed charmingly in white and brown,
With wavy pleatings everywhere, has entertained Sir Crichton-Browne,
My nephew is the Carlton and the Cecil chef, and what is more,
Six days a week throughout the year I've hunted with the Cottesmore."

CHAPTER X.—*Her Determination.*

But Caroline replied again, "W-what I s-s-said I meant."
(She had, I quite forgot to say, a very slight impediment.)

THE REFUSAL.

Besides all this *in esse* there was fame and wealth *in posse* too,
As witness Bilks his uncle's friend (or second cousin was it?) who
Had got that very day a Derby "cert."—and by a "cert." is meant
"The Colonel's shilling Final (One Horse Snip)"—but see advertisement.

CHAPTER IV.—*Caroline.*

Now Caroline (or Emma), who was really quite bewitching, made
A living up at Cricklewood as what she called a "kitching-maid,"
And Caroline (or Emma)—I am certain cared for John a bit,
Although (to use a vulgar phrase) she liked to "have him on a bit."

CHAPTER V.—*Her Invitation.*

One day she wrote (you'd never think a maid so very fickle would)
"My darling Johnny, can you come and call for me at Cricklewood?"

His suit was striped in many shades, and had a little spot as well;
His purple tie was *crêpe-de-chine*, which really isn't bad for ties. . . .

To PRINTER: Better leave a space for anyone to advertise.

CHAPTER VII.—*The Proposal.*

And Caroline grew hungry, so they rested at "The Dragon's Head,"
And after tea John took his clay and filled it up with shag and said,
(For John and fear were strangers when his inner man was fortified)
"The vegetable business is increasing, and, in short, if I'd
A partner who could keep accounts, and make the place look tidy too,
I'd start a line next spring in fruit—in fact I've quite decided to."

Now stammering, though painful, can quite easily be remedied
By writing to the *Evening News*, as Caroline (or Emma) did:—
E.g., "To LULU. Fold your arms, and, taking care to cross the knees,
Sneeze twice with pebbles in the mouth."
(Compare, of course, Demosthenes.)

CHAPTER XI.—*The Events that Followed.*

It's doubtful just what happened then a step outside "The Dragon's Head;"
One gathers that quite suddenly the fellow ceased to brag and said:—
"I'll have the fruit at any rate" (some day the truth mayhap 'll out)—
And then he took his pocket-knife and cut his Adam's apple out!

CHAPTER XII.—*The End—and the Moral.*

She looked, she stood there silently; then gave a single scream in a Falsetto voice: the man was dead—*facti*, once more, *dux femina*.



AT THE FAIRY OUTFITTERS.

FAIRYLANDERS GETTING READY FOR THE PANTOMIME SEASON.



IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. A.D. 1910.

Surviving Race of Motorists (log.). "Oh, I say. WHAT?! USED TO WALK ACROSS THE ROADS! NO! HOW LOVELY!!"—"WENT ABOUT ON FOOT, AND EXPECTED TO BE PROTECTED! NONSENSE! WHAT EFFRONTERY!!"—"DO YOU BELIEVE IT?! I DON'T. IT'S TOO RIDICULOUS!!"—"PON MY HONOUR IT'S A FACT! WHY, THEY SAY CHILDREN USED TO PLAY ABOUT IN VILLAGES! DID YOU EVER HEAR SUCH AN IDEA! TOO DELICIOUSLY IMPROBABLE!!"

[Exeunt in roars of laughter to see something else.]



MINISTERIAL "HARA-KIRI;" OR, UNABLE TO FACE THE "HAPPY DESPATCH."

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. "My good friends, what is the use of putting off right honourable 'Dissolution'? It will be just as unpleasant later on. We are quite ready to fill honourable places, and nobody will notice any difference!"



CAME IN LAST.

Owner. "WHY DIDN'T YOU RIDE AS I TOLD YOU? DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO FORCE THE PACE EARLY AND COME AWAY AT THE CORNER?"
Jockey. "YES, M'LORD, BUT I COULDN'T VERY WELL LEAVE THE HORSE BEHIND."

THE BRAND OF SHAME.

LAST night a most unfortunate collision
 Occurred between my eyebrow and the door,
 And when the morning dawned, alas! my vision
 Turned out to be decidedly obscure.
 But, worst of all, my cheek and forehead decking,
 The marks of that collision grew apace;
 A raw beef-steak completely failed in checking
 The purple stain that spread across my face.

This is indeed a curious world, my masters!
 To-day I keenly realise the same.
 Why should a blackened eye, of all disasters,
 Prove detrimental to a man's good name?
 Why should his friends, who journey to the City,
 At his approach break off their morning chat
 To ask him, with a great pretence of pity,
 "Hullo, old chap. I say! Whose mark is
 that?"

I fear that I displayed some irritation.
 "A guilty conscience," all professed to think;

And when I gave the truthful explanation
 Attributed the accident to drink.
 Some pointed out how unrestricted thirst did
 Create unsteadiness about the feet,
 And others thought no doubt I had been worsted
 In pugilistic combat in the street.

That hideous bruise of purple, green, and yellow
 Provoked such wit as would have tried a saint,
 Till, towards noon, I paid a chemist fellow
 Wholly to blot it out with skill and paint.
 And even he drew some unfair deduction,
 I gathered from his faint and ghostly grin.
 My faith! That wretched man escaped destruction
 Only because I reined my anger in!

Had I a broken limb in course of healing,—
 An arm or leg or rib, as it may be,
 A friend who'd any claim to decent feeling
 Would send me messages of sympathy.
 Then tell me, why should optic complications
 Put such a different aspect on the case?
 A compound fracture hurts no reputations,—
 Why should a blackened eye be such disgrace?

MINCE-MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

THE question, What is a perfect gentleman? is always difficult to answer satisfactorily, but we think we met one the other day at a dinner-party at a restaurant. When a waiter spilled a plateful of thick mock turtle down his back he merely remarked, "I asked for clear soup."

Rumours reach us of a magnificent *soirée* which is being planned by a certain millionaire, and promises to be the absolutely last word as regards such entertainments. Suffice it, to show the lavish way in which the thing is being done, to say that, according to our information, Mr. Alfred Capper has already been engaged at a fabulous fee to whistle for cabs for the guests.

It is, we hear, becoming an increasing fashion for wealthy children in America to call in the assistance of professional packers on Christmas Day to enable them to eat more than their less fortunate brethren.

An innocent man having recently been mistaken for a house-breaker and shot in the leg, a lady makes the capital suggestion that, to avoid the possibility of such errors, burglars shall be compelled to wear some distinctive costume.

It is said that the untearable toy-books which are now the vogue are responsible for the recent immense increase in convulsions among infants, the baffled baby being frequently driven into a paroxysm of rage at his impotence. If this be true,

a precocious youngster, aged two, has made a discovery of some importance. He is prepared to prove that it is possible to destroy even a linen book by pulling out the threads one by one—though, of course, this means much loss of valuable time.

that the next year was going to be 1905. As a result, when 1905 arrived, I had become so used to the figures 1905 that I came to think that the previous year was 1905, and dated all my letters 1906. Can you help me?

To judge by the following conversation, which we overheard the other day as a motor-tandem passed, motor-cycling must be an over-rated amusement:—

"I say, I think the machine's going to blow up."

"What?"

"I think the machine's going to blow up."

"Can't hear—such a deuced rattle—What?"

"I think it's going to blow up!"

"What?"

"Oh, never mind!"

A disgraceful case of bullying has just been brought to the notice of the authorities at the Zoo. The Proboscis Monkey is continually being thrashed by the other inmates of his cage for making alleged faces at them, while the poor little fellow really cannot help it.

We wonder whether it is generally known that there are a number of stupid and conceited animals at the Zoo, who, when they look through the bars of their cage, imagine they are looking into a



NARCISSUS.

We have received the following appeal:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—What can I do? I have a wretched memory. Consequently, as a new year approaches, I get terribly nervous lest in January I shall date my letters with the number of the previous year. So last December I tried a plan. All through the month I reminded myself

cage containing the public.

As considerable difficulty is experienced at the Zoo in clearing the grounds at closing time, a proposal, we hear, is now being considered which, if carried out, would undoubtedly prove effectual. It is that one of the lions shall be let loose every day at the closing hour.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

(EXPLOITS OF A SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD.)



IN **MAY** MR. PUNCH WAS THE PETTED DARLING OF THE BRIDGE TABLE.



IN **JUNE** HE ASTOUNDED EVERYBODY BY HIS PROWESS AND AGILITY IN THE LONG FIELD.







of Modes.

the fashions of his reign.

Punch's Almanack for 1906.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

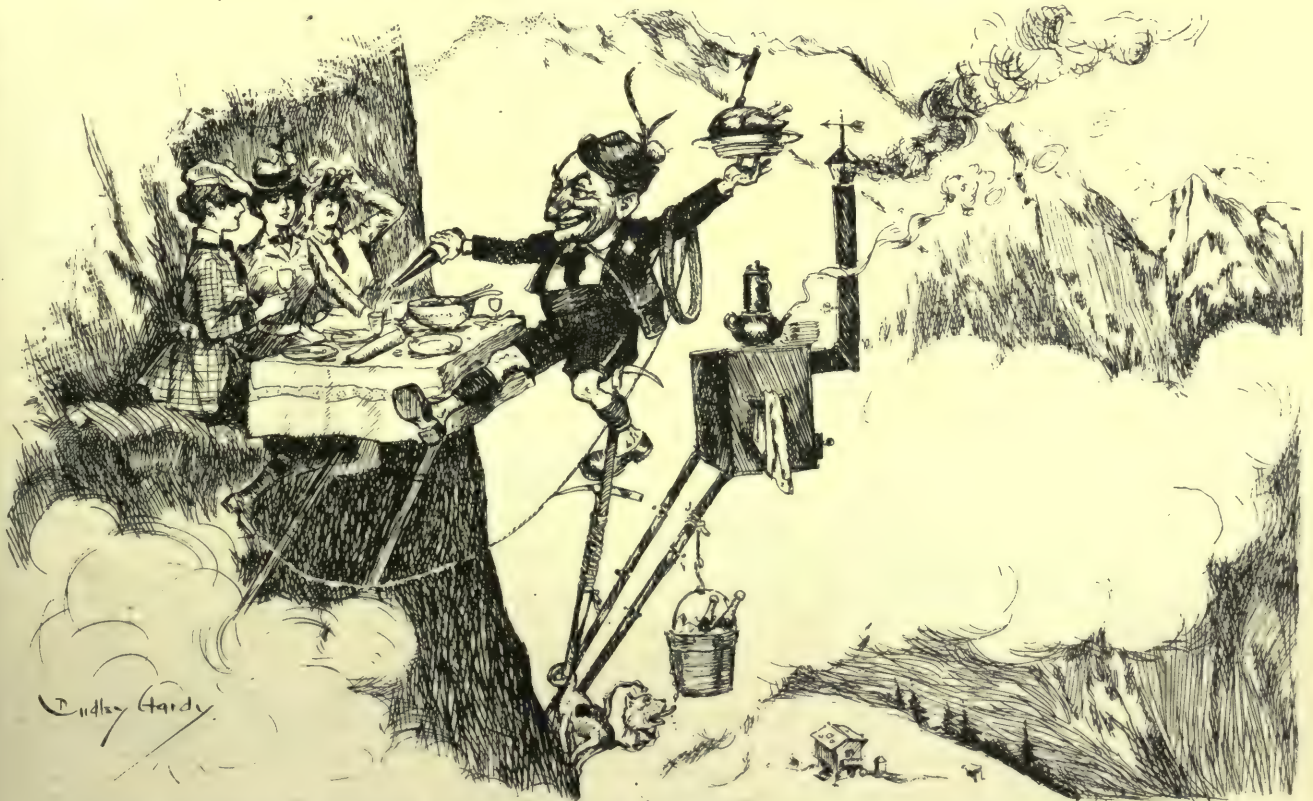
(EXPLOITS OF A SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD.)



IN **JULY** HE WAS CHALLENGED BY THE COASTGUARD AT CAPE GRIS-NEZ.

"HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"

"No—only that I have just swum the Channel."



IN **AUGUST** HE CAME TO THE RESCUE OF THREE STARVING AMERICAN TOURISTS, DESERTED BY THEIR GUIDE ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE, GAVE THEM A FIRST-CLASS DÉJEUNER, AND ULTIMATELY RESTORED THEM TO A DISTRACTED POPPA AT LUCERNE.

Punch's Almanack for 1906.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

UNCLE JOSEPH AND THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

MRS. WINTER TO HER UNCLE,
MR. LAMMIMAN.

December 11, 1904.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—We are so very glad to hear that you can once again spend Christmas Day with us, and the children are all agog with excitement and pleasure. And that reminds me that the dear things are very busy in devising some joint present to give you, and it would be, I think, a good thing if I could hint to them (of course no more than a hint) the direction their effort should take. To get presents that one does not want can be so embarrassing, and I am sure you would rather have one good one than many trifling ones. So if you could send me a suggestion I should be so grateful. Your affectionate niece,

ANNIE WINTER.

MR. LAMMIMAN TO HIS
NIECE, MRS. WINTER.

December 12, 1904.

DEAR ANNIE,—Your letter of the 11th to hand; but why you say you are glad I am coming to see you "once again" I do not understand. "Again" would have been sufficient; by adding "once" you seem to have made up your mind that this is my last year of life. Let me tell you that it is not, so please rest easy on that score. As for a present, I want nothing on earth but a new digestion, and I don't suppose your children can give me that; quite the reverse. Let them save their money in their money boxes.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH LAMMIMAN.

MRS. WINTER TO MR. LAMMIMAN.

December 13, 1904.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—You have entirely misunderstood my letter. I did not say "once again" with the meaning that you think, but merely as a way of showing my appreciation of yet another visit from you. I hope you will continue to spend Christmas with us for twenty years at least.

On thinking over your letter I have decided that perhaps it will be best for the children to give you each some little article that will be useful through the year to come.

Anticipating your visit with the keenest pleasure, believe me,

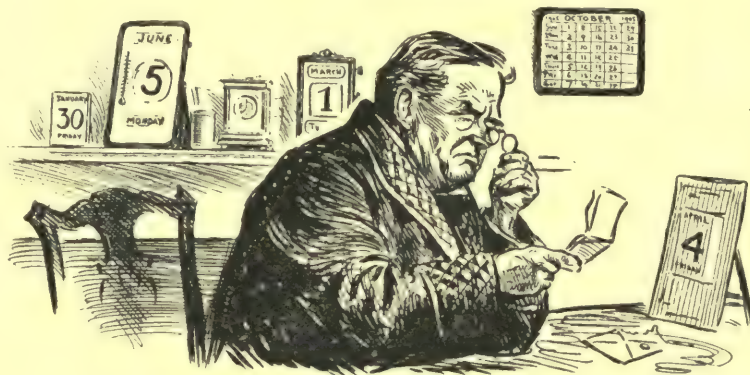
Your affectionate niece,

ANNIE WINTER.

MR. LAMMIMAN TO MRS. WINTER.

December 14, 1904.

DEAR ANNIE,—Your letter of the 13th to hand. Why you should want me to die at the age of seventy-eight I cannot imagine; but by wishing to terminate my visits to you in twenty years' time, you force me to the belief that that is what you desire. Where am I to go for my Christmas in 1925? My father (your great uncle) lived to be ninety-three, and his mother was ninety-six before him. Your great aunt Wilkins is eighty-five next week, and, as you know, I am said to resemble her in constitution very closely. As for the presents, I desire to accept nothing, as I thought I said in my last letter; but women, I have noticed, are bad letter-readers. Of useful articles I have myriads that I never use. At this moment, by just looking round this one room, I can see five calendars, none of them brought up to date, two pen-wipers (although I always use the under-part of



my sleeve), and five ash-trays and four paper-weights, where one of each would do.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH LAMMIMAN.

MRS. WINTER TO MR. LAMMIMAN.

December 15, 1904.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I am so sorry that I used that unfortunate phrase twenty years. I did not mean twenty as twenty, but a very long space of time. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to put any period to your valuable life, and I am most distressed to have distressed you. Your affectionate niece,

ANNIE WINTER.

MRS. WINTER TO MRS. BULSTRODE,
MR. LAMMIMAN'S HOUSEKEEPER.

(Private.)

December 15, 1904.

DEAR MRS. BULSTRODE,—You would be doing me a great kindness if you could tell me of something which my uncle would like to receive for a Christmas present. I have asked him and he has said he wants nothing; but everyone

wants something, and the children very much want to give him a nice present.

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE WINTER.

MRS. BULSTRODE TO MRS. WINTER.

December 16, 1904.

DEAR MRS. WINTER,—Mr. Lammiman is so quick to supply any needs he may have that I hardly know what to say. Last week he wanted a new tooth brush, but he has since bought one. He also bought some socks. A silk handkerchief for his neck would be a nice thing, but he has several.

I am, Yours faithfully,

EMMA BULSTRODE.

MR. LAMMIMAN TO MRS. WINTER.

December 27, 1904.

DEAR ANNIE,—Thank you for your hospitality. Now that I have had another opportunity of seeing your children, my great-nephews and nieces,

I think you ought to know what changes I observe to have taken place in them during the year. Arthur I found inattentive to the comforts of others, and very arrogant. Cecil has a bad habit of giggling which ought to be checked. Little Ernest may develop well, but he requires a strong hand. Margaret seemed to me unfortunately wilful, and I heard her whimpering a good deal in the early

morning; while Bertha has acquired an assurance which cannot be too much deplored in one so young. As a whole they seemed to me to lack thoughtfulness. For example, it frequently happened that on entering the room I found them occupying the most comfortable chairs, and there was no alacrity in springing up to offer them to me, and although it was Christmas, the season of generosity and goodwill, they had neither made nor purchased any little gift for me, to whom they owe so much (to say nothing of the turkey), and who always has had their welfare at heart, as, indeed, this long and irksome letter testifies.

I know that you are not in a position to have the best tuition for them, and that you sadly miss poor George, but at the same time I must not neglect my duty of saying that for some of these shortcomings I hold you to blame. You, at any rate, being their mother, might have suggested that some little present to their uncle would have been fitting.

I am, my dear Annie, with best wishes for the New Year, Yours truly,

JOSEPH LAMMIMAN.

THE TRIUMPH OF RUSH.

A STUDY OF THE TRAFFIC OF THE NEAR FUTURE.



SUBURBAN TRAFFIC (DURING THE SLACK PERIOD OF THE DAY).—LEGAL PENALTIES FOR TRAVELLING TOO SLOWLY.—THE EARTH GETS OUT OF CONTROL; SLIGHT COLLISION.—THE NEW "DISORDERLIES."—BEDS, CHAIRS, AND SOFAS BEING FORBIDDEN BY LAW, TIRED CITIZEN FLIES TO SOUTH POLE FOR FIVE MINUTES' REST.

ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO BECOME M.P.'S.—By Toby, M.P.

It would be rash to assume, as many are wont, that dissolution must take place at a very near date. The present Parliament was elected in October, 1900. It may certainly run through next year, and if, at the close of its sixth Session, Mr. Balfour were to find in the circumstances of the hour desirability in the public interest to enter upon a seventh, he is too unselfishly patriotic to deny to the country continuance of his services and those of his colleagues.

That by way of reminder of the actual position. But as there is a general movement of preparation for a General Election, it may be useful to offer a few hints for candidates.

First catch your Constituency, then assiduously woo it. Some candidates are put up by local influence and selection. The larger number place themselves at the disposal of the Whip of either political party. By others (who have not obtained nominations) these are known as carpet-baggers. The term is derived from fancied pictures of a gentleman hastily leaving the Whip's office carpet-bag in hand, hailing a cab, and hurrying off to the constituency allotted to him. But it is no matter what you are called if you win a seat.

In framing your election address, don't



"Oh, my friends, as you love me—be nebulous!"

forget these documents are filed, and may at later epochs be brought up to your discomfiture. Get in as many political topics as the current day affords. Use capital letters in introducing them. Whilst appearing to be emphatically saying something, be as little definite as possible in declaration of opinion. For this purpose, a study of Mr. Balfour's speeches on the Fiscal question will be found invaluable. This will be the case more particularly if you happen to approach your desired constituents under the Unionist flag. If you are a Liberal, of course you will plump for Free Trade.

In such case you must be exceedingly wary on questions of Foreign Policy, Maintenance of the Navy at highest level, Expenditure on the Army, and Drawing Closer Bonds of Union with Colonies. If you are a Unionist, you are, presumptively, sound on these matters. In your address you might scornfully allude to a Liberal Party who, coming into power in 1892, were bundled out three years later on discovery by Mr. Brodrick that the War Department was wantonly, wickedly deficient in some hundred-weights of cordite.

Mention of Mr. Brodrick's name will naturally lead you to extol the discernment, applaud the good fortune, of a

Prime Minister who, having discovered a Carnot in St. John Brodrick, was able, two years later, to find a Napoleon Bonaparte in Arnold-Forster.

Whatever you do, don't, in this connection, mention Lord Roberts. Here comes in the opportunity for the Liberal candidate. Assuming that you are of that colour, you will find Bobs exceedingly useful. He is understood—and outside the veteran Committee of Defence the assumption is generally accepted—to know something about fighting. You will not fail to quote his reiterated declaration that after an expenditure of millions, having run up the annual estimates to a figure unknown in history, the Army is, at the present day, not a bit better than when it was rushed, blindfolded, limb-bound, into the War in South Africa.

A reference to Six Army Corps in buckram, to Remounts and Army Stores Scandals will be useful, and should be pointed by insistence on the fact that War Office administration of past five years has been carried on by the very men who profited by the outcry of shortage in cordite stores. These hints are necessarily brief. But they may be found useful to candidates from either political camp in dealing with the questions uppermost in political controversy at the time they sit down to pen their Address.



St. John Brodrick, "Organiser of Victory."



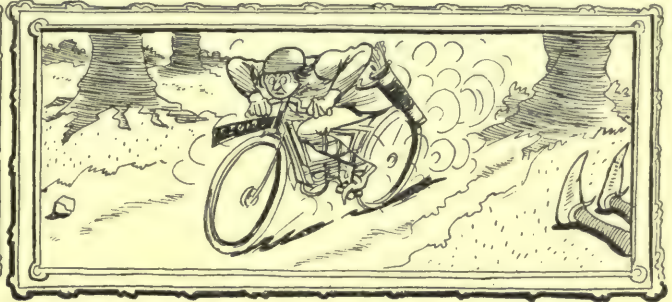
Napoleon Arnold-Forster.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

If only a few things had been invented earlier.



Canute, in a diving suit, refutes the flattery of his courtiers.



Flight of Sir Walter Tyrrell through the New Forest on a motor-bicycle.



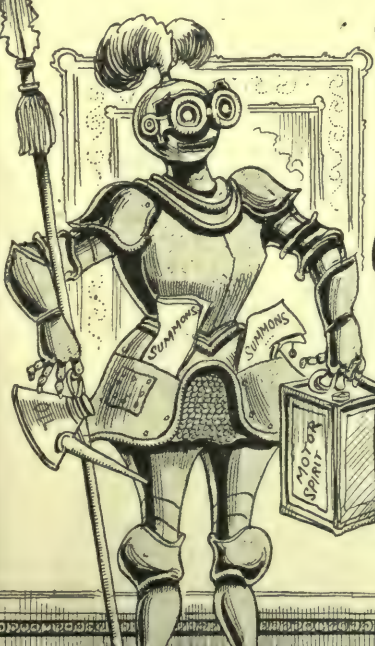
Charles the First buys "sweeties" for the children at Hampton Court.



Henry the Second does penance with the "developer."



Fair Rosamond types a missive to her lover.



Sir Francis Drake has a telephonic message *re* the Armada.



Richard Cœur de Lion plays golf on the Ascalon Links.



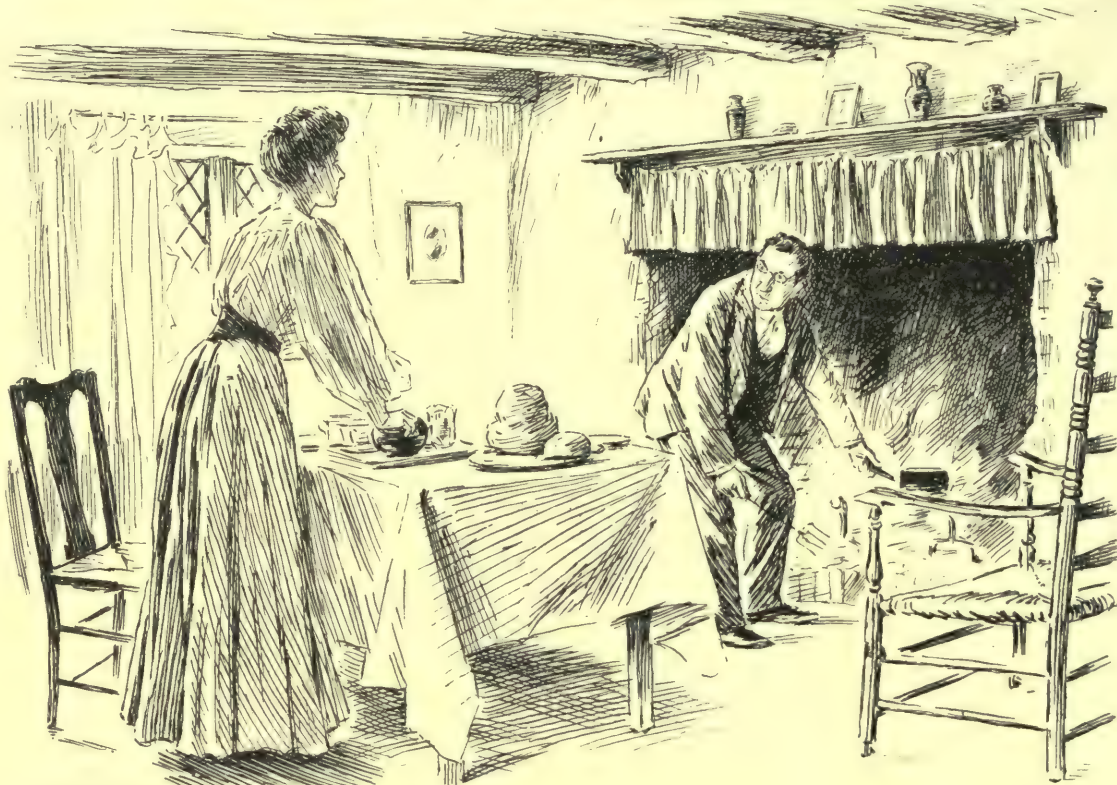
Remorse; or, Henry the Eighth hears Anne Boleyn's voice on the gramophone.

MC 9000000

Punch's Almanack for 1906.

"THE SIMPLE LIFE."

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpudgit's Experiences of a Week-end Country Cottage.



LYNNING-KING

Mr. Fitzpudgit. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE EGGS, MATILDA? I'VE TRIED THEM WITH A FORK TWO OR THREE TIMES, AND THEY'RE NOT SOFT YET!"



LYNNING-KING

Mr. Fitzpudgit. "NOW DON'T FAINT AGAIN, MY DEAR. I'LL SOON HAVE THIS OLD RABBIT IN BITS NOW!"

"THE SIMPLE LIFE."



Charwoman. "IF YER PLEASE, SIR, TH' LANDLORD SAYS AS 'OW 'E CAN'T DO NOTHIN', 'COS THE THATCHER'S BUSY WITH THE RICKS."



Mrs. Fitzpudgit. "WHAT IS IT, DEAR?"

Mr. F. "NOTHING, MY LOVE. ONLY ANOTHER PUNCTURE."

THE NEW MOTHER.

THOUGH our age lacks the beau and the dandy,

It fosters, we all must admit,
One *monstrum conspicuum et grande*—
The New British Matron to wit.
I haven't a Juvenal's passion,
I haven't the grace of a *Praed*,
Yet to paint her, in amateur fashion,
In the following lines I've essayed.



Her eyes are decidedly greenish,
Her hair is the colour of bronze,
Her figure's inclined to be leanish,
Her accents resemble a Don's.
At home, when her mood's esoteric,
In drapery flowing she's "gowned;"
But when she plays golf at North Berwick,
Her skirts are a foot from the ground.

Her hobbies are all of the newest,
You cannot keep pace with her fads;
Last session of Tories the bluest,
To-day she's the reddest of Rads.



Last year she was sailing a cutter,
And nearly capsized in a squall;
Now her cult's the Schenectady
putter,
Her idol the rubber-cored ball.

In matters of diet decrying
Routine as the direst of plagues,
One day on the butcher relying,
The next she's a pupil of Haig's.
One week she's teetotalling gaily;
The next, from this heresy free,
You'll find she will dose herself daily
With Kümmel at five o'clock tea.

Her favourite philosophy's Nietzsche's,
Her favourite composer is Strauss;
Lord Hugh's theological speeches
Attract her alone to the House.
She smokes an imposing narghile,
She dotes on the dramas of
Shaw;
She thinks William Shakspeare is
silly,
That Sargent's unable to draw.



If you mention the novels of Dickens,
Or praise the romances of Scott,
She'll tell you their sentiment sickens,
Their character drawing is "rot."
But in truth from the lash of her censure
Few moderns immunity gain,
For she scoffs at the tale of adventure,
And sneers at the Servants'-Hall
Caine.

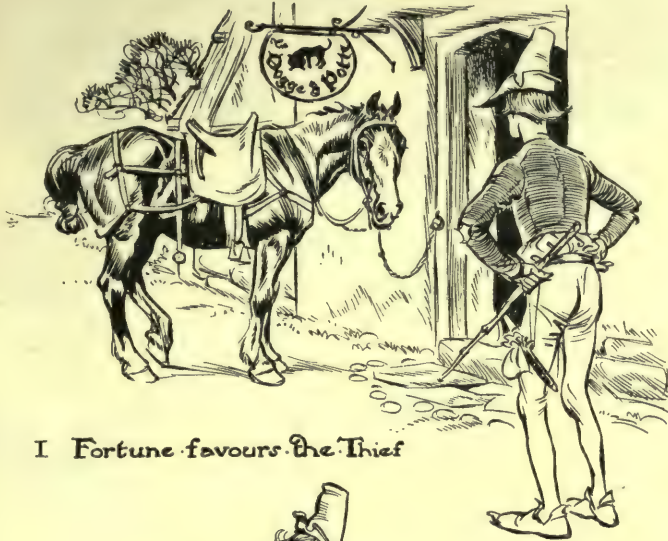
Her rôle is to shine and be witty,
And treat all tradition as fudge;
Her husband's, to slave in the City,
A patient and dutiful drudge.
His sandy complexion and freckles
Excite her unending disdain,
But as long as he rakes in the shekels
A martyr she means to remain.

Her children she loves—when they're
quiet;
She sends them to bed when they
shriek;
And she changes their dress and their diet
And their lessons, at least once a week.
Now of early Victorian Vandals
Enforcing the rigidest rule,
Now "ethical safeguards," and sandals,
And the gospel of good Mrs. Boole.

Yet alike in her mien and her temper
There's nothing that's notably new;
It was written *mutabile semper*
Two thousand years back and it's true.
Nay an earlier classical chiel, you
Remember the saying of course,
Summed her up in his *δειδὸν τὸ θῆλυ*,
A dictum we still may endorse.

But this freak of the feminine gender,
Though apt our annoyance to move,
Is mostly a youthful offender,
And seldom too old to improve.
When she's schooled by adversity's
training,
And grows less ungentle in mind,
There's a hope of her possibly gaining
Some hold on the hearts of her kind.

"POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE CRIME."



I Fortune favours the Thief



II More Ale.
Less Steed.



III A Fool & his Donkey
are soon parted



IV Exchange is Robbery



V An Englishman never
knows why he's beaten.



VI The Receiver feels worse than the Thief.

H. B. ROCK



Jones, after fishing for a week, at length has luck—for him.
Affable Little Stranger. "OH, I SAY! HOW SPLENDID!! OR—OR IS IT BAIT?"

TO A PIN CURL.

To such a ringlet, soft and light,
A fettered sunbeam, curling
tight,
The poet would, I'm sure, indite
A sonnet;
But I'm too clumsy to reveal,
On paper, half the things I feel,
And as it was I put my heel
Upon it.

I know the head, so lightly tost,
From which this wandering curl
was lost
(I've a suspicion that it cost
Good money);
I know those locks of changing
tint—
Now copper, with a ruby glint,
Now golden bronze, with half a
hint

Of honey.

I found it after supper, where
The board was strewn with
Christmas fare—



"I WONDER WHAT HE'S CRYING FOR?"
"PERHAPS HE'S LOST HIS NURSE."
"YOU ARE A SILLY, BOBBY. A DIRTY LITTLE BOY LIKE
THAT WOULDN'T HAVE A NURSE."
"NOT EVEN A DIRTY NURSE?"

Boned turkey, ginger, camembert
And capons,
Was ever man in such a fix?
For if I give it back to Trix
Such honesty would earn more
kicks

Than ha'pence.

It will be well, when all is said,
To keep it till we're safely wed.
Then, only, shall that pretty
head

Recover

The wanton curl it wore at will;
And Trix will feel with sudden
thrill,
Though disillusioned, I am still
Her lover.

For Pale People.

The secret of a good complexion.

"If you colour up after telling
a story, keep on telling them,"
was the disinterested advice
which is said to have been given
to one of his lady friends by the
late George Washington.



PIPING TO THE FEAST.

Punch's Almanack for 1906.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"
(EXPLOITS OF A SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD.)



IN **SEPTEMBER** MR. PUNCH KILLED A SALMON HIS OWN SIZE.



IN **OCTOBER** HE BOWLED OVER THE RED DEER LIKE SO MANY RABBITS.

Punch's Almanack for 1906.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"
(EXPLOITS OF A SIXTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD.)



IN **NOVEMBER** HE DISPLAYED A VERY PERFECT COOLNESS IN THE WARMEST CORNERS.



IN **DECEMBER** HE INVARIABLY LED THE FIELD OVER THE STIFFEST COUNTRY.





"The C.-B. Analogy."

MR. PUNCH recently prophesied that in consequence of the accession of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to power "a strong wave of double-nomenclature would sweep over the country." To the styles which he then recommended he is now asked to add another:—

For a District Railway Conductor.
RINGBELL-JAMMERMAN.

A Correction.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In your last Number your Charivariist says that a satisfactory explanation is now given with reference to the police constable who "was seen running in a West-End street." It may be so; yet the occurrence deserves further notice. What had this West-End street been doing to get run in? Taken to crooked ways, perhaps, or committed possibly some trifling Piccadillo. Pray let us hear more.

Yours, etc.

HY. DE PARK.

THE IMMORTAL BOY.

"WHOM the gods love dies young" was never said of *Peter Pan*. Here he comes again, with fresh touches of infinite variety to confound the needless fear that custom might stale his charm. Certain blemishes, if blemishes they were, are gone; the mothers have been removed, and the ardours of *Tiger Lily* chastely expurged. In a new scene, rich in alluring compensations, mermaids set their lovely snares in treacherous halcyon seas. *Peter* himself has a fresh interpreter, delicately mobile of body and mind, femininely sensitive to the shifting moods of the faërie lad forlorn. And if the new real mother misses something of the old maternal tenderness, the foster-mother that we loved is there; the same *Wendy* is with us; and, from the bright, peerless moment when she greets the darkling apparition of *Peter Pan* without a shadow of surprise or fear, she has all hearts in bondage as before. To the *First Twin* is assigned a new and startling feat of acrobacy, and to *Jas. Hook* a fresh opening for mental cynicism, which still leaves his very perfect gift of physical ferocity unimpaired.

Into the Mermaid scene an element of tragedy is suddenly introduced. *Peter*, wounded in combat with the Pirate Captain, is left on the rock to be caught by the rising tide, but escapes by the sacrificial intervention of what looks like a dodo. The bird offers him her floating nest for transport, and is rewarded by instant apotheosis. But meanwhile *Peter* has told us that "To die will be an awfully big adventure." The phrase, not designed to be mock-heroic, is only saved from the stigma of sheer melodrama by the freshness of its form. But it remains a false note, both in relation to the character of the speaker and to the context. A pantomimic atmosphere of crocodile and dodo makes an unsatisfactory environment for the Eternal Verities.

Which brings me to the larger question of the general relations, in Mr. BARRIE'S work, of sentiment and humour; the term "humour" being loosely allowed to include whatever makes for amusement, from the gentlest satire to the frankest buffoonery. Tears and laughter, at their source, are near akin: but there is danger in provoking them with a too insistent alternation. At first we may be glad to have our emotions played upon by whatever processes of original fancy; but in time we are apt to resent the giving of ourselves away in diametrically opposite directions, at a moment's notice. We become suspicious and prophylactic. We refuse to go out into the April sunshine because we know that a shower is imminent; or we decline to go out into the April rain with umbrellas and macintoshes because they will presently encumber us when the clouds roll by.

With great deference, I am very certain that sentiment and humour, in their mutual relations, should be only used as a foil or a relief each to the other: to make them constant rivals is bad art and bad humanity. In any given scene where they are brought together, the one should be dominant, the other subordinate. And you may be sure that where there is antagonism between the two it will be sentiment that suffers most, since ridicule has the greater killing power.

One may therefore ask leave to question whether Mr. BARRIE was well-advised to retain the too incongruous episode of the kennel in the scene of the home-coming. This scene was designed for sentiment, a view that is endorsed by the addition in the new version of that touching passage which ends on a cry of the heart the most appealing in all the play,—*Peter Pan*'s "Come away, *Tink*: we don't want any silly mothers." Yet the same sad event—the loss of their children—inspires in one parent a very natural and pathetic grief, and causes the other parent to indicate his remorse by the performance of grotesque antics in a kennel, and by the public exposure of himself, in the similitude of a dog, before the curious eyes of stock-jobber and street gamin. But, since it is impossible to

differentiate between the broader human instincts common to parenthood, we cannot, over one and the same distressing occurrence, weep with the mother and wax ribald with the father. We must either treat *both* attitudes seriously—that is, we must share the mother's proper grief and recoil with horror from the father's appalling buffoonery; or, (unthinkable alternative!) we must grin at the father's buffoonery, and *equally* regard the mother's grief as an exhibition *pour rire*.

I shall be told (needlessly, I hope) that incongruity is of the very essence of a certain form of humour. True; but it is the death of sentiment; of all sentiment, at least, that is not far enough aloof to be immune. And here, as I have tried to show, the sentiment and the humour run close together on the same lines. That is the fatal thing about the matter.

I shall also be told that Mr. BARRIE'S most potent charm lies in his whimsicality, his irresponsible caprice, his manner of as-you-like-it. True again; and this argument must always be the hardest to answer. We have to fall back on one of the hallowed platitudes that deal with the vital distinctions between life and art. The spontaneous vagaries of human nature may delight one by their very inconsistency and improbability; but of art, even when it moves in the domain of pure imagination, one must demand a certain "working" measure of congruence; even of its impossibilities one must ask that they should be probable. But when, as in Mr. BARRIE'S play, you have also a strong element of actuality intermixed with the images of "Never, Never, Never Land," this demand becomes so much the more imperative.

All this talk, I own, is vastly dull and pedantic; and I am further conscious that it engages me in the peril of being ranked among the hopelessly profane. The fact is that Mr. BARRIE, by a nicely-graduated series of charming audacities, has finally mesmerised the public, and can do with it precisely as he likes. He has received, as none before him, the freedom of the nation, and is allowed to be a law unto himself. This puts upon his conscience a very heavy responsibility, which the critics, in their small way, were bound to share. But they too have fallen under the spell; or dare not speak for fear of being thought too stuffy-headed to follow the finesse of his fantasies. For myself, being the least of them all, I will take my chance of that assumption, having far too profound a respect for Mr. BARRIE'S genius to pay him the poor compliment of indiscriminate adulation. O. S.

FACTS AND FIGURES FOR 1906.

[With acknowledgments to our halfpenny contemporaries.]

IT IS WORTH noting that the number of days in the year just entered on is divisible by 5.

A CURIOUS feature of the year 1906 is that if the figures are twisted round and turned upside down they read 9061.

PEOPLE who were born on February 29th have, strictly speaking, no official birthday this year. They may, however, celebrate their birthdays on the 28th.

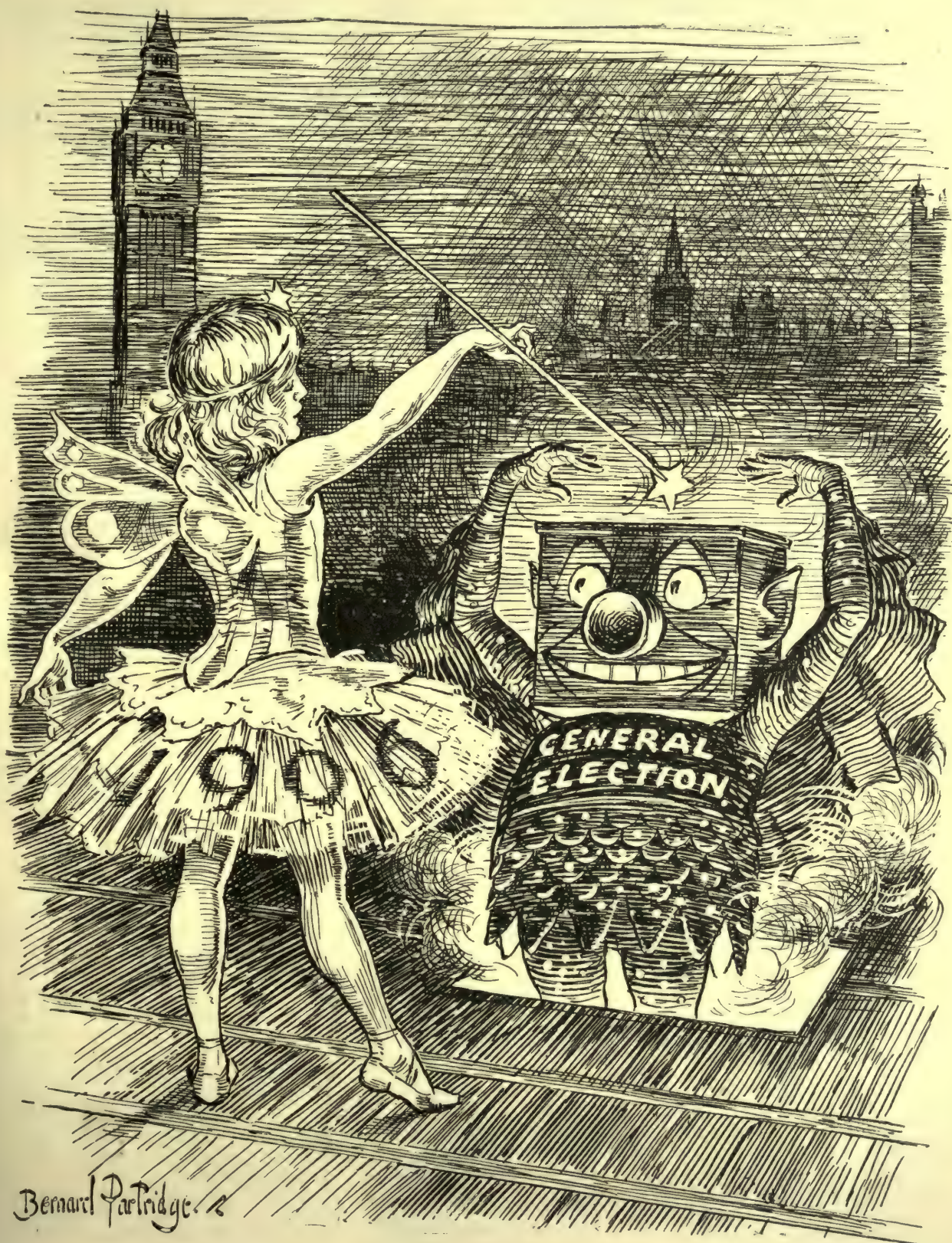
EASTER this year falls upon a Sunday; this was also the case last year.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that the French names for the months are slightly different from ours. For instance, with them "January" is *Janvier*, "February" becomes *Février*, and so on. The Japanese terms differ even more.

TO OBTAIN the number of minutes in 1906, a good recipe is to multiply 365 (the number of days) by 24 (the number of hours in a day), and then multiply the result by 60 (the number of minutes in an hour). This will be near enough for all practical purposes.

THE DAYS in May and June will be much longer than at present, but the nights will be correspondingly shorter.

TO QUALIFY as centenarians this year, candidates must have been born not later than 1806.



THE COMING EVENT.





Sporting Constable (with stop-watch—on "Police Trap" duty, running excitedly out from his ambush, to motorist just nearing the finish of the measured furlong). "FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE, GUV'NOR, LET 'ER RIP, AND YE'LL DO THE 220 IN SEVEN AND A 'ARF!"

PARTNERS.

It was a Saturday evening.

PETER PENNILESS had had a day out, and was dressed rather beyond his station in life. Finding time hang heavy on his hands, he joined a crowd who were staring with breathless interest at the unusual sight of a chauffeur starting his engine.

He had been so engaged for some minutes, when he felt a hand in his right-hand pocket.

"That can't be my hand," said PETER to himself; "I can tell by the feel."

He caught hold of the hand, and sure enough it *was* someone else's.

By bending the little finger as far back as it would go, and watching the faces of the bystanders, he discovered the owner of the hand.

"Who are you?" said PETER to the latter.

"I am a Pickpocket," said the owner of the hand.

"Indeed," said PETER, "and what are

you looking for in my right-hand coat pocket?"

"Money," said the Pickpocket.

"Oddly enough," said PETER, "I was doing exactly the same thing in the left-hand pocket. . . . Let us work together."

They did so, and continued their search for some time without success.

"I thought we should not find anything," said PETER, as they parted with mutual expressions of sympathy.

This is not a true story.

Did you think it was?

THE MARRIED MAN'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

~~Give up going to Club.~~

~~Only go to Club once a month.~~

~~Twice a month.~~

~~On Saturdays only.~~

~~Go to Club less frequently.~~

I hereby resolve to try to go to Club less frequently.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is announced that on taking office Mr. ASQUITH has felt himself compelled to give up not only his legal, but also his Liberal Leagual, engagements.

It is felt that the rule which prevents Peers from taking part in election-cavassing falls particularly hardly, at the present juncture, on Lord ROSEBURY.

We understand that one of the first acts of Mr. HALDANE, on taking up his duties at the War Office, was to return to Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER the MS. of a poem in the latter's handwriting. We are informed that it opens thus:—

"If you have Volunteers, prepare to shed them now,"

and is a most poignant piece of work.

A Seasonable Tu Quoque.

Vicar (addressing Sunday School). And now, boys, I wish you all a very happy New Year, and remember that the best way to make it so is to behave well at home.

Chorus of Scholars. Same to you, Sir.

NEW MUSIC.

(BURBELL BROS.)

FROM this firm we have received a tender and fairly melodious little song by ERB JUDKINS and FRED. S. SPOOPER, entitled "*Thinking of You, My Ownest*." In "*The Banshee's Benison*" the same accomplished lyrist collaborates with VOLNEY BRASHER, and the result is a refined yet fairly luscious ditty entirely suitable to high-class penny-reading audiences. "*The Chauffeur's Wedding*," by ED. SPROCKETT and JULIAN CLUTCHAM, reveals a rollicking topical ballad that should find favour in many a garage, while "*Church Parade*," words by OLAF BEGBIE and music by OLIVER HODGE, may be pronounced a moderately effective specimen of the "sacred" song with *obligato* accompaniment *ad lib.* for tambourine, castanets and osteophone. "*Buck up, dear Mother England*," the charming *aubade* by GUS BLIMBER, has been arranged as a trio for three tenors, and "*All Hail, All Blacks!*" — words and music by HANDEL BEER — in five-eighths time, is a fine bass solo with a brisk scrum-maging accompaniment. With this may be bracketed "*The Googlie Man*" by ALBERTO TROTÈRE and JOHANN. T. HEARNE, a quaint and insinuating ditty which will be found acceptable by all contraltos who are able to disguise the break so frequent in this class of voice.

(MESSRS. DASH AND BALDER.)

FROM this well-known firm comes a budget of songs marked by all the intensity of parlour pathos for which they have long been justly famous. Perhaps the palm must be awarded to two charming ditties entitled "*Did 'Ums*," and "*Biddy Muldooney*;" in both cases the words, from the well-known pen of ODOARDO BLETHERLEY, have been wedded to chaste but entirely appropriate melodies by TARLEY BINDELLS. Captious critics have, we believe, ventured to impeach the accuracy of Mr. BLETHERLEY in reproducing the Irish brogue, but one need only quote the first stanza of "*Biddy Muldooney*" to prove his perfect mastery of the peculiarities of the Milesian *patois*:

Och, BIDDY MULDOONEY,
Yer makes me feel spoony
With yer singsong so "coony,"
Ochone whillaloo!
Sure in all Tipperary
There ain't sich a fairy,
So bloithe and contrairy,
Swate BIDDY, nor you.

The engaging *canaille* of the text is well matched by the lilt of Mr.

BINDELLS' music. "*Did 'Ums*" is an affecting little lyric, by turns mirthful and pathetic, dealing with the winsome ways of a pet pug which died from the effects of swallowing a hairpin, and is well suited to tremulous contralto singers.

(SLAMMER AND VAMP.)

ALWAYS notable for their encouragement of the young English school, this firm has signalised the festive season by publishing a set of International Miniatures for pianoforte, by VLADIMIR HOWLEY. No. 1, "*The Cannibals' Carnival*," *Allegro sanguinolento*, is a pleasant piece of frank realism in which a strepitous figure in the bass charmingly simulates the gnashing of teeth. No. 2, "*Valse Voodoo*," has a cadaverous charm which is all its own. No. 3, "*The Vampires' Lament*," is remarkable for a plaintive *ritornello*, agreeably reminiscent of "the dying rooster." Lastly, No. 4, which completes the set, and is appro-



Father Pelican. "WE LOST THE NUT-CRACKERS AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY THE OTHER NIGHT. I WISH YOU'D BEEN THERE, OLD CHAP."

riately headed "*Universal Orgy*," represents the scenes enacted in the monster shops of High Street, Kensington, on the occasion of a cheap sale.

FROM the same house comes a piquant work entitled "*Pandemonium: a Cantata for bass solo, chorus, two gongs, four piccolos, eight trombones, and sixteen xylophones*." When it is added that words and music are both by HANUSCH WILLIBALD VON PERKINS, the intelligent amateur will readily understand what a treat is in store for him. Mr. VON PERKINS, who was recently naturalised in Bohemia, has now come under the influence of the Celtic Renaissance, and will probably take up his residence shortly in Dublin as Musical Director to the Irish Theatre under the name of SHAMUS CAROLAN MCGEOGHEGAN. He is, however, still considering an invitation to join the Conservatoire at Bologna as Professor of Pathological Polyphony, in which case he will adopt the attractive *alias* of GIAN GALEAZZO SFORZANDO.

ABBREVIATION'S ARTFUL AID.

THE Bard, at times,
Is stumped for rhymes,
Without the least excuse.
He could defy
Such moments by
Abbreviation's use.
For words like Bucks:
Or even Ess:
Are not a lux:
But a necessity:
So simp: a rule
May seem pecul:
And make the crit: indig:
What matter if
The scans: is diff:
The meaning too ambig?:
The net result,
Lacon: and punct:
Is worth a mult:
Of needless unct:

We long for sile: '
From folks who pile
Their wordy Pel: on Oss:
Extremely nox:
And quite intox:
By their exub: verbos:
We curse their imp:
In manner dras:
And fail to symp:
With their loquac:

In House of Com:
They all abom:
The periphrastic Pol:
Reviewers sniff
At auth: prolif:
With semiannual vol:
But we can pard:
I do believe,
The minor bard
Who will abbrev:

With pen and ink
In close propinq:
The Poet, lucky fell: !
Avoiding troub:
May give his pub:
The cred: for some intell:
And like an orph:
In pose recumb:
In arms of Morph:
Securely slumb:
Let corks explode
With brand: and sod:
Ye wearers of the mot: !
Decant the cham:
(What matt: the dam: ?)
And empt: the flowing bott: !
And ne'er surren:
The Laureate's palm,
His haunch of ven:
And butt of Malm: !

Asking too Much.

ROBERT —, LICENSED HORSE SLAUGHTERER.
DEAD HORSES AND COWS PLEASE TELEGRAPH.



Irish Nurse. "NOW THIN, MUM, WAKE UP AN' TAKE YER SLEEPIN' DHAUGHT!"

A SHERRY WHINE.

[The recent decline in the consumption of sherry is responsible for the following verses.]

MUST we, indeed, believe the gloomy tale
Of sunny Andalusia's decline,
And learn that there is hardly any sale
For this incomparable golden wine?
If there is truth in what the vintners state
(And here, perhaps, it's prudent to be wary),
This peerless drink has met the selfsame fate
That ruined Sack and ostracised Canary.

Once, sequent on the vanishing tureen,
We welcomed, plainly served, the sole
or cod,
Then, this brave wine monopolised the scene,
Now—write upon the menus "Icha-
bod:"
The wretched cook sends up a messy dish,
Labelled some unintelligible à la,

And the decanter that attends the fish
Holds cheap Sauterne or second-rate
Marsala.

Time was, and not so very long ago,
When guests observed the once age-
honoured use
That bade them in an after-dinner glow
Pass and repass "the old familiar
juice;"

So, too, if cake and sherry were not set
Before the mourners at a smart
interment,

The grievous breach of funeral etiquette
Put the assembly in a dreadful ferment.

How through the epicure's distracted
mind

Must dart the simply agonising ache—
To call for sherry and alas! to find
'Tis only used to flavour tipsy-cake!
Soon, like the sceptics who have oft
denied

There ever breathed a Helen or a Paris,
A rising generation will decide
This nectar is a liquid *Mrs. Harris*.

I cannot tell the cause of this eclipse
Of fruity Manzanilla's bright career,
Nor why men miss their matutinal nips,
And turn, instead, to stout or bitter
beer:

I only know that I am most unwell,
My head is heavy and my temper so-so,
The Doctor thinks it means a gouty spell,
And puts it down to "pale old Oloroso."

So, though 'tis really very sad to think
The taste for sherry is upon the wane,
And though I hold that as a nutty drink
We nevermore shall see its like again;
Perhaps the fact that we are drinking less
From those bodegas by the Guadal-
quivir

May mean that I shall lose the biliousness
Afflicting my notorious evil liver!

Proverbial Philosophy.

THE swish is father to the taught.
The proof of the padding is in the
beating.
Every crowd has a copper lining.

CINDERELLA AS SHE SHOULD BE.

"SALLY in our alley" is no longer the national heroine, for "*Cinderella* in our Lane" has cut her out. There is no prettier sight on the stage of to-day than Miss MAY DE SOUSA as the heroine of the Drury Lane pantomime, sitting surrounded by the little children, telling them a fairy story. One SOUSA is the "March King;" Miss MAY is the January Princess. The pantomime is of the good old-fashioned sort, with plenty of story, plenty of good fun, and a suitable background of splendour. The fun preponderates—should it be pre-pun-derates?—as is right, and the mixture is exactly as it should be. There are episodes in the Lane version of the old tale which have never before seen the footlights. *Cinderella's* father, for instance, before his marriage believes the *Baroness* to be barren, while she imagines her new husband to be childless, the game of Bluff ending by the lady showing "a pair" of daughters against her lord's Queen of Hearts. There is a subtle hit against the militarising of the people in the conduct of the page *Alfonso* as soon as he dons a Yeomanry uniform. While in buttons his conduct is admirable; he is not at all a loose page, but directly he is bound in scarlet he carries on anyhow with the *Baroness*, and proves that his profession is that of arms by putting one of them round the lady's waist. HARRY RANDALL is a capital page, recalling in memory poor DAN LENO by his quaintness and agility. WALTER PASSMORE is a *Baroness* of the best pantomime type, of beauty so strange that clocks stop at her approach, and of a marvellous quickness of foot. It is needless to say that this old Savoyard sings his songs admirably. ARTHUR WILLIAMS is the *Baron*, a nobleman of those happy days of long ago, when gentlemen were ennobled for the possession of a gift of genial humour, and not for political service done. His predicament when he is refused entrance to the ball-room and his rescue by a tiny page received a tribute of very hearty laughter.

There never was a more splendid *Prince* than Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON is, whether in brown velvets she is shooting pheasants, or directing the ball in more gorgeous raiment. She sings her demand for a song with a stirring subject with great spirit, and it received, though it came late in the evening, an encore which was not to be disregarded. *Dandini*, the page, with whom, in the new version, the *Prince* changes identity for a while, to the great discomfiture of the "ugly sisters," has become *Dandigny*, and being thus entente-cordialled into a Frenchman is fittingly embodied by HARRY FRAGSON, an Englishman who has amused Paris for so many years that he brings the accent of the Boulevards to Aldwych. How ready a British audience is to welcome cleverness and refinement was shown by the Boxing Day reception given to his songs, particularly "Pour Elle." Indeed refinement is one of the dominant notes of this year's Lane pantomime, where the cabman puts cotton wool in his horse's ears when he thinks the *Baroness* is about to say things which no self-respecting quadruped should listen to. The two "ugly sisters" are amusingly played by Misses POLLIE EMERY and EMILY SPILLER, though the latter lady never knocks anybody down. The cat, who at a critical moment drew a caterwaul from a little girl in a box on the prompt side,—she squealed promptly enough—is ARTHUR CONQUEST, who runs round the Dress Circle just as if it were a garden wall.

From the village of Whare, without a ?, the ancestral home of the Bluffs, the action of the comedy—for the tale of "*Cinderella*" is real comedy—moves through "*Cinderella's* Boudoir" to the "*Prince's* Preserves," in which scene the *Baroness*, having fallen into the pond, comes back to the picnic saying that she returns to the bank wet—isn't that a frank pun? and on to the Baronial Hall and "Wonderland," where mice and lizards and pumpkin change into ponies

and grooms and a diamond coach. Next after an entr'acte, *Cinderella* drives, her ponies galloping through a succession of beautiful glades and valleys, to the Palace of the *Prince* who, sensible young fellow, gives his very splendid entertainment in the illuminated gardens of his palace. *Cinderella*, of course, forgets all about the early closing regulations, and is whisked off by a Demon. Then by Caine Hall—not a scholastic establishment, strangely enough—the story runs on to the slipping on of the slipped slipper, the transformation scene and the Harlequinade.

A new order of merit, the D.L.O., should be established, and the managerial ARTHUR should be the first recipient. The trio of authors—JAMES GLOVER, who has written some excellently tuneful songs, COMELLI, as designer of costumes, ERNEST D'AUBAN as stage manager, and the scenic artists, the costumiers and all others of the leaders of the great army of the Lane, should be rewarded in the first Honours Gazette as having participated in the success of the merriest, most musical, most refined, and one of the most magnificent pantomimes of our generation.

N. N.-D.

NATURE STUDIES.

A BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAD often felt that the ordinary business letter, which just informs you about the important matters to which it relates and then breaks off, without any kindly transition, into the signature, had about it a disagreeable curtness that was destructive of all geniality and even of ordinary human feeling. There seemed to be no valid reason why such letters should be so abrupt as to convey a menace, putting, as it were, an epistolary knife to your throat and bidding you answer or take the dreadful consequences. Why should merchants, stockbrokers, solicitors, and, in fact, all classes of business men employ this brutal directness? Literary grace, of course, was not necessary, but a little gentle circumlocution, a few conversational remarks casually thrown in, could only, I thought, have the effect of mitigating asperities and oiling the wheels of business. These were my feelings when one day I received a letter which seemed to show that the writer shared my sentiments. Perhaps, if I had known how the thing was to end I should have paused, but at the moment I rejoiced, feeling that at last I had come upon a human heart beating in a business breast. This is the letter:—

DEAR SIR,—The summer will be coming round soon, and I thought I would write and ask you if you wished to take "The Laurels" again this year. The rent would be the same, but if you took it for part of October as well it would be only £10 (ten pounds) more. I shall be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

Yours truly, ANNA KEARY.

P.S.—The weather seems to have set in fine now after the late rains.

I replied at once:—

DEAR MADAM,—In answer to your letter I beg to say that I shall probably desire to take "The Laurels" again this year, though I should suggest that the inventory should be made by a different firm. I shall know for certain in a week or so, and will let you hear from me at once. We too have suffered a great deal from the recent heavy rains, but the sun will soon make things look very different. Still one can never be sure that there will not be a May frost which would ruin the fruit trees. I hope you are in the enjoyment of good health.

Yours very truly, JOHN WILCOX.

By return of post came the following:—

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested by what you wrote as to the effect of the rains on your garden. As you justly



Hostess (introducing First Violin to sporting and non-musical guest). "THIS IS PROFESSOR JINGELHEIM, WHO LEADS THE QUARTET, YOU KNOW."
Sporting Guest (thinking to be highly complimentary). "LEADS—EH—AH—BY SEVERAL LENGTHS, EH—AND THE REST NOWHERE! WHAT?"

say, a May frost is *most* dangerous to the fruit blossoms. We were great sufferers last year (as, no doubt, you found during your occupancy of "The Laurels"), most of our blossoms being destroyed in two nights. I am told the thermometer registered more than ten degrees of frost, which is, of course, unusual at that time of year and *quite* impossible to guard against. We sadly need a continuance of the present beautiful sunshine. How do you prevent the birds destroying the fruit? We have tried nets round the trees, but I think their appearance is *objectionable*, and they do not seem to be much use. I trust you have had no return of the cough which troubled you on the last occasion we met. With kind regards to Mrs. WILCOX, I am, Yours sincerely, ANNA KEARY.

I allowed a day to go by and then replied:—

DEAR MRS. KEARY,—I am much obliged to you for your very kind letter. My cough was very troublesome during part of the winter, but a visit to Bournemouth enabled me to shake it off, and for the past few months I have been enjoying excellent health. Nets, as you remark, are very unsightly in-a garden, but I fear there is nothing else, (short of destroying all the birds) which is so efficacious against the loss of fruit. I am afraid our fine weather has now quite broken up again. The barometer fell very violently all yesterday, and to-day we have had showers which have converted the grounds into a swamp. So far, however, we have escaped frost, and that is something to be thankful for. Please remember me very kindly to your daughters.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN WILCOX.

The correspondence continued in this amicable tone for about ten days more. Then I made up my mind that I would take "The Laurels" again, and was just about to write and say so, when I received the following letter, which brought the correspondence to a close:—

DEAR MR. WILCOX,—What you say is very true and, if I may say so, *very beautifully* expressed. This life is indeed full of changes. I remember my dear husband saying very much the same thing only a few weeks before he was so suddenly taken away from us. But I trust that I have learnt my lesson, and I am not ungrateful, for though things can never be quite what they were yet we can find happiness both in our memories of the past and in contemplating the new generation which is growing up round us. The garden is now very beautiful. The late storm did some damage, washing away a great part of the new esplanade on the sea front, but everything is now smiling in the bright sunshine. I was *so* glad to have your good account of Mrs. WILCOX. With kindest regards, believe me, yours most sincerely and, may I add, *gratefully*, ANNA KEARY.

P.S.—You will be glad to hear that I have been able to let "The Laurels" very well. My tenant is a Mr. I. GOLDSTEIN, who is something in the city. Perhaps you may know him?

A Wedding Harmony.

"The mother of the bride . . . carried a bouquet of delicately-tinted chrysanthemums to match her bridegroom" . . . —*Weekly Scotsman*.

The possessive pronoun—"her"—gives a very sinister emphasis to the suggestion of match-making.



OUR ELECTION.

Farmer. "WELL, IF 'E THINKS I'M AGOIN' TO VOTE FOR 'IM——!"

CHARIVARIA.

NEW Year's Day was kept as usual on the 1st of January.

It is rumoured that, to show that he is in earnest in his desire for better relations between England and Germany, the KAISER is about to recall from this country the many roving German bands which are doing so much damage.

MR. BALFOUR, if we may accept his public statements, has found, after careful consideration, that he cannot support the present Government.

Those who say that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN will not dare to carry out his proposed reductions in the armaments of our country forget that, as Minister of War, he showed an active contempt for the motto *Sursum Cordite*.

A lady visiting Norwich last week was taken to see the statue of Sir THOMAS BROWNE. She remarked that she had read his *School-days*, but did not know that he had been knighted, and was very glad that a monument had been erected to him.

The Supreme Court of New York State

has allowed a Russian immigrant to change his name from JERUSALEM to JEROME. The question now is: Will a well-known humorist change his name, in consequence, to JERUSALEM K. JERUSALEM?

A hard case has been brought to our notice. A warrant officer who had his chronometer stolen in a crowd on Boxing Day is, according to our information, to be court-martialled for absenting himself from his watch.

A man charged at Grays, Essex, with being drunk while in charge of a horse and carriage, stated that his name was QUEENATION JARVIS. Excuse held to be insufficient.

A Bradford man, after quarrelling with his wife, broke several windows with his fist, and severed the ulnar vein, and, but for the prompt action of a constable who applied a pad and tourniquet, he would have bled to death and been unable to be sent to gaol.

We regret to be unable to publish the speeches made by some Wimbledon burglars upon opening an empty safe weighing 2½ cwts. which they had removed with considerable difficulty in the small hours of Boxing Day.

For callous heartlessness commend us to the following notice at a Baby Show: "All infants not removed within two days of the closing of the Exhibition will be confiscated."

We take a frank pleasure in giving a most emphatic denial to the allegation, said to have been invented by an unscrupulous North Paddington Conservative, that every elector in that district who votes for Money is liable to be charged with an offence under the Corrupt Practices Act.

M. DE NELIDOFF, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, celebrated last week the fiftieth year of his entry into the Diplomatic service, and was congratulated by the CZAR—on being in Paris.

An unpleasant sign of the times is the way in which a love of finery seems to be permeating every class. The legal papers now report that an unprecedented number of members of the Junior Bar are applying for silk.

A Bill imposing a tax on all unmarried women over thirty years of age is to be introduced into the Spanish Cortes. The idea that any woman is ever over thirty years of age is peculiarly naive.



Leslie Tunbridge Del.

A HAPPY AFTERTHOUGHT.

C.B. "THESE, I THINK, ARE THE FISCAL WEAPONS WE AGREED UPON?"

A.B. "QUITE SO, QUITE SO; BUT I'VE RATHER A FANCY FOR THIS QUAIN OLD THING WHICH I FOUND UP MY SLEEVE." (Aside) "DOES A LOT OF DAMAGE—IF IT DOESN'T MISS FIRE."





SIGNS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

First Sportsman. "THAT'S OLD BROWN IN THE BROOK, ISN'T IT? HOPE HE'LL GET OUT ALL RIGHT!"

Second Sportsman (the Conservative candidate). "OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT. WORST RADICAL IN THE COUNTY. WISH WE COULD KEEP HIM THERE TILL AFTER THE ELECTION!"

THE WOODEN WRESTLERS.

(A Street Sketch.)

SCENE—A Side Street. TIME—About 7.30 P.M. On the edge of the pavement stands a street vendor, looking down with an air of detachment upon a pair of roughly carved, unpainted wooden figures, which are wrestling jerkily on a patch of carpet, illuminated by a lantern about two feet from the kerbstone. A circle has collected, and regards the contest with an attention bordering on fascination.

The Vendor. 'Ere you are! The marv'lous livin' wrestlers! A wunnerful little novelty for the Noo Year! A correck reppresentashin' of 'ACKINSMIT and MADRARLY, the Terrible Turk, as they appeared at Olympier. One penny on'y.

A Boy. Which on 'em's 'ACKINSMIT, Guv'nor?

Vendor. If yer carn't reckernise 'im fur yerself from 'is stoyle, you've a lot to learn about wrestlin, young feller-me-lad!

[*Boy retires to back, abashed.*]

A Girl (to her Young Man). Well, I carn't see 'ow it's done, can you?

The Y. M. (a confirmed cynic). There's a tike-in about it somewhere, you may depend!

Vendor (severely, to the wrestlers, who have sunk exhausted on the carpet). I didn't tell you to leave orf, did I?

[*The figures rise reluctantly, and resume the struggle.*]

Girl. I've 'alf a mind to buy a pair fur young ELF. He would be emused.

The Cynic. Pre-'aps—if they'd ack like thet fur 'im—but they wouldn't. No fear!

Vendor. A penny buys the pair on 'em. The wunnerful

little ortermatic Noo Year novelties, entered at Stashners' 'All, and patternised by aristocrisy. They gets up and lays down at the word o' command. MADRARLY, don't you lemme see yer leapin' over 'ACKENSMIT's 'ed like that agen! Call that beyavin' like a Turk! I'm ashimed o' yer, I am! Tike keer, 'ACKINSMIT, I shell hev ter corshun you in a minnit. . . . Time! (*He steps off the kerbstone; the figures collapse as he approaches a box containing similar couples wrapped up in pieces of newspaper.*) Nar then—'oo'll 'ave a pair o' the noo scientific artistic toys, warranted to pervide unlimited fun an' emusement fur the family suckle? (*He unwraps one of the parcels.*) All percisely similar to those you 'ave seen workin'—examine them fur yerselves, and you'll agree as the workman 'oo could turn 'em out wiv thet degree o' finish for the sum o' one penny—well, he ain't left 'imself not a very large margin o' profit on 'is labour!

A Beery Bystander (suddenly). Ger-rup!

Vendor (turning on him). What's that? Did I 'ear you a-tellin' me to "shet up!" I've a right ter make a livin' sime as yerself, and any man as tells me ter "shet up" tikes a libbaty which—

The B. B. It's awright. I was torkin' to the figgers, not you. Tellin' on 'em to gerrup.

Vendor (edging back to the kerbstone). Oh, you'll escuse 'em, Mister—they didn' know 'oo yer was at fust. I dessay now, if you was to arsk 'em once more—

The B. B. Up yer gits! (*the figures arise refreshed, and wrestle with redoubled vigour.*) 'Ere, that tikes it. I'll 'ave a pennorth.

The Girl. I s'pose they can't 'ave clockwork inside of them, not at the price?

The Cynic. 'Bart as much clockwork as what you've got inside o' you!

The Girl. Well, I've 'alf a mind to buy one—jes to find out 'ow it's done.

The Cynic. All you'll find out is 'ow you're done!

The Girl. I 'ate to 'ear you tork as if you didn't believe in nuffink, ERB!

The Cynic. Tell yer the truth, I aint got many allusions left.

Vendor (returning to the box, as the figures take another rest). 'Oo's next fur a pair of these wunnerful little livin' wrestlers, sime as supplied to 'is Ryle Ighness the Prince o' WILES fur presentyshun to the Injin Rarjers, by means o' which the bonds o' Empire 'ave been more firmly cemented nor hever, hall the Rarjers bein' hovercome wiv delight an' amazemint arter witnessin' their marv'lous pufforminces. Lay down and raise up at the word o' command.

1st Facetious Onlooker. Git up!

2nd Do. Do. No, go on layin' down!

Vendor (retreating to the pavement). Nar, gents, don't go a-confusin' of their minds. 'Ow are they to know what yer do want? (*he steps on the kerbstone*). Which is it ter be?

1st F. O. Let 'em 'ave another go in!

Vendor. ACKENSMT! MADRARLY! You 'eard? England and me expects as you will do yer dooty and fight fair. (*The figures rise once more, and struggle more desperately than ever.*)

The F. O.'s (convinced). That's good enough, guv'nor. 'And a pair over 'ere. (*The Vendor disposes of several parcels.*)

The Cynic. Well, yer do see some mugs abart! 'Aven't yer tumbled to it yet? O' course, 'e can make 'em work, 'cause 'e's got a string tied to 'is leg!

Vendor. 'Oo sez I aint? (*with withering sarcasm*). 'Ow d' yer s'pose they're worked? Think I ken supply them figgers wiv' a little yumin soul apiece, let alone a 'lectric battry, for a penny the pair? You expeck a lot fer yer money, you do—more'n you're likely to git in this world!

The Cynic. All I'm syin' is thet these figgers as you're sellin' aint got no strings, as anyone kin see fer 'imself.

Several Speakers (after examining their purchases critically). 'E's right there, Mister. There ain't no string to mine!

Vendor. Did I say there was? I'm not 'ere to-night to deceive no man. What I'm sellin' is these wunnerful little mechinisms—I never repperesented as I was givin' yer string to work 'em inter the bargain. My livin' wage is low enough wivout that. But, though yer mayn't be pewtercrats, I should 'ope the poorest of yer could afford a yard or two o' black cottin' fred—which is all that's needed to set the figgers in motion and pervide entertainment fur young and old! I'm surprised at yer, people. I didn't think yer'd have shown sich grasping dispositions!

[The purchasers appear to feel this rebuke, as they thrust the dolls somewhat shamefacedly into their pockets.]

A Matron (as she fumbles for her purse). Will they pufform the same on any ordinary table?

Vendor. Pufform on any ornery tyble, Mum? Why, I'll guarantee them figgers to work on the dome o' Sin Paul's Cathedril, if you on'y git 'em up there!

[The idea of a contest at such an altitude appears to impress the general imagination, and the Vendor clears the remainder of his stock-in-trade without further difficulty, when a Stout Constable suddenly makes his appearance.]

The Stout Constable. 'Ullo. What are you up to 'ere?

The Cynic (to his Young Lady). I knoo 'e'd 'ave the p'lice down on 'im afore 'e'd done! They're up to 'is little gimes!

Vendor (advancing to the pavement). No 'arm, Sir. On'y jest ex'ibitin' these 'ere ingenious little figgers. (*The wrestlers again show signs of animation.*) An' I'm orf now, Sir. Sold out the lot, I 'ave, 'cept this last pair.

The S. C. 'Ave yer? Then I tell yer what. I'm goin' to take these 'ere figgers into custody, for brawlin' in a public thoroughfare. That's what I'm goin' to do.

Vendor (alarmed). I didn't know I was doin' nuffink wrong, Sir. Jest a simple toy to emuse the kids. An' they're on'y a penny!

The S. C. (producing that coin). Cheap enough. I'll take these orf yer. Got kiddies of my own at 'ome. There you are. . . . Now you git along off. (*To the crowd, with a resumption of official dignity*) What are you all starin' at? There's nothing more for yer to see—pass along, can't yer.

[The crowd disperses.]

Vendor (to himself, as he collects his lantern, patch of carpet, and empty box). Oo'd ha' thort of a Copper 'aving kiddies of 'is own? But there—I s'pose, after all, Coppers are yumin bein's like ourselves if the truth was known!

F. A.

THE WHITECHAPEL PILGRIMS.

(A Fragment.)

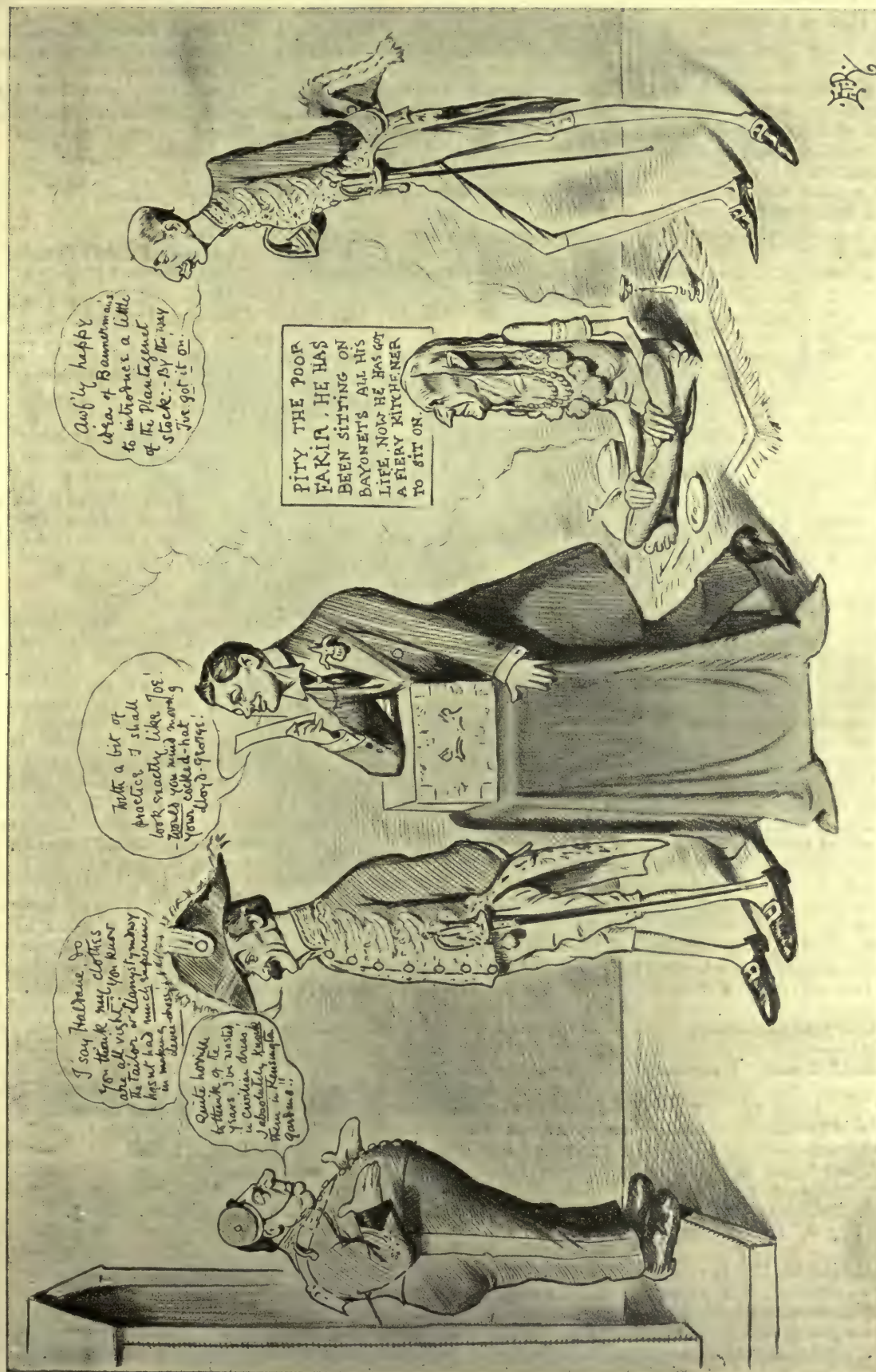
[“Our great schools train boys for the Army and Civil Service, but competition now continually confers the appointments upon men who have studied elsewhere. The West End is, therefore, full of men who are without employment and are unable to earn their own livelihood . . . ‘March of the Upper Class Unemployed to the East End,’ is a headline which may be expected soon to figure in the newspapers.”—“Marmaduke” in “The Graphic.”]

WHEN that raw Janwar with his frostes snelle
Hath pierced deep the clubbes in Pellmelle,
And lene lordes can no longer paye
For meat ne drink, so han they lyte moneye,
And never no vitaille is on the platters,
And Dukes about them draw their threadbare tatters—
Then longen out-of-work folk to goon
To Whitechapel in a processiou
To ax their East End bretheren almesse
That so their ragged Duchesses mote dresse.

Bifel that as I wended through the Circus
There passed by a throng of out-of-workes,
A sorry companye, and everichoon
Thus made his moan, “We han no work to doon.”
Methinketh it accordaunt to resoun
To telle you all the condicioun
Of eche wight—what state that they were inne—
And at a Duk then wol I first beginne.

A Duk there was that oftesythes at Eton
By learned Doctors had been wel y-beaten,
But natheles, maugree their lusty paines,
He little had of learning in his braines,
So that he could no art and failed first
At Woolewich and eke at Sandehurst.
A merchaunt's clerk eftsones he would be,
But burgess nas there noon in the City
Would trust him ne to multiply ne add,
So was his training in the Classics bad.
But for to telle you of his arraye,
His coronet had seen a better daye:
Upon the velvet nappe nas there noon,
The straweberry leves drooped doon,
And in a sorry string of tatters felle
His robes red. There is namo to telle.

A Don there was of Oxenford also
That unto Balliol hadde long y-go.
Ere that his smoothe chin had been y-shaven,
The Herteford he won and eke the Craven,
And there nas never noon could tell the prose
This foolish Don would write from Cicero's.
Full threadbare was his gown, and through his shoon
Were thrust his chapped heeles and his toon,
And of his cap the brim was all agon.
He was a very parfit useless Don. . . .



LILLIAN.

IX.—A ROW OF ASTERISKS.

AT LILLIAN'S dance I got introduced to an author man just after dinner. As he was staying in the house I thought I ought to be friendly to him, so I told him that we all thought a good deal of his stuff in our village, and that personally I had read one of his books right through. He replied that it was an extremely cold day, but that he quite hoped the snow would hold over; and we then separated.

This was before the dance began. Afterwards, feeling very well disposed towards everybody, I approached him again. (He was in a corner, looking rather lonely). Now I put down things on paper myself sometimes, so of course we had a good deal in common.

I said: "Now what do *you* do when you suddenly get stuck, and absolutely can't think of anything to say next?"

He replied: "In such a case I put a row of asterisks."

"Jove!" I said, "that's rather an idea."

"Do you use asterisks much?" he went on.

"Really, you know, I can't say that—"

"I don't know what I should do without my asterisks," he said in a melancholy voice. "When the heroine falls into the hero's arms—a row of asterisks. When the villain puts the rat poison in the mayonnaise—a row of asterisks. When the good aunt moralises—when the wicked uncle swears—in all times of doubt, difficulty and emotion, but most of all when the author himself gets stuck—a row of asterisks."

"This is very interesting," I told him. "I shall certainly remember what you have said. But look here, supposing one doesn't know how to *begin*, supposing one wishes to relate a very delicate matter and doesn't know where to start—could one *lead off* with a row of asterisks?"

"Well," he began doubtfully, "of course you *might*—"

"In that case," I said, "I certainly shall."

* * * * *

"Suppose," said LILLIAN, "you wanted something very much—"

She stopped, and began to play with her fan.

"And suppose," she went on, "somebody offered it to you," and she gave a little sigh.

"I should take it," I said. It seemed a pretty easy problem, but there's generally a catch somewhere.

"And suppose you refused it . . . once . . . and twice . . . and then suppose—"

"Look here, let's take a concrete case," I said. I was rather proud of "concrete,"

but then I often say quite good things at dances. "Let's take a concrete case," I repeated.

"All right, DICK. DICK, what do you want most in the world?"

"A motor-bicycle," I replied, promptly. (Some fools say motor-bicycling is going out, but that's simple rot.)

"A motor-bicycle," LILLIAN repeated softly to herself. "Well then, DICK, suppose ARTHUR offered you a motor-bicycle—"

"I say, may we have that again, please?"

"Suppose ARTHUR offered you a motor-bicycle—"

"Look here, let's let that idea sink in a bit first."

I closed my eyes and leant back, while LILLIAN fanned me vigorously.

"No, it's no good," I said at last.



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

COMPLY CHEERFULLY WHEN NECESSITY ENJOINS.

"But, DICK, we're only supposing."

"Oh well—go on."

"And suppose you refused it—"

"Great Scott," I interrupted, "do you think I'm an absolute idiot?"

"People are sometimes," said LILLIAN, very sadly. "I don't know why."

"But—a motor-bicycle—"

"Even with better things than that. Well, DICK, suppose ARTHUR offered it again, and you refused it again—"

I put my hands over my ears.

"Please, LILLIAN," I said, "I can't stand it. The mere thought is agony. It almost seems as though I *had* lost it. Don't go on."

"If the thought is agony, what about the actual thing?"

I had a sudden and tremendous suspicion.

"I say," I began excitedly, "you don't mean that somebody actually *has* offered you a motor-bicycle, and you've refused it?"

"It wasn't a motor-bicycle," said LILLIAN with a smile.

"Oh well, then—"

"But something almost as important," and she gave a little laugh.

"Look here, what *has* happened? Somebody offered you something?"

"Yes."

"A bracelet, let's say."

"Well—"

"And you refused it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I thought I didn't want it."

"And he offered it again?"

"Yes."

"He must have been very keen on your having it."

"He was—then."

"And you refused it two or three times?"

"Yes."

"And now you want it badly?"

"That's it," said LILLIAN. "And I don't expect he wants to give it to me now. He hasn't offered it lately. What do you think of it, DICK?"

"Just like a woman!" I said. "But I'm glad it wasn't a motor-bicycle," I added.

"Is that all, DICK?"

I thought for a little while.

"If you really want it badly, I should tell him. Tell him you didn't know your own mind at the time."

"But he may have changed his by now. That's the difficulty."

"Surely you can tell. Is he still decent to you?"

"Oh, rather—always."

"Then I expect he still wants you to have it. It sounds as though he's rather keen on you," I said jealously.

LILLIAN jumped up.

"I shall tell him."

"Tell him you didn't know your own mind. That'll be rather bad luck on you, you're generally so sure of it."

"Then I shan't tell him I didn't know my own mind," said LILLIAN.

"Well, you must say something."

"I shall tell him I didn't know my own—heart."

I shot out of my chair.

"DICK," said LILLIAN plaintively, "*must* I propose to you?"

"You—oh—me—LILL—"

I think I shall put a row of asterisks here.

* * * * *

And again, Mr. Printer.

* * * * *

That author chap was quite right, you know. Once more, please.

* * * * *

Thank you.

Exactitude.

TRICYCLE wanted; three wheels; good condition.—Apply, &c.

FISCAL FACTS FOR FEARFUL FOOLS.

GENERAL ELECTION PAMPHLET SERIES.
No. 1 (AND LAST.—ED.)

UNDER Free Trade our exports of safety-bicycles, submarines and motor-cars have been enormously greater than during Napoleonic times.

Up till 1846—when Free Trade was introduced—an English football team had never been defeated by one from New Zealand.

The Peninsular War, the death of NELSON, and the French Revolution, all occurred under a Protectionist system.

Under Free Trade the world suffered from the Indian Mutiny, the Martinique Eruption, and the invention of the mechanical piano-player.

On desert islands—avowedly Protectionist communities—there are no unemployed or strike difficulties, disease is unknown, the death-rate negligible, food always abundant, and there is no congestion of alien immigrants.

With the exception of the chambermaids in hotels there is no slavery in modern Switzerland (a protected Republic).

A tariff has done nothing to promote the exchange of sardine tins between Formosa and Tierra del Fuego.

Bankruptcies of British industrial firms have been fewer in number under the present Free Trade Government than during any other Administration of the twentieth century.

A MODEST REQUEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, will you support me in my little project?

I have just spent so satisfactory a Christmas that I wish to bring forward the suggestion that instead of celebrating this festival once only during the year, we should observe it three times at least. You cannot, it has been said, have too much of a good thing; I would advocate having more of Christmas. The glow of happiness that this cheerful season brings to every well-constituted heart ought not to be confined to one or two

days only in the whole weary and dismal three-hundred-and-sixty-five. There should be other opportunities too.

"A Merry Christmas"—what a charming aspiration! How seldom do our neighbours so far relax into friendliness as to wish us this kindly thing. Do they say "A Merry Easter," or "A Merry Whitsuntide," or "A Merry August Bank Holiday"? Not they. But at Christmas all self-consciousness is forgotten, all restraint laid aside, and every one is free and joyful. There should be more Christmases.

And the Post Office officials—how

until the following December? I like gay shops. We can't have too many of them. Let us have two more Christmases at least in which to give each other pretty things. The shopkeepers would like it, and the delivering wagons would like it. The recipients would like it. In fact, I cannot see how any opposition worth considering can be offered.

The stations again. What a scene of good-humoured generous bustle they present just before Christmas! There is nothing quite like it during the rest of the year. There ought to be. The railway companies deserve it, the porters deserve it. The cabmen want it too. I would have two more Christmases, with all their excited departures and arrivals.

Lastly, the dear children! How the little rascals love Christmas! How they look forward to it, and plan for it, and enjoy every minute of it! Would you grudge them this pleasure oftentimes repeated? Surely you cannot. There should be nothing that anyone but a curmudgeon could deny the dear children. As for the charge of over-eating that is brought against Christmas—Pooh! A little over-eating does no harm. Youthful stomachs soon right themselves and are better



A NORTH LONDON ANGLING CLUB IS OFFERING A FOUR-YEAR-OLD DONKEY AS THE PRIZE IN A FISHING COMPETITION. IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE DONKEY SEES NO REASON WHY HE SHOULDN'T ENTER AS A COMPETITOR ALSO.

they work at Christmas and during the week or so before it! To work is to pray, says the old saw; and every schoolboy who ever had a copy-book knows that it is only the idle who are unhappy. How happy the sorting clerks, and the counter clerks, and the letter carriers, and the parcel-post men, must be at Christmas! Then let them have more of it, say I. It is absurd to limit pretty things like Christmas cards to one or two days in the year. Anything that gladdens life should be encouraged and multiplied. A Christmas card with a laughable picture and legend, or a seasonable cheery design, sensibly gladdens life. I should like to send and receive several every day.

And the shops. Why should all the gay brightness of the shops end with Christmas Eve, and never be seen again

than ever. Three Christmases, I say; or even four. Yes, four.

Personally I love Christmas. I resent nothing in it, not even being awakened by a brass band playing "*The Mistletoe Bough*" at four A.M. Why should I? It's a good time, isn't it? And I soon went to sleep again, all the happier for being reminded that Christmas was here. I should like to think that another Christmas was coming in March, and another in July, and another in October.

Yours cordially,

NOEL TREBELL.

With the best wishes in the world for Christmas once a year, "Mr. Punch" will see Mr. TREBELL farther before he lends his sanction to any scheme for repeating the dose before December 25, 1906.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Man from America (SMITH, ELDER), who gives a title to MRS. DE LA PASTURE's last novel, is of the conventional type of the American, lean, impassive, sententious, with "a rare smile," possessed of supreme business capacity, sedulously concealing generous disposition and a susceptible heart. The charm of the story lingers round the *Vicomte de Nauroy*, christened *Patrick*, family name *O'Reilly*. Descended from the ancient kings of Ireland, he carried his sword to France and won a patent of nobility from LOUIS PHILIPPE. In his old age he settled down to a quiet homestead on the border of Somerset and Devon, a happy circumstance, since MRS. DE LA PASTURE knows the country intimately and paints its varied beauty with skilful, sympathetic hand. A charming picture the *Vicomte* makes, whether in his garden, tending the flowers, or in the kitchen, making coffee with his own fat hand, and superintending the domestic arrangements of his single servant *Pélagie*, nurse to his two grand-daughters. It is round these girls the story winds its pleasant way, divagations that make the reader acquainted with many interesting folk. For my Baronite the French-bred Irishman, whether in country or town, is the chief delight. He is a fresh and precious addition to the portraiture of fiction.

MR. A. G. BRADLEY, in his handsome volume, *In the March and Borderland of Wales* (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE), might have figured as a mere antiquary or as a mere pedestrian diarist. He has chosen to combine the virtues of both with the defects of neither. He unites scholarship with a personal quality; he avoids pedantry on the one hand, and trivial garrulity on the other. Look where you will you will find entertainment never far removed from instruction; while always he has a sympathetic eye for the beauty alike of scenes and associations; and is fortunate in being associated with an artist who is an amateur only in the sense that his labour is a labour of love. MR. W. M. MEREDITH's lavish drawings are much more than supplemental to MR. BRADLEY's descriptions. In reproducing historic architecture his first object is to give a faithful record of things seen, but often, and especially in landscape, his work is touched with a very charming imagination. Many who flatter themselves that they have exhausted the scenery of our island because they have covered all its advertised ground, should be grateful for this revelation of the beauties that lie beyond its beaten paths. So says My Nautical Retainer.

CARLYLE's description of the flight from Paris of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH and his hapless Queen is one of the most memorable of the flaming pictures that make up his history of *The French Revolution*. In the *Memoirs of Dr. Thomas Evans* (FISHER UNWIN) there is an episode which, described with less of sulphuric effect, is by its very quality of commonplace equally effective. Again a French Queen is making secret flight from revolutionary Paris. The Empress EUGENIE has, however, no "new Berline" such as was provided for the Royal fugitives of 1791. Driven in Dr. EVANS' private brougham, the party of four reached Lisieux, their horses tired out, and necessity urgent for fresh conveyance to carry them on to Deauville. It was raining heavily, and the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, still nominally Regent, had not an umbrella at her disposal. Dr. EVANS went ahead of the party in search of fresh horses. "The EMPRESS, Madame LEBRETON and Dr. CRANE, stepped in under the *porte cochère* of an establishment where carpets were made, on the left-hand side of the street." Here, apprehensive of every passer by, they remained, "the EMPRESS standing in the doorway, scarcely out of reach from the rain dripping from the building; Madame LEBRETON partly sitting on, partly leaning against a bale of wool in the passage behind." After half-an-hour's absence, Dr. EVANS rejoined them, and the journey was resumed more

successfully than was that of the new Berline making its way through France 79 years earlier. This narrative of the escape to England of the EMPRESS is the most picturesque chapter in the history. But my Baronite finds elsewhere much that is illuminating of the character and disposition of the EMPEROR and EMPRESS.

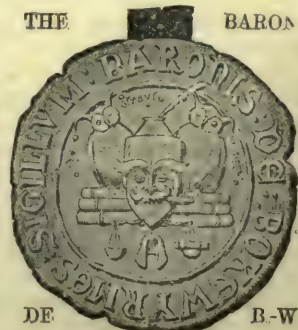
Admitting the axiom that the proper study of mankind is man, *Who's Who* (A. AND C. BLACK) is an admirable class book. My Baronite often wonders how busy men of wide correspondence and close touch with their fellows got along before this annual in its new form appeared. Growing in bulk with years, as prosperous folk are apt to do, it has, for the sake of convenience, shed some hundred or so of leaves. These are issued in a separate volume labelled *Who's Who Year-Book*. Fuller verge is thus left for the biographical notes, which now approach 1900 closely printed pages. A new addition to biographical *ana* is made by adding the motor and telephone number and the telegraphic addresses of the multitudinous *Who*. This last is especially convenient.

On the threshold of his eightieth year MR. HOLMAN HUNT sits down to tell the story of *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* (MACMILLAN). The cover of the two portly volumes bears the monogram P.R.B., whose meaning the youthful conspirators, appalled by consciousness of the momentous character of the undertaking, entered into a solemn league and covenant to keep hidden from ordinary men. MR. HOLMAN HUNT describes the work of the famous Brotherhood, of which he was one of three founders, as "the searching out a new perfection in life and lovingly teaching it to others." How this mission was accomplished my Baronite finds told in minute detail, which supplies many interesting biographical traits of painters who were boys together in the first decade of Queen VICTORIA's reign. As happened in the case of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, HOLMAN HUNT's father was opposed to his adopting Art as a profession. In obedience to the parental mandate, he entered a city office. But his passion for drawing and painting was irresistible, and, as in the case of FREDERICK LEIGHTON, eventually triumphed. The work is illustrated with two-score photogravure plates, reproducing the masterpieces of the Brotherhood.

Remembering some clever things done by Lord DUNSANY with pen and pencil whilst still with his regiment at Gibraltar, my Baronite turned with gleeful expectation to *The Gods of Pegana* (ELKIN MATHEWS). After honest endeavour he is bound to confess that he cannot make head or tail of the book. "My fault," as the executioner said, when he chopped off the gentleman's head and it fell to the ground.

Having lived for twenty years in Paris, performing the duties of correspondent for an American Journal, MR. SHERARD has compiled his recollections. As his duties brought him into intimate connection with most of the personages who helped to make history in France in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, the book has especial value. Amongst the later comers on the stage who were known of the chronicler was OSCAR WILDE. Of the closing scenes in the tragedy of his life a simple touching narrative is to be found in the pages of *Twenty Years in Paris* (HUTCHINSON).

Wishing his friends generally a Happy New Year, the Baron delivers this as his act and deed, witness his signature and seal.



REMINDERS FOR HOSTESSES.

(With apologies to "The World and His Wife.")

A RED-HOT brick in a guest's bed is an excellent substitute for a hot-water bottle. In the best houses sprigs of holly are frequently placed in visitors' beds at this holiday season, and these pointed greetings are much appreciated.

Should a visitor seem bent on outstaying his welcome collect all the *Bradshaws* in the house and leave them in his bedroom. If this gentle hint be ignored send for the police.

If your guests persist in having all their meals in bed, fall in with their wishes, but privately instruct your servants always to upset a sauce-boat or a coffee-pot on the bed-clothes.

When seasonable games pall, you can easily make a house-party interesting and profitable by introducing the novel recreation of "whitewashing the cellars" or "painting the stables." The Duke of BULLOCKSMITHY, so famous for his liberal hospitality and gay house-parties, has not paid a penny for this kind of renovation during the last five years.

If any guest complain of inattention or incivility from your servants, say

how sorry you are that their stay in your house is uncomfortable, and ask them by what train they purpose leaving. You can easily get more guests—it is not so easy to get servants.

Never play Bridge on Sunday unless your opponents are such poor players that it would be flying in the face of Providence to miss such an opportunity.

Never count your spoons before your

guests. In these days, when society is so mixed, some one is sure to regard it as a personal insult.

It will be a convenience to your guests and will relieve them from the tipping nuisance if you hang a box labelled "Servants" in your hall. Then you can

PRATTLE ABOUT THE POLLS.

CONVICTED murderers, suicides, and women are debarred from voting at a General Election.

It is not (perhaps) generally realised that the Member for the Orkneys is obliged to make a short sea passage when he visits his constituents.

Sailors on the China Station would not be in time to record their votes, even if they were ordered home to-morrow week.

There are several thousands of people still living who can remember the last General Election, but they are now considerably older. Many of them are non-smokers.

It has been calculated that if both parties had agreed to abide by the results of *The Daily Mail* election (recently concluded), candidates would be some hundreds of pounds in pocket.

Motor-cars and other vehicles will be used in many constituencies for the purpose of bringing electors to the polls. Pedestrians, however, will probably walk to record their votes.

Women are fond of decorating their pet dogs with the Party colours. The dogs have little voice in the matter, and of course no votes.

You can drag an elector to the polling-booth, but you cannot make him vote, and, as a matter of fact, to drag him at all would render you liable to an action for assault.

If a man has *two* votes and there are *two* candidates, and he gives one vote to each candidate, it is hardly worth while doing so.



First Street-Vendor. "Ow's business?"

Second S.V. "Lookin' up a bit."

First S.V. "Same 'ere. Must be doo to confidence in the noo Government."

either devote the contents of the box to charity (that charity which begins at home), or to paying the servants' wages, or if you are liberally inclined you may distribute some small portion of the money amongst your servants as your personal gift.

MOTTO FOR A NEW PEER.—*Deus Vult* (The Lord Wills).

ROUND THE POLITICAL BOOTHS.

I WANDERED vaguely through the Village Fair
Under a galaxy of flaming jets,
And heard the steam-fed music rend the air,
And saw the huckster spread his artful nets
Baited with trash
Designed to mobilise the credulous yokel's cash.

I was adjured to solve the Three Card Trick
(Peace, Plenty and the Knave—so hard to “trace”),
Or try my luck and heave a loyal stick
At Sallies modelled by an alien race;
Or view with awe
“The British Lion couched on Preferential Straw.”

“The Giant Free-Trade Loaf,” that weighed a stone;
“The Largest-headed Non-religious Child;”
“The Very Fattest Peasant Ever Known;”
“The Leanest Landlord;”—all these prospects smiled
From gaudy booths
Plastered with posters stating palpable untruths.

The gaudiest bore the legend, large and free,
“CHAMBER OF TORY HORRORS!!” and, for sign,
A pictured compound, 4 ft. 6 by 3,
Chokeful of Chinese coolies from the mine,
Loaded with gyves
And brutal padlocks which completely spoiled their lives.

I heard the shout of one whose features shone
Despite his information, which was grave:
“‘Orrible torchers now a goin’ on!
Walk in and see the real live Chinese slave,
Cut to the core
By barbarous methods worse than what we gave the Boer!”

Thereat his mate, a man with honest eyes,
(How came he there among these cheapish Jacks?)
“Guv’nor,” he whispered, “where’s the good o’ lies?
We know it’s just a dummy daubed with wax;
Ain’t it too tough
Ropin’ ’em in to see this bit o’ fancy stuff?”

“Never you mind, my boy,” the boss replied;
You’re ’ere to beat the drum and ’elp me shout;
We’ve got to get the silly fools inside
And then,—well, chance it, if they find us out,
We stand to win,
Seein’ we scoop the dibs before we let ’em in!”

But I that on my own had sniffed a fake,
Knowing by heart my “real live Chinese slave”—
I sought the Three Card Man, and planked my stake,
And instantaneously “traced the Knave;”
So to an alley,
And deftly pulverised an aged Teuton Sally. O. S.

“GRANDOLPH.”

(EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

The Kennel, Barks, Monday.—The popular idea of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL when, twenty years ago, he was still with us, realised him in the form of a political comet of extreme brilliancy but of no particular use to the solar system. Those who came in personal touch with him recognised that, beneath his sometimes reckless levity, there ran high purpose, directed by supreme genius, dominated by inflexible will.

This circle will find world-wide enlargement in the readers of WINSTON CHURCHILL's *Life of his Father*, just published by MACMILLAN. Consanguinity is by no means a recommen-

dation for the post of biographer. The family circle is lacking in the opportunity of perspective indispensable to the formation of true judgment of character and conduct. Exceptions are found in LOCKHART's life of his father-in-law, SCOTT, and in TREVELYAN's masterpiece, the *Memoir of his uncle, Lord MACAULAY*. WINSTON CHURCHILL has established a third exception to the rule. To begin with, whilst the mass of material is skilfully arranged, the literary style is admirable. Next, he is sternly impartial. When he extols the subject of his memoir, he is careful to present, from unimpeachable sources, the facts upon which he bases his judgment. Occasionally, more in sorrow than in anger, he admits that errors were made, and does not attempt extenuation.

The biographer has had access to the correspondence and memoranda that record the steps in Lord RANDOLPH's glittering career, from its gay opening to its pathetic close. He uses his opportunity with characteristic courage and candour. Lord RANDOLPH was a frequent, voluminous letter-writer. If he had an engagement to see Lord SALISBURY in the afternoon he spent a considerable portion of the morning setting forth his views on the question which formed the occasion of consultation. Possibly he did this with deliberate intent of preserving a statement of his views at the particular juncture, to which end he pigeon-holed a copy of the document. Lord SALISBURY was equally communicative to “My dear RANDOLPH,” writing long letters sometimes as often as thrice a day.

Not the least interesting feature of the fascinating story is disclosure of the predominant influence which, for fully a year of grave political crisis, the younger statesman wielded over the elder. When in June, 1885, Mr. G.'s Second Administration fell on the Amendment to the Budget moved by HICKS-BEACH, Lord SALISBURY was sent for by the QUEEN. The missive reached him at “4.45 P.M., Thursday, June 11,” as he notes at the head of a letter written from Arlington Street, and straightway despatched to RANDOLPH. Confronted by the duty of forming an Administration his thoughts swiftly turned to the youthful Captain of the Fourth Party, to whose skill, courage, and persistency creation of the amazing situation was mainly due. “Could you call on me to-night or to-morrow morning?” he writes.

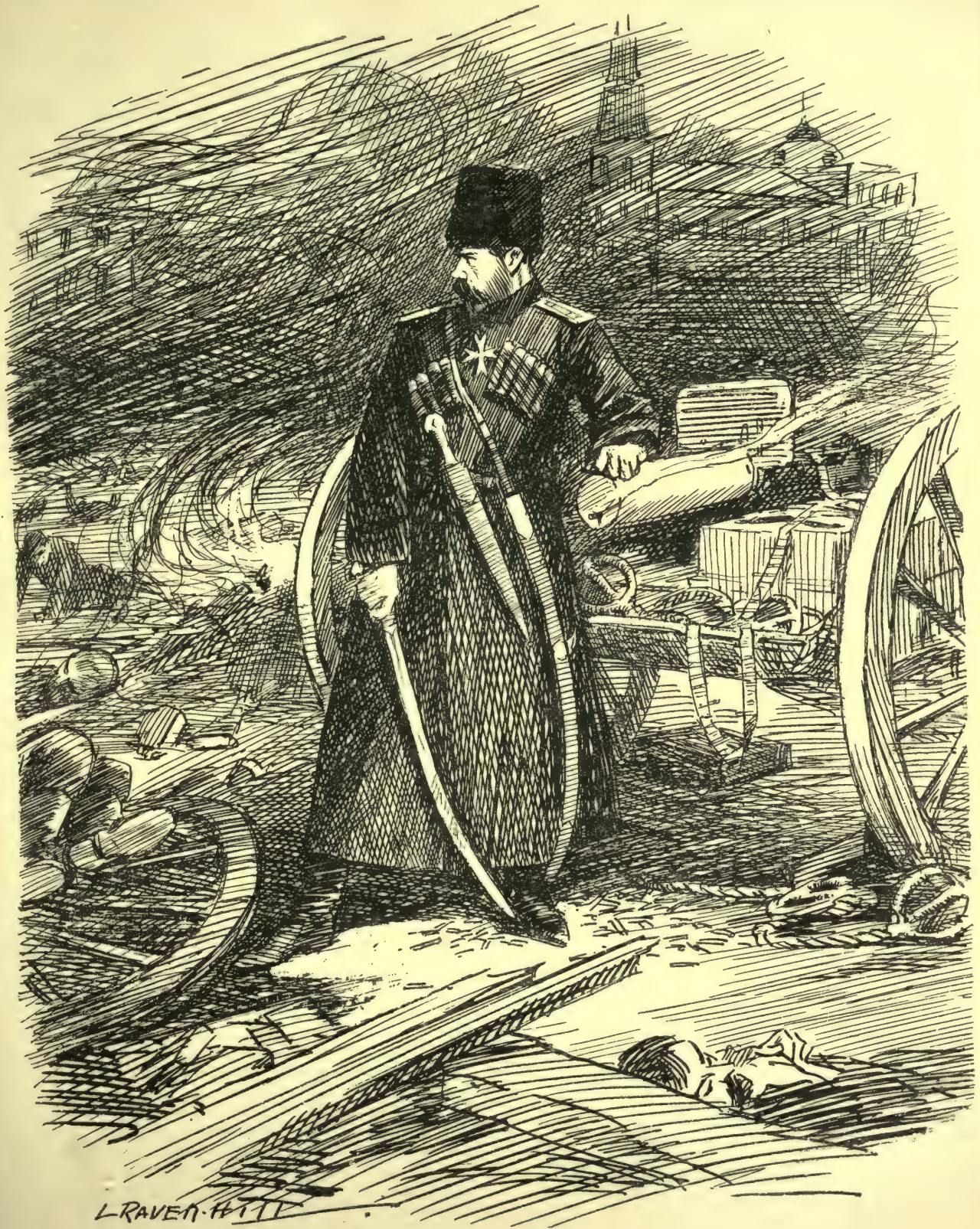
RANDOLPH was not disposed to cheapen himself by exhibition of haste to clutch at his share of the spoils. He waited till Lord SALISBURY had made some way with the construction of his Cabinet, in which he proffered his young friend the Secretary of Stateship of India. Having through nearly five years girded at STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as an incompetent Leader of the House, RANDOLPH was not to be bought off by a proposal however dazzling in its compliment to a private member. He declined office with NORTHCOTE as Leader in the Commons. Lord SALISBURY pressed him to abrogate his prejudice. Personal friends urged him not to miss the chance supplied by offer of Cabinet office. He was convinced that in the interests of the party, and of the country—the terms are of course identical—NORTHCOTE's retention of the Leadership in the Commons would prove disastrous.

“What place will you give RANDOLPH when your Government is formed?” a friend asked the Leader of the Opposition shortly before the crisis came.

“Say rather,” NORTHCOTE replied with sorrowful intuition, “what place will he give me?”

He gave him a place in the House of Lords, whither NORTHCOTE retired broken-hearted, six months later to die in the Foreign Office, in the presence, almost in the arms, of his familiar friend, long time colleague, Lord SALISBURY, who the day before, with undesigned brusqueness, had, in reconstructing his Ministry, superseded him at the Foreign Office.

In June, 1885, RANDOLPH got his peremptory way in the



PEACE REIGNS AT MOSCOW.

THE CZAR. "NOW, I THINK, THE WAY IS CLEAR FOR UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE."





"HOW IS HER LADYSHIP?"

"THANK YOU, MADAM, SHE IS A LITTLE BETTER, ACCORDING TO TO-DAY'S MENU."

matter of shunting STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. In Dec. 1886, assuming an analogous attitude with respect to the refusal of OLD MORALITY (War Minister), GEORGE HAMILTON (at the Admiralty) to reduce their estimates, he was himself broken irretrievably, as it proved. He had long felt lonely in the Cabinet. It is true his Budget, whose secret is for the first time fully disclosed, received the consent of his colleagues. But it was lukewarm approval, plainly extorted by apprehension of what the imperious Chancellor of the Exchequer would do if he were thwarted. If the Premier alone had stood by his side, he would have fought on to the end. As it was, he made dignified retreat. Striding forth from the Cabinet Council Chamber, its door never opened to him again.

Over the most brilliant days of Lord RANDOLPH'S career there hung the shadow of early death. He saw it without fear. But he recognised that as his time would be short it must be stirring. "An old man in a hurry," he bitterly called the octogenarian advocate of Home Rule, who survived him several years. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was a young man in a hurry, a hurry unselfishly, patriotically kept up with desire to serve his country. This truth is, not obtrusively, but indisputably, made clear in the story of the life of one who was a statesman at thirty-five, quiet in his grave at forty-six.

Mr. Punch and his young men have the satisfaction of reflecting that from the first they recognised GRANDOLPH'S genius, and sustained him through most episodes of his

career. He cherished the various cartoons which pointed turns in it. Several of them, from the master hand of JOHN TENNIEL, are, by permission readily given, reproduced in these volumes.

Literary "Revelations."

FOLLOWING on the allegation that the late Mr. WILLIAM SHARP and "Fiona Macleod" were one person, comes the rumour that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL is not only the same as "O. O." "Claudius Clear," and "A Man of Kent," but that he also veils his identity under other pen-names, including "JAMES DOUGLAS," "CLEMENT SHORTER," and "G. K. CHESTER-TON." We are able to give this rumour an emphatic denial. Dr. NICOLL is actually not many more than four different people; a figure by the way which, at one time, was the cause of the foolish report that he was the disguised author of *The Four Just Men*.

A Few Mottoes for Books.

For *The Prodigal Son*, by Mr. HALL CAINE—

"In his hands the thing became a trumpet."

For *A Modern Utopia*, by Mr. H. G. WELLS—

"The little MORE and how much he is!"

For *Billiards*, by Mr. JOHN ROBERTS—

"Out, damned spot!"

RHYMES WITHOUT REASON.

WE always call the fellow JOHN,
His Christian name is really JACK,
And that is why we call him JOHN.

Men ask, "When is he coming back?"
We say, "We didn't know he'd gone,
So cannot say when he'll be back.

"We have no grounds to go upon;
In vain our memories we rack
For facts to base a date upon."

One wonders, has he got the sack?
Some argue "pro," some argue "con."
Held: "That he *may* have got the sack."

* * * * *

I'm thinking, how shall I go on?
This somewhat doth of Bedlam smack.
Perhaps I'd better *not* go on.

A CRUSADE AGAINST COMMERCIAL IMPOSTURE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Will you, who have ever been the champion of the guileless and distressed, lend your columns to expose a fraud practised weekly, daily, and in the evening editions?

Thousands of blameless matrons, innocent maidens, and spinsters of maturer years are being deceived by the treachery and falsehood of the fashion artists, who deliberately invest their models with attractions to which a respectable Englishwoman cannot hope to attain. What is the result? Useless expense, heart-breaking disappointment, and even occasionally the complete wreck of a happy home. I implore you to print the enclosed letters as an example and a warning.

(Signed) "VERITAS" (Curate-in-Charge).

I.

Miss FINCH, Sordello Lodge, Balham, presents her compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs to forward for his inspection two illustrations depicting respectively, To right, a hat as



advertised by Messrs. —; To left, the same after purchase by Miss FINCH. It will be apparent that, in spite of certain superficial similarities in the two articles, the former picture is calculated to produce an entirely false impression.

P.S.—It was only after a protracted struggle that I succeeded in fixing the hat on at all. To show the falsehood of the whole trick, the letterpress informed me that to the "cache peigne" was attached a mass of curls the exact colour of the wearer's own. I ask you to look at it!

II.

Mrs. PODSNAP, The Angles, Surbiton, writes (in the course of a somewhat lengthy epistle):

"..... My daughter's dress was copied in *every detail* from the illustration in a well-known lady's paper. It was made in my own house, under my own supervision, by a



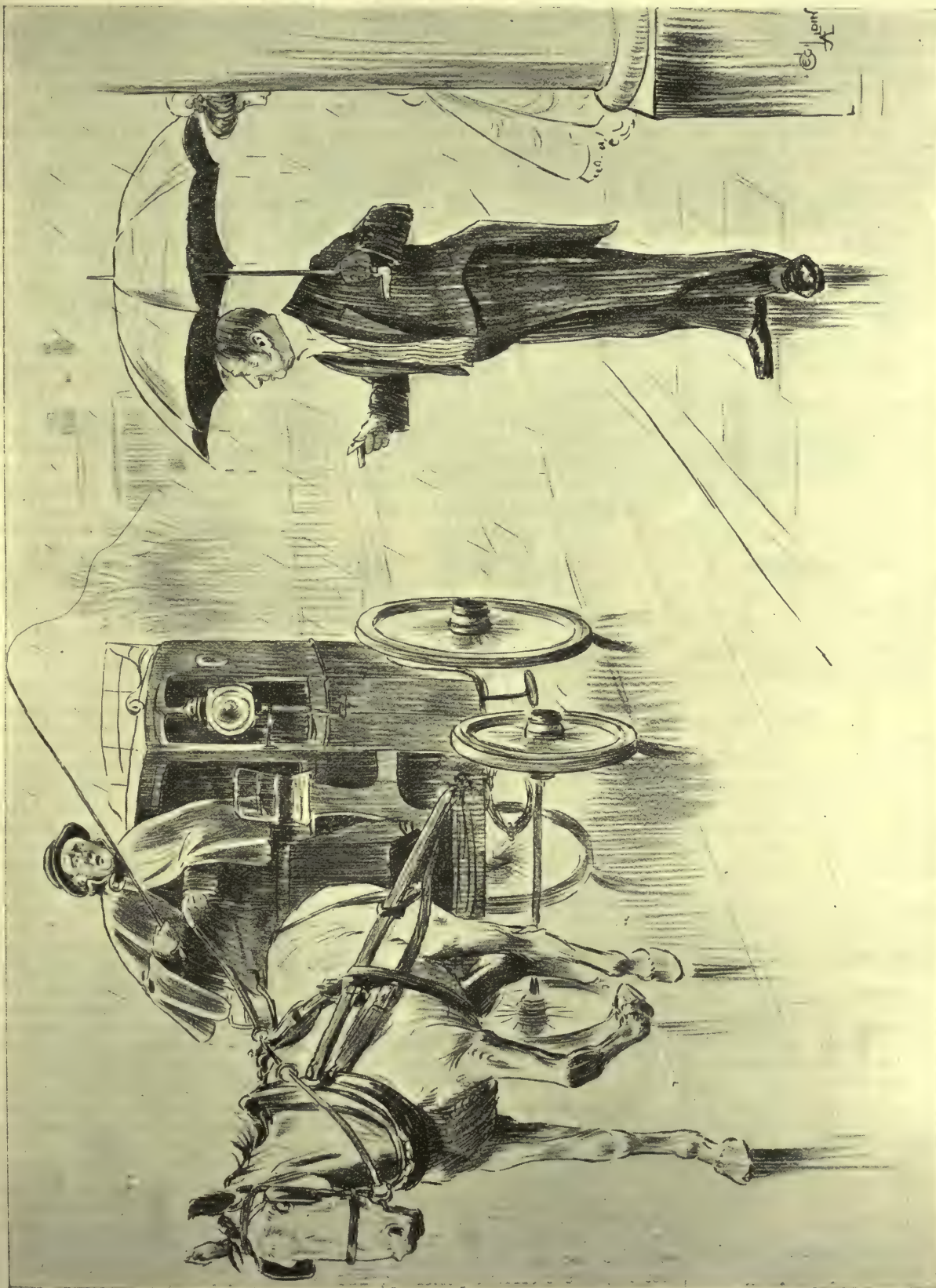
highly capable maid who has been with us for some years, and is a most superior and honest person in whom I have every confidence. I mention this merely to emphasise the lamentable fact that the picture as issued by Messrs. — is false in every particular, though whether deliberately so or not I, of course, cannot say. For the rest, my two enclosures will speak for themselves."

ONE MAYER THEATRE OPEN.

MR. GASTON MAYER "has drawn," not a bow at a venture, but several good houses last week, which was the first of his two months' French-play season. *La Souris* to commence with, and a varied list of plays is given us to go on with. While the grass grows, as we all know, the steed starves, and, warned by this old proverb, Mlle. RÉJANE has determined that, while her theatre is being built in Paris, she will not be "out of it" altogether, but will make time pass lightly, for all cordially entreating Londoners, by appearing in some of her favourite pieces, at the New Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho, which, in old days of burlesque and domestic drama, has known prodigiously long runs. The "Théâtre Réjane" in Paris, so the *Journal Amusant* informs us, "*remplacera en effet le Nouveau Théâtre qui, il faut l'avouer, est un assez ancien Théâtre*;" and the same authority adds, "*quoique situé rue Blanche, le Théâtre Réjane ne jouera pas de drames noirs*." May that be equally the case at the Royalty!

A "Starring" Agency.

ON Thursday last, at the Royal Institution, Professor TURNER addressed himself (and at the same time his audience) to the consideration of the question "Are the Planets Inhabited?" The Professor, not being sure of his ground in the firmament, admitted that he was unable to act as agent for any one of the planets at present "to let." Directly one of them was in the market, he would immediately communicate the fact to his friends, and take their orders on the usual terms.



GO FARTHER, OR FARE WORSE.

Cabby (answering whistle), "WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW IS, WHERE ARE THE PARTIES GOING?"

Footman (reassuringly), "OH, THEY'RE NOT GOING FAR." *Cabby*, "THEN LET 'EM WALK!"

[Drives off.]

GETTING STIFFER.

(An Acrostic Competition.)

No new journal is now complete without an acrostic competition, and we offer the following scheme with specimen acrostics, a solution, &c., as likely to be of great assistance to any editor who contemplates such a competition. The Quarter should open with an announcement that prizes of a high value will be given to the solver of the greatest number of Acrostics. The First Prize may suitably consist of £100 in cash, a Life Annuity of £25 per annum, the remainder of the lease of a house in Cadogan Square, and a three-speed bicycle. The Second Prize might be £50 in cash and a cottage piano; and the Third a bound volume of the journal which conducts the competition.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

First of the Quarter. January 1.

Study the calendar, and you will find
That this has come, the old one left
behind;

And many say, "I wish you *this*, old
chappie,"
But here you must omit the usual
"Happy."

1. A service to defend our Empire
planned.
'Tis not the Navy, for it fights on land;
Think of the War Office and under-
stand.

2. What's in a—*this*? So SHAKESPEARE
used to sing;
'Tis chosen for you at your christening.

3. The isle from which NAPOLEON made
escape,
His country's destiny once more to
shape.

4. All wish for Peace, but wishes are in
vain.
This comes at times with horrors in
its train.
This we have lately seen with grief
and pain
Of East and West upon Manchuria's
plain.

Thirty days are allowed for the
solution of the above. Five alternatives
permitted for each light.

February 1.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC No. 1.

- (1) A rm Y
- (2) N am E
- (3) E lb A
- (4) W a R

Notes.—(2) Shakespearean quotation,
"What's in a name?"

(3) NAPOLEON's first place of exile.

Answers received, 17,321 correct; two
incorrect.

March 1.

To Correspondents.—*Little Popsy*: We have decided to accept your plea for "Weather" instead of "War" for the fourth light in the first acrostic. Though we cannot consider that "weather" fits the light as neatly as "War," there is some weight in your contention that the weather in Manchuria would probably be inclement in character.

Muddlehead: We really cannot accept "Elena" instead of "Elba" for light 3. We would have been willing to overlook the unusual spelling of the island of St. Helena, but the fact that NAPOLEON did not escape from St. Helena, whereas he *did* escape from Elba, seems to us fatal to your plea.

April 1.

SPECIAL ACROSTIC.

The following Acrostic is set for the 17,304 solvers who tied in the First Quarter. Twelve hours allowed for the solution: no alternatives.

'Tis thus provincial virtue hoots

The visitor in varnished boots.

1. Cognate, I ween.

2. In Pliocene.

3. How very odd!

4. A tetrapod.

The lights are in no particular order,
and two of them are reversed.

May 1.

Special Acrostic.—The Editor regrets that he has had the misfortune to mislay the solution of the Special, and cannot clearly remember what it was, though he recollects enough to enable him to give a hint that the second light contains a reference to the metatarsal bone of the Hipparion. He can also, speaking from memory, confidently assert that none of the answers sent in was correct, or anywhere nearly correct. Another week is therefore allowed in order that solvers may again attempt the Special, the missing solution of which the Editor hopes to find before next month. In the event of a further tie a really difficult Quintuple Acrostic will be given.

Answers received, 0 correct, 5143
incorrect.

GOLF IN EXCELSIS.

In view of the exceptional political importance of the visit of the four famous British golfers to Mexico, *Mr. Punch* has arranged with Mr. RAYMOND BLATHERWICK, the famous interviewer, who accompanies the party, to send a series of letters for exclusive use in these columns. The first instalment arrived yesterday, and ran as follows:—

New York, January 1.—We arrived to-day, after a somewhat stormy voyage,

but it is satisfactory to relate that the illustrious quartet are all in excellent fettle for their Mexican campaign. The serious spirit in which they undertook to prepare themselves for the fray was apparent from the outset. JACK WHITE, a man of studious tastes, spent most of his time studying Spanish, with a view, as he owned, of being able to converse with President PORFIRIO DIAZ in his native tongue. ANDREW KIRKALDY, who is noted for his strong theological bias, had provided himself with several works on the Aztec race, and was much impressed by the theory which identifies them with the Lost Tribes, and often engaged in heated controversies with his fellow Scot, ALEXANDER HERD. ROWLAND JONES, a Welshman, and an ardent politician, was intensely interested in the speeches of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, as they were reported from time to time by wireless telegraphy. But exercise and training were not neglected. By an arrangement with the chief engineer the champions were able to get an hour's niblick play in the coal bunkers every morning, and ANDREW KIRKALDY had the satisfaction of driving over a passing iceberg from the hurricane deck. In the evenings the quartet sang part songs or practised putting in the saloon. ROWLAND JONES occasionally improvised some sparkling penillions, and JACK WHITE accompanied him on the castanets. In the early stages of the voyage ANDREW KIRKALDY's appetite suffered from the motion of the liner, but his spirits were happily unimpaired, and his table talk was enriched by many brilliant *bons mots*. Thus, on nearing America, he asked, "Why was JACK WHITE?" and, pointing to SANDY HERD, immediately answered, "Because he saw Sandy Hook." This remarkable impromptu was at once marconigraphed to the White House, and caused a distinct slump in Mexican securities on Wall Street.

Washington, Jan. 3.—I have just seen ROWLAND JONES, who tells me that the breakfast with the PRESIDENT was a great success. The only other guests, besides the golfing champions, were ELIHU ROOT and BOOKER WASHINGTON, and it appears that a slight awkwardness was caused when ANDREW KIRKALDY, who sat next Mr. WASHINGTON, asked him whether he thought that any American football team could hold their own against the "All Blacks," a question which his neighbour interpreted as bearing on the negro problem. However, Mr. ROOSEVELT intervened with his usual breezy energy, and diverted the conversation to the influence of golf on the popularity of statesmen, the proper pronunciation of the word Schenectady, the superiority of buckwheat cakes to Scotch scones, and the claims of Mr. ANDREW LANG to be regarded



"SCENT PER SCENT."

(Vide article in "Punch," December 20, 1905.)

Huntsman. "WELL, I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHY THERE AIN'T NO SCENT 'ERE!"

Whip. "SCENT? WHY, WHAT D'YE EXPECT, WHEN 'ERE'S ALL THE LADIES A-FOURISHIN' OF THEIR PERFUMED 'ANKYCHEEVES ON THE OTHER SIDE O' THE FENCE!"

as a serious historian. ANDREW KIRKALDY, who, as a neighbour of Mr. LANG's, held decided views on this subject, said that when the Japanese took to golf they would be "juist a classical people." JACK WHITE thought that the White House compared unfavourably with the Golf Club House at Sunningdale, but he liked the PRESIDENT's affability. "Not the build for a scratch player," he added, "but I dare say he would soon play as well as the Duke of DEVONSHIRE or Mr. JAMES BRYCE." SANDY HERD made great friends with Mr. ROOT, whom he enlightened on the Scottish Church question, and after breakfast the PRESIDENT instructed his guests in the use of the lasso, which he warned them might be needful in some of the Mexican back blocks.

Chihuahua, January 7.—We came on here this morning by special train, with outriders, after a short visit to the PRESIDENT at Mexico City. DON PORFIRIO was kindness itself, and insisted on changing hats, according to an old

Castilian custom, with JACK WHITE as they parted on the doorstep. The heat is something terrific, but we all wear sombreros with refrigerators and white Nainsook trousers. On our arrival we were met at the station by a deputation of Toltecs, accompanied by the Chapultepec band playing on zumpangos, mulucs, cauacs, and other Aztec instruments. After a hurried lunch at the hotel, we proceeded to the links, where a large crowd was awaiting our arrival. Four singles had been arranged in which the British contingent were opposed by local professionals, but I regret to say that on this occasion none of the former showed their true form. For this untoward result, however, the peculiar conditions of the game readily accounted. To begin with, the caddies are mounted on mustangs, which proved so disconcerting that ROWLAND JONES, a man of highly-strung Celtic temperament, invariably missed his tee shot. ANDREW KIRKALDY's opponent was a sinister-looking mesocephalic Aztec named MICTLANTEUCITLI, whose

name alone, as ANDREW put it, was as bad as giving a stroke a hole, while JACK WHITE was equally paralysed by his association with a Toltec brave, whose patronymic was IXTLILXOCHITL. SANDY HERD was the best off, as he was matched with a Mexican Inca named RAMON GUTIERREZ, who, strangely enough, preferred using a rubber-cored ball. At every second tee refreshments were served, consisting of *oetli* or Aztec beer and hot banana fritters, and further delay was caused by JACK WHITE's opponent, who insisted on bathing in a small pond which formed the chief hazard of the thirteenth hole. GUTIERREZ, the Inca mentioned above, surpassed himself by his bunca play, but as a rule the local men scored more by the failure of their opponents than by their own brilliancy. There is talk, however, of a human sacrifice in our honour to-night, and to-morrow morning we move on to Jalapa, where an exhibition match will be played for the benefit of the amateurs of the Tezcatlipoca golf club.



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

Ex-Convict (meeting Gaol-Governor in the Street). "MORNING, SIR. 'OPE YOU'RE WELL, SIR. THOUGHT YOU'D BE GLAD TO 'EAR AS 'OW I'D GOT A JOB, SIR."

Governor. "VERY GLAD, I'M SURE. BUT—ER—WHO ARE YOU? I DON'T SEEM TO KNOW YOU."

Ex-Convict. "LAW BLESS US, SIR, O' COURSE YOU KNOW ME. I WAS STOPPIN' WITH YOU LAST CHRISTMAS!"

THE SPOOK'S LAMENT.

["I believe," said Mr. B. A. COCHRANE, an authority on the subject of dreams, to a *Daily Express* representative, "the night time of the body is the daytime of the soul. It is then that the soul leaves the body and has experiences in the spirit world. You may meet with dead friends and see their condition" . . . *To have dreams, however, which are free from the fantastic and horrible, a light easily digestible diet is, he thinks, necessary.*]

WHEN by the stern decree of Fate
This mortal coil was cast,
We used to think our future state
Depended on our past.
Directors never watered stock,
Horse-dealers never faked a crock,
The rascal lawyer never stole,
Lest evil should befall his soul.

What golden chances in my time
Have I contrived to miss
For fear lest my career of crime
Should jeopardise my bliss.
How often when the fun was fast
Have I with dread been overcast,
Slunk from the room and whispered "No!
I'll be no gay Lothario!"

And much has virtue eased my fall!

As far as I can see
I might have had the fun for all
The difference to me.
'Tis chance, as we poor spooks now know,
Apportions either bliss or woe,
For—out upon it!—our régimes
Depend on other people's dreams.

Old SMITH—the pig!—goes out and dines;
He always over-eats,
And mixes half-a-dozen wines
With half-a-score of meats.
He sleeps, he snores, he dreams, and he
Elects, of course, to dream of me,
And I become the thing I seem
To SMITH in his delirious dream.

Then BROWN—the tenderest of chaps,
Who leaves the lambs unhurt,
And dines on lentils, with perhaps
A fig for his dessert—
BROWN dreams of me and I become
An angel in Elysium.
It's chance that sends us low or high—
A fig for all desert, say I.

Then let the wicked man no more
Be diddled into grace

By hoping that he thus will score
In some post-mortem place.
The joy or woe of spooks, it seems,
Exists but in our neighbours' dreams,
And thus our luckless lot depends
Upon the diet of our friends.

WE are sure that *The Morning Post*, in announcing certain *matinées* at which the major portion of the best seats were to be reserved for "the children of members of the profession," did not mean to cast any reflection upon the latter when it said: "As such children are not easily distinguishable from other children, they are requested to bring their parents with them."

It is stated that Sir EDWARD GREY, in order to obtain that proficiency in the French language which a Foreign Minister should have if he is to be able to converse fluently with the Ambassadors accredited to the Court of St. James's, is about to join ABIE WALKLEY'S *Je-ne-sais* students.



SONS OF HARMONY.

C.B. (to JOHN REDMOND). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, THIS IS NOT A DUET! YOU CAN GIVE YOUR SHOW LATER ON."





Parson. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. STUBBINS. IS YOUR HUSBAND AT HOME?"

Mrs. Stubbins. "'E's 'OME, SIR; BUT 'E'S A-BED."

Parson. "HOW IS IT HE DIDN'T COME TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY? YOU KNOW WE MUST HAVE OUR HEARTS IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

Mrs. Stubbins. "LOR, SIR, 'IS 'EART'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S 'IS TROWZIZ!"

ELECTION WISDOM.

I.—COUNSEL TO CANVASSERS.

You cannot make it too clear whether you come on behalf of the Free Trade candidate or the Fiscal Reform candidate. It would be a great pity if you worked hard to win a vote for Free Trade and all the while the man thought you were advocating Protection.

If you are canvassing for a Free Trade candidate promise higher wages, shorter hours, and cheaper food.

If you are canvassing for a Fiscal Reformer promise cheaper food, shorter hours and higher wages.

When calling on even the humblest cottages be careful to knock at the door,

to take off your hat on entering, to wipe your boots on the mat, to ask after the health of the family, and to say of the infant in arms, "Well, that *is* a baby!" If you do all this with any kind of spirit you need not refer to politics at all. Just name your candidate and go. If there is no mat you must apologise for bringing dirt into the room.

Don't offer money for votes. It is no longer done; at least, not so crudely.

Remember that it is quite useless to-day to canvass without promising to send your motor to convey the voter to the polling booth. Horses are out of it.

The first rule in canvassing is—promise everything. It is also the last.

Remember that you are promising not on your own behalf but your candidate's. If there is any trouble afterwards it will be his trouble, not yours.

II.—A WORD IN SEASON TO LADY CANVASSERS.

You will do well not to remember too vividly the famous story of the beautiful Duchess of GAINSBOROUGH and the butcher. The vote was given less because the kiss was a kiss than because the lady was a Duchess; and recollect that it is not definitely known which way the butcher voted after all.

III.—ADVICE TO CANDIDATES.

Do not mind repeating yourself. It

has been done ever since oratory was invented.

While speaking, if you are out of matter, say "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN." The uproar, either of adulation or execration, that will ensue will give you time to collect your thoughts.

If you are a Free Trader and are so foolish as to desire a reputation for wit, refer to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN always as "The Right Honorable Gentleman" with immense scorn in your voice.

Shake everyone by the hand and offer them cigars from your own case. You can keep a few special ones for your own consumption in a side pocket.

When you are going to make a joke, say so, otherwise they won't know when to laugh. If you can't make jokes, refer to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as "JOEY" and it will do just as well.

You will be wise if you ascertain very carefully the position of the railway station in case you want to make a hurried and not too conspicuous departure. To be seen, on the night of the poll or the morning after, asking the way to the station, is not conducive to dignity.

IV.—WRINKLES FOR VOTERS.

It is no use holding out to the last minute, as they did in the good old Pocket Borough days, for a five-pound or even a thousand-pound note. England is going to the dogs.

When the Free Trade canvasser comes, promise to vote exactly as he tells you, and say how glad you are that the gentleman has called to clear your mind on two or three matters that were puzzling it.

When the Protection canvasser comes, say how glad you are that the gentleman has called to clear your mind on two or three matters that were puzzling it, and promise to vote exactly as he tells you.

Do all you can to put your cross against the man you really want to support.

V.—A HINT TO CHAUFFEURS.

If you find, from the conversation in the car, that one of the voters whom you are conveying in the Free Trade interest is really in favour of Protection, and is, so to speak, stealing his ride, procure an accident at once and arrange that he is so badly hurt that he will not be conscious again till the next day. Stick at nothing. Remember Mr. Weller's story of the bridge and the coach-load of the wrong colour.

More Commercial Candour.

"—'s Watch.

Warranted.

5s. 6d. each.

There is no movement in these watches."

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. V.—HOW TO DRESS ON £10 A YEAR.

OUR subject divides itself naturally into two parts.

First, How to Dress. It will be readily acknowledged, modern conditions of life being what they are and the climate of the United Kingdom not invariably sultry, that dress of some sort is a necessity for all of us. The ancient Britons are said to have thought otherwise, and to have been content to stain themselves with a dye called woad. The effect would hardly satisfy modern requirements of fashion, and woad would now be considered quite a fast dye. The next development of dress in primitive times, however, was destined to last to the present day. This was the custom of wearing skins of animals as articles of attire. In the early days of our rough island story this fashion was universal, and the statue of BOADICEA on the Thames Embankment would be more archæologically correct if the Warrior Queen were represented in a sealskin jacket and her two daughters with some little article made of mink or grey fox, instead of the nondescript draperies, ill-adapted for carriage exercise, which the sculptor has assigned to them.

Clothes, so named from the fact that they *clothe* the human frame, are adapted to two ends, warmth and decoration. Dr. JAEGER, a well-known scientist, still happily with us, first made the important discovery that warmth and beauty in clothing are not incompatible. His hygienic padded boot is the last word in unobtrusive smartness, and he has shown that it is possible for what is known as underwear to be *chic* without inviting pulmonary trouble. Dress from top to toe in woollens is Dr. JAEGER's advice, and his own portrait, freely reproduced, represents him doing so. While the photograph is not that of a mere *flâneur*, Dr. JAEGER compares favourably in appearance with any smart Guardsman or man about town who may be seen in Pall Mall or at a Church Parade, and his sense of hygienic superiority, especially on a hot summer day, must afford him a satisfaction to which those butterflies of fashion are strangers.

Let us now illustrate our subject by two concrete examples. First let us suppose the case of a lady wishing to purchase a ball-dress. She must begin by deciding on a pattern, and here she will be helped by the advice of most of the daily and weekly newspapers published throughout the United Kingdom. She decides to follow the taste, let us say, of the Editor of *The Daily News*, and by a diligent study of the pages devoted to the subject of ladies' dress in that journal finally selects the costume she prefers. The dress itself will not be

procurable at the newspaper office, which confines itself to producing the design. In order to have it carried out she must go to a dressmaker. And one word of caution is necessary at this point. It is not etiquette to wear a costume of the same pattern as one made for Royalty, and if any member of the Royal Family who follows *The Daily News* in matters of dress should have happened to select that particular costume another must be chosen. There now follows the operation of "trying on." When the dress has advanced a certain way towards completion, the lady tries it on. The dressmaker also occasionally tries it on, but not until she comes to make out the bill. When the dress is quite finished it remains only to wear it and to pay for it. As it is a ball-dress, it should not be worn to any great extent out of doors in the morning. The payment will be made out of the £10 a year set aside for the purpose.

We will now consider the case of a gentleman wishing to buy a new tweed suit. The newspapers do not vie with one another in offering him advice upon the subject, but a few of them do retain the services of a "sartorial expert" laying claim to the rank of Major, who will with great confidence recommend a tailor, generally one carrying on business in Fleet Street, a thoroughfare widely renowned for the smart appearance of those who frequent it. The purchaser will proceed, *mutatis mutandis*, in the manner indicated in the former example. When he receives his bill he may be surprised to find his simple brown suit described as "One Heather Mixture Fancy Check Cheviot Lounge Coat, lined through Silk, one Do. Do. D.B. Waistcoat, one pr. Do. Do. Trousers," but he must not allow himself to be put out by this figurative language. Every social clique has its passwords.

The few hints we have given may serve as a useful introduction to a more extended study of an important and far-reaching subject. That is why we have given them.

P.S.—The question of dressing on £10 a year presents no difficulties. Set aside that sum to expend upon clothing, and when you have spent it stop dressing.

A Chance for the Faculty.

THE following important communication has been forwarded to us. We particularly call attention to the effective simplicity of the writer's method of dating his composition.

"BERNE, date of the post-mark.

"GENTLEMAN,—We have the honour of informing you that our GRAND-CATALOGUE is just out and lies for the gratis-forwarding at the disposal of the in- and outlandish medical circles."

**MINISTERIAL MILLINERY.—No. 3.**

MR. H-RE-RT GL-DST-NE, SIR E. GR-Y, AND PROF. BR-CE.

DAWN.

THE shadows and the shrouding gloom have ceased;
A golden sea of glory floods the East,
With bars of crimson lined;
Now Day has ris'n triumphant over Night;
I know it is so by the streak of light
Which filters thro' my blind.

Sunrise! and men's sad hearts grow glad and gay
To greet the golden promise of the day
And all the good to be;
Yet, I confess, this much-belauded dawn
(Excuse me, while I just suppress a yawn)
Hardly appeals to me.

I do not rush to greet the thing with zest,
While Hope insurgent agitates my breast;
I could not if I tried;
But I remember with a boding fear
At this especial season of the year
'Tis precious cold outside.

This is the painful hour when in my soul
Comfort with Duty struggles for control
To arbitrate my lot.

Well, since yon streak of light proclaims the day,
The question must be faced without delay,—
Shall I get up,—or not?

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

VIEWS thrown on a screen are to be a feature in the Electioneering tactics of several candidates. Others expect to derive more profit from throwing a screen on their views.

Certain Post Office employees who were suffering from overwork and did not find themselves very well suited with the Heir of DERBY are hoping to benefit by a change to BUXTON.

MR. JOHN BURNS, who believes in a proper division of Labour, wishes it to be understood that he (J. B.) will always furnish a liberal supply of steamboats if the PRIME MINISTER will be responsible for a liberal supply of peers.

THE season in which the coming General Election is to occur has made the following form of appeal very popular:

VOTE FOR ——— AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

As in the case of that other formula—

VOTE FOR ——— AND NOW WE SHAN'T BE LONG!—

the virtue of this contract, from a candidate's point of view, lies in its vagueness. Happiness depends so much upon the taste. The electorate should demand some more explicit and universally recognisable boon, such as

VOTE FOR ——— AND A FINE DAY TO-MORROW!

IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY?—"Draw for ———'s Widow and Children. Winning No. 480."—*Liverpool Echo*.

A LITTLE MOTOR-SHOOTING IN THE MIDLANDS.

(From the "Field" of 1915.)

THE chill sunrise of a November day was just appearing between the curtains of my bedroom window, when I awoke to find a native pulling my bedclothes vigorously. He was in a high state of excitement, and exclaimed repeatedly "Car, car," in a tone of mingled alarm and pleasure. "Shay's bin in t' leene," he added, waving his arms about. My somewhat slight acquaintance with the vernacular of the district enabled me to interpret his words to mean that a motor-car had lately been observed in the neighbouring lane, and I lost no time in rousing D., my companion.

This was indeed the prospect of a welcome change from the poor sport which we had been having hitherto. D. and I had arranged to take our short leave from the regiment in what we both consider the most enjoyable form of sport, namely shooting motor-cars. At one time, I need not say, it was as easy to bag motor-cars as partridges, but since the rural councils, actuated by the amount of damage caused by these machines, offered a price for their destruction, they only appear very rarely, and it has become increasingly difficult to meet with them.

D. and I had spent nearly a week in the neighbourhood which, for my own reasons, I do not want to particularise, without getting the opportunity for which we looked. Day after day we had carefully examined the landscape with our field-glasses from a convenient hill. Day after day experienced local volunteers had investigated the high road for the spoor of a car, but no success had rewarded our efforts. On one occasion, it is true, we sighted a splendid Daimler, of, I should say, at least 60-h.p., which about corresponds to a "Royal" in deer-stalking, but it was out of shot. D. had a better chance at it than I had, but he only wounded it very slightly in the tail light, and it unfortunately got away.

Our native guide led us to a corner of an adjacent lane, and in a muddy spot pointed out what were unmistakable traces of an enormous car. The interest displayed in our plan of campaign by the peasants was remarkable. Crowds of willing yokels came to act as gillies, anxious to carry our express rifles, and offering suggestions of a more or less inane nature. We eventually decided upon baiting a trap for the monster, and

at the end of a long straight stretch of road we stationed an elderly rustic, somewhat hard of hearing, and an enthusiastic student of cloud shapes. Wandering about in the middle of the road, with his eyes fixed upon the heavens, his oblivion to all that was passing rendered his presence a bait which no ordinary motor-car could, we hoped, resist. In case however this attraction proved insufficient we placed in his neighbourhood a nursemaid, with a reputation for being easily flustered, and entrusted to her care a perambulator containing an infant, instructing her at the same time to lead another child by the hand. These preparations completed, we concealed ourselves in two trees, and rifles in hand awaited the event. We dismissed, as well as we could, our crowd of attendants, so as not to alarm our quarry. This proved

would make when suspended upon the wall of the mess-room at the dépôt, with a suitable inscription beneath, saying when and by whom it had been shot.

What seemed to me, in my state of nervous tension, an intolerably long wait, was interrupted by my loader touching my arm. I turned and saw that he had his hand to his ear. Sure enough I heard presently the distant throb of a motor-car. I peered between the leafless branches of the tree and saw our intrepid old man moving aimlessly to and fro in the road. Presently the distant throb grew louder, though the car was approaching very quietly, and I looked to see that my express was loaded and ready.

In a second or two the car came in sight into the road. It was white in colour, and long and low in shape. Sighting my rifle to 150 yards, I aimed with a

coolness which surprised myself at the change-speed lever. Experience has convinced me that this is the surest way of stopping a car, though I know opinions differ on the point. Many have been the smoking-room arguments to which I have listened. D., for example, follows the practice of aiming at the tyres, and then, following up the wounded car, planting the *coup de grâce* from a safe range in the carburetter. But this seems to me an unsportsmanlike method, as one dislikes the idea of causing more trouble than is necessary to the car, and an expanding bullet planted at the base of the change-speed lever is quite effective.

Upon this occasion, however, we both missed the finest chance of our lives. I suppose I miscalculated the speed the car was travelling, for I only grazed the radiator with my first barrel, and smashed the number-plate with my second—poor shooting indeed, but the light was none of the best. D. was even less fortunate; his favourite shot at the tyres was absolutely useless, as they were studded with some metal which seemed to render them bullet-proof. The infuriated motor dashed past us at redoubled speed, and was out of sight in a few moments. We did not consider it prudent to follow it, as it might return at any moment, and stopping a charging motor on the open road is no joke. We both thought it was a Mercedes, but were not sure.

It was some slight consolation to us that D. on the following afternoon bagged with a fortunate right and left a brace of small *de Dions*, which he came on quite suddenly as they were climbing rather a steep hill. But the recollection of losing that big car still haunts us.



THE STRAP-HAMMOCK.

(As supplied on the Underground Trains de Luxe.)

a difficult business, as our conclave was perceptibly increased every moment by natives who came with terror-stricken faces and stories of the damage and destruction wrought by the motor-car. As testimony one young farmer brought broken pieces of harness, due to the gymnastics of a nervous and highly-bred horse who had encountered the car in a lonely lane. Another displayed with tears in his eyes his aged grandmother, whose nerves had been irretrievably ruined by the sudden apparition of the car near her cottage door, where she seems to have been ruminating in the sunshine. Though fortunately escaping herself without physical injury, owing to her presence of mind in running into the house and bolting the door, she described her alarm as something she would not easily forget. All informants reported the car as at least 80 h.-p., and our appetites were whetted by the thought of the imposing appearance which the bonnet of this monster

CHARIVARIA.

THE flood of election oratory is now at its height, and numbers of British electors are fleeing to Russia for quiet and peace.

Mr. WYNDHAM, M.P. has likened Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to the clown in the pantomime who touches up every class and every interest with a red-hot poker. JOHN BURNS, too.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has issued an election address, and a Life of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The latter is a very creditable performance.

A hen belonging to Mr. T. TANNER, of Great Somerfield, Wilts, has laid an egg weighing 12 ozs., which, when it was broken, was found to contain another egg. This is the sort of useful prodigy which one would expect to appear at election time.

Owing to Dr. EMIL REICH's having thoughtlessly stated in the *Grand Magazine* that English women are too cold, husbands are now being pestered by their wives to buy them a new set of furs.

The British Ambassador at Berlin has given a treat to the chimney-sweep apprentices of Berlin. It is significant, as showing how the tension of feeling between the two countries has relaxed, that not a single German newspaper referred to this as an indirect encouragement to the Blacks in South-west Africa.

A Commission now sitting in Berlin is trying to find some means of rendering cavalry horses invisible in warfare. The simplest solution, of course, is to go without them. But it will be remembered that this experiment, made by us in the early days of the South African struggle, fell short of complete success.

The Chief Constable of Surrey has been authorised to obtain a uniform for himself at an estimated cost of £52 7s. To prevent his being stolen for the sake of his fine clothes, he will, we understand, be surrounded by a strong posse of police whenever he walks abroad.

The theory is now being advanced by a Continental doctor that the fact that ladies are not allowed to swear is responsible for a vast majority of the attacks of nerves from which the gentle

sex suffers, and it is suggested that Expletives should be taught at every girls' school.

A schoolboy at Kasposvar, in Hungary, having failed in an examination on the works of KAZINCZY, a local writer, fired a revolver at KAZINCZY's statue. This is not encouraging to those who are anxious to see a statue erected to the memory of EUCLID.

A hair specialist declares that baldness is contagious. It is certainly hereditary, to judge by the head of the average baby.

sincerely congratulate the Company on their admirable choice) has promised to consider the case of the Strap hangers, which some humane persons have brought to his notice.

One more complaint against the District Railway (and then we shall hold our peace till Sir GEORGE GIBB has had a fair chance of correcting the astounding blunders committed in the course of the initiation of the new system). "Choleric" writes to complain that there is frequently no important official on the platform to whom to express one's opinion of the line after being



AN IDYLL.

"SOFT EYES LOOKED LOVE TO EYES WHICH SPAKE AGAIN."—*Childe Harold*.

The police, who are sometimes absurdly touchy, are objecting to the expression "Police trap," and it is possible that "Copper mine" will take its place.

A correspondent in last week's *Punch* is anxious for further explanation as to the report that a police constable had been seen "running in a West-end street," as reported in this column. Surely he exaggerates the importance of this event, for one of the most common—and annoying—sights in London is a street being taken up.

It has long been the boast of this country that no class is so utterly submerged that it will not ultimately get justice. Sir GEORGE GIBB, the new Chairman of the District Railway (and we

kept waiting for some thirty minutes. We think this safety valve should be supplied.

Such Frenchmen as feared a war with Germany have received great comfort from a report in the *Staatsbürger Zeitung* that the KAISER has declared that in the event of hostilities he himself would act as Chief of the General Staff.

FROM *The Tiverton Gazette* :—

"To Messrs. —."

SIRS,—I have used your — Drinks for more than three years, and have not lost one calf, even though the land is much addicted to the production of that fatal malady."

Can he mean Varicose Veins?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S *Recollections* (MACMILLAN) supply a useful page in the varied record of the Home Rule question. It is here presented as viewed from within by one of the men who have largely helped to keep it going during the last quarter of a century. Mr. O'BRIEN glories in presenting the Celtic nature hot-blooded and not ashamed. He loves Ireland with heart and soul, hating England with equal fervour. Of all English statesmen, the one for whom he cherishes the bitterest animosity is Mr. FORSTER, the Chief Secretary who, on quitting Ireland, by pure accident escaped the fate by which LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH was done to death. For Mr. GLADSTONE, who, espousing the Home Rule cause, wrecked his party and exiled himself from Downing Street, Mr. O'BRIEN has not a word of grateful acknowledgment. Whilst he does not defend the section of the National Party who practised murder and rapine—he laments the Phoenix Park murders as “one of those fiendish strokes of fate which one is tempted to believe to be Ireland's peculiar heritage,”—he traces the virility of Parnellism to the accession of men who earlier served apprenticeship in the Fenian Brotherhood. On Mr. DAVITT, in particular, he lavishes warm encomium. There are many interesting notes personal to PARNELL, more especially during his residence at Kilmainham which Mr. O'BRIEN proudly shared. The political notes are varied by some touching references to the author's mother, whom in her last illness he was, by special permission of Mr. FORSTER, permitted regularly to visit. My Baronite long knew the Member for Mallow in the House, and occasionally had remarks to make upon “the headlong shouting, wildly gesticulating way that,” as Mr. O'BRIEN frankly admits, “became his appalling elocutionary manner.” The confidences of these *Recollections*, freed from the mask of blood-curdling manner, reveal a man who, if self-opinionated and truculent in tone, was neither a time-server nor a self-seeker, his action directed solely by desire to serve what he honestly regarded as the interests of his country.

The Baron sees before him a divided duty in dealing with *The Sands of Pleasure*, by FILSON YOUNG (GRANT RICHARDS). To notice it, or not? Well, after quiet deliberation, he has decided in favour of the first alternative. It is a curiously clever piece of work, which, if not placed absolutely on the Baron's “Index,” must be marked “*caute legendum*.” Any reader in the course of perusal, arriving at Chapter IV., page 175, will come across the following passage: “*There was a cool freshness in the air*,” and taking this as a text the Baron is bound to confess that there is, about this novel, “a cool freshness” which is less invigorating than startling. The commencement of the tale is dull; the finish, Book iii, “The House on the Rock,” unsatisfactory. Mr. FILSON YOUNG, in his luridly brilliant “Book ii,” describes halls of dazzling light, but bids us protect our nostrils from the sulphurous smell of the flames, while we note the forced gaiety of the professional votaries of pleasure in the revolting *Cabaret des Néants*, and in other holes of nocturnal “amusement,” where the doings of the “gay” set would make the repentant shades of *Tom, Jerry, the Oxonian, Kate*, and her “chums,” put in a claim to be considered, by comparison with such a lot, as fairly good angels, save for a little damage to their wings. From nights of wearisome pleasure in Paris, always going at the pace that kills, the change to the rest and quiet in the pure air, forest, and open fields of Barbizon, is indeed a sensibly soothing relief. Here, refreshed, we can stand with MILLET's simple peasants as they piously recite the evening's *Angelus*. How we loathe Paris now! The story of *Toni* is ordinary, but pathetically true. *Richard Gray's* sudden passion for this poor, lovely, lost girl, a waif and stray in silks and satins,

is strongly painted. Then the awakening of this man, and his accidental visit to a Trappist monastery in Cornwall, is a most effective contrast. But *cui bono*? To whom is it to be recommended? Yet, in its way, it is a powerful book.

The Baron congratulates Mr. WILFRID WARD on the first number of the “New Series” of *The Dublin Review*, now under his judicious editorship. Evidently he designs catering for the general reader as well as for the ecclesiastical and literary student. This is most wise. Amongst such articles as will be popular with the majority are to be found a very amusing one by Lord LLANDAFF, giving, from his own personal experience, some sketches of an Irish Election, and, for all interested in Education, a brief, but most interesting paper, by Abbot GASQUET, O.S.B., descriptive of his recent visit to the United States. The name of Mr. W. S. LILLY among the contributors is a guarantee of good work, while an article headed “MANNING and GLADSTONE, The ‘Destroyed’ Letters,” is calculated to whet the appetite of those who are looking forward to the forthcoming life of the Cardinal, by the Rev. F. KENT, wherein we shall see that, after all, the above-mentioned documentary evidence was not “destroyed,” but, like “*Le petit bonhomme,—c'est encore*.” Of course, *The Dublin* is, first and foremost, for a Catholic public, but its new Editor will be well advised to increase its value and extend its usefulness by going outside the charmed circle, and availing himself of the services of many ready and willing writers. Cannot Mr. WARD discover a modern “Father PROUT,” classically poetical, humorous, and quite up-to-date?

Granting certain improbabilities, which readers of *A Vendetta in Vanity Fair* (HEINEMANN) will easily discover for themselves, the Baron can recommend this novel of ESTHER MILLER's as a good story, well told, stimulating and amusing.

In *The Premier's Daughter* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW have given us a good melodramatic novel. The cleverly complicated plot is worked out in a thoroughly interesting scheme of action and dialogue. The writing is occasionally careless: perhaps ALICE got lost in Wonderland and CLAUDE did a bit on his own account; or while CLAUDE was lounging in an easy chair, smoking a cigar or pipe, ALICE, pen in hand, took up the narrative and continued it in a style that happened at the moment to suit her own fancy. Be this as it may, ALICE and CLAUDE, or ALICE or CLAUDE, do just now and then drop into what used to be known as a “*London Journal* style,” as for example when “*Chevenix* waved the footman from the room,” and “when red flame seemed to dart into *Paul Carew's* dark eyes, and the pupils dilated. Then he threw his head back”—but here the Baron pauses in his quotation to inquire “when his head was thrown back, who caught it?” The Baron congratulates ALICE and CLAUDE on so far departing from orthodox lines as to allow a decidedly unprincipled little woman “with a past, rather fast,” to marry an elderly amatory Colonel, and to live mundanely happily (as probably the majority of such people do) ever afterwards. The man, too, the protagonist, who has been deeply wronged, never gets right again, and comes to utter grief. Altogether the novel renounces the ordinary scheme of poetic justice, and sets before us ordinary results arising quite naturally out of extraordinary complications.



CHARIVARIA.

To obviate the unseemly sight of women interrupters at Election meetings being forcibly ejected, the proposal has been made that at every hall a mouse should be kept, which could be let loose if necessary.

A letter posted at Yarmouth in 1872, addressed to a Nottingham fish-monger, has now been delivered to him. This speaks well for the energy of the new Post-master-General in working off arrears.

An American inventor has declared that within twelve months everybody will be able to fly, and the Czar is cheering up.

It is feared that owing to the omnibus companies, on whose horses the War Office has a claim in time of war, taking to motors, it will be necessary for the State to maintain a much larger reserve of draught animals. This will mean a great loss of interest on capital tied up. It is thought, however, that it may be possible to get over this difficulty by increasing the number of wars.

Hard things are occasionally said of our commercial morality, but frankness in advertising certainly seems to be on the increase. Our attention has been called to an announcement concerning a certain firm's "Fresh Butter" which states:—"We have regular supplies of the finest butter the world produces arriving every week, bought months ago before the advance."

The announcement that huge bones have been discovered in Dead Lodge Cañon, Canada, is we hear, causing an immense influx of dogs into that part.

The title of Mr. H. A. VACHELL's new book is to be *A Face of Clay*. This is prettier than *Putty Face*.

And a song has been published entitled, "*I Hid my Love*." This again is prettier than "*I gave my Love a hiding*."

cousins across the Atlantic have invented a new word for a public dinner which will take the place of that clumsy expression. It is "Chewfest."

The *Daily Mail* is responsible for a new form of Election madness. It is vulgarly known as dash-dottiness.

Judge of the surprise of the gentleman who wrote to *The Globe* last week with a grievance against *Punch*, upon finding that his communication, which was signed with the request, "Everything in its proper place," was not resting in the waste-paper basket.

A Conservative paper publishes an article entitled, "Do not spoil your vote." It cannot be too clearly understood that the advice given is not intended for Liberals.

The average female brain, we learn from a lecture by Dr. HOLLANDER, is about five ounces lighter than the male brain. It is astonishing what a number of men one meets who, no doubt from motives of gallantry, lead one to believe that the matter is the other way about.

MIN YUENG, the late Korean Minister in France, has been long in doubt whether etiquette requires him to commit suicide in consequence of his Emperor's having placed his country under Japanese control. It is not improbable that he may let himself off with a caution.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's decision to make a beginning of disarmament, even if no others follow our fine example, continues to be applauded in all the Chancelleries of Europe—except, curiously enough, those which we had looked upon as being peculiarly friendly to us.



FAINT PRAISE.

Squire (interviewing Keeper about his next shoot). "WE MUST HAVE ANOTHER GUN, THOMAS. WHAT ABOUT THE RECTOR? IS HE ALL RIGHT?"

Keeper. "WELL, SIR, 'E'S A MODERATE FAIR SHOT AT ANYTHING THAT'S NOT MOVIN'."

During a wedding at Templeton, Devonshire, last week, a cat made her way through the spectators and sat down by the altar, from which position she quietly surveyed the proceedings. It has been surmised from this that a certain section of the cat population are contemplating the introduction of more ceremony into their own marriages.

One would scarcely go to America for a poetic and fanciful idea, but our

WHY NOT OMIT THE NEXT PARLIAMENT?

(A Suggestion for the Prime Minister.)

[An Irishman, being anxious to learn French, and hearing that the great difficulty was to master the first six lessons, said that in that case he would begin at the seventh.]

Sir,—If I rightly grasp the situation—

Now that the Chinese fake begins to pall,
One lonely issue lies before the nation,
And by it you propose to stand or fall.

To England, making plaint with lips weary
Of Foreign Tariffs grown a shade too warm,
Your answer runs—*Quieta non movere*,
You take, in fact, the motto, *No Reform!*

Sir, you may claim to have your cogent reasons,
Some may be wrong and others almost right,
But you can hardly spend six solid seasons
Over the policy of sitting tight.

Tariff Reform may be the merest lumber
Meant to be locked in limbo on a shelf,
But just to sit upon the key and slumber
Is scarce an occupation in itself.

When you have spoiled the publican and parson
(A month or so should prove enough for that),
And cancelled certain title-deeds by arson,
Won't the remaining time fall rather flat?

The glorious scheme to which your life is wedded,
The noble plan whereon your heart is set,
For which the bravest want to go bald-headed—
Home Rule, I hear, is not to be just yet.

Although you tell us you will not be happy
Until the prize is yours, and you attain,
It's not, you say, at present on the *tapis*,
But floating somewhere in the Great Inane.

You've sworn to REDMOND (else he must have chucked you)
That you would not allow an hour's delay,
But for absurd conventions which obstruct you,
Stupid impediments that block the way.

"Not yet!" you cry; "the auspices are hostile;
But, though for six brief years it's not our game
To champion your abused and alien-boss'd isle,
We shall be thinking of you all the same.

"Those obstacles (we can't tell how) will vanish!
Wait till we touch our *second* spell of power"—
(*Hasta mañana*—as they say in Spanish)
"And then will dawn the psychologic hour!"

But how should Time advance your vessel shoreward?
Nothing that helps can happen in between.
Far better put the sleepy dial forward,
And jump the vacant years that intervene.

Why tarry for the hope that hugs the distance?
Why wait till this next Parliament is done?
Why not ignore the futile thing's existence,
And start *instantan* with the next but one?

O. S.

A Pluralist.

FROM advertisements for House Servants in *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"Strong, healthy Christian Girl. After 6."

After six what? Soldiers? Policemen? And how will she find time to pursue her house-duties with all these other pursuits to keep up?

THE RENASCENCE OF HYSTERIA.

(In the manner of Mr. James Watts-Douglas in "The Morning Leader.")

LAST week I painted a portrait of the real "C.-B." Here is a companion portrait of the real "A. B." It is not an imaginary portrait, but an impression drawn straight from life, without party prejudice or political bias. Place: Queen's Hall. Time: eight p.m. The audience is packed. The stalls are snowy with male plastrons and female décolletages. (Can't I write?) Obscurely wedged among the congested nonentities on the right is Sir EDWARD CLARKE, fierce-eyed, his stern lips grinding together like the upper and the nether millstone. You can hear the noise all over the hall.

Suddenly a tall, lithe, lean man glides into view. It is Mr. BALFOUR. There are heavy pouches under his dark eyes. Dark pouches. I don't mean tobacco pouches, although, no doubt, he smokes. Cigarettes I expect though, heavily drugged. These pouches make the eyes sombrely mournful and delicately sad. I think of *Hamlet*. Yes, Mr. BALFOUR is *Hamlet*. By Jingo, he is *Hamlet*; or is he *Benedick*, or *Malvolio*? or the undecided Mr. *Kingsbury*? No, he is *Hamlet*. Just *Hamlet*. As he floats by like a shadow in a frock-coat, I long to see him in doublet and hose, talking to the skull of *Yorick* instead of to Sir EDWARD CLARKE. He has the *Hamlet* temperament, the subtle brain playing in the subtle face, intellect fingering features that are carved into a tenuous preciousness of contour. The contrast between the visage of Sir EDWARD CLARKE and the visage of Mr. BALFOUR is violent: it is the lily and the lion, the rapier and the rock, the sword and the pen, the lady and the tiger, the honeysuckle and the bee. The contrast between Mr. BALFOUR's face and other faces is marked too. You would never, for instance, mistake him for C.-B., or General BOOTH, or Little TICH. This is very wonderful. Meanwhile Sir EDWARD CLARKE, the old lion, goes on grinding his lips together. They are bleeding now. Bleeding.

The cheers light Mr. BALFOUR's face with a boyish smile that shows the white teeth under the silken moustache. *Hamlet* becomes *Prince Charming*. I long to see him in pantomime. In tights. How exquisitely he would kiss the sleeping beauty! Stay, he is *Romeo* and *Paolo*, *Pelleas* and *Tristan*, *Launcelot* and *Lohengrin*. He is everyone I have ever read about. He is *Aylwin*. He is WATTS-DUNTON. He is too fragile, too fine, too sweetly nice for the platform. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL called him *Postlethwaite*. He is *Postlethwaite*. Even this polite mob shocks his fastidious senses. He ought to live in a rosery, singing songs to his guitar. DARNLEY, RIZZIO, Mr. HEWLETT, CINQUEVALLI, CHESTERTON—why does Mr. BALFOUR's face fill my mind with images of romantic phantoms and ineffectual angels? He is a Rossetti lover, a Burne-Jones knight, a figure in a Morris tapestry. Is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*"? or is he Mrs. BEETON? Are the "roots of relish sweet" the roots of Fiscal Reform? Has the knight been lulled to sleep? You needn't answer these questions. Needn't.

But enough of KEATS and allegory. Mr. BALFOUR is on his long legs, and I yield to his glamour. While he speaks, my thoughts roam in the Italian Renaissance among the MEDICIS and the BORGAS. For I have read, you know! I may be writing in a halfpenny Radical paper, but I'm literary, I am. I know a good thing when I see it. Is this man modern? Is he a twentieth-century reincarnation of some suave and supple Florentine? or is he of to-day, a real up-to-dater, like me and HAROLD BEBBIE and BART KENNEDY? We're the chaps to give you red-hot impressions. We know. We can write too. Just see what comes now!—The infinitely crafty face is moulded and modelled into bland, polished contours and fluently blending curves. The whole man is sinuous. His brindled hair pomades sleekly to the nape of the neck in waves that end in rippling undulations. His face is all ovality, and the line of the jaw from ear to chin is a flowing swerve. [*Jam satis*.—ED.]



Bernard Partridge.

THE SHRIEKING SISTER.

THE SENSIBLE WOMAN. "YOU HELP OUR CAUSE? WHY, YOU'RE ITS WORST ENEMY!"



DUTY FIRST.

Her Ladyship (who is giving a Servants' Ball—to Butler). "WE SHALL BEGIN WITH A SQUARE DANCE, AND I SHALL WANT YOU, WILKINS, TO BE MY PARTNER."

Wilkins. "CERTAINLY, M'LADY; AND AFTERWARDS I PRESOOM WE MAY DANCE WITH 'OOM WE LIKE?"

PLATFORM GOSSIP.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

THE importance of the Platform frock in the education of the masses cannot be too warmly insisted upon, for it is no exaggeration to say that the fate of the Empire may depend upon the hang of a skirt, the sit of a sleeve, or the tilt of a hat. Canvas, of course, is the obvious material for campaign wear, quite irrespective of party, but the general policy of one's men-folk may be adequately illustrated in the particular style and cut of one's gown. Thus, the wife of the Unionist should affect the Empire style in blues and purples, while the fair antagonist of Chinese labour will choose a "Liberty" gown in golds and yellows, with the coiffure braided and a fan in evidence. The pretty Protectionist will be well advised to wear an "overseas" wrap, so much in vogue with our Colonial sisters, and display a

good show of jewellery made in Birmingham. The *chic* corselet-skirt and bolero in Irish guipure will indicate sufficiently that the wearer is fighting for Home Rule policy, while the graceful three-decker skirt and cut-away coatee,—trimmed gold passementerie,—will be found a convincing argument against any reduction of the Navy.

Upon arriving on the platform the fair campaigner must, after having ascertained the exact whereabouts of the nearest exit, make quite sure that her seat is so placed that the speaker on rising does not in any way obstruct the view of the crowd, for a recent *fiasco* is still fresh in the public mind where the most inspiring costume on the platform was effectually concealed behind the speaker's table, and the seat lost in consequence.

The mood of the audience, however, in these strenuous days, is not always sympathetic, and it is therefore advisable

to keep a stout umbrella by the side of one's chair ready to be put up the moment that the electors become over lavish with their offerings. Never wait till the platform is stormed, even though you are in the right. Twenty yards is the regulation limit to keep between yourself and the hooligan hecklers, though this course may necessitate a continual retirement on your part. Platform millinery should be of crush-toqueable kind, and though belts in soft suède and *panne* are always modish and charming, the stiff leather variety with silver studs and a long buckle may be found to contribute to a victorious meeting.

Athletics for Women.

Is not this carrying the craze a little too far?

"YOUNG LADY WANTED, to help in the house and vault bar; £16 to begin. Address Hotel &c."—*Derby Daily Telegraph.*

A SPECULATION IN FUTURES.

(By A HOPELESS TORY.)

A CORRESPONDENT named Mr. PITCHETT STRONG informs *Mr. Punch* that, after many years of work on the lines originally indicated by Mr. H. G. WELLS, he has managed to construct a Time Machine. He claims to have made a successful trip last Monday into the year 1914. But let him speak for himself:—

"When I started the machine I tried to go forward to next pay-day, as I was short of cash, but I overshot the mark and found myself in a strange room reading *The Times* of April 1, 1914. Luckily I made short-hand notes on my cuff from the summary column. Luckily, I say, for after a few minutes the machine reversed and landed me back in 1906. The regulating mechanism needs perfecting, and this means expense. If you, *Mr. Punch*, will advance a few hundred pounds I will make you a millionaire. Think what this machine can do for you. It can save you the cost of artists, contributors and staff. Your week's work can be done in half an hour. You simply let the machine take you and a Kodak into the middle of next week. You can then buy next week's *Punch* at a bookstall, snapshot it page by page, return to the present week, give the films to the printers, and tell them to do the rest."

To prove that he is speaking the truth, Mr. PITCHETT STRONG forwards a transcript of the notes from his shirt-cuff, and offers to produce the shirt itself if desired. *Mr. Punch* declines to be made a millionaire at the expense of his young men; but if any of his readers feel disposed, on the evidence given above and below, to have a flutter, Mr. PITCHETT STRONG will no doubt let them in.

From "*The Times*" of April 1, 1914.

LORD BURNS, who has been suffering from a severe attack of gout, is now convalescent. His medical advisers have prescribed a cruise in the Mediterranean Sea. The offer of the London County Council to lend him a steamboat has been declined, his Lordship preferring his own yacht.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN delivered at Pimlico last night an address on "Tariff Reform." He concluded with an appeal for closer fellowship between England and her colony.

LECTURE.—At St. George's Hall yesterday afternoon LORD KITCHENER, dressed in the now obsolete Khaki, resumed his chromo-biograph lectures on "Reminiscences of India." His original references to Mr. MORLEY have been expunged.

SPECIAL ARTICLES are published to-day on "A Plea for the Resuscitation of the Navy," "The New County Council Buildings in Trafalgar Square," "The Problem of the Unemployed—XII.," and

"Limitations of English Suzerainty over the Peninsula of Hindustan."

THE CITY.—On the Stock Exchange, Consols closed strong at 35½. There was a brisk demand for foreign gilt-edged stocks. Several parcels of industrial securities changed hands, the Continent buying coal and ship-building shares freely.

AUSTRALIA.—The dispute with China has been settled by the prompt action of the Chinese Navy. Admiral LI LO's threat to bombard Melbourne induced the Australian Foreign Office this morning to accept the ordinance prohibiting subjects of the island Republic from entering Chinese territory.

NORTH AMERICA.—Emperor THEODORE THE FIRST opened the Panama Canal yesterday. In his speech he referred to the recent peaceful annexation of Canada. HIS MAJESTY added that judicious and persistent application of the Monroe Doctrine would enable the Empire of North America both to extend its boundaries and to shorten its title. A cablegram of congratulation from the Emperor of GERMANY was received in silence.

RUSSIA.—The unrest in Moscow is becoming serious. A general strike is threatened, the Reform Committee deeming this to be the most effective method of breaking the power of the bureaucracy. Seditious doctrines have permeated the Manchurian army, rendering its return a possible source of danger. Count WITTE is about to promulgate his new scheme of government. MAXIM GORKY'S rooms have been searched, but no compromising papers were found. The TSAR remains at Tsarskoe Selo.

In the English House of Commons, yesterday, the Leader of the Opposition introduced a motion affirming that Mr. REDMOND'S simultaneous occupation of the posts of Prime Minister in both the English and the Irish Governments was a breach of constitutional usage. There was no debate, the motion being negatived after the closure had been applied at the instance of Sir KEIR HARDIE, who led the House in the absence of Mr. REDMOND.

In the Irish House of Commons, yesterday, Mr. REDMOND announced that order now reigned in Ulster. He read a dispatch from General FLAVIN, reporting the extermination of the last of the Orange guerilla bands. They had taken refuge in a ditch and refused to surrender. It is probable that General FLAVIN will be made a Field Marshal for his services.

The Rent Recovery Bill was read a second time.

MR. JOHN BURNS DAY BY DAY.

Jan. 8.—The Right Hon. JOHN BURNS speaks for three hours at Haggerston on the peremptory need of municipalising county cricket and providing old-age pensions for disabled professional football players.—Mr. JOHN MORLEY, speaking at Arbroath, deplores the growing addiction of the British to spectacular athletics.

Jan. 9.—Mr. JOHN BURNS, supporting the candidature of Mr. BIRRELL at Bristol, speaks for two hours and three-quarters on the urgent necessity of legislation abolishing every kind of public vehicle plying for hire except electric tramcars. "The motor car and the motor bus," remarked Mr. BURNS in the course of an eloquent peroration lasting for upwards of forty minutes, "have done more to disintegrate the primordial and paramount solidarity of our sociological system than any other invention since HANNIBAL blasted the Alps with vinegar and overthrew the serried phalanxes of the Roman legionaries on the sanguinary field of Thermopylæ."—Sir EDWARD GREY, speaking at Berwick, predicts a great future for the motor in facilitating the distribution of country produce.

Jan. 10.—Mr. JOHN BURNS, supporting the candidature of Sir JOHN GORST at Cambridge, denounces the fetish-worship of the classics as one of the most inveterate and pestiferous delusions which have thwarted the progress and fettered the imagination of this dear old country of ours. "Had I," remarked Mr. BURNS, "spent half the time habitually wasted by the profligate and effete scions of our mattoid, our cryptogamous, our eviscerated aristocracy on obtaining an infinitesimal smattering of the obsolete and obliterated jargons of the Forum and the Agora; had I stuffed my head with the platitudes of CICERO, the imbecilities of HERODOTUS, and the contorted sophistries of ARISTOTLE, I should have sunk into the limbo of the unemployed, Battersea would never have inscribed my name on her heart, and the Local Government Board would never have known its most strenuous and its most sesquipedalian chief." (Great cheering, during which Mr. BURNS resumed his seat, after having spoken for four hours and a quarter.)—Mr. BRYCE, speaking at Donnybrook, congratulates the Gaelic League on their linguistic propaganda, but warns them not to neglect the classics or to think that any culture is complete which has not assimilated the Greek spirit.

Jan. 11.—Mr. JOHN BURNS, replying to a correspondent who had asked his opinion as to the value of uniforms, fills six columns of *The Daily News* with an impassioned manifesto on the iniquity of sartorial extravagance in the Navy, the



MOTORING PHENOMENA—AND HOW TO READ THE SIGNS.

Army, and the Church. "I feel sure," writes Mr. BURNS in the concluding paragraph, "that you can count on the present Administration to abolish once and for all this insufferable pageantry of cocked hats and shovel hats, lawn sleeves and gold lace, gaiters and gewgaws."—Mr. HALDANE, speaking at Stirling, states that as long as human nature remains human, the State would have to resign itself to a certain amount of unnecessary expenditure on the decorative side of the soldier's dress in peace time.

Jan. 12.—Mr. BURNS, speaking at Poplar from nine P.M. till one A.M., declared that the Liberal Government would be faithless to the sacred trust imposed upon them by the democracy if they did not enforce a strict vegetarian diet throughout the Navy, reduce the establishment by 10,000 men, and confer the rank of Admiral upon all Captains of the L.C.C. steamboats.—Lord TWEEDMOUTH, speaking at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the same night, declared that the Government were determined at all costs to maintain the Navy at the highest level of efficiency.

Jan. 13.—Mr. JOHN BURNS, who was the principal vocalist at a smoking concert given under the auspices of the Rotherhithe Amalgamated Republicans, made a brief speech of some two hours' duration, in which he recommended his hearers to abjure all pomps and ceremonies, retain their bowlers in the presence of Royalty, and stick to blue serge. Returning home in the small hours he finds a Windsor uniform awaiting him, and tries it on to the accompaniment of the Battersea Boanerges Brass Band.

Jan. 14.—BURNS night, antedated to suit electioneering exigencies. Consterriation throughout Battersea and at the Local Government Board on discovering that the popular impression is that Mr. BURNS' Christian name is not JOHN but ROBBIE.

SOMETHING LIKE A GRIEVANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I note with acute satisfaction that *The Globe* has raised its voice against Saturday polling on the ground of the increasing tendency amongst the "better classes" to spend their week-ends away from home. Nothing serves better to drive home an argument than a concrete example; let me therefore give you my own experience. I have votes in five constituencies, and in no fewer than four polling takes place on a Saturday. What is the result? I am placed in the painful dilemma of either neglecting to discharge the duties of citizenship or breaking long-standing engagements with two titled hostesses, who on successive Saturdays have counted on my joining their house parties. What constitutes the peculiar

hardship in my case is that, on the occasion of my previous visits to these stately houses, I won heavily at baccarat each time, my winnings averaging close on £90 per week-end. I have heard it stated that in some constituencies the working man's vote—in spite of the Corrupt Practices Act—costs about 30s. a head to the candidate. A sum in simple division reveals the fact that, instead of getting any remuneration for my votes, they cost me £45 apiece, to say nothing of travelling expenses. Hitherto I have belonged to the "better classes," but I am so disgusted with the flagrant injustice of the present electoral system that I seriously think of emulating the example of Lady WARWICK, "rising superior to my environment" and joining the ranks of the Socialists.

Faithfully yours,
PLANTAGENET MONEY-GRUBBE.

A POLITICAL NECESSITY.

I do not suppose that I should ever have learned the secret of his profession if I had not happened to save his life one day when, having slipped upon the muddy asphalt in Victoria Street he was about to be run over by a bus. His office was close to mine, in the same building, but its externals gave no clue to what passed within it. For a time I thought him a high-class money-lender, judging from the number of affluently-dressed gentlemen, usually arriving in hansoms or motor-broughams, who habitually called upon him—invariably wrapped in gloom when they arrived, as invariably wreathed in smiles when they departed. I abandoned this theory when I saw that many of his visitors were Cabinet Ministers and other politicians of wealth and position, whose names are as household words. But I never found a satisfactory one with which to replace it.

The fact that I had saved his life gave me some claim to intimacy, and thus it was that he trusted me with his secret. One evening we happened to discuss the moral and mental effect of politics on politicians. As an earnest student of the daily press, I hazarded, perhaps on insufficient grounds, the opinion that politics, taken in excess, were almost as fatal to the moral qualities as over-indulgence in alcohol. He listened with a thoughtful smile, then slowly replied: "Yet it was party-politics which saved me from—from myself, and made me what I am, respected, loved, the idol of a legislature, the welcome friend and counsellor of some of the greatest men in England. I am in earnest. Listen, and I will tell you the history of my regeneration. Ten years ago I was a cab-driver. I was not a good cab-driver, in any sense—I was a

man of low moral tone. I had more than a hankering after strong drink. I was quarrelsome. My appearance was unwholesome. I found few fares, naturally enough, and I was never satisfied with what they paid me. One day—it was in mid-winter, and foggy—I picked up a fare in—in Prince's Gardens, I think it was, and drove him to one of the great political clubs. When he paid me, giving me, let us say, eighteenpence, I was not satisfied—and told him so. From a boy I had prided myself upon my flow of language—I should have called it 'lip,' once—and that morning I had made several attempts to wash the fog out of my throat.

"My fare, who had turned away, stopped and listened, at first in anger, afterwards, it seemed, in thoughtful admiration. When I had finished my remarks he asked me to repeat them. I did so, with some added heat, and I think I must have excelled myself. Evidently delighted, he handed me a sovereign and his visiting-card, telling me to call upon him that evening. To cut a long story short, he proved to be an eminent politician, who was about to contest a by-election. Certain of the expressions which I had let fall had struck him as likely to be of great effect if applied, with slight modifications, to his opponent. He offered me liberal terms to act as his coach in the choice of epithets. He won that election—handsomely. His gratitude was extreme. He gave me introductions to many of his colleagues, in view of the approaching General Election. Since then I have never looked back."

"But did not your moral character become still more debased?"

"On the contrary. The constant necessity to rack my brains for new and telling terms of abuse has given me such a distaste for it that in private life I long since became the mildest-mannered of men. In order that my imagination might always be ready to respond to any calls upon it, I abjured the use of alcohol. I am now a total abstainer. Enforced contemplation of the mendacity to which the most honourable of men are driven under the stress of party-feeling has so repelled me that nowadays—I would not deceive an income-tax collector."

"And your advice has been regularly taken?"

"Judge for yourself. I have changed the whole spirit of electioneering; the arguments of would-be parliamentarians have nowadays, thanks to my teaching, become purely unparliamentary. After one course of lessons the merest tyro is qualified to—to blister a cab-horse. Such terms as—but, thank Heavens, the days are long past when I would have sullied my lips by repeating them out



Election Canvasser. "WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND THINK OF THE FISCAL QUESTION, MRS. HODGE?"

Mrs. Hodge. "WELL, SIR, WHEN 'E'S A TALKING TO A PROTECTIONIST 'E'S A FREE TRADER, AND WHEN 'E'S TALKING TO A FREE TRADER 'E'S A PROTECTIONIST, AND WHEN 'E'S A TALKING TO ME 'E'S A RAVING LUNATIC!"

of professional hours. To-morrow afternoon the Right Hon. Mr. SURFACE is addressing a meeting. I have two platform-tickets. Come with me and judge for yourself. I tell you I have elevated it to an exact science. It has been uphill work, requiring a world-wide organisation. I employ permanent staffs of translators to place the latest novelties of the Mexican guacho, the Neapolitan lazzarone, and the Cantonese sampanman at the service of my clients. My office has private telephonic connection with Billingsgate. I employ a fully-equipped corps of corner-boys and toughs in New York. I—in fact, I perform a public service—not, I trust, unworthily. I have hopes"—(here his voice sank to a whisper)—"that some day—if I survive the overwork of the General Election—I shall be raised—as others have been—to the Peerage."

I do not know if every word he told me was true. After hearing Mr. SURFACE'S speech—and reading some others—I am inclined to believe him.

THE DOG'S DAY.

I NEVER made pretence to fame
Nor elevated social station;
In fact I have no sort of claim
To anyone's consideration.

In ordinary times I live
Despised and cut by Fortune's
minions,
And not a creature seems to give
A thought to me or my opinions.

But now I jubilantly find
That I can make the biggest gun
dread
The workings of my subtle mind,
Just as I did in 1900.

The unapproachable *élite*
No longer seem a trifle chary
Of smiling at me when we meet:
They almost grin, this January.

And when, reclining at my ease,
I air my evanescent glory,
Behold before me on his knees,
Cringing, the proud patrician Tory!

Instinctively I understand
The prejudice he has to smother,
When, seizing my plebeian hand,
He calls me "Friend" and almost
"Brother."

And when his wife, with vision bent
Upon the interesting sequel,
Relaxes into argument,
I treat her kindly, as an equal.

They long to take me for a ride
On Polling Day inside their motor,
Because—I utter it with pride—
I am an honest British voter.

Oh, bless the measure which increased
The franchise and (not very often,
But once in seven years, at least)
Caused such distinguished folk to
soften!

If only these Elections could
Be Generally held half-yearly,
I almost fancy that I should
Be one of them—or very nearly.



OUR ELECTION-POLLING DAY.

Energetic Committeeman. "It's ALL RIGHT. DRIVE ON! HE'S VOTED!"

A LUMINOUS PRONOUNCEMENT.

(As it strikes a Quondam Sceptic in Pre-election Oratory.)

["Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN" (says *The Daily Mirror* of Jan. 11) "made a momentous admission at Liverpool. According to the tape, he said he had never in his experience known a party in which there was such Jmsqj w68-ib6rfmqc6jgrjc6bgddplacq6uf6bgqapcn8l aw6gl164as in his progressive party."]

I'm much obliged to you, C.-B.,
And to your tape-machine
Which states your party's policy
So plainly on the screen;
Till now I've somehow failed to see
What Liberals *really* mean!

I'd noted that your posters ban
In somewhat puzzling way
The yellow slaves who darkly plan
To dominate S. A.
Your views are—how I wish they'd scan!
Jmsqjwb8ibbrfmqc6J.

When you and HALDANE greet my ear
With speeches that perplex,
When for the Army's fate I fear,
And contradictions vex,
Your Cabinet will—now 'tis clear!—
VkgSnopj8sqrlljsvkaqwX.

And whether Home Rule's to the fore,
Or 'tis a Bugaboo,

(Sir EDWARD GREY and several more
Think differently from you);
Your words my peace of mind restore:—
"Grjc6bgddplacq6uf6bgQ."

Re Disestablishment I'm glad
To see a like reply,
And Education made me sad
Until I read your "pie";
As to my vote, I'll merely add:—
"Djyuseeqhgrehninh4myI?"

ZIG-ZAG.

MR. PUNCH'S ELECTION RESULTS.

DETERMINED not to be outstripped by any of his contemporaries in the matter of Election news, *Mr. Punch* has made arrangements which will enable everybody in London to learn, in the shortest possible time (consistent with accuracy), the decision of each constituency. It will not be necessary for those who wish to make use of the facilities which will thus be placed at the disposal of all London to learn any complicated system of dots and dashes. They will not have even to leave their homes. There will be no gazing at revolving search-lights, or magic-lantern screens. The news will be brought to their very doors. The only things essential to a full enjoyment of the service are a knowledge of

the alphabet and the ability to count. If you are so equipped, send your address (name is unnecessary), together with a small fee to cover the cab fare between your house and *Mr. Punch's* office.

These are the only conditions. To all who comply with them will be dispatched a special night messenger who, by merely knocking at your door, will provide the information asked for. He will spell out the name of the successful candidate in raps with the knocker. Thus, A. will be represented by one rap; B. by two, and so on. The messenger will be instructed to knock as loudly as possible, so that in the event of the news arriving late there will be no need for subscribers to stir from their beds.

In case of misunderstanding, the name will be repeated on payment of an additional fee proportionate to the number of letters involved. Subscribers who have no knockers are recommended to suspend a flat-iron from the door-knob, or to leave a hammer on the step chained to the railings to guard against theft. Good flat-irons and hammers can be purchased from most ironmongers.

THE convivial season is, apparently, not yet over. Mr. S. J. SOLOMON has just been made a full R.A.



LETTING HIM IN.

ARTHUR B. "H'M! LOOKS LIKE A LONG BREAK. I'M AFRAID I RATHER LEFT THEM FOR HIM."





HUMOURS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION IN IRELAND.

Jarvey (who is driving Political Canvasser). "IS IT HERE TIM ROONEY'S LIVIN'?"

Boy. "IT IS. BUT HE'S DEAD."

Jarvey. "OCH, THIN, TELL HIM WE DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM."

EAR! EAR!

"THE wonder of Manchester at the present moment," wrote the *Chronicle* last Thursday, "is WINSTON CHURCHILL. Crowds press him, crowds follow round him, crowds threaten to smother him with affection. His popularity has become a peril to himself and a danger to the public peace. After his first meeting to-day the crowd was so great that one man fell down and lost half his ear under the feet of the crowd. Coming out of the Memorial Hall this afternoon an elderly gentleman tumbled down and nearly met the same fate."

These statements require a little extension. Why the half of an ear? the uninitiated reader will naturally inquire. How was it known so precisely what was the fate that the elderly gentleman so narrowly missed? The reason was this: The brilliant and dazzling young candidate had just remarked, in the manner of MARC ANTONY, "Friends, Mancunians,

countrymen, lend me your ears!" Had he said legs, or arms, or uvulas, there is no doubt, such is the compelling fascination of his personality, that these also would have been at his service—either in full or in moiety. But he happened to say ears, and you see the result.

Down here, in the South, we can have no notion of the extent of the enthusiasm of what the *Chronicle* wittily calls Cottonopolis. It is terrific. "I come to bury BALFOUR, not to praise him," is another of the hero's wonderful adaptations of SHAKESPEARE which nearly wrecked the city.

Having obtained the half-ear so nobly placed at his disposal by the Manchester hero, Mr. CHURCHILL, we ought to add, handed it back with the most charming smile in the world, beneath which women fainted in thousands. "Wear it on your watch-chain, Sir," cried the strong men. And the marvellous youth gracefully refused. "No," he said, "no," as he sprang like thistledown into his 60 h.p.

All British Car, "no, no, no, never;" and in a moment he was gone. "Three cheers for Mr. HALF-EAR," cried the crowd with true Northern readiness, and henceforward that will be his name in Manchester, which is divided into Halfearites and Balfourites implacably.

"FISCAL CANDIDATE" writes:—"Can nothing be done to stop this sort of thing? I have just seen a poster bearing a representation of myself in the act of snatching away a loaf of bread from a crowd of famished workmen. Why, I wouldn't dare to. It is most misleading, and also tends to incite to violence. Thus, a small boy, after staring hard at me, suddenly yelled, 'Crikey! It's 'im!' A rough crowd immediately collected. Someone threw a cabbage, and my position was very soon rendered untenable. When I reached my hotel and examined my wounds, I found that I was heckled all over!"

THE COMPLEX LIFE.

["Tiresome and aggressively good people worry themselves and others by cultivating what they call the 'Simple Life' by elaborate complexities of simplicity."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

"JACK; my dear," said MARY JANE,
"Your face is growing quite coarse and plain;
Your cheeks are puffy, your once slight figure
Is growing perceptibly bigger and bigger;
You walk too little, you drink too much,
You eat rich things that you never should touch,
I've written down here," said my anxious wife,
"A few short rules for a Simple Life.
Please follow them, love, and they'll soon restore
The darling old Jackums I used to adore."

I know my MARY, and meekly took
The big, black, bulging exercise-book,
And I set to work with a resolute frown
To study the rules she had written down.
I'm always to wear a wool that's grown
In a place called Ballymalaymalone.
It smells of herrings and oil; the stuff
Is prickly and tickly and coarse and rough;
It shrinks to nothing as soon as it's wet;
It's almost incredibly hard to get.
And when I have got it I've next to find
(The task is not of an easy kind)
A tailor so lost to all sense of shame
That he's willing to make me a suit of the same
For a ten-pound note—he won't take less—
That's how we've simplified my dress.

Beef, mutton, lamb, the succulent chop,
The ruddy steak I am to stop;
No chipped potatoes am I to crunch
With a savoury morsel of bird at lunch.
My MARY JANE prescribes instead
A very particular whole-meal bread.
I search the City, near and far,
From Aldgate East to Temple Bar;
I try the Cri, the A.B.C.,
The Club, the Pub, and the B.T.T.,
But I hunt in vain, till I'm all but dead,
For this very particular whole-meal bread:
Go where I will, I am still pooh-pooh'd—
That's how we've simplified my food.

The easy chair on the Turkey rug,
Where I used to be comfy and warm and snug,
Has been condemned by MARY JANE
As bad for the body and bad for the brain.
So I sit, a figure of abject woe,
On a curious horror of *art nouveau*,
With a wiggly seat and a curly back,
Suggesting the Grand Inquisitor's rack.
Pipes and tobacco are both taboo;
My books and shelves have departed too,
For books mean dust, and dust means brooms,
And brooms mean maids, and maids mean rooms,
All which together mean trouble and strife
Which can't form part of the Simple Life.
So now we spend the best of the day
Cooking the meals and clearing away,
Scrubbing the floors and making the bed,
And polishing grates with black, black lead,
With never a minute to polish a "pome"—
That's how we've simplified the home.

Remarkable Intuition.

Strange Caller (during Election Time, pleasantly). Good afternoon! Are you Mrs. WILKS?

Mrs. Wilks. I be, Sir; but I dunno 'oo 'e's votin' for.

YOUNG WITCHES OF ALDWYCH.

THREE years ago *Blue Bell*, a novel kind of extravaganza, was produced on the stage of the Vaudeville; at which theatre (evidently suggesting, to the acute ear of Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, "Aldwych Theatre") it achieved so exceptional a success as to attract, it is probable, the attention of sharp-witted Mr. BARRIE to the scheming out of *Peter Pan*, wherein with its "kids" and big dog, there is, at starting, some affinity to *Blue Bell*, with its "kids" and cat. TENNIEL's immortal illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland* may be held responsible for all this latest form of extravaganza. Since Miss *Blue Bell* first appeared she has grown considerably, the numbers on the stage have been multiplied, and not a few "numbers," musical ones, have supplanted the old ones, or have been politely introduced. There is an indescribable "go" about the entire entertainment. It is peculiarly a children's piece; received with bursts of laughter by the growing-ups, and with smiles by the grown-ups. In this improved and amended version Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS has not eclipsed himself, but he has cut himself out of the piece to a certain extent, as he is absent from the stage for quite half an hour, during which the children's greatest favourite, Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, has a very pretty song, of course encored, and a dance, but not much else, as time and stage of the Aldwych Theatre are fully occupied by a great variety show of all sorts of figures, pretty or quaint, and by such clever dancers as DOROTHY FROSTICK, MAUDI DARRELL, and Mr. JOPLIN's eccentric footmen, Messrs. MURRAY KING and BERT SINDEN. Though, as a rule, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, like Time, waits for no one, being always on the move, yet in this piece he disappears as completely as ever did *Rip Van Winkle*, whom, turning up again after his adventures on the Katskill Mountains, he rather resembles on re-appearing as the *Sleepy King*. But Mr. SEYMOUR or SEELESS (with his eyes shut) HICKS, whether as ragged, not *Dandy*, *Dick* or the *Sleepy King*, is uncommonly wide awake, being full of life and school-buoyancy. He makes no end of puns, some excellent bad ones, in the course of the dialogue, but rattles them off so quickly that the audience has scarcely time to catch them. If you stop to laugh at one of SEYMOUR HICKS's puns you miss five others equally absurd. He does some conjuring and fancy shooting, which, in conjunction with ELLALINE TERRISS, are amusing, but not so taking to playgoers as used to be their burlesque imitations of well-known actors and actresses. A merry piece for Christmas time, or any time, with pretty music by Mr. SLAUGHTER, and telling songs by Messrs. HORWOOD and TAYLOR. One great feature, winning three encores, was the performance of Miss BARBARA DEANE's charmingly and humorously sung music-hall medley.

BY GEORGE!

A GOOD, strong, sturdy fist, delivering, in form of letter to somebody, as nasty a one in the eye of our only JOE as any one of that astute politician's thorough-going admirers would not wish him to get from such a knuckle-duster as that of Irony Master GEORGE MEREDITH. Had time permitted, a medal, recording the Epistle of GEORGE to a SOMERSET who was standing for Croydon, might have been struck, showing how S(ame) GEORGE fought Dragon JOSEPH of Protection, though here GEORGE would be himself a protector, i.e., of Fair Free Traderess. What may come of it, another medal might subsequently record. In the meantime every one (and not the medal) is struck by the Georgian vigour. "*Le Grand bonhomme* ' vit encore!"

FROM the *Morning Post-Bag*, Jan. 11:—

"We are authorised by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to state that during the absence of the Court from London the quarter-past twelve o'clock service on Sundays in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, will take place at twelve o'clock."



APPROPRIATE "LOCAL COLOUR" IN THE GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.

No. 1.—THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

An interesting rumour has reached our artist that the clerks and officials of the Local Government Board are adopting a suitably plebeian costume during working hours in order to be better in keeping with the tastes of their new Chief. The idea is a good one, and capable of extension. We propose to extend it.



THE START.

A PALÆOLITHIC IDYLL.

HE had wooed and won her with his trusty stone hatchet, after the manner of his age. Perhaps, in the exuberance of his affection, he had hit out harder than was needful, for she certainly lay very still, and her long, black tresses were wet with something red. However, with the cheery optimism affected by our early ancestors, he felt sure that everything would come right in the end, and muttering to himself that all is fair in love and war—the phrase, by the way, was a trifle worn even then—he seized the inanimate body, pitched it over his shoulder, and set out for the damp and evil-smelling cave which he called his home. On reaching it he strode over the pile of huge bones which marked the entrance, tossed his burden into a corner, and flung himself ravenously on the raw thigh-bone of a mammoth—for he had lain in ambush for the maiden many hours and was an-hungered.

A noise outside the cave made him look up, and his eyes met those of a huge, shaggy creature, clad like himself in the skin of a wild beast, and brandishing a club of immense size.

The figure approached menacingly.

"The woman," he growled, in the simple language of the period; "give her back to me."

The cave-man turned to where he had thrown his new possession, and saw that the maid had come to herself, and was playing with a string of brightly-coloured shells, which formed the only attempt at a scheme of decoration in the primitive bachelor's den.

Her eyes were glittering, and she gave no heed to the noise without.

Quickly the younger man looked round for his hatchet, to receive his future father-in-law in the manner prescribed by the etiquette of the day. It was not there. He must have thrown it down and left it at the spot where he had revealed his love. A cry of rage escaped him, but without his weapon it was use-



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

THE MOST MANIFEST SIGN OF WISDOM IS A CONTINUAL CHEERFULNESS.

less trying to thrash out the matter calmly, and calling to the woman he pointed to the entrance and muttered "Go!"

But she stirred not, nor turned her eyes from the sparkling shells.

The angry father clambered over the bone-heap, and seizing the woman by the hair began to drag her away. In a trice she had shaken him free, and thrown her arms round the owner of the cave. Nestling her head coyly upon his shoulder she cried:—

"I love him, and nothing in this world shall part us. He has won my heart, and I am his for ever"—or words identical in effect.

A bewildered look spread over the dull face of the older savage. Clearly the matter was beyond his comprehension. But, wiser than most of his modern descendants, he had never pretended to understand women, and with a grunt of disapproval he turned away.

Left to themselves, the woman, her arms still encircling her mate, began to murmur those sweet nothings which have done duty on the like occasions unto the present day, while the man resumed operations on the mammoth's bone.

Then the woman's gaze went back to the shells.

Mother (whose children have had an education superior to her own, to her small daughter, whom she is in the act of smacking). I'll learn you not to contradict me!

Small Daughter (between her sobs). Teach, Mother, teach.

PARABLES FOR PARTIZANIES.

I.—THE PUZZLED ELECTOR.

"AND lastly, in conclusion," said the Chairman impressively, turning a basilisk glance upon the simple-minded Elector in the third row, "unless you record your vote for my honourable friend,"—and with a proud wave of the hand he indicated a stout gentleman with a big watch-chain, who sat beside him on the platform,—"you will strike a blow at the heart of our beloved country which will spread dismay through the length and breadth of the land."

And the simple-minded Elector swallowed a cough-drop down the wrong way in his embarrassment, and shuddered at the responsibility that had been thrust upon him.

"Me friends," said the human windmill with the red tie, as he stood on a kitchen chair in the Park, "it is for you to decide. 'Umanity awaits your verdict. Will you play the recreant knave? Will you look back now, with your 'and already grasping the ploughshare? Will you spread dismay through the length and breadth of the land?'"

And again the simple-minded Elector shuddered as he thought of the great part he was called upon to play. Anyway he seemed doomed to wreck the Scheme of Things.

The General Election came and went, and the simple-minded Elector, who had been too nervous to record his vote, observed, with no small degree of relief, that the sun rose and set as usual, and that cakes and ale were still procurable upon the customary terms. The length and breadth of the land had, in fact, very stoutly concealed its dismay.

Moral: Whichever Party gets in, Nature, assisted by *The Daily Mail*, will still look after the Universe.

II.—THE MAN WITH NO BACKBONE.

There was once a Worthy Citizen who grew roses in his back garden, abhorred snails, and wished his country well; but he did not go much beyond this.

Now this man had a Neighbour who read leading articles, argued in railway carriages, and wrote letters to Editors beginning "Sir,—Surely in this so-called twentieth century,"—you know the sort of letter.

And the Neighbour despised the Worthy Citizen, calling him a Mugwump and an Invertebrate Mollusc, because he was not a Party Man; and often he would look over the garden fence when the excellent man was water-

ing his roses, and implore him to cultivate a backbone.

"Aha!" he said, one evening, his face irradiated with a noble enthusiasm, "what do you think of the Party now? What about the movement for the Compulsory Clothing of Cannibals? Grand, enlightened—eh? That will be a Plank of the Party Platform at the General Election. You'll have to join us now."

And at last the Mugwump was stirred to the soul, and was converted to the Party; and forthwith he began to make himself a nuisance in railway carriages,

found that his glowing periods were received with chilling disapprobation.

"Of all fools," said his neighbour, the Party Man, "I hate a fool with no backbone. You must know that that no longer constitutes a Plank of the Party Platform, and to raise the question now would be to wreck the Party."

"Not a Plank?" faltered the unhappy proselyte.

"A Plank!" shouted the other. "It's a Pitfall!"

"But—but," persisted the foolish proselyte, "it would be a step upwards on the glorious ladder of Human Progress, the beginning of a Golden Dawn,—I have heard you say so a thousand times."

But the neighbour only vouchsafed a snort of disgust, and vanished; and thereafter he always referred to the Worthy Citizen as "that pitiful wobbler, JONES."

Moral: Grow roses.

More Prattle about the Polls.

THE fixed determination of a few old-fashioned people in Kilburn *not* to learn the Morse Alphabet ("in order to obtain results of Elections at the earliest possible moment") is thought to be carrying the Simple Life to an extreme.

LORD KNOLLYS has intimated that it is the KING's desire that his portrait shall not be used in connection with the Election. Agents on both sides are said to be much exercised as to the attitude to adopt with regard to the use of postage stamps.

The excuse of the Manchester lady who threw a red herring at Mr. BALFOUR that she "thought it would be useful for him to draw across the trail," has been held to be insufficient.

"A Little Learning, &c."

To the correspondents who have written to correct him, and rashly stated that the line "Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again" does not occur in *Childe Harold*, but in *Waterloo*, or *The Eve of Waterloo*, Mr. *Punch* begs to point out the danger of reading the poets in tabloid form. Names become attached to these tabloids by irresponsible scissor-men. The Waterloo passage happens to occur in Canto iii of *Childe Harold*.

UNDER Lord ALTHORP (Hon. "BOBBY" SPENCER) the LORD CHAMBERLAIN's Department is said to be showing unusual signs of activity. The new chief insists upon collar-work, and is himself setting a very high pattern.



Elsie. "WHAT'S THAT, DADDY?"

Father. "A COW."

Elsie. "WHY?"

where he frightened nervous passengers by the violence of his speech; and he went to meetings where he said "Hear, hear," and "Shame," quite loudly, and nearly always at the right places; and he wrote letters to the daily papers, beginning, "Sir,—Surely in this so-called twentieth century—"

In due time, when the General Election drew near, this Worthy Citizen looked over his garden fence, his face irradiated with a noble enthusiasm, and said to his Neighbour who had converted him: "Aha! Now at last the forces of reaction will be routed, the mists will roll from the mountain tops, and we shall have that Act for the Compulsory Clothing of Cannibals."

But, to his great astonishment, he

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is only one Venice and but one MARION CRAWFORD. In *Gleanings from Venetian History* (MACMILLAN) the two are wedded more happily than ever was Doge and Adriatic. Mr. CRAWFORD knows his Venice, every palace, every monument, every water-way, and loves it as if he had in his veins the blood of a CONTARINI, a FOSCARI, or a FOSCARINI. "Venice," he writes, "is a form of beauty, and must be looked upon as that and nothing else; not critically, for criticism means comparison, and Venice is too personal and individual, too unlike other cities to be fairly compared with them; not coldly, for she appeals to the senses and to the human heart, and craves a little warmth of sympathy; above all not in a spirit of righteous severity, for he who would follow her story must learn to forgive her almost at every step." In this spirit Mr. CRAWFORD approaches his task, which traces the history of Venice from the date—to be precise, at noon on March 25, 421—when the city was founded by fugitives from the ravenous Goths, to the time when NAPOLEON III. bestowed it upon Italy. This was a happy undoing of the work of his uncle who, 69 years earlier, by the Treaty of Campo Formio, sold the Venetian provinces to Austria for the price of Romagna. The story, trailing, from time to time hurtling, through fourteen centuries, is skilfully condensed, and picturesquely told. The two volumes are adorned by over 200 sketches by Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL, work that is worthy of its inspiration. See Venice (like Naples) before you die. Failing opportunity my Baronite advises the reader, as the next best thing, to possess himself of this delightful book.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's *They*, the Baron thinks, was published in 1904, unillustrated. This new edition of it, brought out by Messrs. MACMILLAN in 1905, possesses a considerable advantage over the former, being very effectively illustrated, in colour, by F. H. TOWNSEND. The precise meaning of "*They*" is probably known to the author, though not a few of his readers may experience some difficulty in giving the plural pronoun its correct application. Was it suggested to the inventive mind of R. K. by some recollection of RIDER HAGGARD's *She*? If so, having hit upon so original and happy an idea, why not follow it up with novels entitled respectively "*Ye*," "*We*," "*He*," "*It*," "*You*," "*I*," and "*Them*?" Yet, do what RUDYARD may, he will never equal the Indian stories that first brought him into notice and won for him popularity. In this present book the author has some quaint ways of attempting picturesque expression, as, for example, when he says, "a road changed frankly into a carpeted ride." A road acting "frankly," or even hypocritically, in any way would indeed be something for even a traveller who sees the strangest sights to record. Mr. KIPLING shows himself in this book a keen observer, not only of children, but of butlers, as is proved by a subtle touch or two in his sketch of the principal domestic in the service of the occupier of "The House Beautiful." This delightful aristocrat (Mr. Muzzle, in *Pickwick*, is plebeian by comparison) condescends to accept a seat in the wandering visitor's motor-car, and, on quitting him, to indicate the right route to wherever the traveller may be going. Whereupon, naturally enough, the generous stranger offers this superior Butler a tip, which this transcendental personage instantly declines with thanks. Then the generous but mistaken motorist says, "I beg your pardon," and repockets "*the British silver*." Here you see RUDYARD's sly satire. At one touch he shows you the meanness of the tipper and the dignity of the untipped. Imagine that Butler's remarks as he subsequently soliloquised, when the car was well out of sight and its occupant out of hearing. "*Me take a paltry five bob! Me demean myself to anythink hunder 'alf a quid in gold! Rather not! I likes gentlemen as is gentlemen!*" The Baron sincerely regrets that Mr. TOWNSEND, who has

marvellously succeeded in selecting subjects for illustration, should have allowed this Peer of the Pantry to escape him. Mr. TOWNSEND's illustration of *The Children in the Wood*, three of them, is charming in every way. They are such a timidly daring trio, and the wood is so evidently tangled, uncultivated, and so full of mystery for these elves. Another effective picture, and a deeply pathetic one, too, full of real human sentiment, is that of the young blind woman, seated in the wood, conversing earnestly with the perky motorist concerning the "repair-kit" which he has spread out on a rug. By one of his crafty touches RUDYARD KIPLING, exhibiting this gentleman as grammatically careless, evidently wishes his readers to accept him as a scion of ancient British lineage. "Is that you," she said, "from the other side of the county?" He replies, "Yes, it's me—from the other side of the county." Clearly a tip-top aristocrat, "regardless of grammar" as were the noble guests in the Ingoldsby legend, who all cried, "That's him!" And now the Baron must shut up—the book, and with his "soul torn open within him" must bid it farewell, pausing just to draw attention to one of its cleverest illustrations (it is among the earliest) representing a little boy, frightened by an approaching motor, running for all he's worth (and he's worth a lot) out of the picture, seeking safety with the sympathetic reader.

Morocco happens to be of exceptional interest just now, for, as a French White Book makes known, in the peaceful summer-time it came nigh to being a fresh *casus belli* between two ancient adversaries. In *Life in Morocco* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) Mr. BUDGETT MEAKIN tells all that can be known about a country which the majority of British tourists are content to sample at Tangier. Long sojourning in the country, Mr. MEAKIN is able to describe not only street scenes but home episodes. Bearing this authority in mind, it must be admitted that of all peoples on the earth this ancient race, that once conquered Spain and has left behind it Grenada, and other peerless monuments of architecture, is the most hopeless. "The most eastern lands," Mr. MEAKIN says, "may be described as slipshod. But there is no country in the world that may be more accurately described by that epithet than is Morocco." From household to Government the way of doing things, more generally leaving them undone, is the same. Everything is left over till to-morrow, the *mañana* of modern Spain. A rich, undeveloped land, favoured physically and geographically, politically stagnant, cursed with an effete administration, fettered by a decrepit creed. That is the author's summing up of the state of things in the dusky empire over which Germany and France have of late snarled at each other. Nevertheless Mr. MEAKIN is enthusiastic about the attractions of the land, a splendid patch of the gorgeous East. My Baronite is struck with a Moorish proverb that heads one of the chapters: "Manage with bread and butter till God sends the jam." A nation that cherishes the philosophy underlying this axiom cannot be altogether hopeless.

"I want to make your flesh creep," says W. SAPTE, JUN., echoing Joe, not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, when introducing us to *Hosts of Ghosts* (all for one shilling at the Family Reader Office!), which, the Baron is bound to say, contains some real thrillers. The best is *The Black Lace Shawl*; original, interesting, and decidedly pathetic. The Baron objects entirely to the grim cover of this book: deterrent not attractive.



IN THE HOUR OF DEFEAT.

(By our Social Sleuthhound.)

It must be many years since political excitement or ballotitis, as Lord "POORIE" WIMBLE wittily calls it, has clutched London society so tightly by the throat as during the past week. The news that the flashlight signals so lavishly organised by the proprietors of *The Daily Maelstrom* were beginning to work emptied the smart restaurants night after night long before full justice had been done to the menu. Prince IGOR DANTICHEFF left an Imperial *méringue*—a dainty to which he is peculiarly addicted—untasted on Monday night, and ADELGISA Lady BULGER, with her two pretty girls, left their coffee and *crème de menthe* untouched on Tuesday in their anxiety to learn the fate of the Hon. RUPERT BULLION.

Election excitement was, of course, at its zenith at the Southcliffe, where the managers, however, maintained perfect impartiality, decorating the restaurant in blue, red, and yellow, this chivalrous compliment to the claims of Labour being greatly appreciated by the German waiters. On Tuesday night the orchestra played a new "chopstick" waltz by a well-known Rand magnate, which was encored several times. Though nearly everyone present was more or less intimately affected by the Unionist *débâcle*, the courage and cheerfulness displayed were worthy of the noblest traditions of the plutocracy. Lady "SQUIFFY" BLANDAMER shed a few natural tears when the return of Mr. JOHN BURNS was announced on the electrophone, but otherwise the fortitude of the company was unimpaired and unimpeachable, and indeed reminded me of the attitude of the French *noblesse* during the Reign of Terror. Mr.

GWILYM FOLLETT, undaunted by the sinister triumphs of Socialism and Secularism, went off in the best of spirits to preside at one of his gramophone recitals at the Amazon Club; Sir LUCIUS BLUMBERG and Lord BERNCASTLE discussed the merits of the Pelota players at Olympia with perfect calm; and MIRANDA Lady BALCONICH answered queries about her daughter Lady SKIBO, whom she

gramophone recital last night. While he was expounding the construction of the machine with his usual eloquence, a thoughtless member of the audience observed in a stage whisper, "Don WHISKERANDOS is in for the City." This unfeeling reference to Sir EDWARD CLARKE was too much for the lecturer, who burst into tears. Several Amazons fainted, and were only revived by the

presence of mind of HILDEGONDE, Dowager Countess of YATTENDON, who plunged her ostrich-feather fan into the fire and promptly applied it to the nostrils of her inanimate clubmates. On inquiring at Mr. FOLLETT's chambers this morning I was glad to hear that he had passed a fair night, but he has been ordered to Monte Carlo as soon as he is fit to move, and his doctor, Sir PHIPSON TABB-LLOYD, has absolutely forbidden him to see the papers or hear a gramophone for at least three months.

Sad news also reaches me of Lord ENO STOLLBERG, who was so much upset by the defeat of Sir ALBERT ROLLIT that he has not drunk any champagne for four days. Lady SLAZENGER has indefinitely postponed her Bridge dinner, which was fixed for Sunday (yesterday) night, and Sir REUBEN SZLAPOWSKY has dined at home three nights running, a thing

which has not happened since his second marriage. Yesterday everyone turned into the Park at an unusually early hour, but, although the weather was delightful, evidences of depression were everywhere noticeable. Pretty Mrs. NEBULY COATES was in semi-mourning—her cousin, Sir HUGO BLIMBER, was defeated by a Socialist in the Saffron Hill Division on Friday; Lord OTHO BOFFIN wore no buttonhole, and Mr. HECTOR MACSLEIMER created a most painful impression by wearing one black and one white spat.



Mother. "NOW, DEAR, SAY YOUR GRACE, AND RUN ALONG TO THE NURSERY."

Mabel (who has just been refused a second mince-pie). "THANK GOD FOR A FAIRLY GOOD DINNER!"

has been nursing through a protracted attack of double whooping cough, with a serenity which CATO himself might have envied.

Since writing the above yesterday, I am bound to confess that I have somewhat overestimated the wonderful powers of recuperation displayed by the best representatives of English society in the face of the appalling calamity which has befallen them. To-day I learn with deep regret that Mr. GWILYM FOLLETT had a rather serious breakdown at his

THE COMING OF THE NEW DEMOS.

(A FAREWELL TO THE BEATEN SIDE.)

DEMOS has spoken from the judgment-place;
He should have heard you, but he howled you down;
This is the end—you get no further grace;
This is your patriot's crown.

The voice is changed from that which spoke of late,
Which in the lone hour called you, not in vain,
Laying within your hands the country's fate,
To stablish her again.

And they that put that burden on you then
May see her now, her path of peril cleared,
Once more a name upon the lips of men,
Honoured and loved and feared!

You leave a record which shall bear the light
When History delves for Truth in after days,
Not as the sudden mob condemns at sight,
Or stints its grudging praise.

Meanwhile the heart of gratitude is cold;
A young new Demos, born of yester-eve,
Big-mouthed and blustering, overbears the old,
Waiting for no man's leave.

Every inhuman name that he can spell
He prints in red for all to know you by,
Citing his gods to prove he would not tell,
Nor yet believe, a lie.

He paints your lurid portraits on the polls:—
"Drivers of slaves that oust the white man's brood!"
"Bigots that bind in chains our children's souls!"
"Filchers of poor folk's food!"

Had you been Czars to drain the people's blood,
Or sought to earn a country's dying curse,
Dragging her remnant honour through the mud,
He could have done no worse.

His hooligans are out with stones and dirt;
And in the darkness you must hide your head,
Nor look for Chivalry to salve the hurt,
For Demos reigns instead.

Not much it helps to know that those, ere long,
Who lent him aid and did a mutual deal,
Will find their henchman, grown a shade too strong,
Stamping them under heel.

Little it serves that they, your old-time foes,
Who found him useful for their present ends,
Must seek you soon and plaintively propose—
"Please save us from our friends!"

But let this solace keep your hearts resigned—
That, till a second lustre's course is through,
The noblest heritage you leave behind
Demos can scarce undo. O. S.

The Survival of the Deadest.

"PROTECTION is every day receiving its death-blow."—*The Lynn News*.

Election Oration at Devonport.

DEMAGOGUE.—"An' what about this 'ere Aliens Bill? The Tories have stopped all foreigners from coming 'ere, and this very evening I actually saw a Devon man pushing a chipped potato cart! Why it's enough to make the blood of an Englishman boil in his veins."

[Loud cheers.]

"WHY I LOST."

[NOTE.—The cost of telegrams under this head from defeated candidates specially invited to contribute will be refunded; but they must cover not more than two reasons, and be terse at that.]

A. WIRES: "(1) I was easily the worse man of the two. (2) Chinese Labour."

B. WIRES: "(1) I was too strong. Everybody voted for the weaker side. Gallant fellows. (2) Big Loaf Cry."

C. WIRES: "(1) Mislaid my notes every time. (2) Pendulum."

D. WIRES: "(1) My opponent had no wife to help him. This in confidence. (2) Education Bill."

E. WIRES: "(1) My adversary behaved far too honourably. I could make nothing out of him. (2) Trades Disputes Bill."

F. WIRES: "(1) Spent all my time canvassing the ladies. Only found out too late that they hadn't got the suffrage. (2) Japanese alliance."

[This telegram is too long.—Ed.]

G. WIRES: "(1) Kept forgetting people's names. (2) Entente cordiale."

H. WIRES: "(1) Family pride prevented my condescending to argument. (2) Overbridge Trams."

I. WIRES: "(1) Never could guess the babies' sexes right. Ended by calling them all 'It.' Fatal thing. (2) No other reason.

J. WIRES: "You have addressed the wrong man. I got in."

PARABLES FOR PARTIZANIES.

III.—"PODGER FOR EVER!"

HE wore his neckgear, though not from choice, in a state of unstudded ease; his left eye was blacked, and the small of his back was jammed firmly against a sharp angle of the Jubilee Memorial in the Market Square. But still he waved the tattered remnants of what had once been a four-and-nine-penny hard felt, proudly, exultantly, over his head; and his spirit was stern and high as he shouted "PODGER for Ever!"

And PODGER, a dull and none too honest drysalter, bobbed and bowed on a balcony, as he wagged a fat forefinger at the crowd, and thanked it for returning him to Parliament.

And after the Borough Elector had adjusted his poultices and plaisters that night he fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

He dreamt that Spring came, with its primroses and house painters; and PODGER still wagged a fat forefinger, and talked of tariffs. Summer came, with its roses and blow-flies; and PODGER stood before him and talked of tariffs. Winter's frosts and thaws burst the water-pipes; and PODGER sat by the fireside, and talked of tariffs. Boys grew up and became men; girls grew up and became Bridge-players. Ages passed, æons passed; from London came a rumour that the Thames Steamboats showed a working profit, and the Aldwych Island Site was let; but still PODGER wagged a fat forefinger in front of the Borough Elector, and talked, not very eloquently, of tariffs.

And the Borough Elector implored the Fates to forgive him, but was ruthlessly reminded that he had asked, in plain but impassioned language, for an eternity of PODGER—"PODGER," in fact, "for ever."

Then, in the chilly dawn, he woke, and asked himself whether PODGER was really worth a black eye after all.

Moral:—Try and cultivate a sense of Proportion before next General Election.

THE barking of a terrier in Kensington the other night led to the discovery of a burglary in the next street. "A Constant Reader of *The Spectator*" thinks that the sagacious animal must have got wind of it by wire-haired telegraphy.



Bernard Partridge.

A NEGLIGIBLE QUANTITY.

MR. J-IN R-EM-NT. "WELL, MY WEIGHT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER MUCH NOW!"





HUMOURS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Fond Mother. "Law, JARGE, YOU DO BE A SWELL DRIVIN' IN A CARRIAGE!"

Jarge (returning from the poll). "HAW! HAW! I BIN DRUV THEER IN A YELLOW MOTOR CAR, AND I BIN DRUV BACK IN A BLUE KERRIDGE, AND I AIN'T BIN AND VOTED FOR NEITHER OF 'EM. HAW! HAW! HAW!"

THE MAIDEN'S PROGRESS.

["Statistics show," declares the Secretary of one of the largest women's clubs in New York, "that between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five, more women commit indiscretions than at any other period. . . . all the world knows that the old fools are always the worst fools."—*Daily Express.*]

WHEN I became a *débutante* my soul, I'd have you know,
Was whiter and brighter than newly fallen snow;
No shadow of a naughtiness, no thought that was not good
Dared enter that centre of modest maidenhood.
With awe I heard the curate's word, and when the worthy vicar
Sang (out of tune) "That night in June," my trembling heart
beat quicker.

It shocked me to discover how my elders would behave
At dances. What glances! What bold bad smiles they gave!
I shuddered when I saw them sitting out upon the stairs
With tall men and small men in chaperonless pairs.
I shrank away from such as they—my modesty the reason—
And shyly hied to Mother's side through all my primal season.

Before my second year had passed a subtle change began;
Grown older and bolder I rather fancied Man.
A mild flirtation held a joy, a desperate delight
That thrilled me, and filled me with ecstasy and fright.
A dash of spice I found was nice, and though, of course, we
know it
Was very sad and bad and mad—still I began to go.

My vices gained upon me; fast they grew and faster yet;
Half frightened I lighted my maiden cigarette;
I smoked it up the chimney so that Mother might not know,
Hand shaking, heart quaking, and nerves all on the go.
And as I blew the smoke into the chimney's black abysses
"Has girl," I thought, "been ever brought to such a depth
as this is?"

Time fled. My evil habits grew, and with each passing year
My scruples—apt pupils—were taught to disappear:
I played at Bridge and billiards, and discovered that
Chartreuse,
When yellow and mellow, one ought not to refuse.
And yet more strange, a further change—I cannot tell what
wrought it—
In course of time the worse the crime the milder still I
thought it.

And now that I am fifty odd, the virtues which of old
I cherished have perished. I'm absolutely bold.
I stick at nothing. Long ago the still small voice within
Stopped crying and trying to prate to me of sin.
Not only vice I think is nice, but virtue an obsession.
In short, the sum is this—I've come to years of indiscretion.

THE rumour that the Labour Party will be led in the
House of Commons by Lady WARWICK from behind the grille
is the talk of all the East-End clubs.

TRAVEL-TALK.

(Overheard at Cook's.)

Lady Violet de Parme (languidly, to deferential assistant). Yes, one really must go away somewhere at this time of year. What places have you got? . . . Riviera? Pau? Oh dear no! Much too banal. One meets all the people one knows at home. So boring. I want somewhere absolutely novel . . . Spain? Yes, Spain might do. Show me a couple of months' tour in Spain . . . Yes, that seems a little more interesting . . . Interpreter? Oh, of course, they speak *Spanish* there, don't they? . . . Thanks, I thought so. No, I don't know that I would *care* about going about with an interpreter. They jar on one's *nerves*. Don't you think they would understand French or Italian? . . . Yes, I *know* they would understand me in the big towns, but I want to go to somewhere *absolutely novel*. Have you any other places? . . . Sicily? Yes, Sicily might do. Italian, isn't it, or is it French? . . . Thanks, I thought so. Would one have to eat Italian food, or could one get English food at the hotels? . . . Yes, but I don't *care* to go to the overdone parts. I want somewhere absolutely novel. . . In the south of the island, you say. Oh, Sicily's an island, is it? . . . Then that would mean *another* crossing somewhere, I suppose? . . . Thanks, I thought so. How long would the crossing take? . . . I really don't think I would *care*, though, to make another crossing in a small boat. And Italian food, too! I never *could* endure garlic. Haven't you any other places? . . . Upper Egypt? Yes, that might do. Show me some places in Upper Egypt. . . No, I don't know that I would *care* about travelling up the Nile. Isn't there any other way? So many parvenu Americans on the boats, I am told. So *loud*. They jar on one's *nerves*. . . Charter a private what? . . . Oh, dahabeeah! No, I don't really think I would *care* about travelling on that kind of animal. So *jolly*. They would get on one's *nerves*. Haven't you any other places? I want somewhere absolutely novel and fashionable. . . The Desert? Yes, the Desert might do. D'you arrange about the caravan tickets, or is it caravanserais? . . . Thanks, I thought so. Show me some places in the Desert. . . Biskra? Oh dear no! My friend Lady SAHARAH SANDY went there last year, and she told me it had become *quite* trippery. . . Well, possibly it was Biarritz she went to. D'you know which it was? . . . No, I suppose you would *hardly* remember. I *rather* think it was Biskra. Perhaps you had better show me some other places. . . Sidi-Caique? Yes, Sidi-

Caique sounds more tempting. Have they any decent golf links there? . . . Or an English doctor? . . . Any good motoring? . . . Yes, I suppose the roads *would* be bad, as you say, but if it's no use to take over our motor, I don't *know* that I would *care* much about the Desert. D'you think there would be any Bridge going? . . . Aren't there any fashionable people there this year, then? . . . Yes, I know quite well that I said I wanted somewhere right off the beaten track, but I want a place where one would meet nice people, and find golf and English cooking. *Surely* you understand what I am looking for? . . . Yes, yes, I suppose it is a little difficult to find these things together, but, after all, your agency is for finding out those sorts of places for us, *isn't* it? . . . Then I suppose I shall have to stay in England after *all*. Good morning!

THE FEAST OF FRIENDSHIP.

[A writer in *Macmillan's* has noted that "by a curious inversion the less friendly our guests happen to be the more lavish is our display of hospitality. Our intimates and dearest friends get pot-luck."]

WHEN BROWN invites me home to dine

In formidable state,
I note the choice, expensive wine,
The quantity of plate,
The costly courses that they bring,
The culinary feat
Exemplified in ev'rything
They offer me to eat.

I heave a surreptitious sigh,
Which indicates regret,
Because I know that BROWN and I
Are merely strangers yet.

With worthy ROBINSON as host
I have a plainer meal.
The circling bottle cannot boast
Such splendour in the seal;
We have a monster piece of beef
On a gigantic dish,
And often, to my great relief,
We skip the soup and fish.

I gather, from these homely ways,
That I am getting on
(To use a plain, familiar phrase)
With worthy ROBINSON.

But when I dine with dear old JONES,
We revel at our ease
On bottled beer and mutton bones,
And half a pound of cheese.
There is no plate, the cloth is soiled
With unconsidered stains;
The cabbages are badly boiled,
But nobody complains.

When JONES, God bless him! offers
me
A meal of odds and ends
(Without the least apology),
I know that we are friends.

AN "IDDY UMPY" IDYLL.

[For the Morse Code, used by the *Daily Mail* to announce Election results, the words "iddy" and "umpy" are commonly employed in the services in preference to "dot" and "dash."]

THEY were walking arm-in-arm along the Embankment about 11 P.M.

They had just become engaged, but even their new-found happiness had not been enough to quench their political enthusiasm; and by putting their heads close together they had acquired the Morse Code so as to be able to take it in like ordinary print, without consciously stopping to decipher it.

"Darling," he said, as he gazed into her lovely eyes, which at that moment were lit up by the 100-ampère searchlight from the Chelsea Power Station, "Darling, I can scarcely believe that only yester—iddy—you promised to be my own ickle—iddy umpy—my very own—umpy iddy—wife! You have made me the happiest—iddy—man in the whole—umpy—world! Here's an—umpy—seat, let's sit down. Now my own—umpy—there's no one looking, may I give you one—iddy—kiss?"

"Oh, JOHN dear, no, you mustn't really, don't be so—iddy iddy—otic! Well, just one. Do you really love your little—umpy—girl so much?"

"You know I do. I worship the very—umpy iddy—ground you walk on. Yes, darling, I do; these are not merely—iddy—empty words. I mean it."

"I think you do, dear. Tell me, what did your kiddy—iddy—brother say when you told him? Did he—iddy umpy—seem pleased?"

"Did he—umpy—? Rather! I should think he—iddy—well did! And how does your sister BIDDY—iddy umpy—like me for a brother-in—umpy—law?"

"Well, dear, I don't want to make you conceited, but she said if I hadn't taken you she would have jumpty—iddy—umped at you herself—Oh, dearest, look, that's surely another Liberal gain!"

A Sinister Coincidence.

"A CAST-IRON Tory" calls attention to the fact that on the morning of the Manchester poll *The Lancet* appeared with the following statement:—"The Royal Commission has appointed Dr. — and Dr. — to make enquiries as to the number of feeble-minded persons in Manchester and district."

"Gentleman, about to marry, wishes to recommend his Housekeeper for a similar post."
—*Irish Times*.

THERE is always something charming in this desire, so prevalent with engaged people, that others should be "as happy as we are."

MEMS ABOUT MEMBERS.

(With acknowledgments to a large number of contemporaries.)

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE lives largely on food.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, when he wishes to know the time, looks at his watch.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, although he has written a life of GLADSTONE and represents Montrose Burghs, has rarely if ever been to the North Pole.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has not slept in a cradle for more than half a century.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON considers it unlucky to break a leg on a Wednesday.

MR. HALDANE, besides being a personal friend of Lord ROSEBURY, rarely ventures forth without first putting his boots on.

THE KING-TROUT.

He was the Monarch of the pool,
Unmatched for size and beauty,
Who taught the subjects of his rule
Their dangers and their duty;
How lures may come in feathery garb,
To Trout-life prejudicial,
And how to shun the cruel barb
That stamps the artificial.

Of food he claimed the lion's share
With self-assertive suction,
And yet they loved him for his care
And affable instruction.
One day when lecturing on "MAN,"
His cunning eyes a-twinkle,
Said he: "To thwart his murderous plan
I'll offer you a wrinkle.

"Upon the bank his footsteps' thud
Descends in thunderous measure;
I stick my head into the mud
And wag my tail with pleasure.
He goes at last, I've had my fun,
And so resume my dinner,
With here a sedge, and there a dun,
And now and then a spinner.

"But when the Mayfly decks the stream
Oh, then be doubly wary!
His advent is the dazzling dream
Of Troutlets' 'Little Mary.'
No shadow to his glory clings,
His robes display no shoddy;
I love the shimmer of his wings,
The savour of his body."

An interruption happened here;
Its end was sad but speedy.
A forward Yearling dared to jeer,
And called the King "Old Greedy."
To what a tragic sequel led
The punishment that followed!
The Monarch grabbed that Yearling's head
And then—oh, monstrous!—swallowed.



Farmer Hodge (who has just had his hair cut). "YOU BE A FURRINER, I 'LOW?"

Assistant. "YES, SIR, I AM AN AUSTRIAN."

Farmer Hodge. "YOU SPEAKS ENGLISH VERY WELL."

Assistant. "OH, YES, I HAVE LIVED SOME TIME IN ENGLAND. I ALSO SPEAK FRENCH, GERMAN, RUSSIAN, AND ITALIAN."

Farmer Giles. "WELL, GEORGE, THERE AIN'T NO DOUBTS ABOUT IT—THESE 'ERE ALIENS OUGHTER BE KEP' OUT. THEY KNOWS TOO MUCH FUR US."

He paused awhile, dismayed, and dwelt
In horrified contrition,
But soon observed how pleasant felt
The course of deglutition.
At last his meditations found
In stern resolve an outlet:
"From now henceforth may I be drowned
If I'll eat aught but Troutlet."

He kept his vow, until the prey
Grew difficult to capture,
Then saw a sight one summer's day
That filled his heart with rapture.
A crippled Trout! He blessed his luck
Behind the weed-bed's tangles,
Swooped on the bait, and found he'd
struck
A couple of triangles.

Long was the fight, and strong the Trout,
The tackle proved still stronger;
The youngsters watched him netted out,
And feared their King no longer.
Up spoke the leader of the crew,
A malapert half-pounder,
"Though great in many ways, it's true,
He was a greedy bounder."

He died: but still he lives on land
In oft-repeated stories
That tell the lure adroitly planned,
And all the battle's glories;
Each incident from A to Z,
Each leap, and rush, and jigger;
And strange it is that, though he's
dead,
His weight grows yearly bigger.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

A SKETCH ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 13.

SCENE—*Aldwych*. TIME—about 9.30. A large crowd is waiting for the results of the first day's pollings, which an enterprising *Morning Paper* has undertaken to announce by means of a magic lantern upon a screen. No results have come in as yet, but the suspense is beguiled by a cinematograph, which would be more entertaining if it were a trifle less indistinct. The presentment of a coquettish but elderly spinster, grimacing and making great play with a fan, and supposed to be saying "Give me your vote!" leaves the spectators cold.

Conservative Spectator (to *Liberal Ditto*). You won't ave it all your own way, I can tell yer. Look at the number o' seats you've got to win afore you wipe out our majority! If you git in, it's about all you'll do. And you won't stay in long.

Liberal Spec. Don't you worry yerself about us, ole pal. You'll soon see what we're going to do, and that's sweep the board, unless I'm much mistook (the name of the *Morning Paper* suddenly blazes out in electric letters above the screen, which bulges with importance. Then a message appears—"Gravesend on the way. We will try to give you results hot as they come in. Are we up to date?" The lights go out, and the screen turns grey). You'll lose Gravesend for a certainty.

[Gravesend result is thrown on the screen.]

Cons. (jubilant). Not much we've n't. PARKER'S won, easy. The country ain't come round to C.-B. yet! 'Ooray! Well done, Gravesend!

Lib. (slightly dashed). It's "No Change" any 'ow. You ain't got much to 'oller for, so far. 'Ere's Dover comin' now—and if WYNDHAM ain't turned out—

[The Dover figures are announced.]

Cons. There you are again, you see! WYNDHAM'S in. And by an increased majority! If that's what you call sweepin' the board—

Lib. (depressed). Well, you've on'y kep' the seat, after all. I never said the first day's pollin's would show much difference. It's the counties I look to. (Salford, North, result appears.) Now then, what d'yer say to that? A Liberal Gain! 'Ooray! 'Ooray! Somethink like, that is!

Cons. You make the most of it, Cocky, it'll be all you'll git to-night. We ain't eard from London yet, and there's the six divisions at Manchester to come—they'll go solid for Tariff Reform, and why? Because they see 'ow Free Trade is ruinin' their—(North-west Manchester result announced) Oh, well, WINSTON CHURCHILL, you're welcome to 'im. You'll find 'im a fair 'andful afore you've 'ad 'im long.

[An interval, during which the cinematograph represents various thrilling scenes from the home life of an interesting and popular young hero known to Fame as "The Fat Boy of Peckham." The Fat Boy is shown reading the enterprising *Morning Paper*, going through his gymnastic exercises, and taking tea with a friend of his own age, to the joy of the crowd, which applauds him enthusiastically.]

Amanda. The Fat Boy ain't tryin' to git inter Parliment, is he?

Amandus. Not 'im. 'E'd 'ave to grow a bit thinner fust.

Amanda (puzzled). Then what are they showin' 'is pictures for?

Amandus. I dunno. Unless it's because they think 'is food orter be taxed.

[Here the Fat Boy modestly makes way for announcements of further Liberal Gains, which are received with uproarious cheers.]

Lib. Good old South-west Manchester! There's another win for the Liberals!

Cons. No, it ain't. That's a Labour Gain, that is!

Lib. Well, what's the difference?

Cons. They'll let you know that later on. Ah well. We shall hear that BALFOUR'S in presently—his seat's safe enough.

[The Fat Boy reappears in the act of receiving instruction from his Schoolmaster.]

Crowd (with its proverbial fickleness). We don't want no more Fat Boy! Take 'im 'ome, and give us some more vict'ries!

[The screen obligingly responds with the announcement, "BALFOUR Beaten." Demonstrations of delight. Shouts of "I wouldn't leave my little 'ut for you!" "Pore ole JOE!" &c. Passengers on tops of passing buses stand up and wave their hats, and are frantically cheered by the crowd below, as they are borne on with the air of Roman Generals who have been accorded a triumph.]

A Spectator (whose previous remarks have been mostly in Yiddish). Goot beesinis! BALFOUR can go away and blay now at de golluf.

[He smiles with natural pride at the completeness with which he has assimilated the humour and politics of his adopted country. Another interval, occupied by a cinematograph dimly illustrating "Work and Play on a French battleship."]

A Young Radical (radiant, but raucous). See, they're 'aving a gime o' leap-frog. That's to show their rejoicin' over the Lib'ral vict'ries. Good ole British Navy!

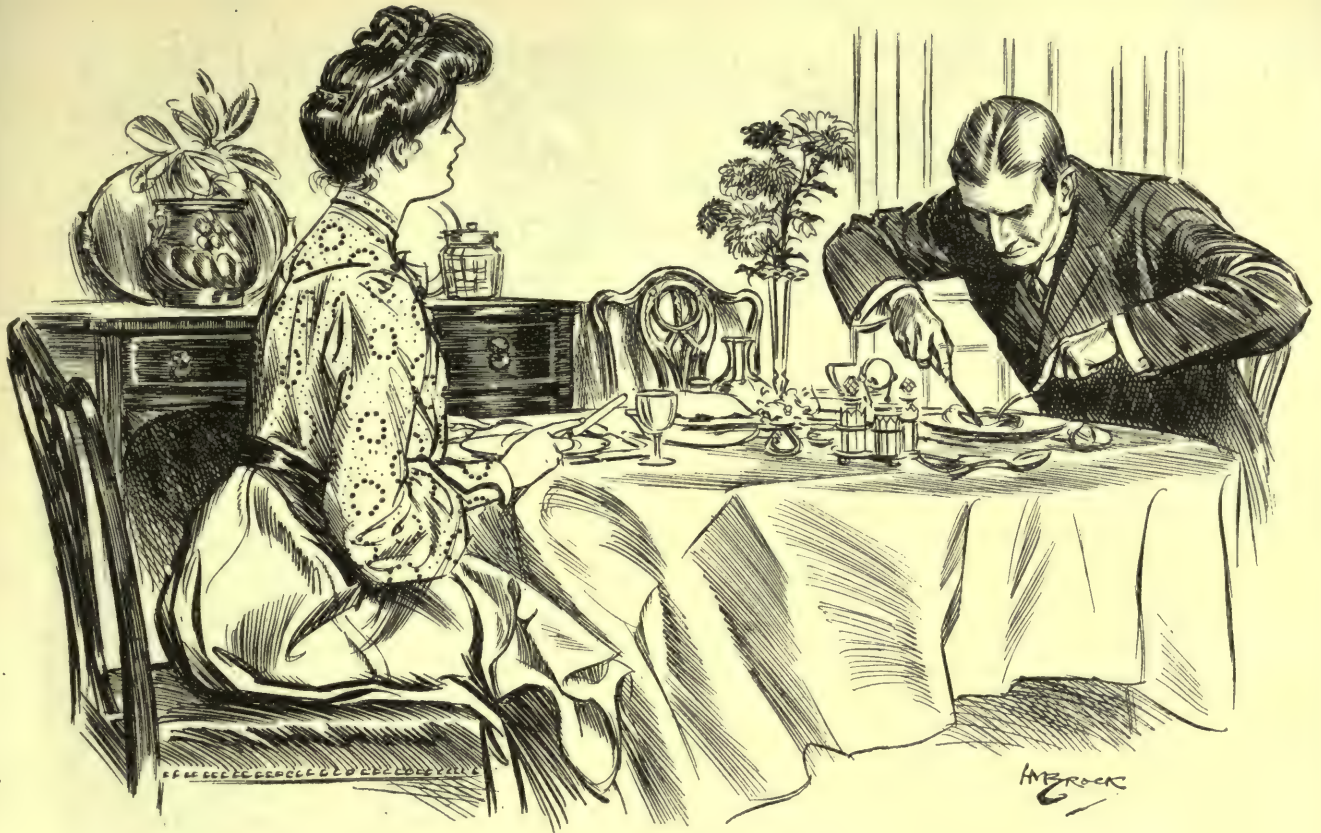
Cons. As it 'appens, they ain't British—they're Frenchies. And there won't be no leap-froggin' in the British Navy when they 'ear of this—you may lay yer life on that!

The Y. R. Cheer up, Matey. You've got Gravesend and Dover—be content with them, and don't be too greedy. 'Ulo, 'ullo! Another Lib'ral Gain! . . . And another! We're wipin' the floor with you, we are! You'll 'ave to change yer politics now and turn Lib'ral afore you go 'ome to-night.

Cons. No, I shan't—it won't alter my views whatever 'appens. Why should it?

Bystanders (sympathetically). 'E's right there. Let a man 'ave the courage of 'is opinions, can't yer?

Y. R. (waiving this point as the cinematograph starts on a somewhat irrelevant journey along the Canadian Pacific Railway). Look at 'em all bein' left be'ind. (He apparently alludes to the telegraph poles.) There goes pore BALFORE, tryin' to get rid of 'is Chinese pigtail! 'Ere comes JOE—don't 'e look down in the mouth? There's the Official Receiver comin' next. Oo's this? Why, it's Ole BILL BAILEY, I declare, orf to South Africa to fetch some Chin-Chin-Chinamen to deprive the British workin' man at 'ome of 'is job! (The bystanders have hitherto failed to appreciate the precise point of these slightly cryptic sallies, but the reference to "Ole Bill Bailey" at once establishes the Young Radical in the position of a popular humorist, and his further efforts are received with growing favour. The cinematograph vanishes abruptly, and another result is announced. "No Change." The circumstance that the C is printed a little apart from the following letters affords the Y. R. a fresh opportunity to display his humour.) See what it sez! "No C hang'd." No Conservative hang'd. Well, they orter be anyway! (At first this witticism falls slightly flat, but, after about the seventh repetition, he is encouraged by finding it received with a roar of laughter. More Liberal victories are shown on the screen and are received by a group of disgusted young Tories with cries of "'Elp! 'Elp! 'Elp!" and fervent chanting of one of the responses from the Litany.) You can't 'elp yourselves, you can't. 'Cause you've none of you got votes. I 'ave. I've a card in my pocket now invitin' me to support the Conservative Candidate. Which I sharn't do. Which—I—sharn't do! (A smart brougham passes on its way to "take up" at a neighbouring theatre.)



AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Young Wife. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY COOKING? DON'T YOU THINK I'VE BEGUN WELL?"

Husband. "UM—YES. I'VE OFTEN HEARD THAT WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE."

Let 'im through, 'e's come to drive pore FANNY 'ome 'e 'as. [The Liberal majority in the crowd is vastly diverted by this keen thrust.

A Seedy Person with no sense of humour. Go 'ome yerself, instead o' makin' yerself 'oarse torkin' rot!

Y. R. I see what you are. You're a Member o' Parliament in disguise—a aristercrat, that's what you are.

S. P. (furious at this imputation). 'Ere, lemme git at 'im. I'll mike 'im prove them words. Callin' me a aristercrat!

Bystanders (interposing). No, no. No voilence 'ere! 'E didn't mean nothink by it.

Y. R. It's awright, ole sport. I was wrong. I see now as you don't belong to the Gentlemanly Party.

S. P. (mollified). I accep' yer apology as 'andsomely as what you've offered it. Shike 'ands. [Peace is restored.

Cons. (as nineteen Liberal and no Conservative gains are announced). I've 'ad enough of standin' about 'ere. I'm for—but you ain't out o' the wood yet—things 'll go better for us o' Monday.

Y. R. Hor-hor! You ain't down'earted—oh, no. But I s'y—we are moppin' you Tories up, and no mistike, eh? I expect CAMEL-BEINERMAN is larfin' fit to split by this time.

Amandus (to AMANDA). Well, I've enjoyed myself a lot better than if we'd gone to a music'-all, ain't you?

Amanda (who hasn't). I never was partickler partial to them biographis meself—

[The last result for the evening is announced, and the crowd gradually disperses, with the pleasant anticipation of enjoying similar gratuitous entertainments for several nights to come.

F. A.

A Forgotten Reform.

["The worthy Lord BANNATINE died in 1833, the year after that sort of thing was rendered impracticable by the passing of the Reform Bill."—*Daily News.*]

THIS was something like a reform, and it is a thousand pities that the application of this particular section of the Act should apparently have gone out of fashion.

["The match between the M.C.C. eleven and eighteen of Middelburg and district ended in a victory for the winners."—*Reuter.*]

HERE's a cheer for the victors, the victors who win,

And a cheer for the vanquished who lose;

Who won or who lost, does it matter a pin?

Let us cheer for the news that is news.

A CORRESPONDENT encloses the following communication which he has received from the Hon. Sec. of a working men's club:—

"DEAR SIR,—We shall be very pleased if you will consent to be a honorary subscriber to our club."

This sounds a little like the "Free Food" which you can have by paying for it.

TIME—11 P.M., JANUARY 13th.

Slightly Hilarious One (to perfect stranger). 'Ere, is your name BALFOUR?

Perfect Stranger. No, it's not.

S. H. O. (coaxingly). Go on; say it is!

P. S. All right. My name's BALFOUR.

S. H. O. (triumphantly). Then 'ow's 'ORRIDGE?



Giles. "How long wull it take to get to the Poll, Master?"

Chauffeur. "Oh, I'll have you there in about three minutes."

Giles. "Oh—I suppose you couldn't drive the longest way round, could 'ee now?"

THE WORM TURNS.

["It is all very well to abuse schoolmasters, but what can you expect at the price? In the best preparatory schools £120 a year, resident, is considered adequate pay for a first-class man, and things are not much better in the public schools. How can a teacher fail to become narrow when he cannot afford to buy books, to travel, or even to belong to a good club? As to his being outwardly conventional, what professional man dare be otherwise?"—*Letter from a schoolmaster who has been spending his holidays in digesting a volume of KAPPA's articles on Education, republished from "The Westminster Gazette."*]

A HARMLESS if not necessary pedagogue,
I am, in self-defence let this be said, agog
To learn how I my post may best adorn;
But having read the things that men like "KAPPA" write
I feel I can no longer hope to map aright
My course. Why was I born?

For I am one, of such there is no sparsity,
Who did not do so badly at the Varsity,
And on the whole I get on well with boys.
Moreover, just to touch on matters physical,
I'm not a dipsomaniac or phthisical,
And life has had its joys.

In short, I always thought until quite recently
That I was really doing very decently
Except so far as filthy lucre goes.
(And as to that, I may perhaps interpolate

That I have had but little cause to chirp o' late
At what my pass-book shows.)

Well, to resume (confound these trisyllabic rhymes),
I could not think of any very shabby crimes
That rendered me unfit to teach our youth;
In fact I was a mass of self-complacency.
Now to my mentors I must make obeisance, I
Have learnt at last the truth.

A whitewashed tomb (such is the charge I see composed),
Full of dead BOHNS and other matter decomposed,
I set to work to stunt the growing mind.
As for the usher's interests and views, he has 'em
Only for show, he knows no real enthusiasm,
And there is worse behind:

In matters such as science and astronomy,
In letters and political economy,
My ignorance is crass, Sir, simply crass!
A thin veneer of smug respectability
Fails to conceal my inward imbecility,
In short I am an ass.

Ah well, it may be we are all past praying for,
But in this world one gets what one is paying for
(That seems a fairly obvious remark);
And I for one, although exposed so crushingly,
Still mean to draw my salary unblushingly,—
That of a third-rate clerk.



POLICY VERSO.





DEVELOPMENT.

P. oud Producer. "THERE'S AN ANIMAL FOR YOU! SEVENTEEN CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS AND TWO HUNDRED GOLD MEDALS! EH? 'WHAT IS IT?' WHY, THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE BULL-DOG, TO BE SURE. EH? 'NOT LIKE A BULL-DOG?' WHY, OF COURSE NOT! WHERE WOULD BE YOUR DEVELOPMENT IF IT WERE? WHY, SIR, IN THREE MORE GENERATIONS WE'LL HAVE HIM TAILLESS, EARLESS, TOOTHLESS, AND WEB-FOOTED!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

WE are not surprised to learn that the resounding success achieved by the visit of the Leeds Chorus and the London Symphony Orchestra to Paris, under the talented conductorship of Sir CHARLES STANFORD, is about to lead to several other similar manifestations of the desire to promote international or mutual understanding. Foremost amongst these is the patriotic attempt of the Teutonic colony in our midst to facilitate a pacific settlement of the Morocco *imbroglio*. To this end funds have been raised to enable the massed German bands of the Metropolis to proceed forthwith to Algieras, where it is proposed to serenade the representatives of the different Powers continuously during the Conference. The programme has not yet been finally fixed, but we have the best authority for stating that it will certainly include the *Kaisermarsch*, the *Delcassé-noisette* suite, and a new Triple Alliance concerto by RICHARD STRAUSS. Lord AVEBURY, who, as one of the pioneers of the Anglo-German

cr'ente, will join the expedition, has arranged MENDELSSOHN'S "Bees' Wedding" for the occasion, and will, it is hoped, contribute an *obligato* accompaniment on the honey-comb.

Another musical excursion, from which the happiest results are anticipated, is that contemplated by the Manchester Hallé orchestra to Birmingham with a view to bringing the benighted denizens of the Midland capital into unison with Cottonopolis on the burning question of the hour. Herr DUMPERDINCK has kindly consented to conduct the orchestra, and Mons. HILAIRE BELLOC will be the principal vocalist. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is taking a lively interest in the visit of the musical Mancunians, and a reception committee, presided over by Mr. L. S. AMERY, is preparing to give them a warm welcome.

Simultaneously with the tour of the Manchester band an expeditionary orchestral force has been mobilised at Birmingham, under the leadership of

Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, to serve the double purpose of filling the regrettable gap caused by the absence of the German bands from London, and of accelerating the repentance of those metropolitan boroughs which have deserted the banner of Tariff Reform. The Aston Villa Choir will form part of the force, and, though complete particulars are not yet available, it is understood that no foreign instrumentalists will be employed, and that, at Mr. CHAPLIN'S suggestion, a special preference will be shown to performers on the Corno Inglese.

Another Infant Prodigy.

"MR. BELLOC was born in France, but at the early age of three months he was brought to England and educated in the orthodox way at Oxford."—*Daily Mail*.

AN "EARNEST INQUIRER" writes: "I see a book by Mr. WALTER CRANE advertised, entitled *Ideals in Art*. Should it not be "I deal in Art?" I may be wrong, but I do not think so."



"GLUE WON'T DO IT, GENTLEMEN!!"

[At one of his Election Meetings Mr. Balfour, speaking of the probable difficulty Sir H. C.-B. would find in keeping his Ministry together, said: "*Glue won't do it, gentlemen!!*"]

PAIRED.

I KNEW I was in for a romance directly I heard the bell ring. I opened the door, and a strange man fell over the mat, and dropped into the hall settle.

"I c-came," he began to pant, "about your vote."

"Not at all," I said. "Have a drink, won't you?" My flat is on the eighth floor, and there is no lift; so I always have to begin like this.

"My name," he went on nervously, "is TOMPSON. I just came to see whether you could promise to vote for our man, Mr. BLEWE, to-morrow."

"So Mr. BLEWE is the man to vote for?"

"Mr. BLEWE, and more work, higher wages, a united Empire, peace with all the world, economy, reform, less taxes, more——"

"Please," I said, "just a moment. I can't keep up with you. A united Empire, peace with all the world, more work—I say, I don't quite like that. More work; let's leave that bit out."

"More work for the working man. Why, that's the foundation of Mr. BLEWE's policy!"

"Oh, I see. For the working man. Right you are. It sounds grand."

"Then we can rely upon your help?"

"Wait a bit," I said cautiously.

"What's Mr. BLEWE going to do for my profession? Let's have that quite clear."

"What is your——"

"I am in the wool trade."

Mr. TOMPSON beamed at me. He seemed glad that I was in the wool trade.

"Why, my dear Sir," he said, "that is the one trade of all others that policy will assist. Vote for Mr. BLEWE, and you'll be a millionaire in no time."

"But look here, with such a programme as yours your man is absolutely certain to get in. You needn't trouble about my vote. Wouldn't it be rather kind if I gave it to Mr. REDDE, just to cheer the poor man up a bit? I mean, where one can be chivalrous—without hurting the cause——"

"We want every vote we can get," he said, "owing to the lies and misrepresentations of the other side."

"Ah, I see. Well, then——"

"Well, then, we can rely upon you?" I considered for a moment.

"Would you mind coming back in a little while?" I asked him. "I must think this out. The fate of nations seems to hinge on me. It's rather trying."

"Well," said Mr. TOMPSON, "I have two or three people to see up here——"

"That's right. And then come in again." I took him to the door. "It's a fine day," I said; "mind the mat."

"It's a beautiful day," he said, falling over the mat.

Barely had Mr. TOMPSON left me, when there came another ring at the bell. I threw open the door.

"How are you?—have a drink," I said, automatically. "Oh, lord, I beg your pardon."

"My name is JENNINGS," she said with a smile.

"Anyone of the name of JENNINGS," I began idiotically, "is sure of a welcome in this house. That is—I mean——"

"No, we don't know each other, or anything about each other. I've come to ask for your vote and influence on behalf of Mr. REDDE."

I pulled myself together. "My influence," I said, "is small, but my vote—come in, won't you?"

"Thank you."

"So Mr. REDDE is the man to vote for?" I said, when we were seated.

"Mr. REDDE, and higher wages, more work, peace with all the world, economy——" She paused a moment.

"A united Empire," I prompted.

Miss JENNINGS gave me a beautiful smile.

"Why, you know!" she cried. "You are on our side?"

I smiled back.

"Less taxes, reform——" I went on.

"How you have studied the question!"

she murmured. "Then you will vote for Mr. REDDE?"

"Wait a bit," I said cautiously. "What's Mr. REDDE going to do for *my* profession? Let's have that quite clear."

"What is your——"

"I am in the iron business."

Miss JENNINGS beamed at me. She seemed delighted that I was in the iron business.

"Why," she said, "that is the one business of all others that our policy will help. Vote for Mr. REDDE, and——"

"I shall be a millionaire."

"Yes," said Miss JENNINGS simply.

"But look here," I said; "with such a programme as yours your man is absolutely certain to get in. You hardly need trouble about my vote. Wouldn't it be rather nice if I gave it to Mr. BLEWE? You see, the poor man—of course his agent will vote for him, and perhaps one or two relations—I think it would be a friendly act, seeing that the cause is safe——"

Miss JENNINGS interrupted me.

"We want every vote we can get," she said, "owing to the lies and slanders of the other side."

"Ah, I see. Well, then——"

"Well, then, we can rely upon you?"

I considered for a moment. I began to feel rather a brute. Because, you know—— There was a ring at the door.

"Excuse me," I said; and I went and brought the returned Mr. TOMPSON in. Miss JENNINGS gave a little shriek. Mr. TOMPSON fell over a mat, and said "Bother."

"Mr. TOMPSON, Miss JENNINGS," I murmured, "Miss JENNINGS, Mr. TOMPSON, Mr. JENNINGS, Miss——"

"ERNEST!" cried Miss JENNINGS.

"I knew his name was ERNEST," I said to myself.

"HILDA!" said Mr. TOMPSON.

"HILDA," I repeated softly. I wasn't a bit surprised.

They both looked at me.

"I will go and vote," I said; and I went out and sat on the hall settle.

"This is a romance," I said to myself, "and I've done it." But it was very cold in the hall.

By-and-by the door opened.

"Well?" I said.

"Please we've paired; for the remainder of the Session," said HILDA. (I must call her HILDA now.)

"We're awfully indebted to you," said ERNEST. "But for you——"

"Rot!" I said.

"And look here, I want you to vote for HILDA's man, will you? I'm sure if *she* thinks——"

"No, no, ERNEST dear. He must vote for yours."

I stood up and coughed.

"I'm afraid I haven't got a vote," I explained.



Balfour. "HERE, I SAY! HELP! WHAT ON EARTH IS IT? ANOTHER OF THESE AWFUL LABOUR MEMBERS?"

C.-B. "NOT EXACTLY, MY DEAR ARTHUR; THIS IS JUST A CLEAN SWEEP."

EVERY MAN'S WIFE HIS OWN AGENT.

I.

*Mrs. George Pendluys to her friend,
Mrs. Henry Saville (Jan. 7).*

... YES, hasn't GEORGE made a hit? *Sweet and Twenty* is the book of the season... I am so glad for the poor dear boy's sake. Oh, I do hope he will work hard and make lots of money. Literally, MABEL, I haven't a thing to wear—and here is winter well on and I have no furs—and the drawing-room is so shabby... Worst of it is that GEORGE is so full of silly notions. He will not take his chance. He talks about the dignity of literature and the self-respect he owes himself as an author—and all that kind of thing. MABEL, dear, isn't that *frightful*! ... However, I'm determined that GEORGE shall use his chance. I mean to see that he gets all he can from the *sharks*; so I have appointed myself his private agent—Mr. HERBERT BEAUCHAMP, if you please. . .

II.

*The Editor of "The Kingsway" to
Mrs. George Pendluys (Jan. 11).*

... would be pleased if he could

quote his terms for a short story of 5000 words to appear in the Easter Holiday number of *The Kingsway*. Copy to be delivered within four weeks from date. Cheque on publication. . .

III.

*Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of
"The Kingsway" (Jan. 12).*

... and in reply beg to state that Mr. PENDLUYS is at present on a motor tour with Lord WINDERMERE and party. My instructions are absolute that Mr. PENDLUYS is not to be troubled with correspondence during his period of relaxation; but on his return to town I shall have pleasure in submitting your letter to his consideration. . .

Enclosure No. 1. Printed extracts from Press notices of Sweet and Twenty—now in its 15th thousand.

Enclosure No. 2. Portrait of Mr. PENDLUYS (non-copyright), with biographical and personal notes.

IV.

Telegram (Jan. 13).

*To Beauchamp, The Grove, Chelsea.
Please wire present address PENDLUYS.
KINGSWAY.*

V.

Telegram (Jan. 13).
To Kingsway.

Impossible instructions absolute PENDLUYS returning next week. BEAUCHAMP.

VI.

The Editor of "The Kingsway" to Mr. Herbert Beauchamp (Jan. 14).

... We are anxious to have a contribution from Mr. PENDLUYS in our Easter Holiday number, which at latest must go to press in six weeks. Could you therefore inform us whether Mr. PENDLUYS has a suitable story by him, and also give us an idea of his terms for such? ...

VII.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of "The Kingsway" (Jan. 17).

... I regret to say that, in consequence of the great demand for his work, Mr. PENDLUYS has nothing written that would be at all suitable. The opening chapters of a new serial which he has been commissioned to write for *The Marlborough*, the plots of a series of detective stories for *The Orb*, and the rough draft of an article for *The Quarterly*, are all that I can find among his papers. Regarding possible terms, I am only authorised to state that Mr. PENDLUYS has lately refused very tempting offers for stories of the length you mention. He is now shooting with the Duke of KILLIECRANKIE in the Highlands ...

VIII.

Telegram (Jan. 18—11 A.M.).
To Beauchamp.

Please wire PENDLUYS offer of fifteen guineas for story.
KINGSWAY.

IX.

Telegram (Jan. 18—2 P.M.).
To Kingsway.

Impossible instructions absolute PENDLUYS daily expected. BEAUCHAMP.

X.

Telegram (Jan. 18—5 P.M.).
To Beauchamp.

May we use portrait and notes in our March number? KINGSWAY.

XI.

Telegram (Jan. 19—10.30 A.M.).
To Kingsway.

Can use portrait and notes in March number. BEAUCHAMP.

XII.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of "The Kingsway" (Jan. 21).

... I am directed by Mr. GEORGE PENDLUYS to state that he is quite unable to meet you in the matter of a short story for your Easter Holiday number. Already he has accepted commissions for work that will keep him fully employed for years to come. Should you be still anxious, however, for a story from his pen he can furnish you with one of the required length by April, 1906. Terms thirty guineas. Cheque on signing of contract.



Lady Canvasser. "AND WHEN WILL YOUR HUSBAND BE IN?"
Wife (stolidly). "I DUNNO, MUM. THERE'S NO BOUNDS TO 'IM!"

XIII.

The Editor "The Kingsway" to Mr. George Pendluys (Jan. 22).

... As already intimated, we are very anxious to include you in our Easter Holiday number. We are making special efforts to render this a great success, and anticipate a circulation of 200,000 copies. ... We enclose proofs of a portion of our March number, from which you will see that we are publishing your portrait and a special article, and indirectly are promising our readers an early contribution from your pen. ... Cannot you meet us in this matter? We are prepared to offer you the very exceptional terms of twenty-five guineas. ... Kindly wire reply.

XIV.

Telegram (Jan. 23—11 A.M.).
To Pendluys.

Awaiting reply urgent. KINGSWAY.

XV.

Telegram (Jan. 23—8 P.M.).
To Kingsway.

PENDLUYS dining with Authors' Club
reply morning. BEAUCHAMP.

XVI.

Telegram (Jan. 24—1 P.M.).
To Kingsway.
Sorry cannot entertain proposal.
PENDLUYS.

XVII.

Telegram (Jan. 24—2.30 P.M.).
To Pendluys.

Offer thirty guineas. KINGSWAY.

XVIII.

Telegram (Jan. 24—4 P.M.).
To Pendluys.

Awaiting reply telegram
most urgent. KINGSWAY.

XIX.

Telegram (Jan. 25—10 A.M.).
To Pendluys.

Offer thirty-five guineas
reply prepaid. KINGSWAY.

XX.

Telegram (Jan. 25—2 P.M.).
To Kingsway.

PENDLUYS lunching American
Ambassador Carlton reply
later. BEAUCHAMP.

XXI.

Telegram (Jan. 25—4.30 P.M.).
To Kingsway.

Terms impossible. PENDLUYS.

XXII.

Telegram (Jan. 25—5.30 P.M.).
To Pendluys.

Offer forty guineas cheque
by hand by return. KINGSWAY.

XXIII.

(Jan. 26—10.30 A.M.)

To Kingsway.

As special consideration accept terms
for story cheque awaited. PENDLUYS.

XXIV.

Mrs. George Pendluys to Mrs. Henry
Saville (Jan. 28.)

... You will rejoice, MABEL dearest, to know that our little scheme is quite the loveliest success. The very latest triumph of HERBERT BEAUCHAMP is to draw *forty guineas* from a wretched magazine for a poor little story that already had been declined *all round*. Picture the blushes of my poor dignified boy! Do come round, dearest, *very soon*, and help me choose my winter furs.

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER is delighted to see from the way the General Election has gone that his appeal to Englishmen to show more friendliness to his country has not been without effect.

It is denied that Mr. BALFOUR, on hearing that the ex-Secretary of State for India was also out, sent him a wire, "Alas, my poor Brodder!"

The new Liberal paper, *The Tribune*, did not start by showing a proper regard for the feelings of its inferiors. Its first appearance was advertised in London on the backs of all bus horses — among whom are many Conservatives — without distinction of politics.

The Tribune, in its "Amusement Guide," classifies plays under the headings of "Costume Plays" and "Musical Plays." We think this is a trifle harsh. A certain amount of costume is still worn in musical plays.

A contemporary has been publishing a series of explanations under the title, "Why I Lost." It is satisfactory to learn that in no single instance was the defeat due to any shortcoming in the candidate.

The other day it was rumoured that the Russian Government, in order to divert attention from internal disorders, intended shortly to embark on another war. This rumour is now strengthened. The CZAR has announced his intention of holding a second Peace Conference.

"The Kildonan Castle"

arrived last week at Southampton with one of the largest cargoes of birds, beasts, and reptiles ever brought to this country," says a contemporary. It does not say much for the efficacy of the Aliens Act that the beasts and reptiles were allowed to land.

According to *The Lancet*, the employees on the Underground Railway, instead of presenting a dull putty-coloured complexion as was formerly the case, are slowly but surely assuming a healthier tone and colour. It is even thought that several who had given up all hope of being married may go off this season.

The annual report of the Medical

Officer of Health for the County of London draws attention to the dangers that lurk in ice. It cannot be too widely known that a simple safeguard is to boil the ice before taking it.

The possibility of angling in the London parks is again mentioned by several papers as something of a novelty. As a matter of fact, for many years the finest stickleback fishing in the country has been enjoyed at the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, and only last month a brute almost an inch in length was safely landed by a youngster.

Devon and Somerset killed eighty-seven stags. Their offence is not known.

The municipality of Nice has organised a troop of canine scavengers. Dogs have been trained to drag a cord with a brush at the end of it through the sewer-pipes. Alarmed at the possibility of being pressed into the service, numbers of dachshunds are returning in hot haste from the Riviera every day.

A sleeping-car recently fell fifteen feet from the elevated tracks at St. Louis. This just shows the danger of sleeping while on duty.



First Sandwichman. "BILL, I WONDER HOW SOME OF THEM CHINESE 'SLAVES' WOULD LIKE THIS JOB AT A BOB A DAY?"

"Mr. ALFRED SUTRO," we read, "says that Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER would lend himself admirably as the subject of a great drama." We further believe that it is a fact that Mr. ROCKEFELLER has consented to lend himself in consideration of the enormous interest which the loan would ensure.

We are requested to state that the HORACE SMITH, aged ten, who was bound over last week at Kingston for robbing an automatic machine by using brass curtain rings instead of pennies, is not the police magistrate of the same name.

From July to the end of last year the

In America, up-to-date burglars are bringing into play a knowledge of electricity and chemistry, and it is felt that, seeing how arduous is the training which is now necessary in order to enable them to practise their craft with any degree of success, their sentences should be lighter when caught.

Dancing is now recommended as an aid to health. From high-jinks to hygienics is of course a short step.

Many horses were amused, the other day, to see a horse-shoe attached to the back of a motor-car for luck.

Colonel's Wife (to Tenant). Now I hope you've voted for the Colonel. He would be very angry if he knew you hadn't.

Tenant (mysteriously). Can you keep a secret?

Colonel's Wife. Oh, yes.

Tenant. So can I.

A new light is thrown on the question of our trade relations with Canada by a leading article in *The Montreal Daily Witness*, as quoted by *The Western Daily Press*. "Great Britain," says the Canadian writer, "buys from us about twice as much as we sell to her!" He does not add on what basis the bills are made out, but it certainly looks very suspicious.

Of Bus Horses.

(As used to advertise the "*Tribune*.")

THESE weary workers, it is plain, Can never now become extinct; Henceforward they must still remain To man inseparably linked. If Vanguards drive them off, why then They re-appear as sandwich-men!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Soprano (MACMILLAN), Mr. MARION CRAWFORD's latest novel, is of curiously irregular quality. It opens briskly, making the charmed reader acquainted with two distinctly new and interesting characters. One is the *Bonanni*, the fat *prima donna*; the other, *Logotheti*, a Greek financier, transplanted to Paris. The latter is a fine realisation of the sensuous, cultured Greek, bringing the hereditary art instinct of a thousand years into everyday life at Paris. My Baronite recognises in this creation one of Mr. CRAWFORD's most ambitious and most successful efforts. The account of the Greek's rough wooing of *Margaret Donne*, the budding *prima donna*, is done with vivid realism. It is all excellent, the story briskly rattling on its way up to the time *Margaret* attends rehearsals previous to her *début*. Then Mr. CRAWFORD seems suddenly to grow weary of the puppets of his imagination, dawdles on through some uninspired chapters, and finally disposes of the whole affair by a melodramatic plot of abduction. He hints at intention of continuing the story. He had better begin again at the end of Chapter XVI., bestowing upon charity the four chapters that stand in the printed book.

In *The Winning of Winifred*—pity that "Winsome" is omitted as epithet to the heroine's name—Mr. LOUIS TRACY has given us a Romance of Bonnie Scotland Yard which will find favour with those who, remembering DICKENS's masterly portrait of *Mr. Bucket*, delight in stories where the main interest is centred in the professional detection of crime. In this cleverly plotted novel, written in plain, unvarnished fashion, we are introduced to a grave-faced, elderly man, who, while seated in a comfortably furnished room of the Chief Police Office, has a peculiar way of peering at a visitor through his spectacles. This is one of the chiefs of the Criminal Investigation Department. Also we make the acquaintance of detective *Winter*, "whose process," as THEODORE HOOK sang about a tax-collector of the same name, "is summary" when dealing with such scoundrels as harass the Worried and Wirtuous *Winifred*. It is published by F. V. WHITE & Co.; but, as it is essentially a story about a police affair, it should have been brought out by CONSTABLE.

A delightful book of Devonshire Poetry—quite a big tin of Devonshire Cream—is *Up-Along and Down-Along*, by EDEN PHILLPOTTS, with illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I. (METHUEN & Co.). The first poem (inspired probably by "*La vie est brève, Un peu d'amour*,") arrests our attention and gives us the key-note of the composition. Mr. SHEPPERSON has set himself to illustrate the second line, "A li'l suckin' ; a li'l sleepin'," which, taking it out of Devonian dialect, means that the babe is alternating refreshment and rest. Mr. SHEPPERSON represents a poor woman seated most uncomfortably, not to say dangerously, on a rocky projection, as she clasps to her breast with her right arm (invisible) a queer-shaped bundle, presumably her infant, while from under her left arm appears a something white, which may be either a dead ferret, a seagull, or an old rag. Should the woman lose her balance, then down go mother, baby and all, into the valley, hundreds of feet below! But to "Cockcrow," the second poem, the illustration of a landslip is admirable. It is, indeed, a fine specimen of Mr. SHEPPERSON at his best, as are also "A Devon Courting," No. III., and, but for its mystification of figures, No. VI., "Hymn to Pomona." Surely Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS does not wish us to believe that even the most private love affairs are conducted in so questionable a manner in any respectable Devon orchard? Are not all Devonshire orchards models of respectability? Every one of them is a Paradise before the fall of the apple. Isn't it so, Mr. EDEN?

In *The Silent Passenger* (JOHN LONG) G. W. APPLETON gives us a sensational story, humorously told. It is decidedly interesting until the complications become somewhat puzzling. But the tone of the hero, pleasantly recounting his adventures in the First Person Singular (which description represents him exactly), is so buoyant throughout all the tragic difficulties, that the reader, inoculated with the author's cheerfulness, cannot withhold his sympathy, but sincerely wishes him a satisfactory issue out of his many troubles. A great point in his favour is his fidelity to the unknown "lady of his love." In spite of evil report "his Heart is true to POLL." The Baron is sure that any lover of mystery will grapple with this story, and stick to it up to the climax. If then he is able to give a correct *précis* of this sensational plot, the Baron will regret that, in the appreciative student of Mr. APPLETON's work, the public will have been deprived of the services of a first-rate detective.

Soul-Twilight (JOHN LONG), the title that LUCAS CLEEVE has chosen for her latest novel, is not, to the Baron's mind, a particularly happy one, if indeed it be happy at all. Its meaning is far from clear, nor is it elucidated by the story that the authoress has set herself to tell. A wife "with a hunted look," and her husband, who, after her stupid, mischief-making, self-imposed confession to him, "sits motionless with half-closed eyes," are the two principal characters. "They two alone in the dark, he and she." Fancy that! The story is only another well-arranged variation on the old original theme of the moral excise penalty imposed upon illicit passion that has been smuggled into the home, labelled "Love." It is well told; and although there be a waste of words, yet are there oases in the desert most refreshing to the earnest traveller. LUCAS CLEEVE presents us with two powerfully drawn types, *Coralie Maxwell*, "in society," and *George Conyers*, out of it. This writer's ladies have a way of "extending both hands" to visitors; *Lillian* does it, *Coralie Maxwell* does it: it is effective now and then: specially in strongly dramatic scenes, of which there are several striking specimens in this novel; otherwise such action is merely theatrical gush, meaning nothing. Why *Lillian's* father, a philosophic muddle-head, who seems somehow to have strayed out of an early Meredithian novel, and then lost his character, should be brought in, it is difficult to determine: he does not help the story, rather impedes its narration. The Baron recommends *Soul-Twilight*, not as LUCAS CLEEVE's best, but as one of her second best, and worth the reading at that.



Looks Rather Black.

LAST Friday at Marylebone Police Court an electrician was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing, among other things, a pair of trousers which the thief averred he had found in the cellar. An unimpeachable witness, the butler, testified that the articles of clothing in question did undoubtedly belong to his master, Mr. Justice WALTON. Whereupon observed Mr. PLOWDEN, "The Judge does not dress in the cellar, I suppose?" The Butler did not reply. He neither affirmed nor denied. So perhaps the Judge did dress in the coal cellar, when studying *Coke*, or examining cases of *Lyttleton*. Whatever may become of the coals, so prudent a butler will never get the sack.

MOTTO FOR THIS AND FUTURE PARLIAMENTS.—"Labor omnia vincit."

CHARIVARIA.

THE victory of the Liberals is really more extensive than many persons imagine. Not only did they poll more votes, but they are also said to have broken more windows, thrown more mud, and told—well, fewer truths, than all the other parties combined.

Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has enunciated a theory that the diminution in the number of criminals in gaol just now is due to the excitement about the Election. The huge Liberal majorities are certainly difficult to account for.

And there is no doubt of one thing, namely, that the Liberals understand the labouring classes better than their rivals do. The Tariff Reformers made the great mistake of offering the British Workman more work.

It is a nice question whether beribboned dogs are always a help to a candidate. A feature of at least one Election was a desperate fight between two of these quadrupeds, both of whom were decked out in blue favours.

In a wrestling match at the Lyceum, last week, SMITH defeated SMYTH. Here we have the General Election in a nutshell.

The National Liberal Club proposes to give a banquet to the Liberal and Labour Members. To preserve order, we understand policemen will be placed between the friends wherever they would otherwise be next to one another.

In addition to a Labour Party, we are apparently to have a Belabour Party. Colonel SAUNDERSON has been presented by some admiring Orange-men with a stout blackthorn.

The London County Council's steam-boat policy has resulted in a loss of £51,205 to the ratepayers. And it is now stated that the efficiency of the L.C.C. will be seriously impaired by the election of a number of its members to the House of Commons. Nothing is said about the effect of this change on the efficiency of the House of Commons.

The announcement that the War Department intends to re-arm the whole

of the coast-defence forts with 6-in. and 9-in. guns has caused a dear old lady to write and ask whether these are the new short rifles of which she has heard so much.

It is not the intention of the Admiralty, when the *Dreadnought* is launched, to issue details of this new battleship. We are, however, at liberty to state that she is far larger than a torpedo-boat.

We understand that, to avoid the incon-

is expected that they will soon sober down.

We understand that the sentence of imprisonment passed on WILLETT, the Pirate King, carries with it the loss of his title.

"Photographs of sweethearts on finger-nails" is, according to a contemporary, Society's latest fad, and we are all agog with excitement to know whether it will spread to toes.

A popular Bradford cab-horse who had been condemned to be shot took part in a procession to the place of his execution. He is reported to have thought it a nice funeral.

The French Authors' Society is preparing a scheme which, if extended to England, should make theatre-going, even with us, a pleasure. Attached to the theatre will be roomy corridors, large smoking-rooms, telephone call-rooms, reading-rooms, and restaurants, and it will not be necessary to see the play at all.

On the site of a Roman encampment at Warborough, Wiltshire, an ancient ring has been found which, from its inscription, is believed to have belonged to BUERRIED, King of Mercia. As there is no record in history of His Majesty's having lost it, it is thought that he must have intentionally buerried it.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

THERE is, we understand, no foundation for the rumour that Mr. BOTTOMLEY has arranged to pair throughout the session with Mr. MARKS.

A Novel Situation.

"PARTRIDGE Wyandotte Hens, Pullets, cross-bred wishes a situation as Indoor Servant or Hotel Incubator and Foster-Mother."—*Irish Times*.

The Servant Problem—A Solution.

WANTED—COMPETENT YOUNG NURSE, for one child, good chance; man kept. [*Daily News Advertiser (Vancouver)*].

A Little Late for the Fair?

"AGITATOR wanted. Capacity about 600 gallons."—*Glasgow Herald*.



THE L.C.C. RECENTLY VOTED A SUM OF MONEY FOR PUTTING UP SIGN-BOARDS TO POINT THE WAY TO THE NEAREST RIVER-PIER. ECONOMY BEING THE ORDER OF THE DAY, WHY NOT MAKE USE OF OUR PUBLIC STATUES—SUCH AS ONE OF THOSE ROUND THE GLADSTONE PEDESTAL IN THE STRAND?

venience of overcrowding, King ALFONSO suggested that the representatives of the various newspapers should elect a committee of six to watch his courtship.

A lady who made a provision in her will for the erection of an artistic monument in London has been declared by the Court to have been of unsound mind.

With reference to the half-a-dozen carriages which jumped the rails on the District Railway last week, we are informed that, being new carriages, they were naturally young and frisky, but it

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

I THINK if I were intoxicated with success I should never go to MAURICE PRENDERBY in the hope of having a fresh garland twined in my hair. I should as soon think of putting my head under a pump; so temperate he is, and so potent a cause of temperance in others. To breathe his atmosphere is to be reduced from boiling point, or raised from zero, to a steady mean of 55° Fahrenheit. With too much imagination to take up tacitly his heritage of Conservatism, and with too nice a sense of humour and too catholic a gift for seeing things from all points of view to make a perfect Radical, he has reached, through much searching of the heart, to the detached status of a Cross-bencher; of what the Americans, with their happier feeling for euphony, have styled a Mugwump. To him, then, I went, as to a dweller in Gilead, for philosophic balm.

"Well," I said, "the pendulum has swung to some purpose."

"Pendulum," said PRENDERBY, "is hardly the word. It implies a simple reaction in obedience to Nature's unchallenged laws. What has happened to you, in the fine, figurative language of Mr. HORRIDGE, the better man than ARTHUR BALFOUR (Manchester has said he is, and what Manchester says to-day, England, etc., etc.) 'is not a defeat; it is not a rout; it's a *débâcle*.' And you have yourselves largely to thank. In 1900 you refused to give Nature a chance of running her natural course; you preferred to make your now notorious khaki appeal. I don't blame you. After all, your side has so small a *répertoire* of appeals to popular passion. The Empire is about the only one; while the others have a score of them—free breakfasts, no taxes for the poor, abolition of the rich, universal suffrage for man and beast, and all the rest of it. Well, in 1900 you presented your solitary appeal, the last that is likely to be made in our generation to the patriotic instincts of the race, with any hope of success. But it meant, as I say, the damming of Nature's course. Nature does not like dams, and she has had her revenge. The thing has burst, and the ancient landmarks, even the back-to-the-land-marks, such as HENRY CHAPLIN, are swept away."

"But what about our successes in foreign policy?"

"My dear man," replied PRENDERBY with a quiet note of pity in his voice, "have you yet to learn that a Government's virtues are accounted a gift of fortune to the country at large; only its sins remain its own. In point of fact, the last two years, the period which has seen your greatest diplomatic triumphs,—the *entente* with France, and the second Japanese alliance—have been fatal to your chances. They robbed you of the one argument on which you might have rested your claim to be returned to power, namely, the fear of foreign complications. They left the country free to rivet its attention on its pockets and its stomach."

"Then you think," said I, "that Free Trade has been the single issue at this Election?"

"I think nothing of the kind," said PRENDERBY. "Short of a *referendum* there is no human means available for accurately gauging the nation's views on any single issue. Our so-called appeals to the country are useless for this purpose, because they are allowed to determine the fate of a Government; and that means that all sorts of extraneous issues are introduced."

"And why," I asked, "don't we adopt this elementary device of the *referendum*?"

"For the good reason," said PRENDERBY, "that English politicians have always regarded the opinion of the nation as the last thing to be directly consulted as to what is good for it. We make a point of mixing our issues so as to confuse its judgment. If, and when, the average British citizen attains to the intelligence, say, of a Norwegian, we shall adopt the *referendum*. Members will be elected on general principles, and then, if a new question suddenly arises, such as this of Tariff

Reform, the Government of the day will ask for the nation's special mandate, without resigning or dissolving; will accept its verdict for or against, and go on governing as usual. As it is, with our present antiquated system, we cannot tell whether this last Election has turned on Tariff Reform, or Education, or the Trades Disputes Bill, or Trams, or Chinese Labour, or any of a dozen other issues, or just an amalgam of the lot. But of one thing I am confident, that, apart from the victories of your friends and mine, and perhaps a few others, this Election has not turned on the personality of candidates. You remember a Radical called COBDEN BLOGG of our year at the 'Varsity?"

"The Non-Coll. man that made noises at the Union?"

"The same. Well, he got in for some borough with a new lower-middle-class electorate at one of the earliest polls. The man he threw out had a touch of true statesmanship, and was regarded by the best judges on both sides of the House as likely to have a brilliant career. On the day after the Election I happened to meet BLOGG, flushed and perky, just outside the National Liberal Club, where he was about to enter and receive the acclamations of the hall-porter. One may sometimes trace a certain modesty in a victor's eye, when he attributes his triumph to the virtue of his cause, rather than his own. No such sign of humility tempered the elation of BLOGG. He had the air of a man convinced that his personal valour had done it; that the people, by an unerring sagacity, had chosen the better candidate. I thought again of the recorded words of Mr. HORRIDGE, in his hour of triumph: 'I have aimed at the Leader of the Unionist Party, and I have laid him low!'

"Ten days later, when the Liberal majority was well over 300, I met BLOGG again. I fancied I detected a hint of chagrin about the square setting of his resolute jaw. 'Our numbers,' he said jocosely, 'are getting almost unwieldy. Some of us gave the party too good a start!' He carried it off with the jaunty good humour of a giant who cannot always control his strength to a nicety. But I could easily guess what bitter reflections underlay this confession of superfluous force. I could see how annoyed he was that his own triumph should lose its distinction through the success of Just Anybody who had stood for the popular cause. Thoughtless people would come to believe that he, no less than his party, had been borne to haven, with scarce a voice in the matter, by the same impersonal flood-tide that wrecked their adversaries on the rocks.

"I confess I derived a sneaking pleasure from the damaged conceit of COBDEN BLOGG. On the other hand there are some new Liberal Members (I speak of my personal friends) with enough of individual charm and distinction to carry them to victory any day on their own merits; and in the very act of congratulation I have felt that it must a little blunt the sharpness of their joy to reflect into how strange a *colluvies* of odds and ends this same flood-tide has washed them. Curiously enough, I have not found them so sensitive to their surroundings as I could have wished. However, time will tell."

"I can hardly doubt it," I said. "The future, indeed, looms full of promise. When the first sharp shock of defeat is over, I shall find it a very true 'bliss to be alive.'"

"But to be young were very heaven!" added PRENDERBY, and sighed.

"There I differ," I said, almost cheerfully. "For the first time I draw solace from the fact that I am past my prime. I want to assist at the next Act or so of this drama, but not to live to see the end."

"And now, my dear PRENDERBY, I go; but I shall shortly return to get your answer to a conundrum whose solution has so far been beyond me. I desire particularly—assuming that Free Trade has been, as the Free Trade Party asserts, the dominant, if not the sole, issue at this Election—I desire particularly to know how it is that, while you, with your



Bernard Partridge.

DESIRABLE ALIENS.

[The "Venus and Cupid" of Velasquez, and Mr. Sargent's "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," were both last week secured for the National Collection.]





Nervous Player (deprecatingly playing card). "I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO PLAY. I'M AFRAID I'VE MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF."
Partner (re-assuringly). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, I DON'T SEE WHAT ELSE YOU COULD HAVE DONE!"

intelligence and wide reading in economics, still find the arguments for Free and Fair Trade almost evenly balanced, and hesitate to ally yourself with either camp, I find that the yokel, the bus-conductor, the bagman, and the bargee have found no sort of difficulty in making up their minds on this abstruse question at the first time of hearing, but have readily brought their intellects into line with the policy of the Liberal leaders. Please think this out, my dear PRENDERBY; and so farewell."

I went my way, somewhat relieved, but not completely light-hearted. To speak truth, I felt that PRENDERBY had needlessly dissimulated his sense of humour. Had I not known him well I might have doubted whether, after all, he had been so abundantly dowered with this priceless gift. Perhaps the occasion did not encourage facetiousness. With men of his temperate mode of thought, flood-tides and the like often make for depression. But this should correct itself. I would give him another chance at a further sitting. O. S.

SCENE—Early closing district.

Candidate (rather tired of heckling, to Scots audience, exclusively male and non-teetotal). Well, gentlemen, I am enjoying this Meeting very much, but in view of the fact that it is now 9-30 and some of you will have some little—er—shopping to do, I propose—

[General rush for doors.]

ACCORDING to *The Nottingham Evening News* the recent fire at Trent College "is supposed to have originated from the burning of a mistress put to air before a gas-stove in the music-room." We are very glad to learn that no one, not even the lady who was being aired, suffered the least injury. But it was a risky experiment.

THE CANDIDATE'S GLOSSARY.

(For Use at Future Elections.)

"GENTLEMEN"	means Your supporters.
"A section of political hooligans"	" The other man's.
"One who has ever at heart—"	" You.
"An individual (laughter) who shall be nameless"	" Him.
"Are we seriously to believe—"	" That he is a liar.
"Deliberate misrepresentation"	" That he has called you one.
"Enthusiasm for the cause"	" That your side has smashed his windows.
"Bounders with brickbats"	" That his side has smashed yours.
"In seconding resolution can but echo ... contest ... both sides ... strictly honourable"	" If we could only prove those five shillings!
"This truly magnificent verdict"	" A majority for you.
"A result by no means without encouragement"	" One for him.

Reflected Glory.

First Woman. Who cares for you? It's not so long since you was pulled up before the Bench for assault, and fined.

Second Woman. You mind what you're saying. My BILL's a Hem. P. now!

A PROFESSION OF FAITH.

"You don't mean to tell me you have given up art!" I asked, in surprise. Considering the season, the day was an ideal one for his profession, yet he was not sitting beside his chalk masterpieces on the pavement at the corner of Burgess Street, as was usual at this hour, but lolling comfortably on one of the benches in the Tothill Square Recreation Ground, communing luxuriously with his pipe. I had not seen him for some months, and it struck me he had grown rosier and stouter. "Surely they have not had the heart to move you on?" I asked again.

"When 'll there be another Gen'ral Eleckshun—d'you 'appen to know?" he said, ignoring my question.

I told him that, considering the Government's majority, there was no likelihood of one for some years to come.

"An' you don't 'appen to recall when it 'll be the Dook er WELLIN'TON'S centeenery?"

I told him that I believed it would not occur until 1952 or thereabouts.

"That's bad," he ruminated. "Then I shall just 'ave to make shift with funerals. They're allus dyin'—that's one comfort." I sat down at the other end of the bench and waited.

"Changed my pefession since I see you," he explained, shifting his wooden leg to an easier posture. "Young man what used to do my drorin's got pinched. Gent's dressin' case. Paddin' ton Station. Six months they give 'im. So, o' course, I 'ad to make a change. Sold the pitch for two quid to a chap what does 'is own drorin's."

"Then what are you doing now?" I asked. "Bootlaces?"

"Bootlaces!" His contempt was terrible. "What d'yer take me for? Bootlaces!! Not much. I've been workin' the crahds. No, I don't mean what you mean. I don't 'old with doin' things you'll be ashamed of doin' if you're twiggid a-doin' of 'em. My sister BELLER been an' married into the second-'and clothes line. Vaux'all Bridge way. She put me up to it—and that there Nelson centeenery. Remember the day all them crahds was in the Square? I was a Greenidge pensh'ner that day. Just stood under the Column—you know, like I'd forgot where I was. An' cried, an' every two or three minutes I'd pull myself up straight, wooden leg foremost, an' take me 'at in me 'and an' saloot, with the tears a streamin' down me face. Close on two quid, I made, inside of two hours. Never said a word, mind you. They just come sidlin' up an' slipped it into my 'and, like they was ashamed. There was a Frenchie there, too. Tried to kiss me, 'e did. An' no

end of old lydies with their shillin's an' sixpences. Orlright—it was."

"I suppose they mistook you for one of NELSON's crew?" I said.

"Shouldn't wonder if they did—now you come to mention it," he agreed.

"But the General Election?"

"Oh—that. When they was showin' the figgers—for 'oo'd won 'ere in London, you know. 'Eaps of people waitin' abaht. I was there, night after night, I was. In the crahd. An', as they put up the figgers, I'd keep my eyes open for any benevolent old gent as was dancin' with joy, like lots of 'em did—an' I'd say to 'im, 'I'm a bit short-sighted, I am. Would yer be so good as to tell me 'oo's won?' An' when 'e tol' me, I'd lift my 'at in my 'ands an' say, 'Eaven be thanked!' twice over—reverent like—that I 'ave lived ter see this day!' Ten ter one 'e'd part at that. An' if 'e didn't I'd go on ter tell 'im—sobbin' quiet like, that I'd been a life-long victim to cheap foreign labour under Free Trade, or that I could remember the awful times we used ter suffer under the crule old days er Proteckshun, accordin' to which side 'ad won. BELLER put me up to the patter—she's a wonder is BELLER, an' nothin' shorter. Did it pay me? I should smile. I on'y wish they'd 'ave a General Eleckshun every three weeks er so."

"I didn't know you were short-sighted," I commented. He only shook his venerable locks at me reprovingly. "They can't 'elp dyin' though—all the time—some of 'em."

"You mean Members of Parliament?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Don't mind 'oo they are, so long's they're well enough known to draw a crahd. I'm got up a'll in black, wif a 'at-band. Shabby, but very clean—pore but honest, like it might be. 'Angs abaht abtside the church—or the ceming-tery—like I wanted to get in, but too 'umble-minded. Cryin'? What do you think? An' a talkin' to myself. 'So good he was to me, like that. You don't 'appen to 'ave 'eard of anyone as is likely? Bein' ill?"

I could not think of anyone at the moment.

"On'y fault I've got ter find with it—it means such a lot er 'angin' abaht an' waitin'. I 'ad 'oped there might a been somethin' to be done wif the Dook er WELLIN'TON—'tween now an' Benkolidy. BELLER's got a Chelsea Pensh'ner's rig-out as does me a treat. Anyway, it's a sight better'n settin' all 'unched up on the col' pavemings. With always the chanst of someone comin' along a-arstin' of you to do somethin' right off out of your 'ead. Wotsay?"

I said I thought there was no doubt about it.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Winston Churchill to Lord Elgin.

DEAR ELGIN,—If you will call at my house to-morrow morning at ten, I shall be pleased to give you my instructions regarding the Government's Colonial Policy for the coming year.

Yours faithfully,

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster to Mr. St. John Brodrick.

MY DEAR BRODRICK,—Words cannot express my feelings on hearing of your defeat. However, although you will not be amongst us, whenever the defects of the War Office come up for discussion in the House I shall think of you.

Believe me to be as much yours as ever,

H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to Lord Rosebery.

MY DEAR ROSEBERY,—In your regrettable absence we have done as well as might have been expected.

I am writing to say that I am on the look-out for a new Junior Lord of the Treasury, FREEMAN-THOMAS having been defeated. If, therefore, you care to accept the position *pro tem.* (until, in fact, THOMAS finds another seat) I shall be glad to recommend your name.

Yours, H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE."

(From our Special Correspondent at Biarritz. Dated Jan. 26, 1906.)

TO-DAY has been a day of events. At 10.30 I motored on my 80-h.p. Pantard, disguised as an Archduke, to the Villa Mouriscot. A queue of 130 journalists were waiting at the gates to send in their cards. I thought the number of gendarmes present, twenty and a sergeant, ridiculously inadequate. We got through the gates with little difficulty. They were only of cast-iron, not wrought.

While spinning up the avenue to the house I was snap-shotted five times from behind evergreen shrubs, and once by *The Daily Tit-Bit's* representative disguised as a cork-tree. The disguise was very tolerably carried out, but a wireless-telegraphy pole only half-hidden in the branches was slightly injudicious. We gave him a clear four inches.

My motor was at the door of the Villa almost before the gendarmes at the gate had picked themselves up. Flinging my sable cloak and some gold to the funkeys, I strode through the hall. I quickly noted that the grandfather-clock was occupied by the correspondent of *Le Hig-Lif*. A beginner. Rather *vieux jeu*, this device.

A major-domo advanced towards me,

and with an imperious wave of the hand I bade him conduct me instant to the Royal presence. He demurred. "The young Princess and His Majesty were alone in the drawing-room and on no account to be disturbed," he said. However, I pacified him.

Striding onwards, I reached the door of the drawing-room. It was closed, and the key was in the lock. A muffled whispering through the crack of the door tantalised me greatly. I took out part of a panel with my centre-bit. It was a not unhandy piece of work.

The Royal pair were there, as the enclosed film will show. I had to give a somewhat lengthy exposure, on account of the subdued lighting of the room. The fumes of chloroform wafted to me from the prostrate major-domo were a little trying.

My interview—if one might so term it—was prematurely cut short through the crass stupidity of the *Hig-Lif* man, who rang twelve chimes on the grandfather-clock instead of eleven. The Royal couple started up hastily, and I became entangled in the skeleton-legs of my camera, thus falling an easy prey to King ALFONSO.

I escaped from prison after lunch, with the loss of my gun-cotton handkerchief.

Later.—I hear that 2000 tons of barbed-wire fencing and a battery of pom-poms are being hurried down the line from Bordeaux, but you may reckon with certainty on a further communication from your devoted correspondent.

INTERLUDE.

"Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit."

Now that the chains of office fall
From your unfettered hands,
North Berwick and St. Andrews call
You to their yellow sands.
No Fiscal Bogey there shall shock,
No faithless clique betray;
Nor any spiteful motions block
The order of the day.

No Party Whips the strokes shall tell;
No need on either side
Of the shrill summons of a bell,
Or closure, to divide.
No standing orders for your stance;
No Terrace for your tee;
No SPEAKER's eye to catch the glance
That on your ball should be.

Your fault alone if you must fear
The influence of the Press,—
Not the whole world, one tiny sphere
Is all you need address.
Tighten your grip! Stand fast! Correct
What points correction need;
To keep the honour, recollect
You must retain the lead.



THE LAST SHOOT OF THE SEASON.

(Pheasants coming very high over tall trees.)

Gun (after twelve successive misses). "BEASTLY THINGS MUST BE OUT OF RANGE. OUGHT TO BE SHOT FROM THE OTHER SIDE."

Loader. "WHAT OTHER SIDE, SIR?"

Gun. "SKY, OF COURSE!"

Then when all faults have found a cure,
When Fortune's ceased to frown,
When all your drives fly far and sure,
And all your putts go down,
Approach St. Stephen's Green, to match
Skill against strength, and win!
And don't forget the wise old catch,
"Up never, never In."

Political Intelligence.

At a meeting in Radnorshire someone bored the gaspipes, with the result that, according to *The Morning Leader*, "gas was escaping." As a rule at political meetings the escape of gas is the cause and not the result of the boring.

More Commercial Candour.

"THE Editress of the —, No. 1 out on Friday, will give £10 in prizes to the news-agent who displays her journal to the best advantage. . . . The — will be the best sell of the week."

Another New Paper.

It is rumoured that a rival to *The Westminster Gazette* is about to be started entitled *The Examiner Gazette*. It will be edited by Mr. BALFOUR and sub-edited by Mr. LYTTELTON; while among the contributors will be Mr. BRODRICK and Lord STANLEY. It will be printed on very green paper.

"OUT-HERODING 'HEROD.'"

CERTAINLY, with *Nero* at His Majesty's Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has gone one better than with his *Herod* at the same theatre. So also has Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. A splendid spectacle. But a play, in the full sense of interesting and thrilling plot dramatically carried out, it is not. Women and men may come and go, may talk much, and so admirably deliver the lines that poet STEPHEN PHILLIPS has given them as justly to win the heartiest appreciation of a highly intelligent audience, and to receive thoroughly well-merited applause; but, with the exception of three notable situations, two of which are most powerful, there is very little dramatic action in this play. Though there be great dramatic effect, dramatic continuity and development of character, yet are these not "butchered," but sacrificed, with grandest ceremonial rites, "to make a Roman holiday."

It is difficult to see where Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has given Mr. TREE, as *Nero*, any one really fine scene. Mr. TREE's make-up is most artistic; as years progress, sensuality and cruelty line his painted face, and he looks what *Nero* was, a monster of depravity, in whom the light of conscience had been extinguished for ever.

Mrs. TREE, as *Agrippina*, *Nero's* mother, has a distinctly fine part, and plays it admirably. It may not be a perfect performance, but whether some apparent imperfections are to be considered as attributes of the character, or not, is a question that cannot be determined off-hand after only witnessing a *première*.

The most sensational situation is the sudden death, by poison, of young *Britannicus*, Mr. ESME PERCY, whose fall, headlong down the marble steps, absolutely struck terror into the audience. "Oh, what a fall was there!" It will be ever memorable in histrionic annals. Fine, too, is the end of this Act, where *Nero*, the conscience-stricken fratricide, confronts his mother, and makes her responsible for his guilt, as the curtain falls on a scene of wild disorder.

The strongest dramatic effect in the play is powerfully impressed on the audience by the acting of Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Poppæa*, and of Mr. C. W. SOMERSET as *Tigellinus*, the crafty Minister, when they, in deadly silence, fearfully await the three signals that shall announce the death of *Agrippina*. Here was genuine acting: it was perfect. On this finely devised and superbly rendered situation the curtain descended.

Mr. LYN HARDING, whose *Bill Sikes* was so admirable, has not much to do except to be rough and ready, as Guglielmus Sikeus would have been, in the capacity of *Burrus*, *Nero's* Minister of War.

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD played *Acte*, a graceful captive Princess, where and why taken prisoner it was not easy to ascertain from any hints dropped in the general conversation. Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER looked the Roman lady, played the unfaithful wife, and died effectively as an invalid, after a long and inexplicable illness. Perhaps she was poisoned. *Nero* knows: nobody else does, except, perhaps, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS. As *Poppæa's* soldierly husband *Otho*, Mr. BASIL GILL was excellent; he had one short scene with his treacherous wife, of which both of them made the most. *Otho* is a sort of Uriah the Hittite, sent on active service by the EMPEROR, who is passionately enamoured of *Poppæa*, and who, speaking in the old-fashioned language of melodrama, "must and will possess" her.

I do not know if the ladies who take the small "speaking parts," and those who swell the crowd, are pupils of the dramatic school in which Mr. TREE teaches acting in all its branches, but anyhow they are most promising pupils, and do thorough justice to their able instructor. *Arboris floreat Academia*.

To carefully criticise Mr. COLERIDGE TAYLOR's music and its execution under the skilled direction of Mr. ADOLF SCHMID

is, after this one hearing, well-nigh impossible. It is difficult indeed to say more than that it seemed exactly to illustrate the situations. There was not too much of it: it was appropriate: and it appeared to be used as an accompaniment to action precisely when it was wanted.

The curtain finally descends on a grand scene of Rome in flames. *Nero* has indeed "painted the town red," and somewhat recalling the boy "on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled," and saved themselves, he, like the lunatic incendiary at large that he is, paces up and down a terrace playing the lyre, and the fool at the same time, as a fit Hanwellian accompaniment to the awful catastrophe brought about by his Colney-hatched plot. It is a weird, maniacal, but dramatically unsatisfactory, finish. The conflagration still rages as the audience go out.

On the occasion of this most interesting and successful *première* the last to leave the house was the popular dramatist, descendant of so unworthy a Roman who was as poet, playwright, and artist, only an Imperial amateur, and sad was it to note the look of chastened sorrow and deepest regret on his intellectual countenance, as Mr. P. NERO quitted his stall, and walked silently out into the comparatively chilly night.

Mr. TREE, who has sent to Poet PHILLIPS a laurel crown which he declined to wear as being "too big for him," may rest upon the laurels which have not been made into a crown, and congratulate himself, his wife, and company, on a remarkable and quite exceptional success, a very "Blaze of Triumph!"

THE HIGHER LIFE.

[Canon BARNETT, writing in *The Tribune*, pleads for University education for the working man. "Here," he says, "is a call for legislation. Oxford and Cambridge might be compelled to put a fair share of their resources at the service of workmen."]

WHAT, what has become of the labouring men who used to support the pubs,

The dockyard crew and the plumber too, and the caddie who carried our clubs?

O whither has vanished the ox-like HODGE with the neck of a Highland bull,

And the muscular band who dug up the Strand whenever the Strand was full?

Stout HODGE has left the acres of mud that he tramped in his hob-nailed boots;

No longer he weeds the turnips and swedes—he's taken to Sanskrit roots;

And the lass that he loved in the long ago has lost her faithless man—

Poor milkmaid JANE awaits him in vain—he's wedded forever to *av*.

There's nothing the plumber will drain to-day—not even a pint of swipes;

He sports his oak and refuses to smoke because it reminds him of pipes;

And he'd sadly regret all the years he has spent in learning to solder and plumb

Were it not in the fates that a knowledge of grates should assist him to pass *Litt. Hum*.

The burglar's at home in his college rooms; he's used to living in quods;

And he's quite at his ease with his cribs and keys, so he hopes for a first in Mods.

Through the darkest passage he finds his way, as cool as a lump of ice,

And his purple past should fit him at last for playing the rôle of Vice.



Extract from Letter:—"THAT LITTLE MR. SMITH MUST BE VERY STRONG. HE WOULD NOT LET GO, AND HUNG ON MOST HEROICALLY, WHILE I RAN FOR MY LIFE WITH FIDO!"

PARTURIUNT DENTES

PRONE in the dentist's torture-chair,
With drumming fists, erectile hair,
And tapping of the boots,
I lay, and watched the long hours go,
While nerve on nerve our Common Foe
Grappled, and wrenched, all quivering, from its roots.

I was not merry. Postured thus,
One rarely feels hilarious ;
And, as that icy screw
Plied its dread office, I confess
I wept ; and in my bitterness
I cursed my day. And cursed the dentist too.

When lo ! as oft, when skies are gray,
The sparkling Regent of the Day
Leaps from behind a cloud,
So on my tortured being broke
The sudden rapture of a joke,
So rich, so radiant, that I laughed aloud !

My jaws were gagged. My mouth was full
(Ah me !) of rolls of cotton-wool.

The sound, I must admit,
Had less of laughter than the note
Known as a rattle in the throat.
The operator nearly had a fit.

Pale to the lips with sudden dread,
He loosed the gag, and raised my head,
And gave me drink to quaff.

I told him that I had but thought
Of something funny. It was nought.
I said, " Confound you, can't a fellow laugh ? "

He scorched me with a fiery eye ;
And said that I could sob, or sigh,—
Such was the common lot ;
But that the noise of one that laughed
Outraged the canons of his craft ;
And, as he grimly urged, " I'd better not. "

Thinking a dentist, when annoyed,
Is quite a person to avoid,
I left him with a sneer,
To cast abroad my *jeu d'esprit*,
With view to pay the ruffian's fee,
And stimulate a doting Public's cheer.

O Readers, when I wandered thence,
My heart was fat with confidence ;
I *knew* that all was well ;
Yet am I now, if truth be told,
E'en as that pessimist of old,
Who said he never nursed a young gazelle.

For " oh, the heavy change ! " (It shows
That after all one never knows.)

I would have bet my money
That humour in a dentist's chair
Ought to be humour anywhere—
And, now I'm out of it, it isn't funny. DUM-DUM.



Onlooker. "An' 'TWERE ONLY T'OTHER DAY AS JARGE SAID 'E DIDN'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HOME RULE!"

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(Being Reflections, by a highly-strung Tory, on the Eccentricities of Parliamentary Nomenclature.)

O ENGLAND, why count upon claiming
The nations' continued respect,
When euphony's laws in the naming
Of Members you grossly neglect?
It may be that I have, unduly
Developed, the musical bump,
But surnames like CROOKS or GILHOOLY,
They give me the hump.

I haven't the smallest objection
To hearing a spade called a spade
By the violent friends of Protection
Or the truculent foes of Fair Trade;
My appetite's normal; on porridge
My fast ev'ry morning I break;
But when BALFOUR was ousted by HORRIDGE
It made my heart ache.

When political bruiser meets bruiser,
And one of the parties is "downed,"

A querulous tone in the loser
Won't help him to win the next
round.

But when you are in for a licking
Because of the pendulum's swing,
If the name of your victor's McMICKING
It adds to the sting.

I regard the encroachment of Labour
Without one disquieting qualm;
The return of my gasfitting neigh-
bour

I treat with a dignified calm;
The humours of Samuel Gerridge
In Caste I have always admired;
But the advent of HORRIDGE and BER-
RIDGE—

That makes me feel tired!

Some Parliaments, history teaches,
Have earned a continuing fame
By their length, or the strength of their
speeches,
By glory, or even by shame,

But *this*, while there's mustard in Nor-
wich,

And while there are pigs in Athlone,
By the triumph of BERRIDGE and HORRIDGE
Will surely be known.

Mems about Members.

MR. JOHN BURNS, although he is now
a Cabinet Minister, still continues his
old habit of entering his house at Batter-
sea by means of the doorway.

No one who knows MR. JAMES BRYCE
would suppose that his favourite recrea-
tion was walking backwards up a spiral
wire.

It is not generally believed that Mr.
"LULU" HARCOURT is a member of the
Russian Secret Service.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is some years
the junior of his father, MR. JOSEPH
CHAMBERLAIN.



W. J. L. S. 1906.

THROUGH!





TUNNING-KING

Old Gentleman. "HOW BEAUTIFUL THE TREES LOOK WITH THEIR COATING OF WHITE FROST!"

Keeper. "IT'S AS I 'AVE SAID MANY A TIME, SIR. THESE 'ERE WHITE FROSTS BEAT NATUR' HOLLER. BUT FOLKS ONLY SMILE WHEN I TELL 'EM SO."

THE REASON WHY.

[Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's language has been described as windy.]

WE've had some windy nights of late,
Sir H. C.-B., and now they state
That you're another, when you prate,
And when you rail.
But we'll excuse you for that same;
If you are windy, why, small blame,
'Tis Nature's fault, for by your name
You're half a Gael!

THE BOOK OF THE DAY.

A BELATED REVIEW.

WE do not say that we came to this great volume with any prejudice against it, but we admit to a dislike of the cover. Now, however, we are bound to say that it is undoubtedly the book of the day. More—the book of the year. Scarcely a moment passes, since it has been in

our possession, but we have found ourselves turning its pages, every one of which has some message for us, some helping phrase, or some familiar picture from which it is hard to tear the gaze.

We never saw a book with such a wealth of pictures, many of them in colours and fascinating in their realism; just like life. It must surely inaugurate a new era in illustration. But neither artist's name nor author's is given. We should doubt if either text or drawings could be the work of one man; a syndicate rather; but surely honour should be given where honour is due. Think of a volume of 1223 pages, and not a dull line, and yet no hint as to authorship or editorship! And at this day, too, when so many journalists seem to exist merely to draw attention to books and authors.

We read all the literary papers, but not one has said a word of this volume. It is allowed to pass unnoticed, in spite

of its huge circulation and encyclopædic information. We see the praises of this novelist and that poet, this biographer and that traveller, but nothing of the book before us. Must the brightest and best lights be always hidden under bushels?

It is a book for old and young alike. The young are indeed pampered by it, after the new fashion. If any one doubts this, let him look at page 1003.

Travellers often give lists of the three or four books which they take with them on their perilous journeys and read and read again; but we have never seen this work mentioned. And yet there is nothing so various, so packed, as this, nothing that would so bring to their minds memories of home or plans for the future.

We do not say it is perfect. There are many cases where the interest suddenly stops and others where, in our opinion, the *mot juste* is lacking; the style is

jerky; now and then the transition from one subject to another is extraordinarily abrupt, as when the writer, having exhausted all he has to say on art, turns swiftly to the consideration of physic. But when an author takes all life for his province he may be pardoned if he does not spend too much time in passing gradually from theme to theme. Looked at as a whole it is a very remarkable book, and we shall dip into it again and again.

It is a Stores List.

WORKERS IN THE CAUSE.

(A Reminiscence of the Elections.)

"IRENE," said ALICE suddenly, interrupting a duologue on hats. "I suppose you are going canvassing?"

IRENE opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, no, ALICE! And please, please, don't ask me! I simply couldn't!"

"But you mustn't say 'couldn't.' It is your duty to canvass. The Cause wants workers—lots more workers. And you have a motor-car."

"But, ALICE! I really haven't got the nerve. How could I go poking my head into strange people's houses, and saying, 'Vote for ——'? By the way, which is the one they have to vote for? RAMSEY, isn't it?"

"IRENE! That's the other one! How can you! Every vote given for RAMSEY is a vote given for Home Rule."

"Oh, is it? I must remember that. It seems so silly not to know."

"And you *will* go canvassing?"

"But I can't! I don't know anything about politics. Fancy if they should want me to argue with them!"

"There isn't any need to argue. I don't ever. All you have to do is to put on your best hat and look nice, and ask them if they have quite made up their minds which way they are going to vote. If they say they are going to vote for the Liberal, you can just talk to them a bit about the weather, and then get away as quickly as you can. If they are going to vote for the Conservative, you ought to stay a little longer, and remind them that next Thursday week is the polling-day. That's all. You see it's quite simple."

"But what if they say they are not going to vote at all?"

"Oh yes, of course, I had forgotten that! That's the most important thing of all. You must then show them one of Mr. WILMINGTON's photographs."

"WILMINGTON? Who's he?"

"IRENE! You're too dreadful! Why, that's our man!"

"Our man? Oh yes, I see! The Conservative candidate, you mean? That's right, isn't it? We are Conservatives, aren't we?"

"Really, I think, perhaps, after all, you had better not go canvassing. You might make some bad mistake."

The prospect of canvassing became suddenly attractive.

"Oh, no, I don't think I should. It seems quite simple. I fancy I shall rather like canvassing. It will be all right so long as I remember our man's name. What did you say it was, again?"

"WILMINGTON."

"Of course, yes! I knew it began with a W. And hadn't I better get up a few of the arguments? They might want to argue with me, you know; and it's just as well to be prepared. Tell me about Mr. What's-his-name's politics. Is he a—what is it that the papers have been making all this fuss about? Oh, I know, is he a Free-Trader or a Protectionist?"

"I'm not sure, I never quite know what the two things mean. I fancy Mr. WILMINGTON doesn't quite know himself. Hadn't you better leave that question alone?"

"Oh, no, but I can't. It's the question of the day. Everybody is certain to discuss it. And I never can recollect whether it's the Free-Traders or the Protectionists that want to shut up all the public-houses. Which is it?"

"I don't know. You had far better learn something that people can understand. 'A Pettleham man for Pettleham' goes down excellently."

"That sounds rather nice. I must make a note of that. Let me see, which is the Pettleham man—ours or the other one?"

"Ours, of course!"

"Thanks. Yes, so it would be. Ah! and there's another thing that I heard somebody talking about. They kept on saying how important it was that the Liberals should get a working majority. What is a working majority?"

"I think it must mean a majority of working-men—of Labour members, you know."

"Oh yes, of course! I shall remember that. Is there anything else I ought to be up in?"

"You'll find that quite enough. I always think that, when one goes canvassing, the less one knows the better. If one knows absolutely nothing, then one can't say anything that's wrong, can one?"

"There's something in that."

Three days later, ALICE met her new recruit motoring home, her face radiant with triumph, and the back of the car adorned with a huge bill—"Vote for RAMSEY and Free Trade."

"Fancy, ALICE!" she cried, exultingly. "I've canvassed a whole street. No end of people promised to vote for me. Isn't it grand!"

"But, IRENE! How could you!

You've been canvassing for the wrong man! RAMSEY is the Liberal!"

"No, ALICE! He isn't, *really*, is he? Are you quite sure?"

ALICE nodded grimly.

"However could you make such a terrible mistake?"

"Oh, don't ask me! I don't know! I really haven't an idea how I came to do such a silly thing. I made sure our man's name began with a W."

"So it does. But RAMSEY begins with an R."

IRENE's face lightened.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Then it wasn't my fault, after all! You know Dr. TANNER? The man who *will* pronounce his R's like W's."

"Yes, I know him. He's the most dreadful Radical in the whole town."

"Is he? Well, it's all his fault. I met him just as I was starting out; and I told him I was going canvassing. When he asked me for which side, I found I'd lost the paper out of my purse with our man's name on it. What *was* I to do, ALICE? I couldn't go on canvassing without knowing who for. So I told Dr. TANNER that, if he would tell me what the names were, I would tell him which was the right one. Then he said, 'Was it WAMSEY?' I knew that it began with a W; so, of course, I said it *was* WAMSEY, and asked him to lend me a pencil to write it down. Then he said he had something that would do much better; and he went into his house, and fetched out a lot of little cards with 'Vote for RAMSEY' on them."

"Well, you saw then that RAMSEY wasn't spelt with a W?"

"No, I didn't. You see, I was so excited. And Dr. TANNER was *most* nice. He helped to fasten that big placard on the back of the car, and hung two little ones on the side. Then I went canvassing. I was enormously successful."

"You've made a nice muddle of it."

A complacent smile crept into the corners of IRENE's mouth.

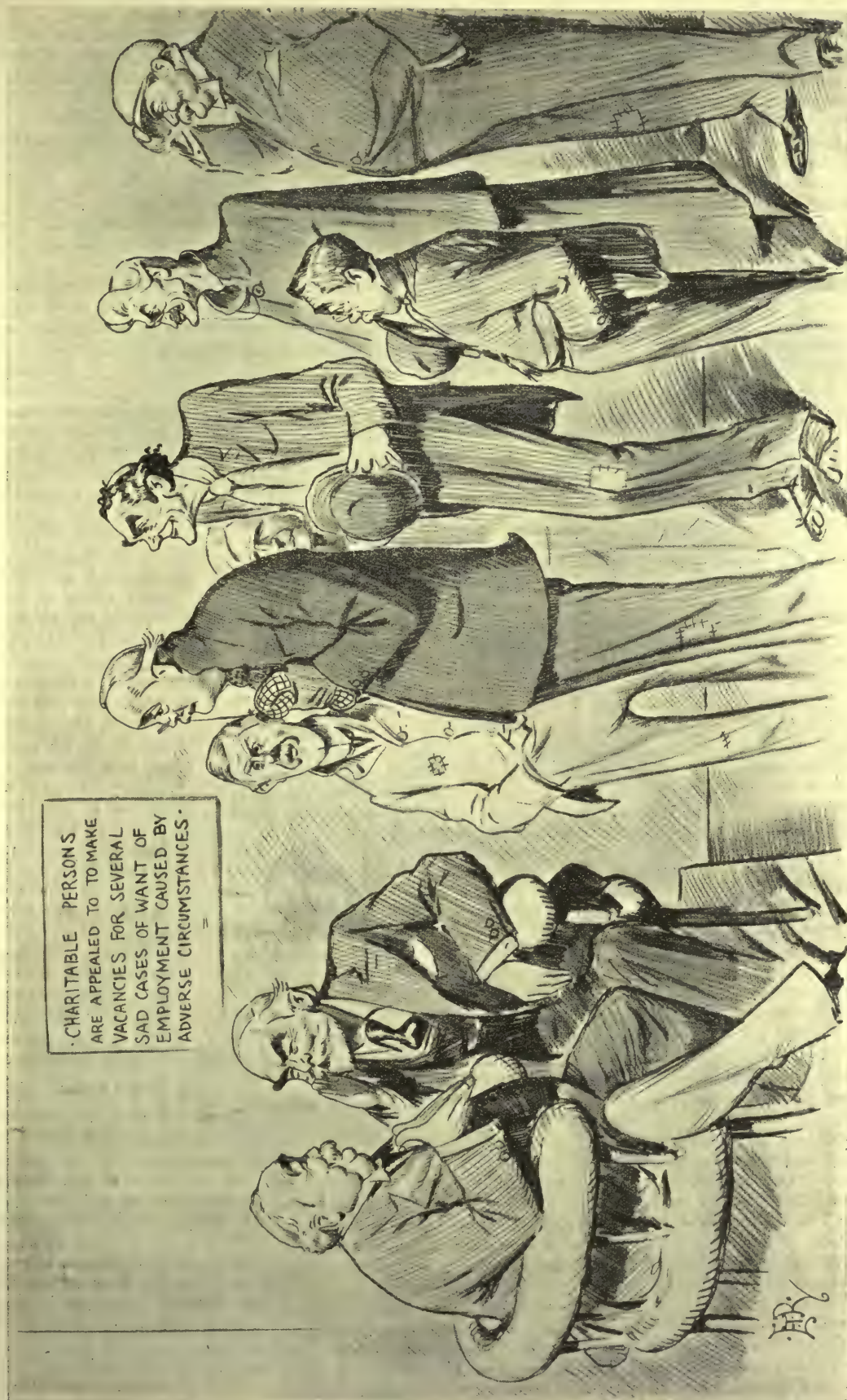
"I do hope you'll be able to put it all right again. Because I really think I made rather an impression. Every man I saw I got to promise to vote for RAMSEY. One man said that, if all the Royal Family were to come and argue with him for an hour, he wouldn't go back on his word. He was quite earnest about it."

"It seems rather a pity you went canvassing at all, doesn't it?"

"Well, you made me. We were talking sensibly about hats at the time, and I told you I didn't understand canvassing. Whereas, hats, now——"

"That reminds me. I've just seen the most delicious new design in——"

[Left handling a topic they really do understand.]



A DEPUTATION OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Sir Henry C.-B. "ARTHUR BALFOUR, A PHILANTHROPIC GENTLEMAN IN THE CITY, IS, AT GREAT INCONVENIENCE TO HIMSELF, MAKING A SITUATION FOR YOU,—YOU ARE VERY FORTUNATE. WITH REGARD TO THE REST OF THE DEPUTATION, I AM AFRAID, GENTLEMEN,—AND IN THIS I HAVE THE FULL CONCURRENCE OF MY RIGHT HON. FRIEND,—I CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU. YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT WITH EXEMPLARY PATIENCE FOR VACANCIES AS THEY ARISE."

THE YOUNG PARLIAMENTARY HAND-BOOK.

So many of the legislators who have been returned to the Parliament which is just opening are young or inexperienced that *Mr. Punch*, always paternal and philanthropic, has spent considerable time in collecting for their guidance a number of hints and cautions. Only by properly understanding these can success at St. Stephen's be assured.

DRESS.

There is no hard and fast line to be drawn here. In the House, as in the street or the home, dress is largely a matter of personal taste. None the less it is customary in the House to retain one's coat even on hot nights, and when wearing spats, to have them of the same colour on each foot. At the Local Government Board the blue serge of a strenuous life is *de rigueur*, and suits of this material may be obtained at low rates of the Mayor of Battersea. Under an artificial light, blue becomes black, thus bringing the wearer into line with evening decorum. In the dog-days white duck trousers may be worn with impunity as a tribute to the memory of Mr. BOWLES. In regard to hats the example of Mr. KEIR HARDIE makes it clear that to wear a deer-stalker does not involve the stigma of owning a deer forest.

The larger Tories are addicted to frock-coats. It is understood that a number of these excellent garments, all in good condition, from the wardrobe of Mr. CHAPLIN (who no longer has any use for them), will be on sale shortly in the Lobby. Tariff reformers add an orchid, but this is not compulsory. Indeed nothing is compulsory: the House, like the country, is free.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN is said to be contemplating a general order making his own very high collars the rule; but until that happens Members may wear what they like. The fold-over is at present first favourite. By turning this pattern inside out it may be made serviceable for a second day. A bureau for the sale of collars and handkerchiefs has been opened just behind the SPEAKER's chair. Before leaving this subject it may be as well to remind new Members that special furs are associated with different Parliamentary groups. Thus, while astrachan is invariably affected by

Members in the "Birmingham zone," moleskin coats are the badge of the Labour Party, while waistcoats of chameleon skin are worn by Balfourites.

Food.

Food is provided in the House. Nosebags are not forbidden, but it would be idle to pretend that they are encouraged. The food provided in the House, no matter to what Party you belong, is taxed. In other words, you have to pay for it. No tea is served anywhere but on the Terrace, wet or fine. Hence, when the weather is very bad, tea is rarely drunk, even by the Chinese Labour Party. It is against the rules to have meals brought to you during

which is kept in an Aerated Bread Garage on the Clock Tower. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL comes on the back of his Vulture, but this is somewhat frowned at. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS rides a cow. Mr. JOHN BURNS is landed at the Terrace steps by a private Thames Steamer, of which he is both admiral and crew. Others use four-wheelers. The Labour Members are having a motor 'bus built for them, of which it is untrue to say that Sir CHARLES DILKE will be the driver. Odd how these rumours get about!

JOURNALISM.

Members are not allowed to be visited at intervals in their places in the House by printers' devils. Journalist M.P.'s will have to despatch their copy from the outer doors.

It has never been considered good form to review a book during the progress of a debate; but anything may happen in the new Parliament.

FORMS OF ADDRESS.

The PREMIER should be addressed as Sir HENRY, or, when terms of intimacy are established, as BANNERMAN. There is no need to say CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN every time. Do not say C.-B.

Mr. BRODRICK is not likely to be in Parliament just yet; but when he comes do not call him BRODDER.

Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS is known to his intimates as "Bob," and among the theatrical profession as "Old AKERS," but while he is official Leader of the Opposition undue familiarity is to be deprecated.

Before speaking to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN bow almost to the ground, and apologise for existing. This will make the interview easier, and, for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, more home-like.

A FEW GENERAL HINTS.

Be careful to distinguish between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who are really different persons.

Do not refer to Mr. BALFOUR (on his return) either as a Chamberlainite or a Balfourite. He is more subtle than that.

If you see a friend in the Strangers' Gallery, do not attempt to converse with him from the floor of the House while Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is speaking.

It is not considered good form to remove your boots during the course of an all-night sitting.

NEW READINGS OF OLD LINES.—"Journeys end in mothers' meetings."



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

CREDIT NOT HIM WHOSE TONGUE SPEAKETH WONDERS.

debates. If you are very hungry you must catch the SPEAKER's eye and ask leave to retire for refreshment; or pair with an equally hungry Tory.

LOCOMOTION.

It is not the thing for any Member to walk to the House; but it is absolutely forbidden to London Members, in all of whose constituencies are many honest hard-working cabmen. Here again personal taste dictates. One Member will come in his brougham, another in his motor car, a third in a hansom, a fourth on motor skates. The PRIME MINISTER is always drawn by a pair of high-steppers, harnessed together with a hyphen. The Member for the Ayr Burghs descends in an aeroplane,

OUR THEATRICALS.

THE first thing, of course, was a Committee Meeting. We met at Mrs. SOMERVILLE'S, the lady who organises Extension Lectures, and knows all the really brainy people for miles round. SMITHERS was there, naturally; he comes of a theatrical family, having a cousin in a musical comedy somewhere on tour in Wales. Then there was BRITANNIA HOXTON, who gives Wild West recitations to the poor of the parish, after they have been fed and lectured on sanitation by Mrs. SOMERVILLE; and young TURNHAM GREEN, who, having been born with the artistic temperament, as he frequently explains, is incapacitated for any remunerative employment; and last, but least in one sense only, little Miss GIPSY HILL, who possesses twenty-seven entirely different photographs of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON. Why GEORGE had been invited to take part I could not explain: certainly his qualifications for the stage were not so obvious as those of the others. But there he was, in his usual disgustingly high spirits, talking thirteen to the dozen to GIPSY, until Mrs. SOMERVILLE, somewhat tardily as I thought, called him to order. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, in her composite capacity of hostess, business-manager, chaperon, censor, advertising agent, and, as a rule, leading lady, did all the calling to order, though BARTHOLOMEW, the curate, was nominally in the chair. He had been installed in that position, not because he invariably went to see Mr. BENSON'S Shakspearean Company whenever it visited the neighbourhood, but because he represented the Good Object. And the Good Object was important.

We were a talented company (excepting GEORGE), yet we could not trust the neighbourhood to turn up in any force to see us act, without the Good Object. So little diffused, I regret to say, is the love of Art for Art's sake.

Well, BARTHOLOMEW, having been formally requested by Mrs. SOMERVILLE to say a few words, remarked that we were all gathered together in the sacred cause of charity, and that charity covered a multitude of sins. Thereupon GEORGE, with that lack of reverence that distinguishes him, gave vent to an entirely pointless guffaw, and Mrs. SOMERVILLE, rising in the awkward silence that ensued, with a large manuscript in her hands, began by saying that, having talked the matter over with her husband—dear old SOMERVILLE was not present, but we all knew him and appreciated the pure formality of this opening—she had arrived at the conclusion that, having regard to the Good Object, we ought not to be unduly frivolous. At this moment a maid entered the room with tea. (*Hear, hear!*)



Smart Girl (to keen Motorist). "MY SISTER HAS BOUGHT A BEAUTIFUL MOTOR-CAR."

Keen Motorist. "REALLY! WHAT KIND?"

Smart Girl. "OH, A LOVELY SAGE GREEN, TO GO WITH HER FROCKS."

Mrs. SOMERVILLE, sinking for the nonce the manager in the hostess, seated herself at the tea-table. Amidst the hubbub of small talk that followed I just caught a whisper that Mrs. SOMERVILLE had added to her other functions that of authoress, and was about to read to the company a play specially written for the occasion. Somebody said quite loudly, "How awfully clever of you!" And then GEORGE and GIPSY, who were sitting together in a remote corner (listening to GEORGE'S verbosity) and could not possibly have had any notion of what was meant, turned round and echoed "How awfully clever of you!" in unison. The thought that GEORGE was leading that sweet young girl into disingenuous paths distressed me so much that I was able to pay but little attention to the play when, after tea, Mrs. SOMERVILLE did read it. But it was certainly not frivolous. The speeches in it were so lengthy that I was much relieved to find that she had allotted to me only the task of prompting. I was also pleased, for

the moment, when I heard that she had cast GEORGE, of all people, for the hero. Mrs. SOMERVILLE'S weight is somewhat excessive for heroines, and the fellow who has to make love to her always looks a good deal of an ass. I pictured myself seated in the wing on the night, prompt-book on knee, chatting to GIPSY, and pointing out to her—what by that time, however, I trusted would be sufficiently self-evident—namely, how ridiculous a person GEORGE really was.

But from this delightful dream I was quickly awakened. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, presently handing out to everyone their parts, said sweetly to GIPSY, "I am going to retire in your favour, dear. I shall have quite enough to do without playing juvenile lead—and you know GEORGE quite well already, don't you?" What could have induced Mrs. SOMERVILLE to make such a departure from established precedent I could not imagine. Only the Good Object prevented my resigning my promptership on the spot.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE birth and the achievements of the Fourth Party form one of the most fascinating chapters in the political history of England during the last twenty-five years. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in his *Life of his father* has illumined the episode with commanding art. Shortly on his footsteps treads the son of another member of the historic Party. In preparing the records of *The Fourth Party* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. HAROLD GORST has had the assistance of his father, who states in a brief preface that he has placed at the disposal of the author his recollections of the past, and such documents as remain in his possession. Sir HENRY WOLFF, reading and revising the proofs, contributes a letter in which he demurs to what Mr. HAROLD GORST describes as "the surrender" to Lord SALISBURY when the defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE, in 1885, opened the way for what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN irreverently described as the Stopgap Government. Mr. GORST's account of the turn of events which brought Lord RANDOLPH into the Cabinet points to its having been conceived and carried out behind the back of Sir JOHN GORST, in violation of an understanding that upon matters of such moment the Party as a whole—they were not embarrassingly numerous—should be consulted. Sir HENRY WOLFF objects alike to the use of the word "surrender" and to the inference that Lord RANDOLPH played for his own hand without consulting his colleagues. The reader will form his own judgment on a case he will find plainly stated. It is unquestioned that at this epoch there arose a state of tension between Lord RANDOLPH and Sir JOHN GORST which was never fully eased. My Baronite finds in the book a side-light on an interesting episode.

Those weary souls of generous intent who have set out to buy a present for dear So-and-So, and who stand surfeited and bewildered in that Aladdin's cave the book-shop, may possibly be saved much mental tension and distress by enquiring out-of-hand for a production of Messrs. A. AND C. BLACK, not undeservedly named *The Beautiful Birthday Book*. Among birthday books, and they are legion, this claims high rank—a veritable aristocrat.

Carefully chosen extracts from great writers face the opening of each month, and the colour-printed illustrations by Miss GERTRUDE DEMAIN-HAMMOND, scattered through the book, have irresistible freshness and charm. Messrs. BLACK did well for their venture when they called in the aid of an illustrator of so much freedom and good taste. She has put of her best into the work, and, in view of her record since she carried off the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy, this is high praise, but not too high. The binding, minor decoration, and general setting of the book are excellent.

In a modest Foreword Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN sets forth the purpose he had in view in writing *The Africander Land* (JOHN MURRAY). It was to present a picture, brought up to date by personal observation, of the actual conditions prevailing in South Africa, showing the inter-relations of each section of political or social life, of each difficult problem, and their place in the current of Imperial affairs. The task has been accomplished with a measure of success that places the treatise in the front rank of studies of this important subject. To its accomplishment Mr. COLQUHOUN has brought the essential equipment of an impartial mind. Industrious, doggedly, going down to the root of the matter, he is able to describe and trace to its causes the growth of the over-spreading tree. At home just now the question of Chinese labour absorbs public attention when it is turned towards South Africa. Mr. COLQUHOUN, from personal observation, shows that the lot of the yellow immigrant is not nearly so black as it is painted by politicians in the heat of a General Election. The labour trouble began before the Chinaman

arrived, and will prevail after he has departed. South Africa is not a white man's country in the sense that he can there earn a living by the work of his hands. That premised, Mr. COLQUHOUN states the whole case in one of his luminous passages. There are, he says, three great labour markets: the mines, agriculture, and domestic service. It is impossible accurately to estimate the demand for domestic service. But between them the mines require the daily labour of 782,000 men, whilst the total number of South African natives, ready and (moderately) willing to work is 474,472, leaving a shortage of 307,528. There is the crux of the South African question. Desperate effort has been made to meet it. It has failed. A suggestion is not yet forthcoming of a substitute. This is only one of the Africander problems touched with enlightening hand by Mr. COLQUHOUN. My Baronite respectfully recommends the work to the study of the new Colonial Minister and his brilliant Under Secretary. When they have read it they will have a fuller and juster appreciation of the most complex of the important problems by which their Department is confronted.

The Choice of Emelia, by ADELINE SERGEANT (JOHN LONG), is a novel of varied character and strong dramatic incident. At its very commencement the personality of the heroine arrests the attention of the reader, who will anxiously follow her fortunes throughout her chequered career. The striking melodramatic scenes of the story are the logical outcome of the evil agencies at work in characters that will not appear the least over-charged when judged by the standard of experience in criminal cases. The style of writing is simple and emphatic, the narration lucid; and though the *dénouement* is somewhat sudden, being in the nature of a surprise, yet is the leading up to it so artistically managed that we welcome the end as the only legitimate and satisfactory finish to an absorbing story.



"The Envy of 'the Gods.'"

WHEN a Roman General took his triumph, it was considered a healthy corrective to remind him that he was mortal. A Socialist gentleman, writing in *The Clarion*, goes a step further and seizes the occasion of the overwhelming triumph of the Liberal Party to inform the world that "Liberalism is dead." The news comes as a great disappointment to C.-B. Tory M.P.'s, on the other hand, do not attempt to conceal their satisfaction, and are preparing obsequies upon a generous and even Neroic scale, and will themselves provide one mourner to every two and a-half corpses.

Humours of the Polls.

Voter (addressing the two polling clerks). Dang me if I knows which on 'ee to vote for. Y'see, I never clapped eyes on either on 'ee afore!

Polling Clerk (handing voting paper to cannie Northumberland Pitman). Now just make a cross after the name of the man you want to get in.

Cannie Pitman. Dee what? Dee ye think a canna write? Crosses an' sich like are aa reeght for them as has never been to school; but a have, an' a's gaan to write ma name, an' shew a's not afeerd to let 'em see a'm on the reeght side.
[Does so and spoils voting paper.]

BOOKS OF THE MINUTE.

Foods We are Fed up With, is the title of a very appetising little brochure from the joint stylos of Mr. EUSTACE SNACKS and Dr. BRAZILIA NUTFIELD, just issued by the well-known international firm of LACHAISE, SON AND BROOKWOOD. Its object is to revolutionise the dietary of the growing manhood of the nation. Our grossly carnivorous ideas of feeding — our immutable bacon, our sanguinary rump-steaks and cuts from the joint, our unspeakable "cold 'am or cold beef, Sir," — are undoubtedly relics of an abandoned (or about to be abandoned) past. For them is to be substituted a meal-scheme which to the casual inquirer, it is true, may seem somewhat — somewhat autochthonous, but it's not! Not by a long choke. Invidious as it is to choose amongst such a galaxy of alluring dishes, nevertheless the attempt must be made.

BREAKFAST.

Pea-nut Porridge. — Shell one imperial girkin of pean-uts, and smite them thoroughly with a boomerang until they reach the consistency of over-ripe medlars. (This makes an excellent early-morning exercise.) Stiffen with a few cornflowers and boil at a temperature of 913° F. Serve up hot.

LUNCH

Should be a light meal, e.g. :—
Curried Raisins. — Take as many raisins as you can buy wholesale for 2½d., noting especially that they are plump and pleasant-looking. Stew in a pot (either pint or quart, or better, half-and-half) with plenty of well-puffed rice, a few pine-nuts, a noggin of French mustard and a soupçon of Chili saltpetre

(not too Chili), and stir up strongly with a curry-comb. Serve in a dark room.

A tasty little dish for light lunchers, equal in nutritive value to quite three times its weight of curried hot-house grapes.

striking alternately over right and left shoulders, and adding from time to time pinches of tourmaline, formaline and lanoline. Moisten with half a tot of King's Peg (see below).

As a substitute for the obviously inadmissible sausage-skin, we have found

a disused tennis-ball to answer admirably, the mixture being introduced through a hole in one end, which is afterwards vulcanised. Masticate slowly.

King's Peg.—To a basinful of barley-water add spoonfuls of cod-liver oil, candied peel and ketchup. (Be sure that the mushrooms were grown in tunnels with good ventilation.) Let the mixture come quickly to the simmer-and-jack, and grate into it small quantities of spek-boom, disselboom, and any other boom that may be in fashion at the moment.

N.B.—It is not of any use for brown boots.

Or substitute the entrancing

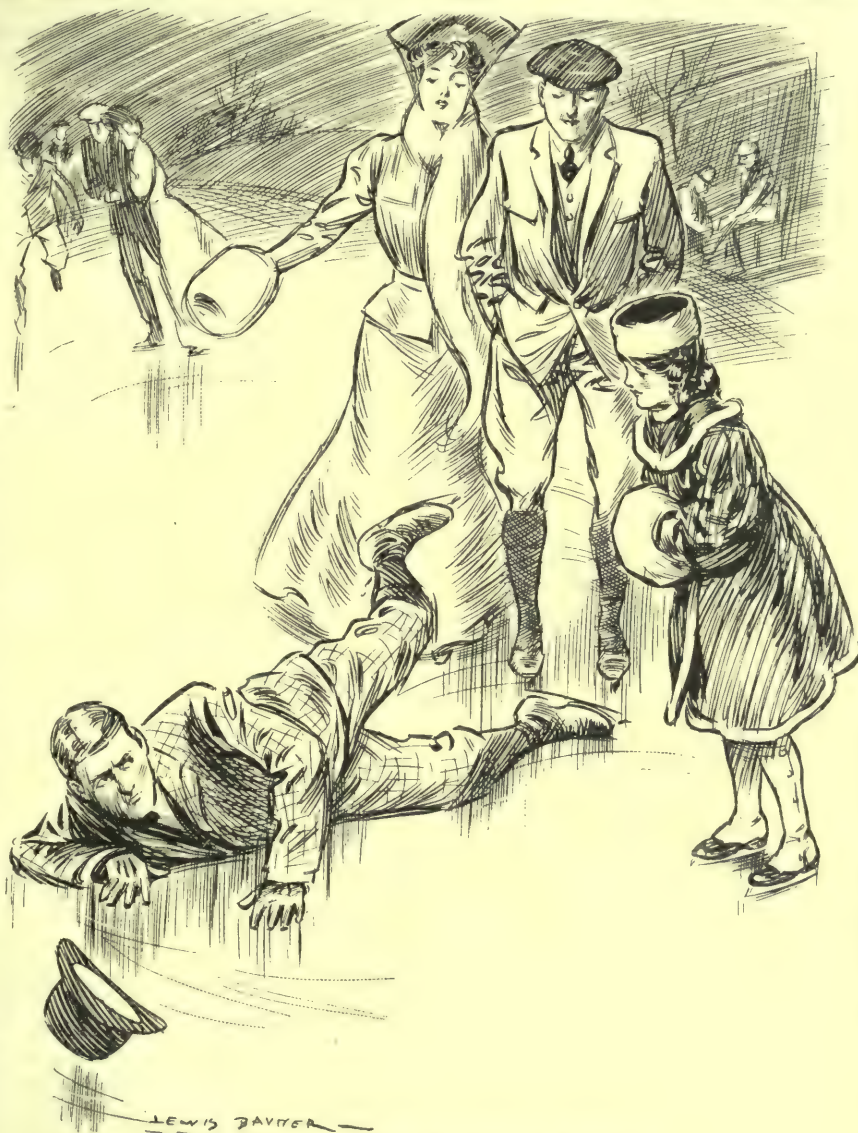
Terebinth Treacle.

—Take three young terebinths, prepare them thoroughly with a gouge and then pass them through a barrel-organ. (Grind to the tune of "I wants yer, ma honey, yus I do.") Stew the grindings in their own juice with the addition of half a pint of Seccotine (or Stick-phast, according to

taste) until the general appearance resembles that of a bran-mash, then add quite a lot of bulls-eyes to give proper texture and taste. Spread thickly but firmly over moderately yellow slices of brimstone. This dish has been called "A foretaste of Paradise."

Quarrelling Already?

"Mr. Asquith spoke at Morley last night."—*Daily Paper of Feb. 3.*



IN THE SWISS HIGHLANDS.

Brown. "THIS IS RATHER A PRETTY FIGURE. YOU START ON THE LEFT FOOT, CUT A DROP THREE—THEN——" (*Bump.*)

Little Girl (unmoved). "OH, THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED A DROP THREE, MR. BROWN!"

DINNER

Should be eaten directly after vigoro, but before table-tennis.

Horse-chestnut Sausages. — Take as many horse-chestnuts as you can knock down with a fives-ball in half-an-hour, and annoy them with a fret-saw until they get "that worried look." (If the chestnuts show any signs of mange, this should first be removed with a manger-cloth.) Then proceed to wallop them conscientiously with a physical exerciser,

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

II.

"HAVE you seen your *Spectator*?" I asked of PRENDERBY, on my second visit.

"Have I had my morning bath?" he replied.

"Very well," I continued; "then you have seen its statement that 'the victory was in every sense a Free-Trade victory—the men who really wanted Protection but who voted for Free Trade because of Chinese labour are a myth.' What have you to say to that?"

"Mr. STRACHEY, of the *Spectator*," said PRENDERBY, "is no ordinary man, though his modesty will not permit him to recognise this glaring fact. He is possessed by a first-class dæmon, in the Socratic sense; or, if the thought is too pagan, I will say that he is inspired by the breath of the patron saint whose name he bears—the adorable, the imperishable ST. LOE. He hears voices in the air which prompt him, when composing paragraphs on Tariff Reform, to regard his own state of profound and intelligent conviction as the common possession of his fellow men. Allowing for differences of age and weight, he reminds me a little of *Pelleas*—not *Melisande's Pelleas*, but him of TENNYSON'S idyll, the lover of the shallow-souled *Ettarre*.

For as the base man, judging of the good,
Puts his own baseness in him by default
Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend
All the young beauty of his own soul to hers,
Believing her.

"Now Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY (who honours us both with his friendship) is a Free Trader by sacred conviction, derived from a close and assiduous study of economics. And when he says that 'the men who really wanted Protection but who voted for Free Trade because of Chinese labour are a myth,' he simply means that no extraneous appeal, set forth never so alluringly on coloured posters, could have seduced him (ST. LOE) to a denial of his faith on the fiscal question (witness the bogey of Home Rule, which left his Unionist marrow absolutely unchilled). He does not stop to ask how many of the electorate were in a position to lay their hands on their hearts and say that they 'wanted' either Protection or Free Trade in the sense in which you want a thing *because you are convinced of its desirability*. But out of that sheer loftiness of spirit which attributes its own virtues to the race at large he has overlooked the probability that, of the voting community which has returned a Free Trade Government with so overwhelming a majority, the numbers that have actually had the time or mental ability to give a day's intelligent consideration to the subject do not exceed some 5% all told. This is, I dare say, a gross exaggeration, and the figure should be far lower still; but we will stretch a point and place it as high as 5%.

"For me, not having been able for the last eighteen months to devote more than two hours *per diem* to the weighing of arguments for and against Free Trade, I do not regard myself as a fit person to pronounce a decision on the question. My inclination, at present, is towards that Conservative principle which enjoins us to leave well, even fairly well, alone. But the vast majority of my countrymen, the 95% who have been at the mercy of statistics compiled to taste, or of counter-catchwords, such as 'Your raw food will cost you more,' or, 'Work for the unemployed,' have escaped that reticence of judgment which should be the prerogative of the cautious student, and have apparently given their verdict without hesitation, strong in the courage of other people's opinions. I say 'apparently,' since we have no means of determining what has been the dominating issue at this Election. The thought that my fellow-workers, as distinct from the unemployed, whom, I am glad to know, they far outnumber, might selfishly prefer cheap food to an

increase of labour, would seem to furnish a sufficient reason for the country's decision in favour of Free Trade. But I am too well assured that the heart of the working-man is located in the right spot to believe that he would be constrained by any motive but that of the purest altruism. What actually must have happened to the simple voter in a countless number of cases is this: finding himself unequal to the task of forming an independent judgment on the abstruse niceties of the fiscal question, he has looked elsewhere for some comprehensible indication of the right way in which to exercise his privilege of a free and enlightened elector, and just such an indication has been abundantly afforded by the Chinese 'Slavery' poster. A child could take it in.

"Speaking impartially, as a Cross-bencher, I must say that if the new Government acquires the sobriquet of 'the Slavery Government,' it has itself to blame for importing this alien appeal into an issue which it stoutly alleged to be a Free Trade issue, one and single."

"But you see," I said, "that Mr. BIRRELL, Comptroller of the Liberal Publication Department, repudiates all responsibility for this poster."

"Yes," said PRENDERBY solemnly, "but not till it had done its deadly work. A number of irregulars, without authority from Colonel BIRRELL of the Commissariat, had poisoned the enemy's wells, and it was only after the fiscal battle, when he came upon the dead lying there, untouched by the bullet, 'unsmote by the sword' (see BYRON on *Sennacherib*), that he protested his innocence in regard to this sad breach of military etiquette.

"If I did not know well that Mr. BIRRELL is the proud and happy possessor of a Nonconformist Conscience, I must have suspected him of adherence to certain so-called Jesuitical principles; to a belief, for instance, that the means, especially if employed irresponsibly, justifies the end. As it is, I fear the memory of this 'Slavery' poster may cause him pain when he reflects that the majority which is to enable him to pass his Bill for the Better Training of Children in the Paths of Truth has been, in part at least, secured by the brilliant success of a Palpable Lie.

"And yet I am not sure. I fancy that some of us have misjudged the Nonconformist Conscience. It may have in it a stronger element of elasticity and resilience than we supposed."

"Mr. BIRRELL," I said, "who honours us both with his friendship" (I ought to say that with me, and even with PRENDERBY, this consideration is allowed to weigh in a man's favour), "has stated that his Education Bill is to be the Bill of the Session."

"The Rt. Hon. Mr. BIRRELL," replied PRENDERBY, "who, like Mr. STRACHEY, is named after a patron saint—in this case the great Churchman ST. AUGUSTINE—is a man of humour. To find humour allied with a Nonconformist conscience is to find a rare and almost invincible coalition. They exist together in the person of that great master of militant anti-sacerdotalism, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, but here in a more boisterous form. His conscience lacks the sweet reasonableness, his humour the lettered subtlety, of his colleague. Yet in him Mr. BIRRELL will find an assessor who at least reflects his own gifts. And just as Mr. HALDANE, in his task of reforming the British Army, will have the advantage of being spurred on by the spontaneous intervention of General TERAUCHI, Japanese Minister of War, so for the work of supplying to the nation's children those forms of religion on which their parents are popularly credited with insisting, the Cymric specialist may be trusted to volunteer all, if not more than all, the assistance that the actual Minister of Education may require.

"Meanwhile the position of the Child itself, the Unconsulted Object, bandied about like a cricket-ball between opposing



THE ALGECIRAS SÉANCE.

THE ASSEMBLED POWERS. "WELL, NOTHING SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING!"



Swagger Yeomanry Officer. "BRING OUT MY CHARGER."

Job-master's Foreman. "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT 'E'S JUST GORN TO A FUNERAL!"

teams, can hardly fail to appeal alike to Mr. BIRRELL's humour and to the memory of his own exploits (as you and I have been privileged to watch them) on the tented field."

"Let's hope that he will not be too good a Minister," I said, "not too much in earnest. For this new Parliament, we want all the humour that's available in the House."

"And out of it," added PRENDERBY. "I sometimes wonder what is going to happen with certain partisan wits of the Liberal Press, who for the last ten years have steadfastly refused to find any source of laughter in the performances of their own Party in Opposition. Will they still confine their shafts to Tory butts, now almost too broken up to support their impact? Think what chances they have lost in all these years, because they *would* sacrifice their art to their politics. We want more humorists with enough of jealous pride in their art to admit no rival passion; to insist on seizing the bright occasion as it serves, without respect of party or person!"

I agreed. Yet I could not but regret that this ideal of humour detached from party passion did not seem somehow to have secured a very apt exponent in the person of PRENDERBY. Still, he was improving; he had partially thrown off the baneful effects of the flowing tide. And on this reassuring thought I rose to go.

O. S.

More Lèse Majesté?

"We must be armed," said the President of the Reichstag, "so that we can knock on the head any one who attempts to disturb the peace." Could he have been alluding to the KAISER himself?

"Here we are again!" or, The Acrobatic C.-B.

"THERE was a crowd of people on Slough Station to greet Sir HENRY as he passed through the window of the railway carriage with a number of enthusiastic Liberals."—*Sunday Times*. Was this a new way of evading the difficulties which the closed door opposes to our exports?

Society Gossip.

TITMARSH Redivivus, in describing a recent social function, says that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was looking remarkably well, with the usual orchid in his button-hole, and in his necktie a Whole Hog-garty diamond.

Lost by a Length indeed!

"LOST, on the 24th, Lady's Dark Brown Fox Fur, deep cape and long ends, from Loughborough Road to top of Arkwright Street."—*Nottingham Evening Post*.

CHARIVARIA.

THE following extract is from an article entitled "Reorganisation at the Zoo" in last week's *Field*:—"The lemurs have been removed to the old sloths' house. . . . Before long the monkeys will also be removed, and it has been arranged that the old cages shall be replaced by new ones. The whole house will be stripped, cleaned and disinfected by a special method under the supervision of Dr. GORDON, the expert who has been in charge of the sanitation of the House of Commons."

We quote the above passage without comment, except to say that it does not seem to be in the best possible taste: and to add that some of our new Peers may be interested to know that, as a Labour Member informs us, among the animals at the Zoo the old sloths' house is always referred to as "Another Place."

Among the Members of the United Liberal Party we are pleased to notice the names of Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. DEWAR.

It is rumoured that the Conservative Party is making arrangements for holding a great Memorial Service.

Towards the end, King ALFONSO's courtship was allowed to proceed in comparative privacy. On several occasions he has been seen about with Princess ENA accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting, and 50 reporters.

The resources of the present King of SERBIA are said to be about to Peter out.

There would appear to be no more prudish city in the world than New York. A short time ago it distinguished itself by a crusade against undraped statuary. Now a bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature to compel owners of cats to provide their pets with collars.

Which reminds us that the Editor of *Town Topics* has lost his suit.

Captain MIKKELSEN, who is starting for the Arctic regions, says that the forty dogs which will accompany him will be used as food. Meanwhile, the dogs are still under the impression that they are being taken because they are such dear little fellows.

The report that Canon LYTTELTON has devised a means by which the Eton boys will get more sleep has led to a rumour that the hours of instruction are to be extended.

The scheme for introducing butterflies into the London parks has been revived. The objection that they would all soon be caught by mischievous youngsters would, it is said, be got over if each butterfly were to be accompanied by a police-constable.

There would seem to be no end to the hidden dangers of the streets. A gentleman who sends a letter to *The Pall Mall Gazette* describes himself as "A Nitrate of Ammonia Explosive Manufacturer." And to think that one might accidentally knock up against him in a crowd!

Once more we slow Britishers have been left hopelessly behind. One thousand and thirty-three persons were killed, and sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-six were injured in two thousand five hundred and ninety-five collisions in the United States during the third quarter of 1905.

It is rumoured that, as a pendant to the introduction of the Empire dress for young women, whereby their waists are raised to their armpits, young men are to take to the Kate Greenaway style—which means, it will be remembered, that their trousers will have to be buttoned round their necks.

The fact that a girl of fifteen is publishing a book of poems is mentioned as a remarkable event by a contemporary. Yet most of the books of minor poetry that we have read give internal evidence of having been composed by persons of a still more tender age.

Details of a regrettable incident at a clearance sale reach us. In the crush a lady's valuable ostrich-feather boa became detached from her neck, and was sold as a remnant before the matter could be explained.

A Bill abolishing capital punishment for murder, except in the case of a second offence, has been passed by the Ohio State Senate, and numbers of natives with homicidal tendencies are said to be now choosing victims for their "first bite."

Mr. J. C. SMUTS, formerly State Attorney in the Transvaal, has now declared that he is visiting London on private business, and not for political purposes. Dare we hope that this means that he has failed?

Dundee has been wondering why so many members of the dental profession have honoured her with a visit during the past week. It is due to a statement in the *Amateur Photographer*. In reviewing the exhibition of the Scottish

Photographic Salon now being held in that town, our contemporary draws attention to the fact that "the President, G. D. MACDOUGALD, is exhibiting some of his delightful gums, distinguished by that grace and beauty that caused such a *furor* when he exhibited at the last Salon."

STRONG MORNING AIRS.

[When Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE resides in New York, says *The New York Herald*, in alluding to the Pittsburg millionaire's recent stay in this city, he is awakened every morning by music. . . . When living in his castle at Skibo, Scotland, says the same journal, he is awakened fifteen minutes earlier each day by music, but not by the organ, for three musicians with the bagpipes stand under his window and skirl ballads that he likes to hear. At eight o'clock they depart with a native air, which the organist takes up and works into the hymns of which Mr. CARNEGIE is so passionately fond.]

MR. BALFOUR has long been an ardent admirer of the pibroch. Each morning he is now restored to consciousness by the chastened air of "*There's nae luck about the hoose, When our gudeman's awa,*" and on the news of his brother GERALD's failure, and the fall of Mr. BRODRICK and Mr. LYTTELTON, Pipe-Major MACNABB, a man of much sensibility, though of herculean girth, played with great feeling "*The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.*" Mr. BALFOUR last Wednesday week asked MACNABB if he could play a popular, he might almost say a very popular, melody called "*No more Joe.*" MACNABB replied that "there was sich an improbabeelity aboot the air that it wasna worth the wind to blaw it." Mr. BALFOUR's only answer was "Tut, tut."

It should be added that since the untoward result of the Manchester election Mr. BALFOUR has been awakened fifty minutes later every day, with the result that, in the expressive language of the poet, "He frequently breakfasts at five o'clock tea, And dines on the following day."

MR. HALDANE, the well-known Military Expert, is invariably waked by a gramophone (placed at his bedside) which emits the less familiar bugle-calls. He is called exactly an hour earlier every day. As this method, if carried out consistently, would by now have involved his being awakened at 6 A.M. on the previous day, it is as well to explain that every week he makes a fresh start, and when his sleep has been reduced to a minimum of three hours, begins again at 7 A.M.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, whose devotion to St. Cecilia has long been attested by his regular attendance at classical concerts, is also to be reckoned amongst those who begin their daily round with a musical *reveill  *. Precisely as the clock strikes 7.15 the first bars of the "Get-out-of-Bedouin's Love Song" are intoned on a superb Burmese gong by Mr.

MORLEY'S favourite Indian attendant. Whether Mr. MORLEY wakes immediately when the first notes are sounded, or is gradually roused from slumber, his proverbial honesty prevents him from stating with absolute confidence. When living at his keep at Montrose, Mr. MORLEY, a firm believer in local colour, exchanges oriental instruments of percussion for the plaintive pipes of the North, and is awakened by three stalwart Highlanders who stand outside his windows, and blow the wild strains which render sleep impossible except in patients suffering from chronic coma. At first they stood only ten paces from his window, but as Mr. MORLEY is a dead shot with a shooting boot, or a lump of coal, they move ten paces further off every morning until they can only be reached by a rook rifle.

We may note in conclusion that Miss MARIE CORELLI has been so fascinated by the possibilities underlying this method that she intends to make it the motive of her next romance, with the stimulating title of "The Awakening of ANDREW CARNEGIE."

Implacable as ever, the gifted satirist expresses her intention in the following lines after Mr. KIPLING:—

I'm MARIE CORELLI,
I'll roast his *reveillé*,
From Dublin to Delhi,
From Cork to Cawnpore.

REGULATIONS FOR CAMERA-FIENDS.

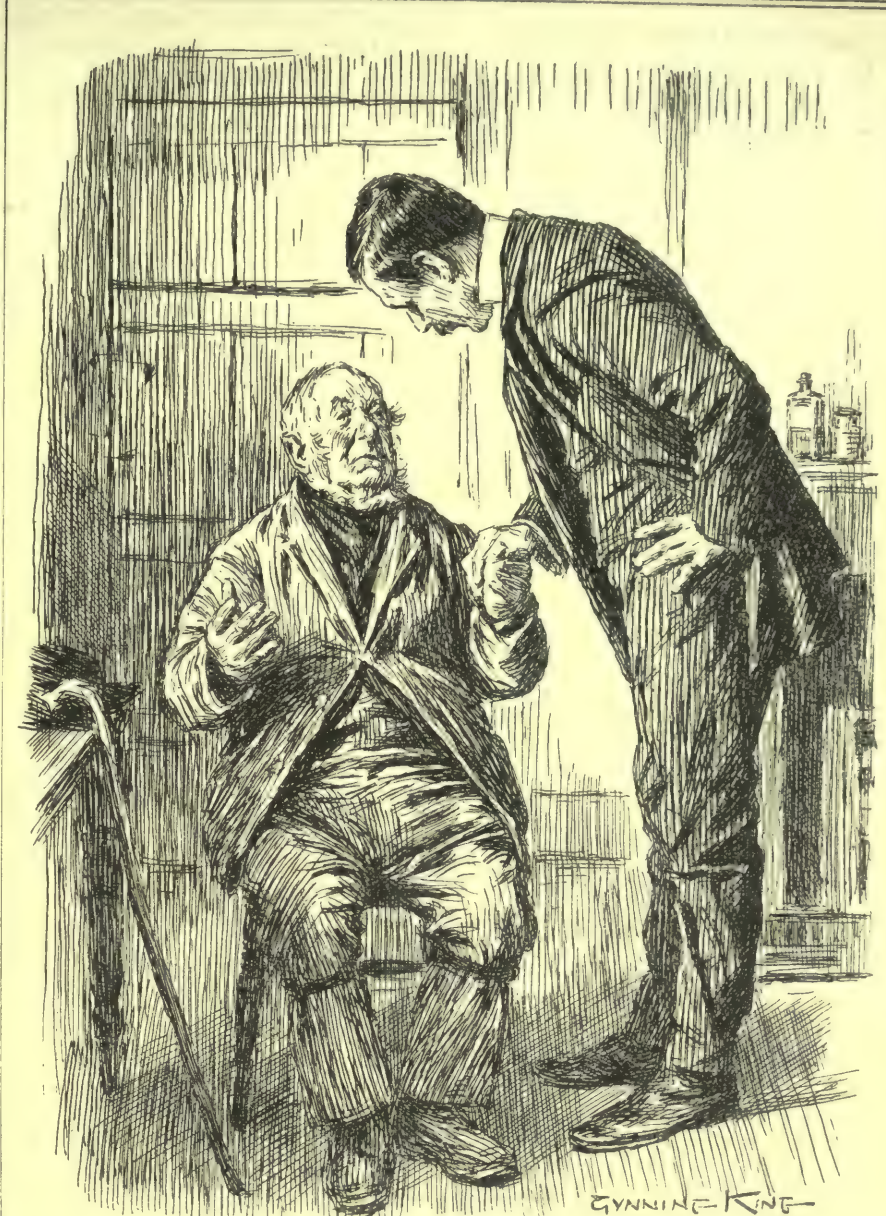
["The law takes cognisance of what are termed technical assaults, for which the perpetrators may be fined or imprisoned. Is it not possible to extend this principle and make it an assault to photograph a person without his consent? If this could be done it might have some effect in checking a practice which has grown to be one of the chief terrors of private life."—Extract from an *Irate Correspondent's* letter to "The Daily Telegraph" of Feb. 1, *à propos* of the mobbing of Miss Roosevelt by American Snap-shotters.]

1. ALL possessors of hand-cameras and other photographic apparatus shall in future take out a yearly Game Licence, obtainable at Scotland Yard on passing an examination of proficiency in the practice of snap-shooting.

2. The aforesaid Game Licence may also, in exceptional circumstances, be awarded to sportsmen of proved incompetency, such that they invariably misfire or aim wide of their object.

3. There shall be a close time in London during the Society pairing season, *i.e.*, from the Opening of Parliament to the end of Goodwood, and at other fashionable resorts as prescribed by the local authorities.

4. No person carrying a photographic weapon shall discharge the same within fifty yards of a public highway or place, unless with the consent of the victim or victims, in writing and duly attested.



Doctor. "NOW, GILES, CAN YOU TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE YOU FEEL THE PAIN?"

Giles. "WELL, SIR, IT'S A HYPERCRITERLY SORT OF PAIN. I PUTS ME FINGER 'ON IT AND IT AIN'T THERE, AN' WHEN I TOUCHES WHERE IT'S GONE TO, IT'S IN THE OLD PLACE ALL THE TIME!"

5. Infants under the age of twenty-one, free-lance journalists, certified lunatics, American tourists and Smart Set hangers-on, shall in no case be permitted to take photographs.

6. All other snap-shotters at large or on ticket-of-leave shall report themselves at stated intervals to the Censors *in camerâ*, on pain of having their licences endorsed.

7. It shall be held a felony, and punishable without the option of a fine, to obtain, purvey, reproduce or cause to be reproduced, any blurred and surreptitious presentment of a celebrated lady-novelist (stepping, for instance, out of a cab) who has hitherto set her face against such publicity and outrage.

8. Biograph operators who attack a large assemblage of persons with a wide-angle lens in broad daylight shall be guilty of constructive assault and battery, and shall be liable to three years' imprisonment in a dark room.

9. Every individual shall have the copyright in his own face for his lifetime and seven years, or for forty-two years, whichever period shall be the longer.

ZIG-ZAG.

Defeated Conservative Candidate (addressing supporters). There is a saying, "Give a man enough rope and he will hang himself." This the Radical Party will do; and then it will be our turn!

A JOURNALISTIC ENIGMA.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Has it ever struck you how unfairly Fate discriminates between the male and the female journalist? While I and *mes confrères*—I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it; I've been reading *The Ladies' Pleasaunce*—are drinking the bitter beer of life in Fleet Street, FELICIA, aptly named, who does the "Park Lane Pars" in the above-mentioned journal, and is, I imagine, typical of her class, is going it like this (I cull at random from her own account of her expensively complex life):—

"*Le grand luxe* is as the very breath of life to us jaded moderns, in this rushing, gushing, unblushing age. We must have our electric landaulettes for town,"—I made an absurd mistake the other day; I thought I saw her on an L.C.C. electric tram,—“and our 1000 h.-p. Blowhards for *fin de semaine* jaunts to our *petites maisons ornées* in the sylvan solitudes of”—I've lost the place—"of Shepherd's Bush?"—no—"of Surrey. Another indispensable toy, the motor-boat, has come to stay, and, of course, we cannot do without our trim 2000-ton yacht, upon which to give *nos intimes* a taste of invigorating *mal-de-mer* annually at Cowes."

Again: "We flit feverishly,"—poor soul!—"as the mood takes us, from our *châlet* in the Highlands,"—she *can't* by any chance mean Swiss Cottage, hard by the Highlands of 'Appy 'Ampstead?—"perhaps to a snug *piéd-à-terre*"—stop! is or is it not a kind of potato?—"in Paris,"—it can't be a potato then, of course."

"Our" minor habits are also expensive. "The visits of the manicurist are as much a matter of course as those of the *modiste*, and where our grandfathers and grandmothers were content with a *petit déjeuner* of herbs, we toy delicately with a *coulis de dindonneau à la Savoye* at the latest smart restaurant,"—do we? I lunched to-day on *Sauvresse à la Que Sais-je?*—"and this although we have a French *chef de cuisine* idly awaiting our pleasure *chez nous*"—if FELICIA wants to give work to the unemployed, why not ask me to dinner?

"Our dress must be, of course, *le dernier cri*"—well, there I can for once cry quits with her; my hat is quite *le dernier cri* in my street, and I am repeatedly asked for information as to where I effected its purchase.

But *assez* (enough!) It would not be kind to you to continue; since you, no more than myself, contribute to *The Ladies' Pleasaunce*. But I want to know why FELICIA should be paid, as I assume she must be to keep ahead of her expenses,—I have said nothing of Bridge debts and a racing establishment,—a salary of £90,000 per annum, while

I should be seriously obliged if you would lend me half-a-crown till Saturday.

Yours respectfully,

JACK INQUILL.

THE RAT AND THE DORMOUSE.

A RAT, who owned (as he would boast)
A ducal Mayfair mansion,
Once to a Dormouse acted host
To give his mind expansion.
He'd met him on a walking tour,
And thought him, for his station,
Clever, though somewhat of a boor,
And needing education.

The footsore Dormouse seemed half-dead
Upon his first arrival:
The Rat prepared a sumptuous spread,
Which soon produced revival.
On Stilton cheese and almond cake
And finest cooking sherry
The Dormouse grew quite wide-awake,
In fact a little merry.

Daily the Rat strained every nerve
To fill his guest with wonder;
In halls and galleries he'd serve
Choicest of kitchen plunder;
But still the Dormouse seemed unmoved
For all the court he paid him,
Which, thought the Rat, should be re-
proved,
And thus did he upbraid him:

"My gems of art I'd hoped to set
Before a willing learner—
RUBENS, MURILLO, TINTORET,
CANOVA, COSWAY, TURNER.
We've feasted where the rare BEAUVAIS
Shows Warrior, Saint, and Cupid,
And yet you yawn, Sir! Let me say
You seem a trifle stupid."

The Dormouse, with unwonted fire,
Promptly replied as follows:
"Think not, dear Rat, I don't admire
Madonnas and Apollos;
Nor fancy that I underrate
Your larder's costly treasures;
I merely feel the irksome weight
That marks excess of pleasures.

"Your palace is a dream of wealth,
Lucullan is your table;
But through it all I feel that health
May soon become a fable.
In boundless luxury I pine,
I yearn for plainer diet;
Forgive these rustic tastes of mine,
My life has been so quiet.

"And then, though very welcome are
To one so truly rural,
These Martyrs, lean and singular,
These Cupids, plump and plural;
These frames, where needle vies with
brush
The Scripture tales to garble,
These Nymphs, whose charms might
cause to blush
Their own immodest marble—

"I miss the hedgerow and the bank
Whereon I love to scramble,
The Hemlock and the Dock-leaves rank,
The Dog-rose and the Bramble,
My tiny Ivy-mantled run
Where seldom daylight passes,
The nests, completed or begun,
Of interwoven grasses.

"Peace and the Simple Life for me,
With honesty to link 'em!
My one and only care shall be
To live within my income.
Goodbye! And should you have to
dodge
Your debts or indigestion
I'll welcome you at Dormouse Lodge,
And ask no tactless question."

CABINET CREATIONS.

NOWHERE is the popularity of the new Ministry more apparent than in the modes of the moment, and fair politicians of all parties have no choice but to bow to the decree of fashion and seek enlistment in the ranks of the majority. Starting at the head and forefront of the matter, what woman can refuse the added fascination to her coiffure of the C.-B. curl, that bewitching little tendril which droops elegantly over either ear, and may be obtained at all high-class hairdressers?

A tremendous vogue is in store for the Burns bolero, an exquisite confection in gold gauze and battersequins, which, though originally intended for the budding *débutante*, will also find universal favour with the hardly-noticeably *passée*.

The Asquith accordion pleating bids fair to outrival all other nets, tissues, and transparencies for ball or Bridge gowns, and should be worn over a slip of Gladstone glacé with a detachable Fowler frill.

The Crewe coat is quite the cosiest and smartest garment imaginable for motoring, while in view of the stormy and changeable weather in front of us the Winston wideawake worn in conjunction with Lloyd-George gauntlets and a Morley mackintosh will be found invaluable.

Quite quaint and dainty too are the new Labour skirts for morning wear, in corduroy or coarse hop-sack, while the silk neckerchief which forms a characteristic feature of the garment can be either knotted loosely round the throat or tied in a Buxton bow.

To turn to more intimate, though equally important, details of the toilette, we predict an enormous demand for the Haldane Hair Restorer, and the Birrell Balsamic Soap Substitute will probably be the greatest achievement of the forthcoming season.

THE SCHOLASTIC SNARK.

SCHOOL novels continue to arrive. The latest is *The Bending of a Twig*, in which Mr. DESMOND COKE has written a story (and a very good story too!) of life at Shrewsbury, illustrated with photographs of the scenes described. Jealousy amongst those foundations that have not yet been similarly immortalised is said to be growing acute. Before long we may doubtless expect some such announcements as the following:—

Eton.—Sound middle-class education for the sons of Peers. Competent and experienced literary staff. *The Usherton Letters*, the success of 1905 and still selling, were written from here. It is computed that at least three fourths of the heroes of popular fiction "look back upon a boyhood at Eton and Oxford College." Vide "*The Family Herald*," *passim*.

Harrow.—The Hill-top School. Our note, "Athleticism and Sentiment." This is well brought out in *The Hill*, one of the most successful school stories of recent years. Read it before making a decision. Conversation a *spécialité*. See also *Brothers* (by the same author), and the early poems of the late Lord BYRON.

Send your boy to King's College, I.O.M. The *Roslyn of Eric*, or *Little by Little*, a book which has been described as "the most successful school story of the century." Romantic situations. Appropriate scenery.

Wellington.—Have you read *Hugh Rendal*, the most successful school story of this generation? With the exception of the bullying (which is greatly overdrawn), it gives an excellent picture of life at this famous institution. After reading it you can judge for yourself. We expect your verdict.

United Service College.—Manly independence. Huge vocabulary. Unfettered humour. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, author of *Stalky & Co.*, probably the most successful school story ever published, writes:—

"What I call 'The College' in my novel is the United Service, and no other."

Rugby.—The birth-place of the school novel. More literary association to the square inch than any similar establishment. Your son can make toast at the same fire before which *Flashman* toasted *Tom Brown*. Only bread now used.

Scholarships.—Now offered in many first-class public schools to boys of literary ability. Free tuition. Hand-some retaining fee on leaving. Candidates must show promise of becoming successful novelists, and will be expected to publish at least one school-story a year. Particulars from all agents.



THE DIPLOMAT.

Alan (to his sister, who is worrying him to be allowed to play horses). "No, FLO. BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT—YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE, AND BE THE HORSE IN THE STABLE!"

COLOUR-SCHEMES.

THE success achieved by a London drapery firm with their "All-White" Sale has led to some novel extensions of the idea in other quarters.

We hear that Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has ear-marked one evening this month for an All-Red performance of *Nero*, into which several new and thrilling murders will be introduced as special turns. In the dress parts of the house gentlemen will be expected to appear in golf-jackets.

For the night of the Boat-Race an elaborate All-Blue programme is being arranged by the genial manager of the Alcazar, and everything possible will be done to render the items in harmony with

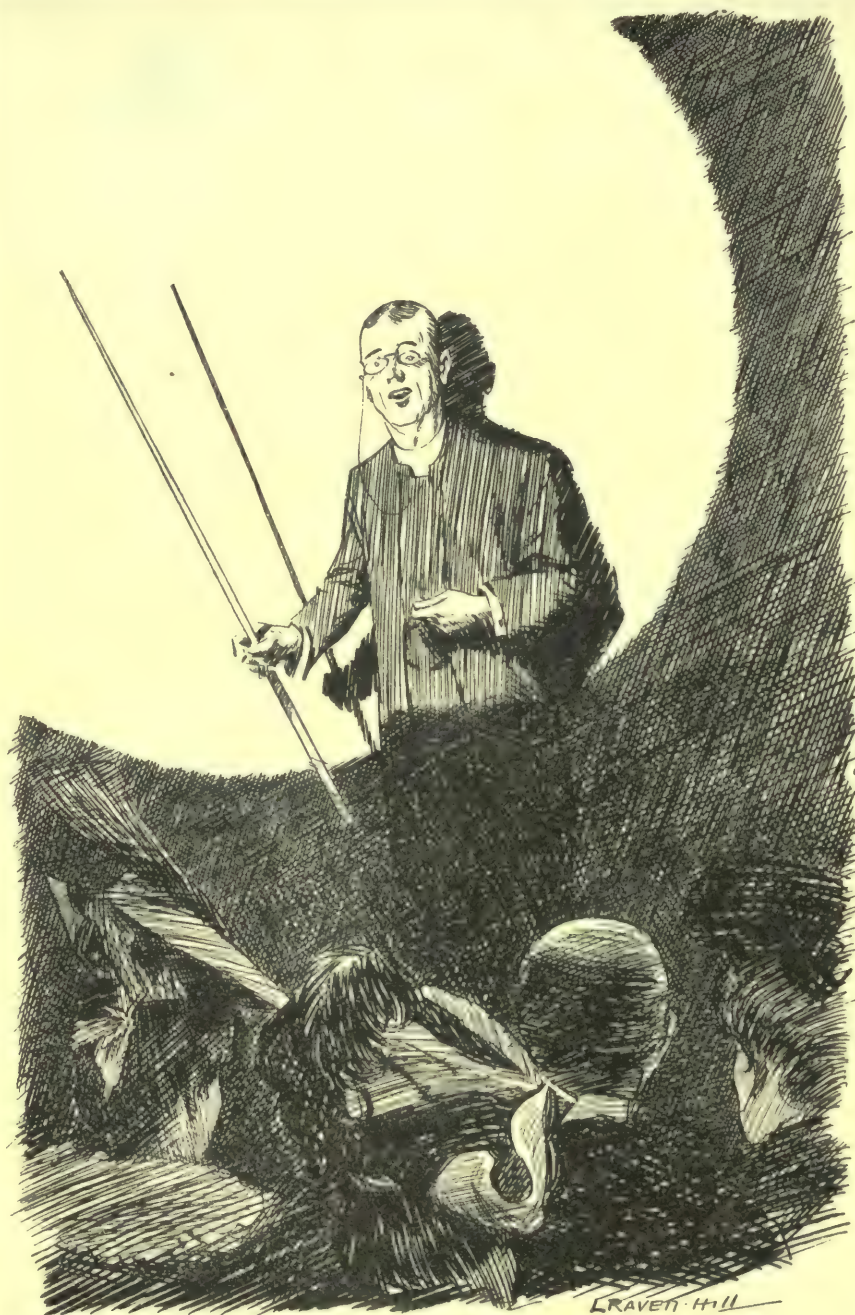
the idea. It was suggested at first that special invitations should be extended to defeated members of the late Government, but it was afterwards seen that this would be a little too pointed. The question of accommodation had also to be considered.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's proposal for an All-Shades dinner, we are sorry to hear, is being received in a somewhat chilly spirit.

Trade Honesty.

A SUBURBAN draper announces:
OUR GENUINE SALE NOW ON.

Q. What was the last one like?



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Our Curate (who is going to describe to us his little holiday in Lovely Lucerne). "MY DEAR FRIENDS—I WILL NOT CALL YOU 'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,' SINCE I KNOW YOU TOO WELL—"

THE CARE OF THE BABY.

(From "Answers to a Housewifery Examination Paper.")

The baby must have nothing at all only milk up to the age of eight months, it must be sterilised or boiled, as this will kill its germs and make it more digestible.

The effect of the baby drinking tainted milk is that the milkman might have a disease, and when a baby drinks tainted

milk it will not be digested, and when it lives we want it to be healthy or else it will be ill.

The baby must be washed every day, as its skin is made of very fine little holes called pores, and if dirt gets into them it dies.

The chief causes of the high class death rate among little children in B—— is people leaving them in the house without a fireguard or matches, and they get scalded by leaving the pan or kettle on the fire with their children in.

THE NEW RAIMENT.

(By a Liberal M.P.)

["Can there not be found men and women possessing the requisite gifts who will gladly devote to the promotion of ethical clothing something of the time, the energy, and the thoughtful deliberation so freely lavished upon other national objects?"—*Lady Portsmouth in "The Tribune," Jan. 27.*]

WHEN in my salad days I ran
To pay a visit to my tailor,
I thought no more of Ethics than
The bosun of a North Sea whaler.

By birth and breeding disinclined
To emulate the ways of slatterns,
I used my taste but not my mind
In choosing fashionable patterns.

Unto the ordeal of the tape
I unconcernedly submitted,
Content if my corporeal shape
Alone was adequately fitted.

I took, of course, some interest
In colours, textures, and in tissues,
But never in my folly guessed
That dress was fraught with nobler
issues.

But now I see that, on the whole,
The path of life becomes less festive,
I tune my clothing to my soul,
And make my very spats suggestive.

Thus, when I don my Harris tweeds
It is because my heart is softer
And metaphorically bleeds
With fellow feeling for the crofter.

Or if I muse on Ireland's wrongs
And on the feuds that have convulsed
her,
My grief is not expressed in songs,
But in my heaviest frieze Ulster.

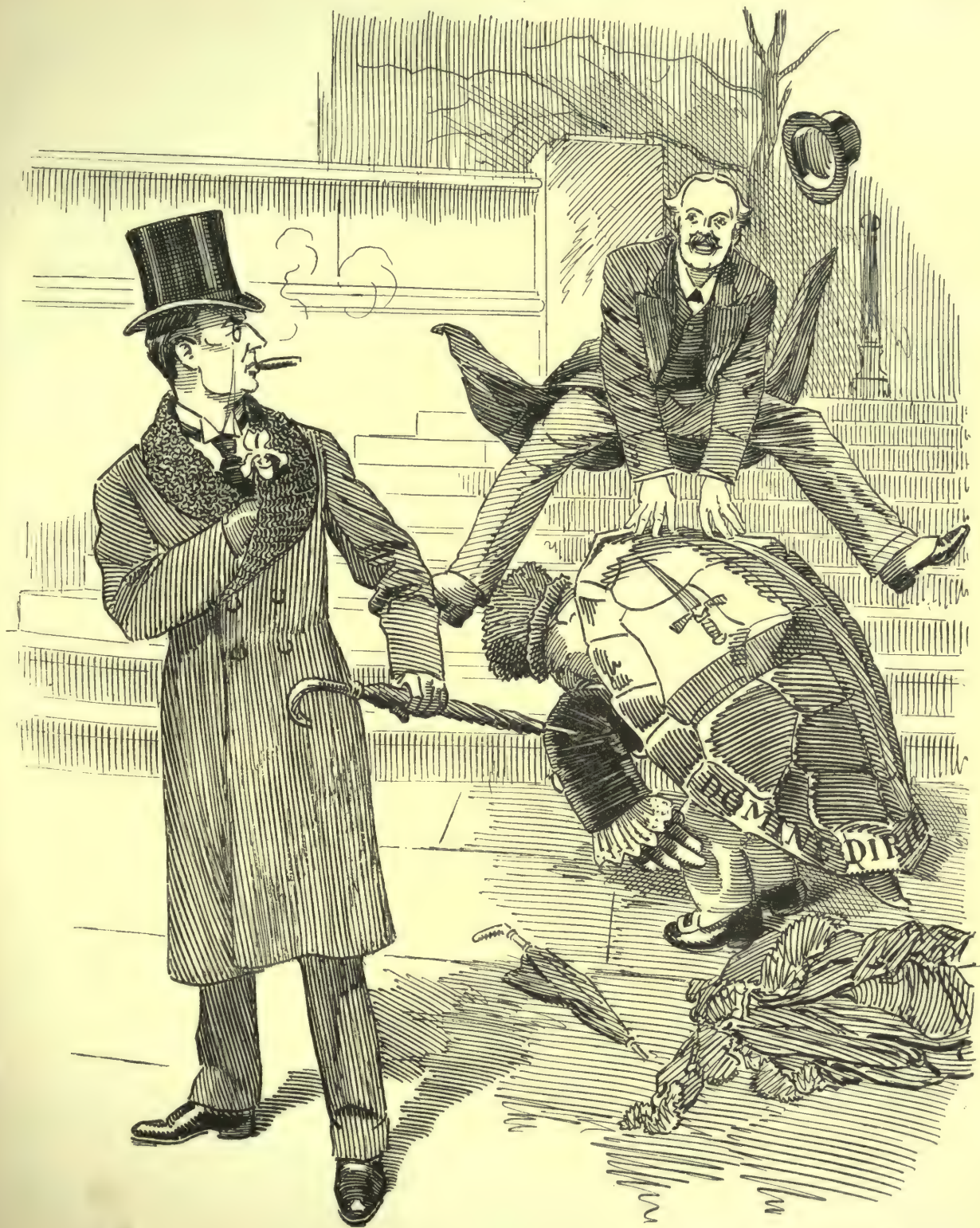
No longer lavishly attired
I lend a lustre to the Lobby;
My raiment now is ail inspired
By HERBERT SPENCER—not by "BOBBY."

There's toleration in my ties,
My waistcoats all are altruistic,
My aquascutum signifies
An inclination to the mystic.

Self-help's the keynote of my hose,
Humility my shirt-front teaches,
Content my dressing-gown disclose,
And piety my collar preaches.

And O my sisters, unto you
Let me address one word of warning:
Bid Fashion's giddy modes adieu,
Let Ethics govern your adorning.

Take, in regard to hats and shoes,
MARCELLA as your guide, not BECKY;
And study, ere your frocks you choose,
The works of BENTHAM, MILL, and
LECKY.



WILL HE TUCK IT IN?

A. B. "TUCK IN YOUR TWOPENNY, JOE, I'M COMING!"





A POSER.

Nell. "SUPPOSING, UNCLE SEPTIMUS, THAT YOU KNEW TWO NICE YOUNG MEN. ONE HAS LOVELY CURLY HAIR AND A STRAIGHT NOSE, AND THE OTHER LOOKS SIMPLY ADORABLE IN HIS UNIFORM. SUPPOSING THAT THEY BOTH WANTED TO MARRY YOU, WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?"

THE LEADER.

OH, flouted by *The Standard* and *The Post*,
And half rejected by the raging *Globe*,
Leader, lay down your ancient pride and boast,
Lay all your chaplets down, and in your robe
Veil, meekly veil, your once renowned face,
And sink for ever from your pride of place!

What boots it to have led and to desire
To lead your dwindling armies to the fray?
How shall it profit you to set on fire
The twice-poll'd City and to win the day,
If in the House you droop, unwept, unsung,
Before the clamour of a brazen tongue?

They will not own you—this is all their cry—
Lead, if you will, but them you may not lead,
Who scorn the hand that ruled them, and defy
Their shattered darling in his utmost need.
E'en the suave grace that once was their delight
Is mocked by those who have survived the fight.

And yet you did your best: you did not say
That white was white, or black was truly black;

Your eagle eye discerned them both as grey,
And grey you proved them with your wonted knack,
Still waving, 'mid the turmoil's dust and vapour,
Your scorned half-sheet of unconvincing paper.

For this you marched and with your soldiers fell;
And he who rashly lured you to your grief
Has now your sword, and means to use it well;
Lo, the survivors hail him as their chief,
And all their song is of heroic JOE,
Who fought, while ARTHUR feared to face the foe.

You shall return, but, ah, how changed will be
The scene where once you gloried and were great!
Behold upon the SPEAKER'S right you'll see
C.-B. and those who did not fear their fate;
And on the left J. C.,—once hight JACK CADE,
Undaunted by the ruin he has made.

THE following advertisement, placed in *The Bazaar* under the deceptive heading of "Pigeon Loft," seems to point to a bad case of simony:

"Nuns.—Two fine healthy pairs of black nuns. Exchange one really good pair of bronze archangels, or sell 10s. the lot."

"WHAT we want in Parliament is men who will look after the welfare of their country, and not men who, *when July comes round*, go off shooting the partridge and the deer."
(From speech of Welsh Radical Candidate, subsequently returned at head of poll.)

AROUND THE WORLD.

(With apologies to "The Tribune.")

SARTO RESARTUS.

M. CAROLUS DURAN, the well-known French painter and director of the Villa Medici, will, as he stated at the last reception at the French school of painting in Rome, shortly commence a portrait of the POPE, of whom no good portrait as yet exists. M. CAROLUS DURAN intends to paint PIUS X., no matter what he may actually be wearing, in a white tunic, a cream-silk robe, with a moiré belt, "tinted with bluish shades," and the hands "of a diaphanous blue." Such were the exact terms which the French master used when giving me this information, except, of course, that he spoke French, which I have translated. I trust accurately, for the benefit of readers of the Radical press. I believe that this is the first instance of a sitter with blue hands since LEAR painted the "Jumbliés."

BITTER IRONY IN BRUSSELS.

I heard to-day a most interesting piece of secret information concerning the Committee of the Sugar Conference now sitting in this city. Every member of this Committee, without exception, is forced by doctor's orders to use no sweetening matter but saccharine, which they all carry in neat pocket bottles.

POLITICS AT PITCAIRN.

The greatest excitement prevails in Pitcairn Island over the results of the English elections, which are brought every evening by special shark postal service, an invention of the Prince of Monaco, the great pelagic expert. The sharks are trained very much in the manner of carrier pigeons, and are all numbered and registered. As the news comes in by cable at Auckland, the nearest point to Pitcairn, it is written out on waterproof sheeting and tied to the shark's dorsal fin. The fish is then dismissed with a blessing, and he makes for Pitcairn like an Arrow. As he reaches the harbour the pier-master, who has seen him coming, owing to the disturbance of the surface of the water by his powerful 100-porpoise power strokes, leans over the pier, and with an instrument known as a "snatcher" deftly seizes the message as the fish darts by and commences its homeward journey. The whole island was illuminated in honour of the defeat of Mr. BRODRICK—why, I have no notion.

THE PENALTIES OF PEACE.

The members of the Amsterdam Society of Architects, "Architectura et Amicitia," disapprove of the regulations drawn up for the prize competition for the erection of a "Peace Palace" at the Hague. They have therefore decided to submit a pro-

posal to the International Congress of Architects in London that the general rules for such competitions should in future be fixed by that body. The reason deciding them to ask the assistance of England is understood to be a frenzied admiration of some of London's architectural gems, particularly Cannon Street railway arch. The CZAR is said to have severely criticised the original plan of a Peace Palace on the ground that it contained no armoury; he says that all the best Hague Conventions are in favour of such an inclusion.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

"Golfers were much in evidence the other day at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, when Mr. MARTIN SUTTON, of the well-known Reading firm, delivered an address regarding putting greens and how to improve them. He pointed out that on up-to-date greens a perfect surface is demanded, and said that the eradication of the worm is now an absolute necessity." *Daily Paper.*

Wednesday, January 31.—The usual fortnightly meeting of the Amalgamated Society of British Worms (Sunningdale Branch) was held on the ninth green, at 6.30 A.M. The Minutes of the last Meeting having been read and confirmed, the Chairman said:—

"I FANCY, gentlemen, that you
Need no reminder or assurance
That modern golfers, as a crew,

Are getting quite beyond endurance,
But some of you may not have heard
What is, I think, their latest word.

"If true perfection you would reach,
You must have level greens to putt on.
I'm quoting from a recent speech

Attributed to Mr. SUTTON,
In which, in most emphatic terms,
He jumped upon the race of worms.

"A velvet surface might, he said,
In course of time be cultivated,
Provided that we worms were dead,
Or totally eradicated!
Then and then only would be seen
The true, ideal putting green.

"Some subtle means we must contrive
To teach this fellow not to spurn
Our absolute prerogative.

Our undisputed right to turn!
Necessity demands that we
Should rise to this emergency.

"To know precisely what is best
To do, requires consideration,
The course I would myself suggest
Is——"

[At this point, owing to the sudden arrival of one or two early birds, the Chairman's speech was abruptly terminated, and the Meeting broke up in disorder.

CULLED FROM THE COURTS.

SEAMY-SIDE STORIES PITHILY NARRATED.

(With acknowledgments to "The Evening News.")

TEMPUS FUGIT.

It is unfortunately the province of the law to interfere to a certain extent with the liberty of the subject, and the experience of SAMUEL JOHNSON, a Brixton gentleman, is only a case in point.

SAMUEL (who, by the way, is no relation to the great lexicographer) had apparently mistaken a gold watch in a jeweller's window for his own, and so certain was he that the timepiece in question was his own property that he had gone the length of breaking the window to get it. SAMUEL will have leisure now to reflect that you cannot "take" time without "doing" it. Three months.

A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

As Detective-Inspector SHERLOCK was strolling down Norfolk Street yesterday afternoon, his pity was aroused by the appearance of a poor hump-backed man. The soft-hearted inspector performed an operation on the spot and removed the hump, which turned out to be one of those ingenious automatic machines which keep a certain hospital for one minute, the proper place for which was Charing Cross (Underground) Station. To-day the patient is reported to be doing well, but will not be out and about for at least six months.

A BOOTLESS QUEST.

The poet who sang "Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude," has probably voiced the sentiments of ROBERT BATESON better than he could himself. It appears that a gentleman who lives in Cromwell Road found ROBERT in his hall at the witching hour of night, with his boots in his hands. ROBERT avers that, having been unemployed for some time, he was looking for a job, and that it was entirely out of consideration for the household that he took his boots off, as he knew only too well what it was to lose his night's sleep; and as for the spoons, &c., found in his pockets, why someone must have put them there on purpose—that was all! The magistrate thought that this was a reasonable view to take of the case, and dismissed ROBERT—in charge of two kind but firm-looking men, who will see that he is not exposed to such indignities for the next few months at any rate.

Teaching the Old Idea.

PRESTON GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.—Applications are invited for the post of head mistress of the above school. . . . Salary £250 a year, with a capitation fee of £1 per head on all pupils over 50.—*Spectator*.



A CONGESTED DISTRICT; OR, THE PENALTY OF VICTORY.

Owing to the gigantic Liberal majority the Ministerial Benches will be anything but an abode of bliss in the coming Parliament. Arrangements will no doubt be made for "straphanging" between the teeming benches or under the Gallery. (The public will be relieved to hear that these are *not* portraits of the new Members.)

LOVE'S ASSURANCE.

JACK had promised to come.

In spite of the opposition of her father, of his threats, his cruel and heartless words, JACK had promised to come and see her. She crushed the little note between her fingers as she sat awaiting him in the dimly lighted drawing-room. He might be here at any moment now. The note said nine o'clock. The big chiming-clock on the mantelpiece was on the point of striking. How brave he was, how fearless! Her father had dared him to call again, had even threatened him with violence, and JACK had laughed in his face. And when her father in his sternest tones had asked him how he dared to pay his addresses to her, quite in the old-fashioned conventional manner, JACK had replied, with perfect self-control, that love dares anything, even the stentorian threats of a Director of the Iniquitable Accident Assurance Company. And in answer to her father's brutal allusions to his poverty and total unfitness for business, he had wagered he could make a thousand pounds any day of the week. How proud she was of him!

Hark! What was that?

Surely the front door had been opened and closed. Could it be he?

She rose from the sofa and listened. Yes, here were his footsteps. The drawing-room door was opened eagerly.

"JACK!"

But it was not JACK who stood before her, it was her father.

He was breathing heavily, his evening tie was loose, his hair disordered, his fingers still warm and red from a recent conflict.

"Father!" she cried. "What does this mean?"

"It means," replied he, rather scant of breath, "that I have kept my word. I warned him not to come."

"Oh, father, you have not hurt JACK? You have not dared—?"

"Yes—I have dared. I said I would, if he called here again, and I am a man of my word."

The girl swayed unsteadily, and dropped on to the couch.

Her father came towards her, gesticulating wildly.

"You ought to know me by this time," he said, "and that what I say I will do—I will do. This will be a lesson to both of you, and show you that obedience—implicit obedience, where my wishes are concerned, is the best policy." He did not mean to talk shop.

"Where is JACK?" asked the girl tearfully. "What have you done to him?"

The man became grim.

"I caught him coming through the door, and immediately forbade him to

enter the hall. He refused, and the door closed behind him. I warned him not to provoke me by his insolent disobedience—that I would thrash him to within an inch of his life. He laughed. My blood boiled within me, and I struck him."

"Ah!" came from the girl.

"One blow led to another. He dared me a second time, and I believe I broke one of his ribs."

"Well," asked she—"and then?"

"In trying to evade a lunge, he caught his foot on the corner of the organ stool, and sprained his ankle."



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

BE SURE YOU RAISE NO MORE SPIRITS THAN YOU CAN CONJURE DOWN.

"Go on," said the girl, rising, pale, resolute. "Tell me all—all!"

"He scrambled about, groaning fearfully, uttering your name at intervals, and then made a sudden lurch as if to close with me."

The man paused. Then he said, still without a touch of remorse, "I did not know I was so strong. I broke his arm."

"Oh, JACK, JACK," cried the girl.

"All for my sake. Where is he?"

"BRIGGS has taken him to the hospital in a four-wheeler."

"And when he comes out we will be married."

"What!" yelled the man. "Do you defy me, too, you?—"

"Yes. When you pay him the thousand pounds—"

"What thousand pounds?"

"Or five thousand pounds to hush the matter up," continued the girl.

"What do you mean?" roared her father.

"That JACK, knowing your violent temperament, insured himself in your Company this morning. Read his note."

Her father read and spluttered.

"What would the other directors think," she asked, "of this conspiracy to defraud?"

"Ish-ssh."

"A cheque for £5,000 would do a great deal to mitigate the pain JACK must be suffering now," urged the girl.

It did.

THE COMPLETE PARAGRAPHIST.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Echo de Paris*, calling on M. PADEREWSKI at Lausanne to question the truth of the rumour that he had retired permanently into private life, was denied admittance to the virtuoso's villa, and any information, but ascertained none the less that M. PADEREWSKI may be expected to make his public reappearance shortly, leads a hermit's life, practises the piano ten or twelve hours a day, has almost finished the score of an opera, has composed several pianoforte pieces, has a picture gallery of royal photographs every one signed, grows wonderful grapes which find ready sale on the Paris boulevards, and has several prize sheep of the Sandringham breed, presented to him by King EDWARD.

The question is, what more would the journalist have learned if he had not been kept at bay?

Fired by this example of success, a representative of *Mr. Punch* hurried to Whittingham to inquire into the report that Mr. BALFOUR's intention was not to re-enter Parliament at any price. Arrived at his destination our myrmidon lost no time in being ejected by the lodge-keeper. His report, however, is that Mr. BALFOUR is happy although harried, eats well, sleeps well, drives with his old freedom and success, putts accurately, wishes he was in Mexico with ALEXANDER HERD, plays *Chopin* every evening, is writing a book on the shifting foundations of the Conservative Party, tends the flowers in his hothouses, carefully abstains from growing orchids, lies on the rack regularly for an hour before retiring to bed in the hope of increasing the length of his legs, being persuaded that had they only been longer, his Party would have won by great strides.

The Painful Path of Duty.

LOST!—Blue Enamelled Locket. The finder will be rewarded by bringing it to Rose Hill Cottage, Queenstown.

Virtue is here rather less than its own reward, for Rose Hill, we are informed by a Queenstown correspondent, is quite steep, and the cottage is near the top.

OUR THEATRICALS.

II.

My duties as prompter were very light at rehearsals; not that the members of the company were any of them word-perfect, but because they unanimously resolved that any attempt on my part to call attention to their short-comings was absurdly premature. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, as the author, would occasionally protest when somebody skipped half a page of one of her beautiful soliloquies—she had made the play nearly all soliloquy in order to avoid overcrowding our small stage—but she was always met by the assurance that it would be all right on the night. I have since learnt that this is the orthodox formula on these occasions, and is considered to be highly humorous. At any rate, its

continual repetition rendered my office very much of a sine-cure. Under these circumstances, I need hardly have been so constant in my attendance, but the SOMERVILLES, at whose house the rehearsals took place, did us all remarkably well every evening, and of course GIPSY was always there. The whole crowd, as SMITHERS called us—SMITHERS, as I think I mentioned, had a cousin on tour somewhere at the Back of Beyond, and therefore affected the slang of the profession—was

always invited to dinner before every rehearsal, and the SOMERVILLES' dinners are excellent. Of course I should have enjoyed mine more if Mrs. SOMERVILLE hadn't made that fool GEORGE take GIPSY down every night, just because they had some rubbishy love-scenes together in the piece. Old SOMERVILLE usually kept the port circulating for a long time before we joined the ladies in the drawing-room—on the stage, I mean—and then the furniture had to be moved, and lists of properties drawn up, and important questions discussed: such as whether GIPSY ought to wear a Panama or what she called a plain sailor—so that it was usually rather late before we got under weigh. SOMERVILLE, being *functus officio*, was by that time fast asleep amongst the heap of chairs and tables in the corner, punctuating the love-making of GEORGE and GIPSY with rhythmical snores. This always put GEORGE off

horribly, and I was beginning to derive much enjoyment from my duties, especially as, when the date of the performance drew near, the company became more tolerant of my endeavours to confine them to a fairly free paraphrase of the text.

Well, the most striking scene in the play was where GEORGE, who was supposed to have been killed, suddenly burst in upon the heroine, very much alive. Personally, I think the scene was a mistake. I am unable to see the necessity for reviving GEORGE, of whom the audience must have had more than enough. But Mrs. SOMERVILLE had ordained otherwise, and according to her stage-direction—after soliloquies, the piece consisted largely of stage-directions—GIPSY, who was alone upon the stage (soliloquising) was to start violently as the hero re-appeared.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

"TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE."

We had arrived at this point on the night of the performance—and GIPSY *did* start violently. Unfortunately there was no GEORGE. I gave her the words, in a loud voice meant to be reassuring—"Alonzo! Alive! Oh!" The house roared. Of course she was not intended to say these touching words in quite the same tone of voice as I used in giving them to her from the book. But as there was no Alonzo she did not say them at all. She went back to the cue for Alonzo's entrance, and started again—started violently, I mean. Still no GEORGE. Though growing hot all over, I was not displeased. This at least, I thought, will disillusion her. GEORGE has forgotten his entrance. It was true. Someone rushed up to me, and hoarsely whispered, "GEORGE not dressed—can't come." I rose to the occasion. GIPSY, poor girl, was already starting violently for the third time. I walked on, prompt-

book in hand. I am not in the least like GEORGE (thank goodness!) and I was in evening dress. "Alonzo!" said GIPSY, obedient to my signal to finish the scene at any cost—but the rest of the line was drowned in the tumultuous applause of the audience. I took her in my arms, as GEORGE had to do. I wanted the tableau to be as effective as, under the trying circumstances, it could be. "Ring down, somebody," I shouted over her shoulder—and the curtain came down in its customary instalments.

And yet neither she nor GEORGE were a bit grateful to me. At the supper at the SOMERVILLES afterwards, to which the whole company and a few others were invited, the hero and the heroine, seated together as usual, practically ignored me. BARTHOLOMEW the curate was casting up the receipts. "I am

happy to be able to announce," he said, "that the Good Object—"

"What *was* the Object?" inquired one of the guests.

Mrs. SOMERVILLE smiled a mysterious smile, and looked down the table at GEORGE. I followed her glance. Both he and GIPSY blushed. "I have another announcement to make," said Mrs. SOMERVILLE.

An Irish resident at Bangor, whose hand Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE shook, has made a vow not to wash that hand for

a month. We understand that a deputation of soap-boilers will wait upon the President of the Board of Trade to ask him to use his influence to dissuade his admirer from the full performance of his vow, as they fear that this form of hero-worship may be catching.

Aiding and Abetting.

["Through his horse being frightened by a passing motor-car Mr. — was thrown out of his trap and severely injured, the motorist rendering every assistance."—*Motoring Illustrated*.]

It is this kind of superfluous brutality that makes the motorist so unpopular a figure.

FROM a provincial paper we cull the following tragedy:—"Some toys that squeaked when extended with the breath amused the pygmies very much, until one burst with a bang."

THE EDUCATIONALIST.

Who doubts my wisdom? Dares to call me blind
In things relating to the youthful mind?
Who says there's aught pertaining to the urchin
I have not made elaborate research in?
Who thinks to question my superiority?
I am an educational authority.

Blue books, white papers, annual reports,
Official documents of endless sorts
Weigh down my over-crowded shelves, revealing
Their master's one pursuit from floor to ceiling;
While education journals, quite unable to
Find other haven, litter floor and table too.

The complicated rites are known to me
Whereby you register in Column B:
I can express a B.Sc. (Otago)
In terms of Tokio, Jena or Chicago,
Or tell the value of a London Bachelor
Who's done her training at the Mary Datchelor.

I know the County Council schemes in Herts
For teaching people pedagogic arts;
The value of the scholarships and prizes
They offer Pupil-Teachers in Devises;
The income from the penny-rate in Cumberland,
And how to be a P.-T. in Northumberland.

I've studied every section of the rules
Prescribed for building secondary schools;
I know the minimum of ventilation
That satisfies the Board of Education;
How many cubic feet a dining brat must get,
And, if we have a kitchen, how much that must get.

My words are greeted with prolonged applause
When I discuss the Cowper-Temple clause;
Men mark with deference my views on state-aid,
The whisky money, tenure, grants and rate-aid—
Indeed, I have become so dominant a swell
I could give points to BIRRELL and MORANT as well.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE General Election being over, any crying need for the knowledge of the elements of self-defence is over too; and yet there are occasions when some one, in Mr. Weller's phrase, has got to "be whopped for this 'ere," and there is no better modern substitute for the old-fashioned whopping than Ju-jitsu, the principles of which are described by a plurality of authors (four in all) with singular charm in *The Game of Ju-jitsu* (HAZELL & Co.), with many pictures to add to the exposition's usefulness. One cannot look with anything but respect upon even civilian methods of aggression and defence in the nation which has caused the Russian Bear so frequently to make upon the mats the two knocks of submission.

Rose at Honeypot (METHUEN) runs somewhat short of the average measurement of the six-shilling novel, which is a pity, since the quality is excellent. My Baronite is least attracted by the heroine, who, bolting from the ascetic household of her husband's maiden sisters, goes in search of nature in a quiet country hamlet. At Honeypot she finds a good deal of it, of sorts, mostly sordid. A drunken, dissolute husband, a slatternly wife, two exceedingly undesirable children, and a group of malevolent village gossips, are among her daily companions. These form the background

to the finely-conceived character of *Lorry*, the gamekeeper, a fellow-lodger in the cottage where *Rose* fondly believed she would be "close to the heart of nature." In the absence of her sailor-husband, conveniently at a foreign station, *Rose*, being young, pretty, *piquante*, and ruthlessly selfish, enslaves *Lorry*. At a certain stage of the acquaintance a less clever artist than Mistress MARY MANN would have drowned, shot, or otherwise disposed of the absent husband. She spares him to come home and carry off his versatile wife from the almost outstretched arms of the long-suffering *Lorry*. It is, after all, only a slight sketch. But it brings out in fine lines the figure of a gentleman, albeit arrayed in rough shooting suit.

The Bracebridges, by SARAH TYTLER (JOHN LONG). This pleasantly written novel is free from anything like sensationalism, unless the powerful description of a railway accident and its dramatic result—not altogether a surprise to the reader—may be so accounted. About the literary style of this clever authoress there clings, as it were, a kind of laid-up-in-lavender perfume that may recall to some experienced readers the charming old-fashioned *Cranford*, and the novels of CHARLOTTE YONGE and JANE AUSTEN. In this story of *The Bracebridges*, the carefully-elaborated narrative is illustrated by familiar similes, and the authoress's precise description of character obviates any necessity for incisive dialogue. Though the story of the three sisters, their loves, their disappointments, their losses and their rewards, is not much above the quiet commonplace incidents of ordinary superior middle-class existence, yet is there, in the narration of them, a certain charm that attracts the reader, who comes at length to feel honoured at being admitted to the confidence of the somewhat conventional and typically homely *Bracebridge* family.

The Baron has not a word to say against *Mrs. Erricker's Reputation* (ALSTON RIVERS), which Mr. THOMAS COBB has ably cleared from all suspicion. The commencement of the story, where the situation occurs on which all subsequent mistakes and complications hang, may not, to many readers who within the last few years have patronised modern farcical comedy, seem absolutely new and original. Granting this, the gradual development of the slight plot by means of the characteristic action of the "personages in the drama" is most adroitly managed. It gives the Baron considerable pleasure to recommend this decidedly up-to-date novel.



PROSPECTIVE.—The great drama of *Nero at His Majesty's* has been followed, according to the suggestion in our last week's article on "Out-Heroding Herod," by a highly successful play by P. NERO at the St. James's Theatre, of which we trust to give an account "in our next." It is entitled *His House in Order*, and as Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER is likely to do good business with it for some time to come the title will not have to be changed to *Orders in the House*.

"GRAND BARGAIN SALE. LAST WEEK."

ANOTHER glorious opportunity missed. But why vainly recall the past? What we want are the sales of *this* week.

More Trade Honesty.

"ALLOW me to draw your attention to our Celebrated Yorkshire Polony, which for over 40 years has had more than a local reputation for delicious flavour and reliability."

LADIES AT WORK.

ONLY a mangled report of the recent conference on Domestic Training for Perfect Ladies has reached the press, but fortunately we happen to be able to supplement it.

Among the unreported speakers was one who quite early in the proceedings congratulated the promoters on the good sense and tact which led them to substitute the words "Perfect Ladies" for "Women." The word "woman," she held, should not be used at all. "To be called a woman," she said, "is to be insulted. We are not women, we are ladies."

An elderly matron rising to oppose this view and to express her satisfaction with the word "woman," was shouted down. "We are all women whatever happens, through no efforts of our own," she was heard to say; "but it is our own affair whether we are ladies or not." (*Cries of "Traitor!" and uproar.*)

The friends of the "Kid-gloved Guild of Household Dames" explained how it was that so odd a title had been chosen. "The word 'servant' is also objected to," she said; "and it must be abandoned." No lady could soil her reputation by seeking for work at a Registry Office for servants. New registry offices for household dames were therefore being opened, with a door-keeper whose business it was to refuse admission to ordinary servants or women, and forcibly throw them out if they were at all obstinate. "Service" also was to be a forbidden word.

Asked if it was intended to substitute "damevice," the speaker sat down in a ladylike huff.

To a question as to the fairness of this extremely genteel competition with ordinary servants no reply was given, except cries of "Shame!"

To another question as to whether we were not all servants, from His MAJESTY downwards, no answer was given, except "Turn her out!"

A lady cook then gave her experience of service. She was allowed, she said, to come in at the front door, possess a latchkey, receive her friends, and take her meals with the family. It was true that this necessitated sitting down to table in rather a heated state, immediately after dishing up the joint, but she preserved her ladyhood none the less, and that was everything. One must be a lady.

A lady kitchen-maid also testified to the elegance with which she carried out her duties. Her employers, she said, were full of tact. Nothing was ever allowed to happen to remind her that she was degrading herself; as, of course, she was.

A question was here asked as to



His Partner. "I REALLY NEVER HEARD A BETTER SPEECH IN MY LIFE! SUCH A WONDERFUL FLOW OF—"

He. "GREAT SCOTT! THAT REMINDS ME—I'VE LEFT THE BATH-ROOM TAP AT HOME FULL ON!"

whether the work by which one lived was degrading, but no direct reply was given. A subsequent speaker, however, gave an indirect reply when she said that the true vocation of ladies undoubtedly was to read novels and play the piano, and anything that interrupted this destiny was derogatory to their dignity. (*Cheers.*)

Speeches having been made by lady butlers, lady chauffeurs, and lady lady's-maids, a resolution was adopted that whatever happened, and until the man arrived for whom they were to drudge willingly, nothing should ever induce Lady-Britons to be slaves. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

Bluebeard Out-classed.

"WIDOWED but a month ago, the estranged wife made a dramatic confession of her marriage to a crowd of New York reporters." — *Sunday Chronicle.*

"SIR," writes a correspondent to *The Scotsman*, "I frequently come to Edinburgh by mid-day train, and invariably there are a few criminals in charge of policemen, who at once put them into the first cab waiting to drive them to Calton Jail. I have often wondered why the Edinburgh public allow such a practice, seeing that these criminals cannot be clean, and who can tell the next lady or gentleman who may engage the same cab without being cleaned?"

It does indeed seem very hard to "tell"; and the only possible solution that we can think of should be made of one of those soaps which are equally serviceable for upholstery and the human body.

This sounds a better proposition than the one offered by the above correspondent, who continues as follows: "I think the public should insist that the police van always comes to the midday train, and that any criminals who arrive by this train should walk to Calton, for all the distance. I am, &c., INDIGNANT."

TO A LOST BACHELOR.

THOMAS, my boy, we live in stirring times ;
 Fresh crises happen every other day ;
 The latest scheme that prompts our previous rhymes,
 Before their ink is dry, "gangs aft agley."
 The breach that rives the Tory ranks in twain
 To-night is glued, to-morrow splits asunder ;
 And, as for leaders, none can tell us plain
 Which is the upper dog and which the under.

But, for the moment, I have ceased to care
 Whether the Party's wound should gape or heal ;
 That topic shows too trivial by compare
 With what concerns my more immediate weal ;
 For I have learned but now—and oh ! the shock
 Has made my faith in humankind miscarry—
 That you, on whom I rested like a rock,
 THOMAS, that you—that you intend to marry !

Had any other told this sorry tale
 I would have thrust the libel down his throat,
 Saying, "His spots the leopard cannot pale,
 Nor yet the Æthiop shed his native coat !"
 But you yourself conveyed the damning news,
 And, though you wore an air of wild elation,
 Babbling a jargon such as infants use,
 'Twas clear you spoke from first-class information.

Others, I own, had dashed my faith ere now,
 But such were slackers, groggy at the knee,
 Not built to brave the mountain's arduous brow
 With stalwart veterans like you and me ;
 A dwindling band, we've been and watched them wed,
 And in the festal pew I still can see you
 Wearing funereal garb, with shaking head
 And lips that groaned (in Latin) "*Eheu ! Eheu !*"

You had a heart, I hoped, of sterner bent ;
 Gifts of imagination kept you right ;
 You would not take the primrose path's descent,
 So facile and so desperately trite ;
 And now "*la belle dame*" holds you too in thrall,
 You too in turn have loosely drifted from me ;
 This is the most disloyal lapse of all,
 And warrants my remarking "*Et tu, Tommy !*"

Don't tell me how our ties will just extend,
 Not break, through such a change—I've thought of that ;—
 That wives adopt their husband's dearest friend,
 Much like a fixture when you take a flat ;
 Contrariwise I'm certain she will cast
 A jealous eye on me ; it *must* upset her
 To know I know so much about your past
 From those nomadic days before you met her.

Therefore, my THOMAS, since we two must part,
 I post you, privily, these farewell lines,
 Where pity more than anger moves my heart
 On this ill-omened Eve—St. Valentine's ;
 Pity me, too, left lonely on the shore
 Here where the tide below my stranded keel ebbs,
 The same that lifts your prow which lately bore
 In deathless paint (you *said*) the sign of CÆLEBS.

O. S.

The Conscientious Correspondent.

"THEN the KING and Princesses ENA and BEATRICE started on foot for a walk in Biarritz."—*Lancashire Post*.

THE C.-B. ANALOGY AGAIN.—Suggested name for a Liberal South London fruiterer :—'ENERY CAMBERWELL-BANANAMAN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

His House in Order, if not, as I am inclined to pronounce it, the best play, is certainly to be reckoned one of the very best plays that, up to this present time, Mr. PINERO has written. And, since Mr. PINERO is our principal dramatist, to say so much is to affirm without fear of contradiction that this comedy of his in four Acts, played as it is, is the best specimen of genuine high comedy that has been seen in London for many years. I emphasise the condition "played as it is," for were not its rendering by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's company well nigh perfect I doubt whether any audience, representative of the general public, could tolerate speeches of such inordinate length, nor would they allow that the giving of an Ibsenitish lecture, apparently *à propos de boîtes*, by one guest in a country house to his fellow-guests, ladies and gentlemen, was quite natural or in the least degree probable. Yet so powerful is the interest created in the problem of the play, that the audience, in rapt attention, listens to every word of this lecture given by Mr. Hilary Jesson (Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER), a guest in his brother's house, to the Ridgeley family, who are his brother's connections by marriage, and temporarily his fellow-guests. The host is himself present, as are also, if I remember right, a secretary, and the Mayor of the town. Greater tribute to the power of the author and to the talent of the actors, specially of the actor Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who has to perform this exhausting solo, could not be afforded than by the intense interest of the absorbed audience which hangs on every word, just as at the most critical moment of the play it eagerly watches the silent action of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH as *Nina* (the heroine), while at the same time noting the effect of a strongly impassioned appeal to her better self as it is urged upon her by Hilary Jesson.

I doubt if Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has ever had such a chance as this character gives him. It comes to him at the right moment. Years ago he could not have played it as he does now ; nay more, he would not have dared to attempt it, nor would Mr. PINERO have written it. But years ago no dramatic author would have sacrificed action to dialogue. Old stagers would have pointed out its impracticability ; *mais, "on a changé tout cela."* By the way the French governess, Mlle. Thomé, in this piece is capitally played by Mlle. MARCELLE CHEVALIER, as is also the most important part of her little pupil Derek Jesson, son of Filmer Jesson, M.P., represented by Miss IRIS HAWKINS. This little Derek is a delightful child, sharp as needles, with a facility for catching at such long words as he hears from his precise Aunt Geraldine (Miss BERYL FABER), and, but for the awe with which the little chap, who is very fond of his governess, is compelled to regard her, he would certainly have rejoiced in addressing Mlle. Thomé as "Tommy." Little Miss Iris "*ira loin*."

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH as the heroine is simply perfect ; she shows us exactly what Mr. PINERO means ; her timidity excites our sympathy, her position in the family our pity ; her impetuosity takes away our breath ; and, in her irrepressible passion, she is a very whirlwind of ungovernable fury. Her whole performance is magnificent ; not a flaw anywhere.

Mr. HERBERT WARING has a most difficult rôle as the weak and almost colourless husband ; but he triumphs where Mr. PINERO intended him to triumph, at the finish. His acting, notable for its artistic restraint, in the last scene of all, where the treachery of his deceased wife is revealed to him, is impressively powerful in its thorough naturalness. In this scene there is no exaggerated expression of feeling ; not one false note.

The stage management is admirable, with one noticeable exception, and that is where Hilary Jesson is suggesting to *Nina* in a lengthy dialogue, *sotto voce*, a course of action, while the other characters, her husband and the Ridgeley



Bernard Partridge.

FOLLOW ME, LEADER.

THE HIND LEGS (*log.*). "MY DEAR ARTHUR, OF COURSE YOU'RE THE ONLY CONCEIVABLE HEAD; BUT WE'RE GOING MY WAY!"

family, are within easy earshot in the same room, evidently only awaiting their "cues" to take their parts in the scene. This is the sole error in the otherwise perfect stage management.

Mr. LYALL SWETE as the pompous, oily, *Sir Daniel*, is delicious; we know that old humbug—who doesn't?

Miss BELLA PATEMAN, as the acidulated, narrow-minded, and mundanely pious person *Lady Ridgely*, and Miss BERYL FABER as the strait-laced "prunes and prisms" spinster *Geraldine*, are both admirable. Herein is just a reminiscence, to the experienced, of *The Serious Family*.

Mr. C. M. LOWNE has never had such an opportunity afforded him as this of *Pryce Ridgely*, the typical good young man of the upper bourgeois class, self-sufficient, insufferable. He is excellent.

In the very difficult part of *Major Maurewarde* Mr. DAWSON MILWARD wins our reluctant sympathy by his tenderness for the child who is nominally the son of the man whom he has so cruelly wronged. It is, in its line, a very fine part.

Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, assuming an air of familiarity proper to the popular dignitary of a small town, whose heart is in the right place, and whose manners are tempered by his social position as a general medical practitioner, gives a telling sketch of character.

Mr. ROBERT HORTON is *Harding*, the Member of Parliament's confidential secretary, and renders his part with praiseworthy tact, as also does Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS as *Forshaw*, the representative of a provincial newspaper, who, as an ordinary type of "interviewer," might have so easily been made ridiculous.

The scenery, by Mr. JOSEPH HARKER, from designs by Mr. PERCY MACQUOID, R.I., forms an artistic setting to the picture.

From first to last Mr. PINERO must unstintedly be congratulated on the play, and Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER on its production with such a company, whose performance is so exceptionally good, and especially that of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH as the heroine, that it can be seen many times, and always with increasing pleasure. It is in for a long run.

HORTICULTURE UP TO DATE.

STIMULATED by the recent achievements of a horticulturist, who is about to place on the market the "pomato," a blend of the apple and tomato, and the "plumcot," a mixture of plum and apricot, *Mr. Punch* hopes soon to be able to announce the successful rearing of the following novelties:—

The Cumberry.—This may be regarded either as a very long gooseberry or a very short cucumber, according to fancy. When fully ripe the skin is thin and the contents pulpy. Unripe it is like a cobble, and may be used as such. *Mr. Punch* is disposed to think that the over-ripe cumberry will be very popular at Elections, especially when eggs are scarce. The hairy variety looks like a fat caterpillar, and makes very good grub.

The Mistletoe, a happy combination of the romantic and the domestic. This fruit, which has a very piquant flavour, has been grown in a small patch of soil, concealed, like King CHARLES, among the branches of an oak. Hence it is not surprising that the Mistletoe should combine the nourishing qualities of the homely tuber with the sentimental associations of that plant which was revered by our Druid ancestors and is beloved by modern maidens. It should be a popular dish at wedding breakfasts.

The Pumpkion promises well and seems likely to combine the amplitude of the pumpkin with the pungency of the onion. *Mr. Punch* is of opinion that a machine will have to be invented for dealing with this vegetable, as to handle it would be too severe a tax upon the cook's lachrymal glands.

The Turniparrot and the *Parsniparagus* are not yet sufficiently developed to be described with any confidence. Many

others are only in an incipient state at present, but *Mr. Punch* hopes to be able before long to announce that he has brought several to maturity, including the Collage and the Cabby-flower.

LADY, A SHEEP-DOG.

LADY, since first we met the years have sped
In three full cycles o'er your good grey head.
Your age I know not, yet my trembling tongue
Owns, though I love you, that you are not young.
Still, though 'twere flattery to call you slim,
Your heart beats high, your vision is not dim.
The far-flung ball that's swiftly lost to view
Still with unerring speed you can pursue,
Patient to find and always sure to bring
The trophy back and beg another fling.
Your fathers drove their flocks, but you abide
In proud submission by your master's side.
You grant, what love and death alone control,
To him the untutored worship of your soul,
Glad to obey, nor ever seek to prove,
The word that checks, the wish that makes you move.
Oft has he seen you, as, with head laid low
Between your paws, you watched him come and go;
Waiting his pleasure and intent you lay
While the slow minutes dragged their length away,
Till at the last, your inmost being stirred,
You sprang to life obedient to his word.
And he has known you urge on his repose
The moist intrusion of a nudging nose,
Or, bolder still, to seek his knee and press
With pleading paw to win a slight caress.

Nature, who made you rough and grey and meek,
Reft you of dogdom's silent power to speak;
Cut off your tribal customary flag,
And left you nothing you could wave or wag.
Yet, still unfair herself, she made you fair,
A bob-tailed beauty in a mat of hair,
With two brown eyes, on which her mind she spent
To make them tender, wise and eloquent.
In part repentant, but in part unkind,
With shaggy tufts she failed to make you blind,
And left, while taking of your tail her toll,
These curtained outlets for your anxious soul.

Winter, dear Lady, when the world is chill
With rain and mud, becomes you very ill.
Roused from your slumbers at the early dawn
For ten wild minutes on the swampy lawn,
Clean—for no dog is better groomed than you—
You issue forth and hunt the garden through;
Shake off the night, and wantonly employ
In zealous rollings your arrears of joy.
Blameless in heart, but dragged, you return
And roam the rooms, in swift disgrace to learn
How mud and moisture all your virtues clog,
And men prefer their carpets to their dog.

Yet, though your coat be muddy, I confess,
Dear tail-less one, I cannot love you less.
Here in my den the fire burns bright and high:
Lie you before it, Lady, and get dry.
Here shall no housemaid with an angry face
Rate you for dirt and bid you from the place;
No careful mistress with imperious call
Send you to exile in a straw-laid stall.
Lady, take courage, for behind my door
Peace shall be yours and leisure to restore
Your tangled toilet, till with mind serene
I pass your coat as moderately clean.

R. C. L.



WRONGLY ADDRESSED.

(At a meet of the Meynell Hounds.)

Fair American. "My! You DO LOOK SMART IN THAT RED COAT! BUT SAY, I RECKON YOU BORROWED IT?"

Sportsman. "No, I DIDN'T. WHY DO YOU THINK SO?"

F. A. "WELL, I GUESS IT'S GOT 'M. H.' ON THE BUTTONS, AND THAT AIN'T YOUR INITIALS, ANYWAY."

EXPERT EVIDENCE.

[In a dramatic criticism *The Shoe and Leather Record* complains that *The Heroic Stubbs* shows ignorance of tanning, and in the trying-room the stock of chairs is too small.]

WE learn from *The Insurance Review* that the burning of Rome in *Nero*—without apparently any steps having been taken to insure the metropolis—is stilted and unnatural.

Criticisms are freely made by *The Beekeeper* and *Fur and Feather* on the various pantomimes. Conversations between the lower creation in idiomatic English are stigmatized as a gross violation of natural history, and as stultifying the usual terms "dumb animals." The cat in *Dick Whittington* betrays an impossible knowledge of municipal politics. The horse, again, is incapable of waltzing, and—in its wild state—never does conjuring tricks.

Various fashionable weeklies take exception to the manners in so-called "Society" dramas. Peers and peeresses, we learn, eat and drink, in actual life, almost precisely like commoners; a gentleman paying a call does not wait till he is in the drawing-room to remove his hat, nor necessarily keep it off in the open air while addressing a Duchess. *The Exchange and Mart* points out that the terms arranged on the stage between American heiresses and bankrupt peers are frequently unbusinesslike. *The Stationery Trades Journal* asserts that the writing of a letter of four

pages legibly in seven seconds, and the reading of a lengthy will at a single glance, conflict with its critic's experience.

Objections are made in *The Architectural Review* to certain Park Lane scenes. The fact that a solid brick wall waves freely about when a footman stumbles against it, and a massive oak door vibrates in every gust of air, would presuppose jerry-building—an explanation improbable in a millionaire's house in Mayfair.

Other criticisms passed by *The Antiquary* on the chorus ladies in Italian opera, and by *The Baker and Confectioner* on the impossible rate of eating attained in dinner scenes, must be held over for want of space.

Another Infant Prodigy.

FROM "Answer to Correspondents" in *The University Correspondent*:—

"H. A. E. G.—Having been born on June 15th, 1900, you will not be able to enter for Matriculation until September, 1906."

We don't know who H. A. E. G. is; but it looks as if he had mistaken the Matriculation at London University for the "Previous" Examination at Cambridge.

A REMARKABLE CLAIM.—"Crowds flocked to see the 'new' Turners at the Tate Gallery. An artist declares them to be his finest work."—*Daily Express*.

CHARIVARIA.

A GREAT access of strength to the nation is reported. Mr. EUGENE SANDOW has become a British subject. We understand that the Japanese Government was at once notified, and that their War Minister is appeased.

It is now almost certain that the manufacture of the new short rifle will be discontinued. Although the authorities still maintain that it will be of great advantage in time of war, the discovery has been made that, owing to its formation, it militates against the smart appearance of the Guards at drill.

Dr. EMIL REICH is about to lecture to a fashionable audience on PLATO, about whom, although he is frequently mentioned in the Divorce Court, there is an astonishing amount of ignorance among the Smart Set.

À propos, though we have heard much recently about changes in naval uniform, we are glad to say that the naval divorce suit of which we read last week is something of a novelty.

The question of the effect of food on the complexion is now being considered. A table-spoonful of mustard is still held to be without a rival for producing rosy cheeks.

It is rumoured that, in view of the largely increased number of Labour Members in the new House of Commons, the old division bell is to be superseded by a "hooter."

It is proposed to keep permanent exhibitions of paintings on the great American liners. Once more we are to try the effect of oils on troubled waters.

The number of ladies of noble birth who write novels is said to be increasing. The demand, we suppose, calls forth the supply; meanwhile the difficulty of finding satisfactory titles for the books themselves grows greater every day.

The Moorish delegates at the Algeiras Conference have proved themselves more far-sighted than their *confrères*. Realising how tedious the proceedings would be, they came clothed in blankets, so that they could roll themselves up and go to sleep whenever they desired.

Two more motor-omnibuses caught fire last week, and it is felt that, if this continues to happen, it may detract from the comfort of passengers in less seasonable weather.

During a riot at the Belfast Palace of

Varieties a man was thrown from the gallery into the auditorium. "He escaped with only slight injuries," says the report. This surely must have been the historic Irishman who had the good fortune to fall on his head.

We were aware that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is a talented actor, but it has remained for a contemporary to acquaint us with the fact that he is also a clever contortionist. From an account of a recent trial we learn that he occupied a chair near the solicitors' table "in a characteristic SEYMOUR HICKS attitude—his legs crossed, his arms flung carelessly over the back of the chair, and his chin sunk in his hands."

"IAN MACLAREN" has expressed himself as of the opinion that a sense of humour is a hindrance to practical success in life. This insinuation that our most successful humorists lack a sense of humour has caused considerable pain in some quarters.

Sentences of deportation have been passed on a number of alien criminals. Native talent hopes to fill the gaps.

Mr. BURNS has been to Buckingham Palace to see the KING. Feeling that such an occasion demanded some slight change of costume, the President of the Local Government Board wore, we are informed, a bowler suit and a serge hat.

Four hundred camels, it is announced, are to be employed by the KAISER'S troops in South-west Africa in putting down the rebellion. We are not fond of blowing our own trumpet, but we would draw attention to the fact that, though we might and could compose a *jeu d'esprit* about the Germans having the hump, we forego that privilege.

SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES.

WOMEN.

WOMEN are born, not made.

There is only one kind of women, namely, women.

Against the eternal feminine the daily male has no chance at all.

SCHOPENHAUER did not approve of women. Women did not approve of SCHOPENHAUER.

The chief topics of conversation in female society are husbands and servants. The distinction seems arbitrary, and doubtless is seldom drawn.

Those whom the gods love (*i.e.* ladies of the chorus) dye young.

The popular idea that women have no sense of humour is quite mistaken. They marry us.

"CORN-BIF";

Or, The Paris County Councillors Day by Day.

Monday, Feb. 5. 8.55 A.M.—The County Councillors, eighty strong, headed by Sir EDWIN CORNWALL, leave London for Paris, all wearing white tall hats with green puggarees, projecting teeth, side whiskers and loud check suits. Each Councillor has a Bible under his arm, and smokes a large briar pipe. General regret expressed at the absence of Mr. JOHN BURNS; rumoured that he is following in a Thames steamer. Deputation bringing good wishes for *bon voyage* from Soho arrives five minutes after the train has gone. Charters special train and catches the other at Chislehurst. Leader of deputation recites speech from the engine of his train to the guard of the other, who passes it on to the County Councillors. A suitable reply having been made, the Soho deputation reverses its train and returns to London satisfied. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL full of jokes and fun. "Why am I like a fish out of water?" he asks at Tonbridge. All give it up. "Because I'm CORNWALL in Kent." Shrieks of laughter.

11 A.M.—At Dover. The Councillors embark for Calais, eighty strong.

11.30.—In the Chops of the Channel. Very rough. Who is the Jonah? Can it be J. WILLIAMS BENN? Perish the thought!

12.30.—The Councillors arrive at Calais, eighty weak. No sign of Mr. BURNS in his Thames steamer. Rumour that he is going all the way by water. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL, by remarking, "Then he must be in Seine," is anticipating fifty-one other Councillors, in spite of their qualms. Profound sadness and gloom.

12.45.—Lunch ready. No takers.

1.15.—Departure by train for Paris. Mayor and Corporation of Calais with address of welcome, waiting at the wrong station, are not heard. "Never mind" (*n'importe*), says the Mayor, "it will do, with a little alteration (*un peu d'altération*) when they come back."

4.45.—Arrival at the Gare du Nord (Station of the North). Reception by M. BROUSSE, the Members of the Bureau of the Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall), and the Republican Guard. Councillors instantly identified through wearing the national costume, and cheered. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL embraced by M. BROUSSE. "Embroussed," he calls it, amid loud laughter.

6.0.—Arrival at Grand Hotel, after triumphant progress through the streets in open carriages. All Paris (*tout Paris*) on the pavements (*trottoirs*), crying "Rosbif!" "Earear!" "Ip ip!" "Vive Sir CORNWALL!"

6.30.—Sir EDWIN CORNWALL leaves cards on the PRESIDENT and the British Ambassador. Finds a reporter under each seat of the carriage and two on the roof. Grants interview. On regaining his hotel is crushed by a rush of interviewers. "The power of the press," he exclaims, as he vanishes up the stairs. Great laughter (*vire*), as all the reporters settle down to articles on the witty Lord CORNWALL. No sign of Mr. BURNS.

8.0.—Banquet in the Hôtel de Ville. "Lucky JOHN BURNS is not here," says Sir EDWIN CORNWALL; "he doesn't like veal." Terrific exclamations. Councillors go very gingerly with the rich dishes. Chops of the Channel still too recent. Great speech by M. BROUSSE. Great speech by Sir EDWIN CORNWALL. Unfolds his plan of a congress of capitals and continental visits of L.C.C. to Vienna and Madrid, Constantinople and Baghdad, Berlin and St. Petersburg, Sofia and Berne, Antananarivo and New York. Return visits of representatives of all these capitals to London. No work any more—only *ententes*. *Vive l'Entente!* (*Long live the present cordial understanding with France.*) Cheers and enthusiasm.

Tuesday, Feb. 6.—All the Paris papers come out with columns of Sir EDWIN CORNWALL's jokes (*bons mots*).

10 A.M.—Visit of the Councillors to the Halles. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL kisses the Queen of the Market on both cheeks. Full description telegraphed to London. The Councillors in open carriages make a tour of Paris. Crowds line the pavements (*trottoirs* again), crying the new portmanteau word coined in the night by M. ANATOLE FRANCE, assisted by WILLY, to sum up the national and municipal character of the visit—"Corn-bif!" "Corn-bif!" Sir EDWIN acknowledges the compliment as a man should.

12.30.—Lunch at DUVAL's principal *Établissement* (establishment). Sir EDWIN kisses the head waitress and brings down the house by asking if CLAUDE is present. "No." "Then where the DUVAL is he?" he adds. (*Cannonades of merriment.*)

3 P.M.—The Councillors take a drive in the Bois (*wood*). They meet M. LOUBET driving a phaeton. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL kisses him on both cheeks. Consternation of M. LOUBET, whose horses take fright and bolt.

6 P.M.—Return of search party which had gone to find Mr. BURNS. Thames steamer found, bottom upwards, near Rouen. No sign of Mr. BURNS. "Just the place for him to avoid," says Sir EDWIN: "is it not there that JOAN burns?" (*Laughter.*)

8 P.M.—Dinner at the Elysée. Sir EDWIN CORNWALL repeats his great speech, adding several capitals he omitted the night before, principally places which the members of the London County



DETECTED.

Clerical Tourist (visiting Cathedral). "ALWAYS OPEN, EH? AND DO YOU FIND THAT PEOPLE COME HERE ON WEEK-DAYS FOR REST AND MEDITATION?"

Verger. "AY, THAT THEY DO, ODD TIMES. WHY, I CATCHED SOME OF 'EM AT IT ONLY LAST TOOSDAY!"

Council wished to visit. He saw, he said, a great opening for an immediate *entente cordiale* with Monaco, and his party were proposing to go on to Monte Carlo directly the hospitality of Paris began to show signs of wear. For his part he believed that a County Councillor would never serve his constituents so usefully as when he was abroad. Long live France!

Wednesday, 10 A.M.—Telegram received from Mr. JOHN BURNS, saying that owing to the necessity of being fitted for his new Windsor uniform he has been unavoidably prevented from crossing the Channel. Former messages, stating that he had been detained in the

Pool of London, had been mis-read. Really a reference to his tailor.

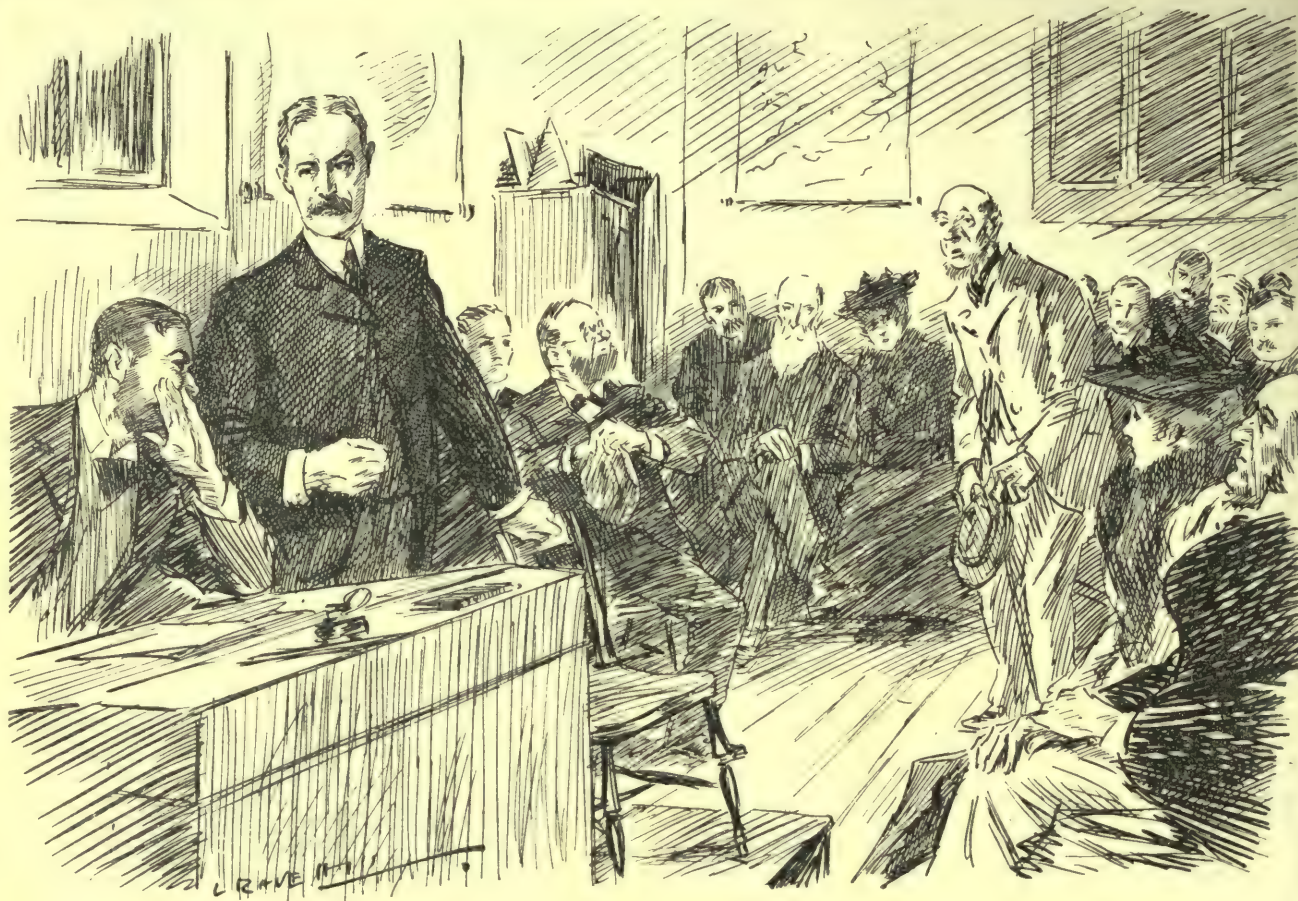
"I KNOW A BANK—"

[The great tenor, CARUSO, going to a New York Bank to draw out money, was obliged to sing in order to prove his identity.]

THEY would not hand him out the pelf,
Until he proved himself himself;
Until he sang, their doubts to stay,
In that superb CARUSO-way

On which the public doats:—
The story in the Press runs so;
It's hardly worth the telling, though,
For 'tis a thing of course, you see,
That in a Bank, where'er it be,

They'll give you gold for notes!



Labourer. "WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW BE THIS: WILL THIS 'ERE ELECTION 'AVE ANY EFFECT ON OUR RIGHTS IN THIS PARISH?"

Candidate (thinking he has at last come upon a Village Hampden). "I CANNOT CONCEIVE THAT THE ELECTION CAN IN ANY WAY AFFECT YOUR RIGHTS HERE."

Labourer. "I'M PUFFICKLY SATISFIED."

Chairman (to Candidate). "HE MEANT RATES!"

AN UNDOUBTED FACT.

["Now saponin is a glucoside."—*The Lancet*," quoted in "*The Daily Mail*."] *Stirred* profoundly by this remark

I closed my *Mail* at St. James's Park;
And turned to the stranger next to me,
And tapped him gently upon the knee:
"Are you aware," I said with pride,
"That saponin is a glucoside?"

He dropped his *Times* right hastily:
"What do you think of it all?" said he,
"What do you think of ARTHUR B.—
Shall *he* be leader, or JOSEPH C.?
How can the 'opposite wings' agree?
It's all a puzzle," he said, "to me.
What do you think of it all?" said he.

"How can you doubt it?" I replied,
"Since saponin is a glucoside."

I left him then, and I gave a tap
To one who was swaying upon a strap:
"Are you aware," I said with pride,
"That saponin is a glucoside?"

He dropped his paper, and glared at me,
"There's something rotten abroad," said he,
"Our army's not what it ought to be;

Our fleet isn't fit to put to sea;
We haven't a trade that's really Free;
It doesn't seem right," he said, "to me,
There's something rotten abroad," said he.

I said: "It will scarcely be denied
That saponin is a glucoside?"

I rose with a bow, and went from there
To a man who stood with a wearied air
Quite apart from the thronging crowd.
"Is it," I thought, "because he's proud?
Or is he sick of their silly chatter—
That, I expect, is what's the matter:
Then here is *one* who will understand."
I took him lovingly by the hand:
"Brother, are you aware," I cried,
"That saponin is a glucoside?"

He listened to me, and he raised his head,
And these were the noble words he said:

"*Westminster Station*—where yer for?
Abbey? out by the other door—
Plenty o' room in the smoking-car—
Hurry up, lady, 'ere you are—
Right for the Mansion House, o' course—
Pass along—*Next is Charing Cross*."

"There's much in your argument," I replied,
"Still—saponin is a glucoside."

* * * * *
Yet sometimes now when it blows a gale,
And the winter winds in the chimneys wail,
When, whirling and eddying round and round,
The snow falls fast on the frozen ground,
And, taking care of the streets for the night,
Wraps them up in a cloth of white:

It suddenly occurs to me
To wonder if the fellow lied
Who stated so explicitly:
"Now saponin's a glucoside."

"Distance lends Enchantment to the View—halloo."

"THE Duchess," says *The Daily Mail*,
"has also another residence, the Upper Hall at Ledbury, and from here she hunts a good deal in Arran." Rather a long business getting to the meet?



Paddy. "WHERE WILL I CATCH THE EXPRESS FOR DUBLIN?"

Station-Master. "YE'LL CATCH IT ALL OVER YE IF YE DON'T GET OFF THE LINE MIGHTY QUICK!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 13.—The first Parliament elected in EDWARD THE SEVENTH's reign met to-day for its opening session. Lobby crowded with unfamiliar figures, presumably new Members. Since we last met cataclysm has befallen. The Parliamentary scene is in all times shifting. Every General Election is a Hohenlinden. Only the familiar line is reversed. At the final prorogation we sigh and say

Few, few, shall meet where many part!

In General Election this year old Members went down, not in files but in battalions. Of Members who sign the Roll of Parliament, one in every four is a new comer. To be precise, the SPEAKER and Chairman of Committees will have to make themselves acquainted with 177 new faces.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, master of his constituency though Cabinet Ministers fall, moves through the bustling scene with much less than usual of his cocksureness.

"I feel," he said, "like *Rip Van*

Winkle back in his old home after long sleep. I am fain to cry out with him, *Where's Nicolas Vedder? Where's Bron Ditcher? Where's Van Bummel the Schoolmaster?*"

They are gone, the old familiar faces. The front Opposition Bench, transferred to the occupancy of HIS MAJESTY's late Ministers, is a wilderness. PRINCE ARTHUR's absence only temporary. But Brother GERALD has gone, is shut out from the pleasing prospect he promised himself of "amusement" in watching the embarrassment of C.B.'s Government, buttressed by inadequate majority. ALFRED LYTTELTON has been pigtailed out of his seat. ST. JOHN BRODRICK has gone in quest of the vanished six battalions of men in buckram. Lord STANLEY's cheery presence is withdrawn from the scene. BONAR LAW, one of the ablest of PRINCE ARTHUR's young men, found his high Parliamentary reputation no Protection against the Retaliation of triumphant Free Traders. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT has retired into private life just when he was beginning to understand ARNOLD-FORSTER's latest scheme of Army Reform. The Admiralty will not have the advantage of Captain PRETYMAN's pretty ways

with it in Opposition. AILWYN FELLOWES, of late planted out at the Board of Agriculture, has been plucked up like a weed and cast on the roadside. SAVILE CROSSLEY will have leisure to reflect upon the paradox whereby, of all men in the Ministry, the Paymaster-General is himself unpaid. The ex-ATTORNEY GENERAL condoles with the ex-LORD ADVOCATE in the common misfortune that bars against them the doors of the House of Commons.

Not for seventy-four years has there been, amid the decimation of rank and file, such unhorsing of the captains.

Saddest fate of all, most generally lamented, is that of HARRY CHAPLIN. Through a long, honourable, useful public life he, single-handed, has borne aloft the tattered flag of Protection. For thirty-four years his voice was as one crying in the wilderness. Suddenly, miraculously it seemed, response sounded from unexpected quarter. His ancient adversary, the bitterest scorner of other days, came over to his side. The new century saw nothing more pleasing than CHAPLIN's face as during the last three Sessions of the dead Parliament he sat below the Gangway shoulder to shoulder

with DON JOSÉ. A brand-new iron-clad of modern equipment moored alongside the *Victory* of ancient renown.

The Ironclad, powerful, alert, has weathered the storm. The old *Victory* has gone down at her moorings amid the regret of men of all creeds and sections of party. HARRY CHAPLIN has been in the political arena a fighter these more than forty years. He never hit below the belt, nor swerved from a suavity of manner, a high-toned courtesy, not common to a later generation.

Another old Parliamentary hand that has vanished is HART DYKE. Forty years save one he served in Parliament, and, though a strong party man, he enjoyed in equal measure the esteem of both sides. The craft of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, smartly built, well found, ably commanded, ran on a sunken reef and is laid up for repairs. The CAP'EN suspects who arranged the little episode of the reef, knowledge that adds nothing to his contentment. Outside the House the CAP'EN is known as the possessor of a sharp tongue, always ready to be thrust into DON JOSÉ, or to wag in speech as disrespectful to PRINCE ARTHUR as if he were the Equator. Lookers-on from the inside track recognised TOMMY BOWLES as one of the ablest debaters on the floor of the House, one of the most useful Members on Committees upstairs, one of the highest authorities on constitutional law and Parliamentary usage.

A brilliant swordsman retired from the lists is JOHN O' GORST, time-honoured educationalist, champion of the unfed poor children, insisting that they should live as well as learn.

Gone, too, are SIR TROUT BARTLEY, an honest man, apt to say what he thought without fear of the Party Whip; SIR JAMES FERGUSON, who fifty years ago came from the stricken field of the Crimea to fight at Westminster; TOMLINSON of Preston, rare specimen of the antique Tory who, save for objection to quarrelling, would like to argue with you the question whether, after all, the world moves; HAYES FISHER, victim a year or two ago of unmerited misfortune gallantly faced; ALBERT ROLLIT, who never quite reached the position in the House deserved by his high capacity and debating power; YERBURGH, whose knowledge of affairs at home and abroad and whose clear speech will be missed in the new Parliament; CUTHBERT QUILTER, who always knew what would happen to the Unionists if the Kitchen Committee would not have Pure Beer on tap in the Dining Room; and ELLIOTT LEES, who has ridden in the first flight at many a point-to-point race, disastrously to fall on the Grand National Course of the General Election.

These are only a few who will be

missed by former colleagues, survivors from the last Parliament of Queen VICTORIA.

And here comes the MEMBER FOR SARK, still gazing round the crowded Lobby and murmuring to himself:

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood,

Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Business done.—LOWTHER (J. W.) re-elected Speaker. A high tribute this to personal qualities. A party overwhelming in numbers, with all the gifts of office in their hands, bestow one of the most prized upon a political opponent, whom for some months they have narrowly watched in the exercise of the delicate functions of the Chair. Mr. LOWTHER is bracketed with Mr. GULLY in this testimony to one of the pleasantest variations of Party strife at Westminster.

FEBRUARY IN TOWN.

(With acknowledgments to E. K. R.)

A MONTH of weeks and days and hours—sometimes fast, sometimes slow, very slow—as slow as the letting of Aldwych sites—February is a month that we cannot pass over if we have wasted our money on tear-off calendars.

As the month goes by, the leaves of the calendars flutter down, and the housemaid who has to pick them up sighs as she does so.

Many young birds are assembling under the eaves of Westminster. How they got there they do not quite know, but there they are, ready to fly in the face of everything and everyone. "Wait a little longer, till the little wings are stronger!" says the Speaker-bird, but no, the young birds want to try their wings at once.

Everyone is busy in February, for there is much to be done. The shopkeepers have cleared out their rubbish heaps during January, and they are engaged in getting their windows ready for the spring. Those who have carried away the rubbish are busy too—hiding away the rubbish. "We will be wiser next time," they moan, but the shopkeepers know better, and so they smile gladly as they peep out at the world—at the dear grey world—from their doors and windows.

All young things are busy too, for has not *The Saturday Westminster* offered a prize of *One Guinea* for a Roundel which is to serve as a Valentine?

And so the young things go about the streets, knocking up against the pillar-boxes, trying to find a rhyme to "Valentine." And their hearts are very glad.

The bookworms are busy too, curled up so snugly in the British Museum.

They are always there, but they know that with the approach of spring comes what is called "spring-cleaning," and then they will have to leave the Museum and wander about the streets, till the storm is over and they can return. So they are very very busy while they may.

All the world is busy, for it is February, and February comes after January and before March.

THE NEW FREE "BOARD."

(But not for weaker vessels.)

[An evening paper says, "Wood may be used as a source of food, and we may add to the menu our shirts and collars, and perhaps other articles of apparel."]

"*Ulmea cœna*"—JUVENAL.

"*Heus! etiam mensas consumimus.*"—VIRG. ÆN.

I DREAMED that Britain's martial drum
From ocean rolled to ocean;
No wheatships moored within her ports,
Panic and wild commotion
Invaded every breast, for what
To eat they had no notion.

Tight'ning my belt, I called on BROWN,
A scientific party;
I found him gaily munching at
A dusty-looking tart, he
Had all the air of being stout,
Rubicund, sleek and hearty.

"Sit down," he cried, "and taste our fare,
It's up-to-date arboreal;
Those chips you see so nicely fried
Are from the immemorial
Elm's old, old block (let not your nose
Be too inquisitorial).

"A leg of chair, done to a turn,
Oak chops, with ivy garnish;
(My cook's a prime top-sawyer, nought
Her 'cordon bleu' can tarnish:)
A barbecued mahogany
With crackling made of varnish.

"For sweets, a modest, plain 'biled rag,'
With shredded collars blended;
Cabinet pudding, sawdust sauce,
Highly to be commended;
Pine for dessert—take out the knots,—
With sifted sugar, splendid!

"Sometimes we've *pâté-de-bois-gras*,
Entrée of devilled splinters,
Or curried ash. Our menus are
Of joint, or joist, no stinters:
Game, spatchcocked Dado: for *hors-d'œuvre*,
Boned brolly, aged three winters."

* * * *

"*O dura messorum ilia!*"

Thus HORACE might deride us.
But still triumphantly we cry,
Though famine sore has tried us,
Our wooden walls have saved the State
Once more—this time, inside us.



MISSING PARLIAMENTARY MODELS.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S TENDER ADIEUX TO MANY OF HIS FAVOURITE VICTIMS SNATCHED FROM HIM BY A RUTHLESS ELECTORATE. (*See Essence of Parliament.*)
From left to right—Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Mr. Brodick, Sir W. Hart Dyke, Sir Albert Rollit, Cap'n Tommy Bowles, Sir John Gorst, Sir George Trout Bartley, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes.

THE VALENTINE.

(A story in four parts; with acknowledgments to Messrs. W. W. Jacobs, Maurice Hewlett, Bart Kennedy and Joseph Conrad.)

PART I.—(W. W. J.).

"VALENTINES," said the night watchman, a little wearily, "is a new subject for me. I've dealt with most, and sometimes I think I might 'ave a rest. But there, I'm not one to grumble. It was grumblin' as led to the only valentine ever I 'ad a 'and in, and it was a lesson to me.

"I was on the *Now-on-Sail* at the time, and the skipper was the worse grumbler that ever I served under. Nothing never satisfied that man. The way 'e used to go on about 'is meals was somethin' awful. I remember 'im grumblin' one day when the cook gave 'im a dinner the KING would 'ave been surprised at. 'It's not the food,' 'e says, when the cook, almost in tears, asked 'im what was wrong. 'It's your face,' he says, 'that wearies me.'

"It was a cruel thing to say, because, as BILL said to the cook sympathetically when 'e 'eard of it, 'e only sees it now an' then, cook,' 'e says, 'whereas I've lived an' slep' with it three weeks now and never even put a 'ard name to it.'

"There aint no 'ard names for my face,' says the cook 'eatedly, an' BILL admitted that there wasn't, they 'adn't been invented.

"But about the skipper's grumblin'. It got so bad that when SAM suggested that the followin' day being Valentine's Day we should give 'im a valentine to soften 'is 'eart, the idea was received with a chorus of approval.

"We agreed it should take the form of a flannel chest-protector with 'Think of Me' worked on it what BILL had pinched from the boy, 'oo 'ad it off his girl. And we agreed that one of us should creep in in the middle watch an'

lay it on the skipper's pillow. SAM 'ided the boy with a rope till 'e accepted the honour of doin' the job."

PART II.—(M. H.)

The tale of this amulet (for, as it seems to me, a thing of flaming scarlet flannel bearing a maiden's love-whisper and contrived to kiss against a lad's warm flesh partaketh more of the nature of amulet than of valentine) comes to me (remember) through the pen of another, and by yet another's pen will

was, and rather short, with a large soft mouth, black eyes, a little close-set perhaps, round arms, small bosom, and a high, clear voice. To her nose almost curled her hair about her forehead; purple was the skirt that hung from her balanced hips; and on the Sabbath her skin was white. Though many stories are told of her adventurings in love (which I do not choose to believe), against her virtue no word may be said. Indeed, we have for testimony the very act whence sprung her bestowal of the amulet upon the boy.

He, his eyes misty beneath her starry beauty, was fain to kiss her.

"Desist, O my love," said she, striking him; and "That will I," he replied.

Thereafter, softening, from her small purse of green cardboard took she four brown pence, purchased, and gave him the token.

"To sanctuary against thy heart," murmured she.

He turned a red and misty face towards her. Between her wine-red lips he pressed a sweetmeat, white as driven snow, delicately spiced, fragrant with peppermint.

"Till my return I burn for thee, my Queen," he cried.

"I can taste fire of thee in my mouth, dear love," she panted.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"LOVE, THEY SAY, IS GROWING OLD."

pass to its conclusion. So that I am (by no caprice of my own) but a finger-post pointing the adventure for a few score paces. That does not dismay me.

Well, this lad, then (if I have the true conception of him) stood amuck with fear at the task to which his companions with beastly words and the threat of hard knocks had impelled him. The amulet lay warmly on his palm, and, as he watched it, his mind ran to the maid from whom he had first received it.

Now this was MARIA, a beautiful young woman, not sixteen yet, worker in a pickle factory in Soho. Thinnish she

[Does the boy decide to take the chest-protector in to the skipper?—Ed. I have yet to show this.—M. H. Agreed. Next.—Ed.]

PART III.—(B. K.)

It was dark in the cabin. Black darkness. Dark. From one corner came the sound of snoring. Loud snoring.

The boy tightened his grip on the chest-protector.

He gripped it close. Close. He stepped forward. Stepped. Forward.

[You've said that before. Please get to the point.—Ed.]

The point is that he stepped forward.—B. K.] His eyes grew accustomed to the

darkness. He discerned shapes. Objects sprang into view. Things. A box. A book. A bunk. A glass.

Objects.

He shuddered.

In the bunk lay the skipper asleep. Sleeping. One knotted hand lay upon the blanket, a second was thrust beneath his cheek.

Knotted.

Heavens!

Lightly as a snowflake falls in the Klondyke or elsewhere, the boy laid the garish gift upon the pillow. He turned. And. Fled.

PART IV.—(J. C.)

The pale yellow of the lamp flame, equable and luminous,

[The last man said it was dark.—Ed.]

threw into relief the message worked on the chest-protector. The skipper regarded it with eyes which, baffled and alarmed, spoke to the sombre and torpid mind which had come down to him through generations of dull-witted and unrecapitulative ancestors. The immensity of the warning took him by the throat and held him immobile. The question was pertinent and enormous.

"Think of Me." Of whom? Clearly of one person, segregated and dominating. His ponderous brain toiled painfully through the roll, varied and incongruous, of his acquaintances, in laborious pursuit of one who could have been the instigator of this startling request. That it was either a man or a woman, an hour's introspection, unsparing and profound, convinced him. The lapping kiss of a wave, feline and seductive, against the vessel's side, reminded him acutely of the impossibility of its being a woman. None had been on board when he came below; it was beyond the habitual usage of things—as he knew them—that one had arrived during his period of unconsciousness. He felt, then, that it was a man. He knew that somewhere beyond the confines, narrow and begrimed, of his cabin, a human soul was demanding recognition from him. He felt this to be a solution, partial and unsatisfying, of the gigantic problem. His mind was to be—

[This story must now cease.—Ed.]

We regret to learn from an advertisement inserted by ALSTON RIVERS, Ltd., in *The Daily Mail*, that "the first impression of Mr. COBB's new novel is nearly exhausted;" we sincerely trust that subsequent impressions will prove to be more lasting.

AT THE TIP OF ONE'S TONGUE.—"The names of CARATHEODORI, CANTACUZENUS, MAVROYENI, MAVROGORDATO, and MUSURUS will occur to the reader."—*Daily News*.



BEFORE.

THIS LADY PERSUADED HER HUSBAND TO GO TO SNELBRED'S BARGAIN SALE TO GET SIXPENNY-WORTH OF TAPE FOR FOURPENCE.



AFTER.

SHE SUCCEEDED.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD.

OBJECTIONABLE, Unpleasant, or Inconvenient SURNAMES.—A gentleman of experience undertakes to arrange CHANGING the above in proper form and according to law at a very moderate fee, to include all legal and other expenses. All matters can be effected through the post if desired.—*Daily Paper*.

A TREMENDOUS run on the advertiser set in, we understand, on the very morning that his tempting offer appeared. The difficulty experienced in this business is, however, not in finding clients who wish to change their names, but in finding names to suit those clients. Plenty of people are tired of their names. It is rumoured that among the first applicants at the office of this public benefactor was Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER, who, beyond insisting on retaining his hyphen, presented a perfectly blank mind as to his new style. All that he could suggest

was that the *Westminster Gazette* should make a literary competition of it. Mr. BRODRICK also appearing among the clients, it was proposed that he and Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER should oblige each other and simplify the task by merely exchanging names; but both gentlemen were horrified at the notion, and rushed into the street simultaneously, to the no small disturbance of traffic.

On Messrs. BOTTOMLEY and MARKS arriving shortly afterwards, a similar exchange was suggested, but with equally ineffectual results. We understand, however, that the Member for Thanet has altered his designation to Mr. GOOD MARKS, as a convenient mode of distinguishing himself from clansmen (if any) of less established probity.

Many of the applications have been made, not personally, but by letter. Amongst these was a peremptory demand from the President of the Local Government Board to be released from a surname which exposed him to the recriminations of Scotsmen and Socialists alike. The names of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, MASTERMAN READY, DANIEL DERONDA and SIMON DE MONTFORT have been submitted to Mr. BURNS, who consulted the KING on the occasion of his visit to Buckingham Palace last week, and will shortly announce his decision. Meantime we learn that Sir OLIVER LODGE contemplates fresh journalistic exploits under the style of Sir ROLAND BEGGIE, while Mr. BART KENNEDY will in future sign as Sir HAROLD KONODY, Bart. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN will in future submit to the divine *afflatus* as Mr. DANTE MILTON. HOMER PYE, and MISS MARIE CORELLI as Miss SAPHO TARTINI.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR.

[In a recent case a witness was called as an expert on beauty.]

PHYLIS, though my ardent zeal
Proffers still its humble duty,
There are moments when I feel
Not too certain of your beauty.

Though I vow, when others win
Beauty's prize, that you excel them,
If they question me wherein,
To my shame I could not tell them.

Should your hair (I do not know)
Rightly be more bright or duller?
Is your figure *comme il faut*?
Have your eyes the proper colour?

Nay, what have I to reply
(I'm no expert, as you know, PHYLIS)
When they venture to decry
Your defects of nose or profile?

Yet, if there is aught amiss
In your features or complexion,
All that I can say is this:
That to me you seem perfection.

CONVERSATIONALISTS TO ORDER.

[In search of a cure for conversational inanity, a representative of *The Daily Mirror* has visited a well-known universal provider's and found him quite ready to supply professional conversationalists for dinner parties, etc. "We have the names and addresses of several gentlemen in every way fitted for this sort of thing," he was told; "well-read men, with a fund of anecdote and wit."]

If you give a little dinner of a rather swagger kind,
 With a show of all your plate,
 And a butler in to wait,
 In spite of all your efforts you will very often find
 The evening isn't going quite according to your mind.
 A silence seems to settle on each group
 With the soup,
 And the frost becomes each minute more severe,
 Till you wish that the fish
 Could be made the final dish,
 And that all your silly guests would disappear.
 But if a little contretemps like this you would avoid,
 Send a post-card off to me,
 And success I'll guarantee;
 For with one of our artistic talking gentlemen employed
 You'll find your little dinner most enormously enjoyed.
 I keep them ready waiting always dressed
 In their best;
 They are bound to make the duller dinner go—
 Fair and tall, dark and small,
 Most attractive, one and all,
 And equipped with *jeux d'esprit* and witty *mots*.
 I've a very large assortment, fit for any kind of gaps;
 Artists who can tell you lots
 About RAPHAËL or WATTS,
 And I've got some very handsome rather military chaps,
 Who might have once been Colonels in the Grenadiers perhaps;
 I have poets who are willing to recite
 What they write,
 Which will lend your board a very cultured air;
 And you'll find that the mind
 Of the suburbs is inclined
 To the worship of their long poetic hair.
 I've gossips who are up in every scandal and intrigue;
 They know who married who,
 And why it didn't do;
 I've music people also who can talk without fatigue
 About MOZART and HANDEL, and compare them both with GRIEG.
 I've brilliant *raconteurs* of every sort,
 And in short
 I can send you any kind of guest you need;
 All that you have to do
 Is to let me see you through,
 And your triumph as a host is guaranteed.

Political Intelligence.

À propos of the report, now denied, of a triple candidature for the Leadership of the Unionist Party, it was pointed out on behalf of the late Chief Secretary for Ireland that, while Mr. BALFOUR would belong to one section and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to another, the late Chief Secretary would be LONG to both.

It is difficult to say which is the more admirable, the modesty, or the candour, of this advertisement in *The British Medical Journal* :—

"DERBYSHIRE.—A very old-established sound general PRACTICE . . . Applicants need not be well qualified."

What follows has rather a sinister note :

"But should be Nonconformists and take an interest in chapel matters. Any one so constituted would probably double the receipts."

Is it suggested that they should take round the bag?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Before DENISE could reply ANDRÉ was seen standing on the threshold. A cold air seemed at once to blow over the room. No one offered a word of greeting . . . Then his spurs rang out on the polished floor. He was hurrying to the stables . . . Just as the company were breaking up, a sweating horse dashed into the stables of the palace. ANDRÉ flung himself from the saddle . . . his spurs were red."

THESE are extracts from two pages of No. 101 (BLACKWOOD). If they don't make the reader's flesh creep it is of quality less mobile than my Baronite's. A score of years ago we heard much in home politics of "Number One," a mysterious leader in the Fenian conspiracy. In accordance with COCKER, Mr. WYMOND CAREY's No. 101 is a hundred times (and one over) more mysterious, more successful in plotting against the powers that were. "Number One" was a man. Number 101 is a woman, which accounts for her increased intensity. She lurked in the Court of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, and kept the hated English Government informed of the secret plots of the French King and his Government. From the fiery furnace of Mr. CAREY's narrative the bearings do not always come out with prosaic intelligibility. That only adds to the blood-curdling effect. Novels frequently contain pictures of episodes in history at a penny plain, twopence coloured. No. 101 is worth the full price.

Lady Noggs (FISHER UNWIN) is delightful. Mr. EDGAR JEPSON indifferently alludes to her as *Felicia Lady Grandison* and *Lady Felicia Grandison*, styles which indicate two quite different positions in life. As it is incidentally mentioned that she is a Peeress in her own right, the former would be her proper title. This, however, is a small matter, as she insists upon being known as the *Lady Noggs*. She lives in, and ruffles, the highest rank of society. Her uncle is Prime Minister, his associates Marquises, Dukes and a' that. To tell the truth they are merely labelled puppets, but the labels make the fresher and more effective the vagaries of the untameable child. Having acquired personal knowledge of the lot of children in the slums, she burst in upon an informal Cabinet Council, plumping down on the Prime Minister, the Secretary for War, and the Home Secretary the question, "What are you going to do about these children? Lots of little children belonging to poor people are always being beaten and knocked about. They often don't have enough to eat. They are cold even in bed, because they haven't any blankets. It ought to be stopped at once. And as you didn't know anything about it I thought I'd better come and tell you, and then you'd stop it." The Cabinet Ministers being occupied with higher matters pooh-poohed the inter-rupter, who, nevertheless, went about seeking her own way—and generally found it. My Baronite recommends the acquaintance of *Lady Noggs* to whosoever has not yet made it.

To all who favour a touch of melodrama in the novels they set themselves to peruse, and to all who seek refreshment from ordinary labours in the recreation of following out a carefully contrived and artistically elaborated plot, the Baron recommends *La Belle Dame*, by ALICE METHLEY (JOHN LONG), and in doing so he feels that he has already earned the gratitude of his numerous followers.

PREHISTORIC INSTINCT.—The "Labour Member" is already clamouring for his Club.



ARITHMETIC PRIZES.

THE daily papers have been informing us that the postman at Wembley, who recently retired after 40 years' service, in which he had walked no fewer than 280,000 miles, has been presented by his colleagues with an arm-chair. It is pleasant to know, on the authority of exclusive information communicated to *Mr. Punch*, that this is no isolated case of grateful recognition, but that it can be paralleled by the action taken or about to be taken in half-a-dozen other callings.

Thus Sir HENRY HOWORTH, whose 500th column-and-a-half letter in small print recently appeared in the pages of *The Times*, has been presented by some admirers in the Carlton Club with a sumptuously upholstered Mongolian divan lavishly equipped with hop pillows.

On the total number of his definite statements on the subject of Free Trade and Protection being brought up to the figure 1 by his letter to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on February 14, Mr. BALFOUR was presented by the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce with a new silver-plated golf caddie.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, whose aggregate linear output has now reached the superb total of 1,234,659, has just been made the recipient of a most gratifying testimonial from the Helicon Club of Rome. It takes the form of a memorial in the Latin language which culminates in the memorable words *Quocunque modo, Laureatus Britannicus sufflamandus est*.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN having just brought into active service his 1800th eyeglass, a deputation of Midland opticians will wait upon him in the principal glass-house at Eyebury next Sunday to present him with a beautifully bound copy of *The Egoist*.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE recently endowed and opened his 5000th Free Library. To commemorate this auspicious event a Stratford-on-Avon admirer is organising a subscription with a view to presenting the famous Pittsburg millionaire with a lovely little lethal chamber furnished with a complete set of the works of CORELLI, Mr. CARNEGIE's favourite composer.

Mr. MOBERLY BELL, during his recent visit to Egypt, succeeded in inducing the Mad Mullah to join *The Times* Book Club. On learning the colossal number of subscribers to this world-renowned institution, the insane potentate was so deeply affected that he promptly invited Mr. BELL to accompany him on a lion-hunting expedition in Somaliland—an invitation which Mr. BELL, to his infinite regret, was obliged to decline out of



THE DRAMA.

"'ERE, I SAY, 'LIZA, WE'VE SEEN THIS 'ERE PLAY BEFORE!"

"No, we ain't."

"WHY, DON'T YOU REMEMBER, SAME TIME AS BILL TOOK US TO THE 'PIG AN' WHISTLE, AN' WE 'AD STEWED EELS FOR SUPPER?"

"OH LOR! YES, THAT TAKES ME BACK TO IT!"

[Wordy argument follows.

deference to the feelings of Messrs. LEO MAXSE, LEO TREVOR, and the great Protectionist nightingale, LEO STORMONT.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, by his reference to ARISTOTLE in his last *Times* article, having now mentioned the Stagirite 19,000 times in five years, a band of his admirers have subscribed a sufficient sum to present the distinguished neo-Hellene and dramatic critic with a modern

Greek version of *Nero and Nero-Worship*, bound tastefully in tree-calf.

Mr. BART KENNEDY, the famous pedestrian *littérateur*, who last week completed his 300,000th mile on foot, is held in such veneration by his colleagues on the staff of *The Daily Mail* that they propose to present him with a green bath-chair—a graceful tribute to his services in interpreting the riddle of the Emerald Isle.

THE INNOCENT OBJECT.

[With affectionate remonstrances to the Minister of Education, who is not, of course, the person directly addressed in the following lines.]

INFANT in whose pathetic eyes,
Conning your measures, square and cubic,
An elemental candour lies,
So unsuspecting, so cherubic;—
What have you done that every moral crank
Should take and make of you a party plank?

(When little MARY went to school,
Her woolly playmate walking with her,
And openly infringed the rule
Forbidding beasts the *entrée* thither,
Did they, for that astounding breach of tact,
Give her another Education Act?)

I blush to think your lowly tasks
Are made the theme of public patter,
While not a man among us asks
What are your wishes in the matter,
Whether you might not reasonably choose
Doctrines consistent with your private views.

I blush to hear by all report
That you must play the part of pigeon,
Trapped to provide a session's sport
For connoisseurs of State Religion,
And occupy the corner which is warmest
Between the Cleric and the Nonconformist.

Innocent as the unfledged snipe,
More plastic than the half-brushed squirrel,
You are as putty in the gripe
Of experts such as Mr. BIRRELL,
Hardened philanthropists that mould your lot,
Whether you wish to be improved or not.

Stretched on the operating throne
Amid a rout of rival factions,
They'll vivisect you, flesh from bone,
And tear your tiny soul in fractions;
Yea, deep into your very vitals dig,
Carving you like a paltry guinea-pig.

That fate—thank Heaven—you don't foreknow;
You missed, by some divine evasion,
The verse I penned long years ago
Upon a similar occasion;
(Whenever Bills like this invite to rhyme,
I make the same reflections, every time).

And now, if my advice may serve,
You will omit to read this column,
Lest you mislay your little nerve,
And, growing prematurely solemn,
Die, like the dreadful babe in GILBERT's line,
A drivelling dotard at the age of 9.

O. S.

Methuselah Hard Pressed.

The *Leicester Daily Post* has discovered a very unusual fact about a deceased artist. He was, says that journal, "a life-long friend of Dante, Gabriel, and Rossetti."

"THE Rev. ——— delivered a lecture at the Athenæum, Limerick, on "Glimpses of the Irish Brigade," to an audience filled to overflowing."—*Irish Daily Independent*.

Surely, for an audience in this deplorable condition, the need of a Temperance discourse was strongly indicated.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

AT an extraordinary general meeting of the Amalgamated Flower-sellers' and Stallwomen's Association last night, recent incidents reported from the French capital were discussed with a certain amount of resentment, not to say pique. It was unanimously resolved that a deputation of carefully-selected delegates from both societies should wait upon Sir EDWIN CORNWALL at an early date to protest against the undue preference recently shown by the London County Council for certain French types, and to call his attention to the superiority of the home-grown article, which he has hitherto apparently overlooked. Amid scenes of great excitement, and a certain amount of disorder, resulting from the fact that no fewer than a hundred and thirty-two candidates offered themselves for the post, Miss HAWKINS, a buxom vendor of violets, whose presence daily adorns a well-known West-end kerb, and the *petite* but muscular Miss O'GRADY, who presides so successfully over the shell-fish further East, were chosen as leaders of the deputation. Applications from the Laundresses' Friendly and the Factory Girls' United Associations to be represented among the delegates were refused amid loud applause.

The deputation, after stating its grievances in a few well-chosen words, is prepared to meet Sir EDWIN CORNWALL and party half-way, and is furthermore authorised by the Associations to invite the whole of the London County Council to a large *al fresco* gathering at Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday.

In consequence of the above resolution, an indignation meeting of the Amalgamated Covent Garden and Billingsgate Porters Society was held after midnight amid scenes of great disorder, and a Committee formed to accompany the deputation and keep a watchful eye on its proceedings on behalf of the members of the before-mentioned Society. Though opposed in other respects, both meetings closed with the unanimous resolution to provide Sir EDWIN CORNWALL and his companions with a remedy for the ennui and reaction which is naturally associated with their return from the gay city.

REASONS FOR DEFEAT.

[While the issue of the Orkney and Shetland poll still hung in the balance, Mr. Punch hesitated to publish the following statements, for fear that they might affect the result.]

OUR confidential correspondents in the constituencies send us the following reports, which are as reliable as some others:—

The workpeople employed in the Dartford Paper Mills much resented the enthusiasm of Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE for the "half-sheet-of-paper" policy, thinking that he wished to cut down the output of their industry by fifty per cent.

Many farmers in the Sleaford division took with bad grace Mr. CHAPLIN's proposal of a two-shilling duty on corn. They thought their old friend was playing with them. They said it was like offering a nut to a rhinoceros.

In Warwick and Leamington the voters, misled by Radical cartoons, feared that Mr. LYTTELTON's continued association with Chinese labour was causing him to resemble a Celestial himself in an increasing degree, and they determined to put a stop to this deterioration in the personal appearance of a handsome English athlete.

Mr. BRODRICK's failure to hold the Guildford division is by many ascribed to the fact that the voters thought he paid too much attention in Parliament to India, where he had not been born and bred, to the neglect of Surrey, where he had. The omission to don, in the streets of Guildford, the uniform in which he appeared at the German EMPEROR's review, is understood to have lost him the support of several keen workers in the Dress Reform League.

A number of staunch Conservatives at King's Lynn did not take the trouble to vote for Mr. BOWLES, as they felt sure he would get in "by hook or by crook." Such are the effects of Mr. Punch's pictures, for which he tenders the Cap'en an apology.



THE BIRRELLIGIOUS TRAVELLER.

MINISTER OF EDUCATION. "THANK YOU; BUT I'M GOING MY OWN WAY."





"AS OTHERS SEE US."

Obliging Motorist. "SHALL I STOP THE ENGINE?"

Groom. "NEVER MIND THAT, SIR. BUT IF YOU GENTS WOULDN'T MIND JUST GETTIN' OUT AND 'IDIN' BEHIND THE CAR FOR A MINUTE,—THE 'ORSES THINK IT'S A MENAGERY COMIN'."

NATURE NOTES FOR FEBRUARY.

BY A WEEK-END URBAN EXPLORER.

WITH the first faint cry of the catkin comes the glad knowledge that Spring is at the threshold of the garden, waiting to trail her skirts in our rose alleys, and to shape, with loving fingers, her subtly odoriferous onions into marketable bulbs. But there is still a frosty sting in the air o' nights, and a dead vole lies on the garden walk—no, I'm sorry; it's only a six-and-a-quarter glove that has been worried by the terrier. Worms begin to wriggle on the lawn, for they have already consumed their winter store of nuts and acorns—or am I thinking of squirrels?—and they must now begin to teach young Master Worm to go a-foraging, and to make his own tee on the putting-green.

As we pass through the garden gate, and squelch into the mud of the lane, a—er—an interesting specimen of the indigenous fauna of this country flashes across our path, too quickly for identification, and vanishes into the hedge, O.P. Hush! If we go very hurriedly past its lair, and look fixedly at the elm-tree tops, perhaps we shall avoid seeing

it again, and I shall be spared the embarrassment of having to put a name to it.

Away beyond the fallows HODGE is driving a hideously complicated machine (it looks like the portentous progeny of a windmill and a large tooth-comb) on the long, lone track that winds over the uplands. Full well the farmer knows its use (in which, I confess, he has the advantage of me). On those same uplands in summer the popped corn will wave in shimmering splendour,—the golden, unprofitable grain that will enjoy (such is the grudging mandate of the Polls) only as much Protection as can be afforded it by a small boy with a raucous voice, and an old but sonorous tea-tray.

An early bee, tempted out by a deceptive and disorderly burst of energy on the part of the wan February sun, is looking inanely for its honeysuckle. Do you remember what VIRGIL says of the early honey-bee? If so, perhaps you will kindly fill the lacuna; for I don't. Ah! now he has stung me, and I can say all that is necessary about the early honey-bee myself.

And now if you will put your head far into the holly bush, you may espy

a small bird. That is the *Avis Ricardus*, and he looks damp and mopy, as if he wishes he could have afforded Biarritz, like the swallows and the King of Spain. The fragments of Harris tweed that you have so profusely left on the holly spines will be useful to him in nesting time.

Striding bravely on we turn a bend in the long lane at last, and lo! right by the way we must take, there is one of the noblest of all the fauna of Merrie England. (There is a shrewd sting in the air, now that the sun has gone again. You notice it; and HODGE, a MILLET-like figure in earth-toned garments, who has providentially escaped alive from his mincing-machine on the hill, notices it too.) As we draw nearer, he and I, to the fir clump at the cross-roads, we can spy, in the dull light of the leaden day, a patch of glowing red. Stand a little this way, and you will see a strange sight,—an animal rampant regardant, with a sunny smile on his roseate face, and a merry twirl in his tail. I, too, this bitter day of February Fill-dyke, am for this same "Red Lion" and a beaded cup of nut-brown old October.

TO F. C. BURNAND.

HUSHED is the voice of jesting, and dim each friendly eye,
For, lo, we come, your soldiers, to bid you our goodbye,
To you who loved to lead us and whom we loved to boast
The chieftain of our revels, the Captain of our host.

Dear FRANK, our fellow-fighter, how noble was your praise,
How kindly rang your welcome on those delightful days
When, gathered in your presence, we cheered each piercing
hit,

And crowned with joy and laughter the rapier of your wit!

And if our words grew bitter, and wigs, that should have been
Our heads' serene adornment, were all but on the green,
How oft your sunny humour has shone upon the fray,
And fused our fiery tempers, and laughed our strife away.

In many a gay adventure, in many a joyous raid
You led us and we followed, alert and undismayed;
Or if the onset slackened, your cheery call came plain
To nerve our drooping courage and hearten us again.

And now you doff your armour, dear comrade, and you go;
Your rest we cannot grudge you, since you would have it so;
Yet hear us as we pledge you, and take as you depart
The fond and faithful homage of every loyal heart.

Our part shall be to cherish the lustre of your name,
To guard in pride and honour the record of your fame;
And, fired by your example, to wield a flashing sword
For *Punch* to whom you bound us, our master and our lord.

R. C. L.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD AIR.

[The following exercise has been received from an eminent composer, who thinks that "the conventions of musical composition might well be applied to literature." The state of his mind is being inquired into.]

I.

"FATHER'S pants will soon fit WILLIE."—*Folk Song.*

II.

WILLIE will shortly be able to wear the trousers which papa purchased originally for his own use.

III.

The work of adapting for the use of WILLIE the pantaloons which father no longer requires is about to cease. The time is rapidly approaching when he will be able to wear them without alteration.

IV.

It is confidently anticipated that at no very distant date the diminutive WILLIAM will be of a size to adopt for his own use and ornament the integuments that have hitherto shrouded the nether limbs of his progenitor.

V.

By taking into account the normal rate of growth in the average adolescent, and relying upon young WILLIAM not to depart to any serious extent from the standard thus set up, it has been possible to calculate that, within a period which is not at present stated with actuarial exactitude, but may certainly be said to be coming to an end within a measurable distance of time, the young gentleman in question will attain to the stature at which, without undergoing any inconvenience whatever, either physical or moral, he will find it possible, supposing the other party to the arrangement to be willing to put it to the test, to endue himself and continue to be arrayed, not only in the privacy of his own chamber as a matter of experiment, but openly as if he were wearing those constructed by the art of the tailor for himself, the garments, commonly known as pants or trousers, which up to the

present time have been set aside for the sole use of his male parent.

VI.

The child in Rags and Tatters gallivants,
But rolling Time Accommodation grants;
I heard a voice say: They are giving out,
But WILLIE soon will wear his Father's pants.

VII.

AN AGREEMENT made this first day of February one thousand nine hundred and six BETWEEN WILLIAM SMITH of 73 Acacia Road Brixton in the County of London Wharfingers Manager hereinafter referred to as Father of the one part and WILLIAM BEACONSFIELD SMITH of the same address hereinafter referred to as WILLIE of the other part and their executors administrators heirs and assigns WHEREAS Father owns uses and is in possession of one habiliment to wit a pair of pants trousers breeches pantaloons overalls filibegs or inexpressibles and WHEREAS the said habiliment is no longer in the state and condition in which Father can properly be seen wearing it and WHEREAS WILLIE is not so particular NOW THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH that it is agreed and declared that when WILLIE shall have arrived at a fit age height width girth and amplitude Father shall peaceably and quietly yield and deliver up for the sole use and enjoyment of WILLIE the aforesaid habiliment to be by WILLIE possessed held occupied and enjoyed in perpetuity fair wear and tear and damage by fire only excepted IN WITNESS whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals.

VIII.

Yir trous for mony weary weeks
Were patched ahint, afore;
But, WULLIE, sune ye'll wear the breeks
That syne yir faither wore.

IX.

MEMORANDUM.

From ISAAC MOSS & Co., To WILLIAM SMITH, Esq.,
Military Tailors and 73, Acacia Road,
Accoutrement Makers, Brixton.
Mile End Road, E.

Jan. 31, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—On referring to our books we find that on Jan. 1, 1902 we had the honour of supplying you with a pair of striped Angola wool trousers. As we usually have the pleasure of altering your trousers for the use of your son after four years' wear, we trust that we shall soon be receiving this order from you.

Yours respectfully,

I. MOSS & Co.

X.

To Messrs. I. Moss & Co. 73, Acacia Road,
Brixton, Feb. 1, 1906.

DEAR SIRS,—Yours of 31st ult. to hand and contents noted. I have the pleasure to inform you that my son will soon be big enough to wear my discarded trousers without alteration. I regret, therefore, that I shall not be able to entrust any further work of this description to your firm. I hope, however, in a few months' time to be placing another order with you on my own account.

Yours truly,

WM. SMITH.

XI.

These are the pants that Dad wore.
This is the boy who's growing so fast
That the time will soon be over and past
When the alteration made was vast
In the size of the pants that Dad wore.

XII.

He's getting a big boy now.

THE MISSING WORD.

[A lady's journal has complained of the lack of a satisfactory term to express the relations of engaged couples. "Fiancé" and "sweet-heart," upon different grounds, are alike rejected, and "my future" is suggested as a solution of the difficulty.]

THE God of Luck was ever loth
To deal us all the aces,
And even lovers' plighted troth
Had stupid commonplaces;
There was no reasonable phrase
(Nor one with any rhyme in)
To mark the amatory phase
Just previous to Hymen.

No Social Guide had hit upon
A word that suited PHYLLIS,
When introducing CORYDON
At tea to AMARYLLIS;
While C. consulted *Chatty Snips*,
Or bought a *Mecum Vade*,
But found no title on his lips
To designate the lady.

"*Fiancée*" was too harsh and cold
(Nor even Anglo-Saxon)
For girls with hair resembling gold,
And features pink and waxen;
While PYRRHA of the native charms
(Abetted by discreet art)
Would sooner leave AMYNTAS' arms
Than hear him call her "sweetheart."

She too, conversely, found it grate
To mention her "intended,"
And "my young man," though
accurate,
Could hardly be commended;
Such forms might do for MOLLS and
MIKES,
But where is the analogy
Between such persons and the likes
Of LYCIDAS and LALAGE?

Then has our Press indeed produced
An answer to the riddle?
Or cut the social knot that used
Adoring pairs to diddle?
When EDWIN craves an early date
For matrimonial sutures,
And ANGELINA whispers "Wait,"
Oh, shall we call them "futures?"

Ingenious lexicographer!
It sounds a bright suggestion;
Yet—pardon if we still demur—
You beg the vital question!
Too often through a latent worm
The flower of love has wilted,
And facts would stultify your term,
Suppose the swain were jilted.
His "future"—'tis a daring word,
Mutabile nam semper—
Might be for evermore deferred
Through someone's horrid temper;
And queer reflections would be cast
On both the classic peasants,
If STREPHON found his future past
Before the wedding presents!



Bill Sikes (suddenly dropping on policeman having a quiet smoke). "'ANDS UP! BOTH OF 'EM, OR I FIRE! WHAT! 'AVING A NICE QUIET SMOKE ON DUTY, WAS YER?"

P.C. XYZ. "SH! DON'T TALK SO LOUD, YER FOOL! 'ERE COMES THE INSPECTOR. YOU'LL GET US BOTH INTO TROUBLE!"

OUR NEW DETECTIVES.

ENCOURAGED by the noble example of Professor CHURTON COLLINS, who, we understand, has just been appointed Mysteriographer Royal to the new Simplon Tunnel, quite a number of distinguished authors and publicists are devoting their attention to the subject of criminal investigation.

Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD, having satisfactorily cleared up the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, has now been engaged by the Folk-Lore Society to ascertain once and for all the identity of the malefactor who killed *Cock Robin*. Mr. FITZGERALD's researches will shortly be published in a handsome folio, and without discounting the interest attaching to their perusal we may say that he has finally and con-

clusively disproved the claims to that evil eminence advanced on behalf of the *Man in the Iron Mask*, *Simple Simon* and *King Cole*, while at the same time showing that gross negligence attaches to Scotland Yard for their conduct of the case in its preliminary stages.

Sir LEWIS MORRIS, whose recent statement that most of the *Epic of Hades* was written on the Underground will be fresh in the minds of our readers, has accepted the arduous post of Chief Inspector of Police on the Welsh coal-fields. The office carries with it the honorary title of Miner Poet of the Deep Levels, a rôle for which Sir LEWIS's profundity of thought, and complete mastery of the art of sinking, render him peculiarly suitable.

Professor Sir JAMES DEWAR, famous for

his epoch-making researches in low temperatures, has been commissioned by *The Daily Mail* to conduct a series of investigations in the high latitudes of Saffron Hill with a view to ascertaining the cause which renders the retailers of ice creams so peculiarly prone to the use of the knife. Sir JAMES DEWAR will be accompanied in his perilous investigations by Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, whose command of the Bianca Cappella dialect is notorious, and who will adopt a disguise rendering him practically indistinguishable from Sir EDWARD CLARKE.

CHARIVARIA.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's daughter is now married, and reports from all over the United States state that the country is gradually settling down.

The Irish are so confident of getting an independent Parliament that they have already begun rehearsing. At a meeting of the Council of the Cork Corporation last week, Councillor MILLERD, we learn from the Press, rushed at Councillor DONOVAN and struck him; Councillor DESMOND rushed to Councillor DONOVAN's assistance, and an Alderman ran to attack Councillor DESMOND; then Councillor MILLERD seized a chair. The proceedings subsequently became riotous.

Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, it is announced, will not resume his ordinary practice at the Bar, but will be available as an arbitrator. Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are said to have been among the first to secure his services.

In connection with the new show of TURNER pictures at the Tate Gallery, we are asked by a member of the Chelsea Art Club to say that there are many more hidden treasures in this country in artists' studios. They are only awaiting discovery.

A book has just appeared on this side of the Channel entitled "How to take a House." M. LÉPINE is said now to be preparing a treatise on the subject of "How to take a Church."

A hitch at a wedding is always unpleasant. In Italy, the other day, a lady whom the bridegroom was not marrying killed him.

"PAT" CROWE, who was charged with abducting the son of Mr. EDWARD CUDAHY, the millionaire pork-packer, related, at his trial, how he nearly succeeded in kidnapping the eldest son of Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER: and many millionaires' children are now having poison labels attached to them bearing the words "Not to be taken."

Professor HOBDAY, of Kennington, states that dogs can now be fitted with false teeth, wooden legs, artificial paws, and glass eyes. The flower-shops provide imitation bark.

The flow of English humorists into America has received a set-back. A London gentleman who joked with the immigration officials at New York was detained for examination into his mental condition.

Only one case of drunkenness was recorded last year in Southwold. This is one of the East Coast towns which are petitioning Parliament on account of the inroads made by the water.

More L.C.C. extravagance! It has been decided that the Council's steamboats are to be painted black, although this was done only the other day by *The Daily Mail*.

Successful trials have been made in Paris of an armoured motor-car, which is shell-proof, travels at twenty-eight miles an hour, and fires 600 shots a minute. This, we suppose, is the scorcher's retort to the police-trap.

We hear that three more motor-omnibus companies are about to invade the London streets, and that their vehicles are to be christened, after the prevailing fashion, "The Scent-Bottle," "The Stove," and "The Rattle."

A gentleman writes to *The Express* suggesting that, with a view to facilitating the sorting of the private and business communications which one receives, all the latter should be marked on the envelope "B. C." An American correspondent points out that these initials would admirably symbolise our business methods.

A book entitled *Turning for Beginners* has made its appearance. Someone is evidently of the opinion that many of the new M.P.'s will soon be desirous of leaving the Liberal benches with the idea of obtaining more comfort elsewhere.

In a paper which he read at the Baptist Conference at Chiswick, the local minister complained that too much giggling and open laughter went on in the choir. We must say we like moderation in all things.

Our old beliefs continue to be shattered. A bull residing at Ashby-de-la-Zouch entered a china shop, walked round the premises, and withdrew without doing more than a shilling's worth of damage.

Certain lyrists who write "numbers"

for musical comedies are complaining that their names are often omitted from the programmes. We certainly think the responsibility ought to be fixed.

BALLADE OF AN EX-M.P.

No more I dread the SPEAKER's frown,
Or tremble at the Party whip,
Or moon about the dingy town,
My heart upon a foreign trip.
The iron hand has loosed its grip;
The captive from his chain is free;
And like a child I dance and skip,
A happy ex-M.P.!

No more can any SMITH or BROWN
At public meetings jeer and quip,
While I, who yearn to slay the clown,
Endure it with a smiling lip.
I have the villains by the hip
To whom of old I bowed the knee:
What joy to give them all the slip—
A happy ex-M.P.!

No more my desk is weighted down
With begging-letters, that would strip
My pockets of the last half-crown,
And leave me like an arid chip.
Within my rival's purse may dip
The hands that once applauded me.
The wine of leisure now I sip,
A happy ex-M.P.!

Envoy.

Prince! Though St. Stephen's spells
renown
(Or may do, if the Fates decree),
I follow Freedom's flying gown,
A happy ex-M.P.!

"A Ministering Angel."

"LADY, experienced, OFFERS SERVICES free to a London parish. Would take entire charge."—*Church Times*.

Mr. J. W. YORKE SCARLETT, according to *The Morning Post*, has expressed his intention of resigning the Mastership of the Tedworth owing to the increase of wire and difficulties of shooting tenants. But surely a little practice should put this right. Why not join a Rifle Club?

"EXPERIENCED LADY HOUSEKEEPER seeks re-engagement. Can cook vegetarian."
Church Times.

We can quite understand how it is that the lady is at present out of an engagement, but she should have no difficulty in finding work with a cannibal household. A new piquancy would be given to her cuisine by the reflection that its victims belonged to a rival school of thought.

MASONIC Brother (25) Desires Position as Timber Clerk or other; unapproachable references.—*North Eastern Daily Gazette*.

The worst thing about "unapproachable references" is the obvious difficulty of getting at the facts.

THE ETON SLOUCH.

[The following letters dealing with this momentous topic have failed to reach the Head Master of Eton, for whom they were evidently intended, and are published herewith.]

MY DEAR CANON LYTTTELTON,—I cannot help thinking that your boys walk too much. It is a most injurious habit. Make them cover the distances between class-rooms, up and down town, to and from games, and so forth, at a brisk, regular trot, and the growing canker will soon be nipped in the bud. Then there is the question of food. Boys are over-fed. Without being a faddist, I should like to recommend the following dietary, as being not only sufficient but salubrious for a normal growing lad:

Breakfast:—A plateful of porridge (hot oat or cold plum) and one cup of luke-warm Vigoro.

Dinner:—A few Brazil nuts (only the kernels should be consumed) and half a push-ball.

Tea:—One bean (biled).

Supper may be omitted.

I am, Yours faithfully,
EUSTACE MILO.

CANON!—The Battle of Waterloo (as the Iron Duke observed) was won on the playing-fields of Eton. Will the contests of the future be decided upon Agar's Plough? Not if this kind of thing continues to go on. There is too much tucking-in at the grub-shop, or grubbing-in at the tuck-shop—I forget which, but my point is the same. Things were very different when I was a boy. *Verb. sap.* Yours in haste,
ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

REVEREND AND VENERABLE SIR,—What your young gentlemen require, if we may suggest it, is our new Robusto-Radium Belt at 30s. It is invaluable for dissipating that fatigued feeling so natural after a long romp in the playground, or hard spell at the books. We should be happy to undertake contract to supply same, and send instructions for self-measurement.

Very respectfully yours,
POWER & Co.

P.S.—We could do a special line in colours, if required for the Eton Society, from 50s.

DEAR MR. LYTTTELTON,—How can you expect to keep your boys well set-up in the damp unhealthy climate of the Thames Valley? Why not remove the site of the school to Highgate Hill, Hampstead Heath, or some other congenial suburb? Yours without bias,
OLD HARROVIAN.

SIR,—So this is what comes of hunting the tame hare to death with dogs, and turning out little loafers instead of



SCENE—The River Dart.

Visitor. "HOW DEEP DO YOU THINK THAT POOL IS?"

Native. "CAN'T ZAY ZACTLY HOW DEEP HER BE; BUT I DO MIND PUTTING DOWN A POLE VIVTEEN VOOT LONG, AND HER WAS JUST YOUR VOOT DEEPER. I CAN TELL 'EE THAT FUR SURE."

gentlemen. Blue blood, indeed! And what is worse, the teachers allow it. *Quis custodiet custodiet?* as the grand old Mantuan sang. I shall transfer the hero of my imminent novel to some other school.

Yours more in sorrow than in anger,
The Swannery, M. C.
Stratford.

More Home Nursery Hints.

(From Our Examiner in Housewifery.)

LINSEED Poultices are used for deep-seated information. Mustard or terps put in them will get at any information and can be used for poisons.

Almost a Handbag.

OUR attention has been called to a very fine sporting offer in *The Field*. An Agency advertises the following shoot:

"6 Rabbits, 4 pheasants (1905 bag); nice Lodge. Inclusive rent, Aug. 1 to Sept. 30, £300."

Reckoning the nice Lodge as thrown in, and allowing for the fact that the period named stops just short of the opening of the pheasant season, we work out the prospective cost at £50 per head (all rabbits), which is of course vastly above the average market price for this viand.



A FIRST NIGHT.

Indignant Playwright (to leading actor, behind the scenes). "CONFOUND IT, MAN, YOU'VE ABSOLUTELY MURDERED THE PIECE!"
Leading Actor. "PARDON ME, BUT I THINK THE FOUL PLAY IS YOURS!"

JUST A FEW WORDS AT PARTING.

AFTER forty-three years spent in *Mr. Punch's* service, first as the youngest of his Staff, then, for over a quarter of a century, his Editor, I resign my functions as President of his Council, *Primus inter pares*, and hand over its great responsibilities, its absorbing work, with its, to a certain extent, compensating advantages, to my duly appointed, younger, and well-qualified successor.

In February, 1863, under MARK LEMON's wise and genial rule, and introduced with a memorably hearty welcome from WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, I made my first appearance among the members of the Staff of that period assembled round *Mr. Punch's* Council Board. In February, 1906, I bow to the present representatives of *Mr. Punch's* Council, grasp hands, bid farewell, and make my exit. *Bonsoir, la Compagnie!*

I readily avail myself of the opportunity graciously afforded me by *Mr. Punch's* Proprietors of thanking, *ex integro corde*, all the Knights of Pen and Pencil at this Table Round for the loyal support they have given me, and for the courtesy they have invariably shown me during these past twenty-five years and a half of Editorship. Of their friendship and loyalty I am, and always shall be, justly proud. Wherever surrender of principle has not been involved, private or party opinions have been either modified, or, in the best interests of *Mr. Punch*, have not been unduly pressed.

The aim of any *Punch*-appointed "Director of our Mirth" should be, and, if *Mr. Punch* is to hold securely the eminent position he has achieved, must be, to provide relaxation for all, fun for all, without a spice of malice or a suspicion of vulgarity, humour without a flavour of bitterness, satire without reckless severity, and nonsense so laughter-com-

elling as to be absolutely irresistible from its very absurdity.

In old days the best examples of pictorial art allied with humour, whether intensely comic or deeply pathetic, are to be found in the work of DICKY DOYLE, JOHN LEECH, and SIR JOHN TENNIEL; and, on the literary side, *Mr. Punch*, for all time, will be proud of the great gifts of THACKERAY, the genius of HOOD who sang *The Song of the Shirt*, and will quote with pleasure the delightfully light rhymes and the sparkling prose of SHIRLEY BROOKS, while, in later years, he will gratefully recall the pathetic *Cry of the City Clerk*, written by CLEMENT SCOTT, who was never on the Staff, and will once again chuckle over MILLIKEN's 'Arry and 'Arriet verses, which, with the same author's *Childe Chappie*, may be reckoned among the most popular papers that have ever appeared in *Punch*.

One thing it would be but false modesty on my part not to record, and that is the inexpressible pleasure I feel in acknowledging the evidence, affectionately pressed upon me from all quarters, of the widely and firmly established popularity of "*Happy Thoughts*."

I have spoken my epilogue. Shall I add, "*Happy Thought—Retire!*" Why, certainly, for it is with the "*Happiest Thoughts*" that I do retire.

From *Mr. Punch's* stage, and appearing, for the last time, as his Editor, I wave my adieux to my good "friends in front!" *Au revoir*, frequently I hope, elsewhere. Then turning to salute affectionately the members of the United Company of Mirth Makers over which it has been for so long a period my greatest privilege to preside, and speaking in all earnestness, I adapt, to this occasion, the familiar valediction of tender-hearted *Rip Van Winkle* and say, "May you all live long and broser!"

F. C. BURNAND.



FULL SPEED AHEAD.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday night, Feb. 13.—Prevailing note at opening of Session to-day one of hilarity. Since House last met earthquake has engulfed many cherished companions. Still 670 Members go to make a House, and most of them are here. Over the thin ranks of Unionists a cloud of bereavement lies low, tempered by feeling of satisfaction in breasts of survivors that each knows one who has been saved. AKERS DOUGLAS, again *locum tenens* for absent Leader, thinks sadly of times that are no more. Remembers how, when he last filled the position in temporary absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, down with influenza, an observer taking note of the youth of recent additions to reconstructed Government spoke of occupants of Treasury Bench as "Young Men and old AKERS." The young men, alack! have been swept away in the flood that whelmed their Leader. Only some half-dozen ex-Ministers hold the dismantled fort.

Among them are WALTER LONG, blushing for faithless friends in South Bristol; GEORGE WYNDHAM, radiant with smiles, looks round the benches where Ulster Members ought to sit, and cannot discover his friend WILLIAM MOORE.

"'Lochaber no more,' they used to sing in mournful melody," he remarked to ACLAND-HOOD seated near him. "Now it's North Antrim no MOORE."



EGO ET DUX MEUS.

"My dear Arthur, nothing would ever induce me to leave you or to enter into any sort of competition with you."

The PINK 'UN turned and anxiously regarded the ex-Chief Secretary. Had much MacDonnell made him mad? Did not pursue enquiry; preferred to return to contemplation of the good time coming when he, no longer Ministerial Whip, might linger at the dinner table past nine o'clock, unmindful of plots for snap divisions.

VICTOR CAVENDISH sat upright, immobile, expressionless, facing futurity with stony stare.

"What a splendid figure-head he'd make for a ship!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK, regarding him admiringly. "If it went down behind him with all hands aboard, he wouldn't wink an eyelid."

Treasury Bench so thronged that WINSTON, characteristically refraining from pushing early into place, was fain to seat himself on steps of empty Chair. In serried row of jubilant Ministers a gap kept opposite brass-bound box on table that marks bearings of Leader of the House. Presently C.-B. entered from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, hailed with lusty cheer unknown in House

from Liberal throats these ten years back. Enthusiastic Members below Gangway showed signs of inclination to rise to their feet; compromised by lifting their hats in salute. Quite a new thing this, small in its way, but indicating birth of greater ones.

C. B., seating himself between ASQUITH and JOHN MORLEY, started on observing to right of former a figure top-hatted. Something familiar about the grey frock-coat suit first seen in the House when, twenty-six years ago, EDWARD CLARKE, a rising young man in Common Law Courts and Surrey Sessions, came in from Southwark. Yes, it was the ex-Solicitor-General of SALISBURY days. Elected for the City, he, in accordance with ancient privilege, claimed place on Treasury Bench on this, the opening day of new Parliament. ALBAN GIBBS, his fellow Member, sat by him, bareheaded. The legal mind declined finally to commit itself. Desiring to make known to whom it might concern that in seating himself in the midst of the enemy's camp the action was taken "without



"The Pink 'Un turned and anxiously regarded the ex-Chief Secretary."

(Sir Al-x-nd-r Acl-nd H-d.)

prejudice," CLARKE put on a disproportionately tall hat. His the only head covered on the Treasury Bench.

House summoned to meet at 2 o'clock. Twenty minutes past, and nothing yet happened. Higher grew the buzz of conversation, broader the smile that beamed the full length and breadth of the Ministerial Benches. Never was seen or heard a more joyous throng. Suddenly the cry of "Black Rod!" rose above the din. It was the door-keeper who, having made his way through the throng blocking the Bar, stood by the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms and proclaimed the messenger from the House of Lords.

Deep silence fell over the jubilant crowd. It obviously unnerved Black Rod. If they had gone on laughing and chatting all would have been well. This silence had uncomfortable resemblance to experience on entering a vault; added to it was consciousness of five hundred pairs of eyes closely examining his full Admiral's uniform.

Advancing towards the Table, Black Rod showed disposition to tack. After getting his bearings, bore a straight course for the Table. The blood-curdling silence continued. Black Rod stared straight before him over the heads of the clerks at the empty Chair. He wet his lips and opened them; no sound issued. Was he going to break down as did his gallant predecessor, temporarily paralysed as he stood in the same place? Holding himself perfect after many rehearsals, he had evidently intended to recite his message. But this ghastly silence, these double walls of piercing eyes, too much. The awful solitude, the gripping chilliness of the Arctic regions, familiar thirty years ago, nothing to this ordeal.

Happily the Admiral had a card up his sleeve—or, to be precise, a piece of paper in his shirt-cuff. Not served in the Crimea for nothing, nor taken a share in stamping out Indian Mutiny without learning a thing or two. From within the cuff round his left wrist he produced what PRINCE ARTHUR, had he been present, would have recognised as half a sheet of notepaper. Spreading it out, he read his message, bidding "this honourable House" repair to the House of Lords.

There followed another fearsome pause. Black Rod had fulfilled his mission; how was he to clear out? Not backward this time, thank heaven. He stood a pace on one side and wistfully looked at the PINK 'UN, who rather enjoyed seeing another man in difficulties. Sir COURTENAY ILBERT, Clerk of the House, director of its proceedings in its inchoate state, came to the rescue. Leaving his chair at the Table, he joined Black Rod, and the two walked forth, followed by a train of Members, at their head the



"THE FLY IN AMBER."

Mr. Asquith espies a (political) stranger on the Treasury Bench.
(Sir Edw-rd Cl-rke.)

Leader of the House and the Deputy Leader of the Opposition.

Business done.—J. W. LOWTHER re-elected Speaker by acclamation.

Thursday night.—Our Army swore terribly in Flanders. So it is said. Nothing to what the House of Commons



PATHETIC SCENE OUTSIDE THE RAILINGS OF PALACE YARD.

(Mr. Gerald Balfour said, during the Election, that he looked forward to much pleasurable amusement watching across the Table of the House the efforts of the New Ministry to hold together and to satisfy their supporters. Alas! he is no longer a member of the House!)

has done on threshold of Session. Began yesterday, occupied this afternoon.

Quite a business-like performance. Tables hospitably spread. Wigged and gowned clerks in attendance. Batches of five Members swear in chorus. March on in single file to sign roll of Parliament. Thereafter led by untiring Clerk of House, who introduced them by name to SPEAKER. Some he had known before. Many unfamiliar faces. With equally grave urbanity shook hands with all.

Mr. LOWTHER lacks unique experience that befel Lord PEEL when he was in the Chair. Amongst Members brought up for formal introduction was a Member he thought he had seen before. Searchingly scanned right arm above the elbow. Certain he saw gleam beneath the cloth the pale flame of a strawberry mark.

"My long-lost Brother?" he whispered under his breath.

"Yes, ARTHUR, dear boy," responded the new Member.

All this *sotto voce*. Would never have done for SPEAKER of House of Commons on such occasion to vary demeanour in recognition of family ties, however closely drawn.

"Sir ROBERT PEEL, Member for Huntingdon," announced the Clerk.

The SPEAKER offered his hand with distant dignity, and Sir ROBERT, not quite successfully repressing a wink, passed on.

Nothing so good as that in dreary ceremony now drawing to conclusion.

Business done.—Members swearin' like anything.

CAPABLE CADDIES.

RUMOUR has it that a movement is on foot amongst a certain section of the golfing public to ensure that for the future all caddies on English links shall be compelled to furnish satisfactory proof that they are physically and morally qualified for the portage and cleaning of clubs, and acquainted with the more rudimentary principles of the game. To this end, it is reported, an entrance examination paper is in course of preparation, in which individuals aspiring to official recognition as caddies will be required to obtain a percentage of at least 80 marks. The following questions are said to have been already drafted:—

1. Write your name, legibly if possible, in the top right-hand corner of the sheet.

(Do not trouble to insert your nickname, as it is a matter of indifference to the examiners whether you are locally known as "Tiger," "Ginger," or "Bill Bailey.")

2. State your age. If this is less

than six, or more than seventy-five years, you may omit the remaining questions and retire at once from the examination.

3. Are you married or single? Give reasons for your answer.

4. Illustrate the finer points of distinction between

(a) a niblick and a gutty;

(b) a bye and a bulger.

5. Are you a Protectionist or a Total Abstainer?

6. Rewrite the following passage, correcting anything that may strike you as an error or an incongruity:—"In an 18-hole match, X., a scratch player with a handicap of 20, stood dormy 12 at the 17th hole, but while half-way through the final green was unfortunate enough to get badly bunkered behind the tee-box. Being required to play 'two more' to his opponent Y., who had laid himself dead in 6, he only played one of them, thus holing out in 5, and securing a victory by the narrow margin of 4 up and 7 to play."

7. Given that the regulation charge for a round is a shilling, would you consider yourself justified in attempting to exact an extra half-crown for club-cleaning from a player in spectacles, with a handicap of 27 and a wistful expression? (Candidates are advised to say "No" to this question.)

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND.

[It has been stated that the late visit of the New Zealand Football Fifteen to this country ranks as the most important event in the history of the British Empire since the Diamond Jubilee. It is suggested that this renders even more remarkable the recent Election Returns by which the dream of closer relations with the Colonies is temporarily dissipated.]

INTREPID Islanders, whose fame

Has rung through Ocean's furthest channels

Since you were asked to cross the same

And bring along your football passions,
People have missed the serious side

Of that victorious endeavour,

And coming decades as they glide

Will grow more decadent than ever.

We had not hoped, indeed, for fruit

From Mr. KIPLING's favourite fancies,
Dealing with men who ride and shoot

On large Imperial expanses,—

Nor yet the Boer War; we plead

No case for those forgotten lessons;

Why should we hug the past, or heed

A mere external effervescence?

But when your troupe of "Total Blacks,"

Cubs of the Motherland (or scions),

Made rings about our Rugby backs,

And crumpled up their parent lions,—

That was a point, we thought, had

pricked

Not skin alone, but flesh and blood-deep.

The muddled oafs themselves were licked

Upon their own maternal mud-heap.



Bus-driver. "ALL RIGHT, LADIES! YOU'RE QUITE SAFE. THEY'RE WERRY PARTIKLER WOT THEY EATS!"

England, we said, will surely heal
Her wounded heart, and find a solace
In wrapping up the island's weal
With that of GALLAGHER and WALLACE;
The ancient breed who turned to bay
At Agincourt and other places
Will note the error of their way,
And fawn upon the junior races.

But no! They've put the Liberals in,
And goodness (not the writer) knows if
They ever purpose to repin
Their faith upon the creed of JOSEPH;
Yet how shall English Sport regain
The niche it recently vacated,
With Empire on the steady wane,
And Tory bonds depreciated?

We looked ahead in rosier dreams,
Pulling the ties of kinship tauter,
To building up our broken teams
From younger blood across the water;

You might have helped some hour of
A County trial or a Cup-tie,— [need—
But fate has otherwise decreed,
The *nexūs* that we knit are *rupti*.

The Colonies may drift apart
And justify the gloomy Sibyl,
Who tells us we shall lose the art
Of scientific dodge and dribble;
Evolving new formations yet
They may erase the Mother's image,
While English footballers forget
The proper way to pack a scrimmage.

And yet, sublimely unconcerned,
And quite incompetent to master
The lessons that he might have learned
From International Disaster,
It pleased the vagrant voter's mood
To concentrate his mental tissue
Upon the chance of cheaper food,
And hang the whole athletic issue!

THE NEW RENDEZVOUS.

THE *Tribune's* spirited policy of attaching to its offices a comfortable meeting place where inquirers may read and write and receive replies to their questions on political and other matters has already been adopted by other editors, and in a very short time there will be no newspaper office of any importance but has its Information Bureau or Rendezvous as it is called.

Even at *The Tribune* not every visitor to the Rendezvous will be answered. All wild-looking gentlemen, for example, with a glare in the eye and a horsewhip or revolver in their hands, who ask to be shown the way to the Editor's room will be firmly ejected; nor is any encouragement to be extended to inquirers as to tomorrow's weather, or the probable results of next week's race, or to any one in need of temporary financial relief. A line, it is felt, even by *The Tribune*, must be drawn somewhere. Short of this, however, the Rendezvous should be very active and useful, and it will give us much pleasure from our windows opposite to see the intellectually hungry and thirsty entering its doors in despair and emerging the picture of mental repletion. Bouverie Street is becoming a new place.

Among the other papers which are busily organising Rendezvous of their own are *The Times* and *The Spectator*, *The War Cry*, *The Tailor and Cutter*, *The Standard* and *The Outlook*.

The Times proposes to limit the nature of information which it imparts for reasons of its own. Rather will it impart the secret of where such information, together with much other, from A. to Z., may be completely and expeditiously obtained, at a not too high figure, payable on the instalment system. Any questions also as to the best daily paper

to take in, and the best circulating library to join, *The Times* Rendezvous will quickly and clearly answer. Any queries, however, as to the authorship of articles in the paper will be discouraged. Tea will be provided for those who join the paper's library, and a champagne lunch for all purchasers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This is a step in advance of *The Tribune's* enterprise, which takes no count of bodily emptiness.

The Rendezvous which *The Standard* and *The Outlook* have combined to open

The Spectator's Rendezvous is to be fitted with every facility for the care and maintenance of pets, and its proceedings will take the form of a series of *séances* for the exploitation of gifted fauna, such as cats and dogs and clean-minded parrots. The rural clergy are also expected to congregate here in some numbers on their visits to the metropolis.

Livelier fare is offered by *The War Cry* in its Shelters—we should say, Rendezvous. Arrangements have been

made with Mr. BERNARD SHAW to attend every evening, to answer questions with regard to the working of the Salvation Army and the merits of the big drum. Mr. CHESTERTON will also attend every afternoon to discourse on brass bands; while *The Tailor and Cutter* will give a daily conversation to which all Members of Parliament of whatever party are invited, when the Editor will point out the defects in their clothing, and perhaps assist them to change their coats.

From the above statements it will be seen that the Rendezvous habit is spreading, and will spread, for there is little doubt that in a short time many of the other leading organs will come into line too. Meanwhile we have been asked by licensed victuallers, both in Fleet Street and the Strand, to point out that the



Ugly Coster. "‘Oo are yer starin’ at?"

The Other. "I ain’t good at NATURAL ‘ISTORY."

will be purely political. Questions upon the real meaning of Free Trade and Protection, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's genius, Mr. BALFOUR's powers of delicate analysis, and cognate subjects, will be answered instantly by the Editor of *The Outlook*, who will throw in spicy prophecies of the probable course of events in the new Parliament. Such has been his recent success in the vaticinary line that a continual crowd of inquirers may be expected. Incidentally, information will be given by the Editor of *The Standard* on circulating libraries.

newspaper-Rendezvous is no new thing.

SIR EDWIN CORNWALL, in response to many requests, has consented to give a lecture on "Municipal Osculation" in the statuary salon of the South Kensington Museum on February 30, when he will not only tell his hearers how to be popular in Paris, but show them how he imprinted a kiss on each cheek of the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, remarking as he did so, "There is no danger; the lady is quite armless."

AUNT AGATHA'S ADVICE.

(With apologies to all omniscient aunts of the feminine press. N.B.—No paper patterns are given away with this number.)

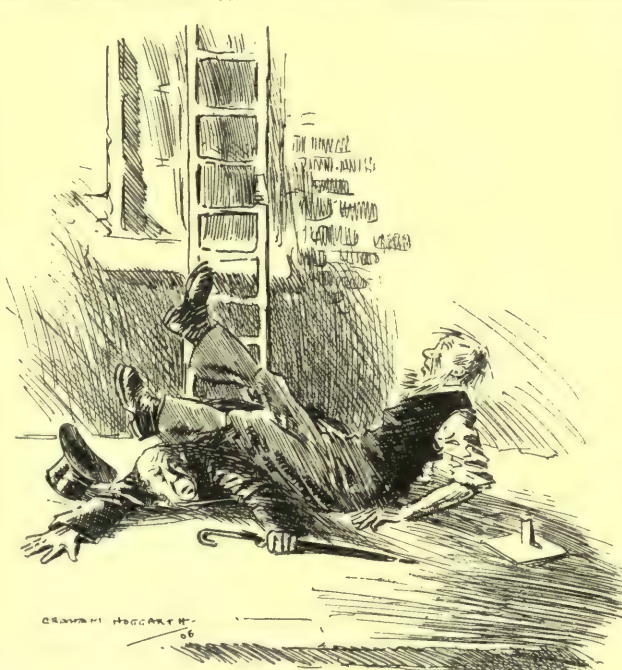
AUNT AGATHA is most earnestly desirous of making it known that she is the best friend and stand-by of the lovelorn. No matter whether you are engaged three-deep, or are getting perilously near the shelf, pour your gushing confidences into her ear, and she will have an answer pat to suit the occasion. Whence she derived her vast and awful knowledge of the human heart need not be touched upon here; but you can safely trust AUNT AGATHA. If you are not lovelorn yourself, perhaps you know some lady or gentleman who is. If so, do not leave this paper in the train, but pass it on. When an answer by post is desired, twelve penny stamps (unused) should be enclosed, —not necessarily for return, but as a guarantee of good faith. AUNT AGATHA prefers to answer communications through the post.

But to business:—

LADY ELGIVA (Brixton) writes:—"I have a lover and I love him very dearly, but he has never spoken to me, but I meet him every morning when I go to the tram. What must I do? Would he think me forward if I broke the ice, and asked him to tell me the time?"—Considering the probable superabundance of clocks at Brixton this might seem a little pointed. If you can get no mutual friend to accord you an introduction, AUNT AGATHA does not see that you could do better than follow the example of the heroine of our grand serial, "From the Scullery to the Smart Set" (see Chap. MCLXXXIII.), and seem (you need not carry imitation too far) to sprain your ankle at an opportune moment. Choose a dry day, and practise your fall in advance. An undignified flop might prejudice your chances, while to be caught in the cow-catcher of the tram would ruin all. If he is a real gentleman he would be bound to hasten to your assistance, and although he might not, like REX VAVASOUR, carry you two miles "in his strong, manly arms"—this would scarcely be necessary at Brixton—the introduction would thus come about naturally and easily. AUNT AGATHA will be pleased to hear if your little ruse succeeds.

CLYTEMNESTRA BROWN (Kensal Rise) writes:—"A gentleman has been paying me attentions at dances for seven years,

but he has never given me a ring, and yesterday I saw him walking with another lady. I want to have him up for breach of promise. Can you advise me how to do it?"—Yes, AUNT AGATHA has been there. But you will need a shark of a lawyer to convince the Judge, if you have no written promise from the gentleman. Fortunately, however, the verdict really rests with the jury, who require no evidence in cases of this kind, and will always find for the plaintiff if she has been properly coached in her part. Wear a picture-bat in court, and make play, but with discretion, with a handkerchief (lace preferred), and let your mother sob at intervals in the well of the court. Remember:—



"THOU SHOULDEST HAVE BETTER PLEASSED ME WITH THIS DEED,
HADST THOU DESCENDED FROM ANOTHER HOUSE."

As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 2.

Silent tears from you: gurgling sobs from your mother. If you really have a weak case she might try the effect of stretching out her hands to you—they should be neatly gloved in black—as you stand down from the witness-box. The fact of your having been engaged to another gentleman for the past year is irrelevant, and need not be disclosed.

SMART SET (Tooting).—As you say you do a milk round, it was very wrong of you to inform the lady whom you met at Margate that you were the Earl of BROADSTAIRS, and had a rich uncle living at Clapham. You have brought the trouble upon yourself, and AUNT AGATHA cannot advise. She will never countenance deception in any shape or form. If the lady has returned the ring, and you do not care to keep such a reminder of your present humiliation, send it

post-paid to AUNT AGATHA, who might be able to dispose of it to an uncle of her acquaintance. The proceeds would be given to a very deserving object, namely, to AUNT AGATHA'S Salt Air Fund (Week-ends at Brighton Branch), which is in need of fresh subscriptions.

SANG AZUR (Ball's Pond Road).—Before paying your addresses to a lady you should obtain an introduction to her, and make sure that they are acceptable. Her brother was, after all, only obeying the prescribed code of etiquette, and AUNT AGATHA thinks you were wrong in calling him "a bald-faced baboon." She hopes your eye is better.

JAUNTY JANE (Peckham Rye), writes:—"I have a gentleman friend who teases me by saying that you are not an Aunt at all, but a thin-haired man with spectacles. He has bet me two pairs of gloves on the subject, so will you please tell me the truth?"—AUNT AGATHA would advise you to have nothing more to do with such a "friend" (except to take the gloves from him), for he cannot be at all a nice sort of person. AUNT AGATHA showed your letter to the Aunt belonging to another paper when we were playing billiards—that is to say, bézique—together, and your friend may be sorry to know that we both cried very bitterly at such evidence of hardened male scepticism, and had to have recourse to an effervescing tonic. Your friend has lost his bet, and AUNT AGATHA thinks she ought to stand in with you in the matter of the gloves. Her size is seven-and-three-quarters. Not an Aunt indeed!

(To be continued.)

[Not in our columns.—Ed.]

THE Clerk to the Montgomeryshire Education Authority advertises for a Head Mistress for Llanwrin National School, in the following repellent terms:—

"Wanted, Head Mistress, Old Article 50. Welsh essential."

The Montgomeryshire Education Authority, being an Authority, must know what it is talking about: but we can well understand that Welsh should be an essential. How else could a candidate translate the advertisement?

A CASE FOR THE S.P.C.C.—A well-known firm has made a special feature, at their sales, of "Royal Worcester kid-fitting corsets." Why can't people let the children alone? Is this part of Mr. BIRRELL's scheme?

TO ALL THAT GRUMBLE.

You that only appear contented
 When you are grumbling about your lot,
 Mainly because of a much lamented
 Absence of all that you haven't got,
 Listen to me, for I bring you healing :—
 If you would scatter those moods away,
 If you would conquer that injured feeling,
 Listen to me, I say.

Years ago, for a certain season,
 I was a pessimist (strange but true),
 And, as a matter of fact, with reason,
 Not for the fun of the thing, like you ;
 All that I merited, looked for, built on,
 Seemed to be doomed to a fatal slump ;
 Mine was the mental complaint which MILTON
 Happily termed the Hump.

Came a night—and of all Decembers
 That was the vilest—I sat alone,
 Bitterly smoking before the embers,
 Hugging my grievance, and making moan ;
 Out in the open a biting blizzard,
 Whirling the gravel about like snow,
 Froze the marrow, and turned the gizzard
 Inside out, at a blow.

Then I said, this is something hellish
 (Which was a fact), and I crossed the room,
 Flung up the blind, and with sour disrelish
 Gazed for awhile on the roaring gloom ;
 Till, on a sudden, my awe-struck glances
 Fell on a sentinel's heav'n-sent form,
 Driven, by pressure of circumstances,
 Out in that beastly storm.

High on a magazine, bleak and lonely,
 Nobly he paced his appointed beat
 (Rather like CASABIANCA, only
 That little horror complained of heat),
 Daring an enemy's foot to trench on his
 Windy preserves, he was hurled about,
 Getting his spine well iced, not to mention his
 Gizzard blown inside out.

Long I gazed on the gusty fellow ;
 Gazed, till mine uglier moods were spent ;
 Gazed, till my whole soul seemed to mellow
 Into a chastened and bland content ;
 And, as I blessed him, and drew the curtain,
 Leaving him up on his wind-swept mound,
 Life, I remarked, though a bit uncertain,
 Wasn't so bad, all round.

Grumbler, such is the Grand Idea :
 Surely the moral is plain to see ;
 When you're in need of a panacea,
 Think of the sentinel—think of me !
 Turn to Philosophy's consolation ;
 Doubtless the gods may have used you ill ;
 But—by a Merciful Dispensation—
 Others are worse off still !

DUM-DUM.

THE Bourne Rural District Council, in advertising for an Assistant Surveyor of Highways, states that "Preference will be given to a young man (cyclist) who has been used to the management of a steam-roller." This points to a very remarkable development of the "Trailer."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MY Baronite, reading *The Sea-Maid* (METHUEN), is conscious of a reminiscence of one of Mr. BARRIE's comedies which had a great success a couple of years ago. But the Little Minister has not the monopoly of islands set in summer seas, whose desolation is broken in upon by the arrival of castaways. Mr. RONALD MACDONALD has discovered one on his own account, and makes mirth-compelling use of it. The idea of the *Dean of Beckminster*, Mrs. Prowdeflesche, and their delightful daughter, the Sea-maid, being for nearly twenty years sole denizens of the island, is realised with much humour. The Dean's wife, not forgetful of her former estate, insists, up to one o'clock in the day, on preserving the stateliness of manner due to the dignity of the deanery. In the afternoon, led by the Dean, joyously followed by the daughter, relapse is permitted. A stirring story of piracy on board a ship believed to carry gold among her cargo leads up to the discovery of the Dean and his family, and to their subsequent return to civilisation.

The Bishop's Apron, as exhibited to us by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, at Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL's, is choke-full of good things, and is in itself a real work of art. The Baron feels himself absolutely safe from all possible contradiction in asserting that, for satirical humour and quizzical observation, this novel takes a double first. As a clerical story nothing better has been written since ANTHONY TROLLOPE's delightful *Barchester Towers*, which will always hold first rank on account of the inimitable Mrs. Proudie. The claimant for the episcopal apron is *Theodore Spratte*, Vicar of St. Gregory's, South Kensington, and Canon of Tercanbury (beautifully twisted name this), an "all things to all men," and women, ecclesiastic, who yearns for the apron and the gaiters, and regards the episcopal turned-up-at-the-brim topper as a kind of halo in hats. The portrait of this character is delicious, and so true to the life that every reader will from time to time lay down the book for a while, as smilingly he confides to himself, "I know that man, he comes from ——" whatever place his experience may suggest. There should be a sequel to this novel, to be named *The Bishop's Wife's Apron*. The basis for this suggestion will be found in the Twentieth Chapter, the last, and one of the sharpest hits in the book. But what a tribute to ANTHONY TROLLOPE's popularity (in this particular line) is paid by Mr. MAUGHAM's selection of Barchester as being the Episcopal See above all others in which everyone will be at once interested ! The name Barchester immediately puts middle-aged readers on familiar terms with the Canon "in waiting." What pluck on the part of the author and what wisdom is shown, in his selection of this title. No one would dare to speak of Barchester unless he had something exceptionally good to tell. Every sketch of character in this story is admirable, from the pompous butler up to the heavy-eyed premier ; while the portraits of the rising socialist, with his objectionable family surroundings, the Canon's gentle and impressionable daughter, the various members of the *Spratte* family, past and present, and the captivating worldly widow, are all highly finished and thoroughly representative. The novel should have a marked success.



MORE POLITICAL HONESTY.—"Never again must the Radicals be allowed such a long start in their 'campaign of lies.'" *Suffolk and Essex Free Press.*

CHARIVARIA.

A PRETTY custom which had almost fallen into desuetude has been revived with startling suddenness. Two actresses have been led to the altar by Peers of the realm.

Mr. JOHN BURNS' popularity is steadily increasing. We hear that since the arrival of his gold-lace uniform he has been invited to an enormous number of Fancy Dress Balls in Battersea.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has stated that he did not, during the General Election, come across any of the Chinese Slavery Cartoons of which complaint has been made. Our former PREMIER did not read papers; our present one does not even see posters.

Though a past-master in oratory, Mr. BALFOUR, with the modesty of true greatness, is not above taking lessons from others. Before starting his City election campaign he paid a visit to Billingsgate to study the short, telling speeches which have made that district so famous.

Action, we hear, is to be taken by the Labour Party in regard to the KING's statement that he often works twelve hours a day. It is not at all impossible that HIS MAJESTY may be humbly invited to join the Eight Hours' Movement.

Many antique works of art are to be carefully removed from the old War Office to the new building. Say what one may against the War Office, it has always shown reverence for antiquity.

We have our own theory about the land-slide in Wales. As the people will not go back to the land, the mountain is making advances in their direction.

Plucky little Grays, the Essex town near the mouth of the Thames, has decided to supply itself with an artificial beach, and there seems little reason to doubt that one day we shall see Rotherhithe and Bermondsey blossom out into flourishing seaside resorts.

The Government intends to give Ireland Home Rule by instalments, and, in the same way, although the franchise is not to be granted to women at once,

most touching example of the trusting spirit yet known.

Music is now declared to be an aid to health. It certainly seems to make the hair grow.

Slight concessions to the people continue to be made in Russia. At Riga, last week, the Governor-General allowed four revolutionaries to be shot instead of being hanged.



First Clubman. "I SAY—HOW DO YOU SPELL 'TEMPORARY'?"

Second C. "T-E-M-P-O-R-A-R-Y, AND THE NEXT WORD HAS TWO R'S, E-M-B-A-R-R-A-S-S-M——"

First C. "THANKS!"

there is already talk of removing the grille in the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons, and replacing it, as at the Savoy, by a *Café Parisien*.

Six hundred Bristol girls have resolved to have nothing to do with boys who smoke. We agree that it is getting to be an effeminate habit.

Mr. JOHN W. GATES is said to have organised a Trust for the purpose of "loaning" umbrellas to subscribers in large cities. This will surely be the

feather from a child's hat. The others watch but make no movement, since the feather-fluffer is thoroughly capable of taking care of its own, and something more.

The Hon. THOMAS NODDY is passing through town on his way to Monte Carlo for a prolonged rest. Last evening, when seen at the Criterion restaurant, he . . . was leaping from bar to bar with extraordinary agility, taking anything that was put before him, and all the time grinning and chattering in a most incomprehensible manner, to the vast amusement of the spectators.

THE LONDON MENAGERIE.

The Sunday Times has lately taken to printing Society movements and doings and the arrivals at the Zoo, on the same page. But why not frankly combine the two?

The Countess of CUMMERBUND is now one of our most constant devotees of *patinage sur vraie glace*. She is each morning to be found at Prince's, when she often . . . in making a sharp curve in the air, comes suddenly to the ground. Afterwards this beautiful creature struts up and down the enclosure, all unconsciously showing its exquisite shape and gorgeous colouring to the best advantage.

The Lady DIANA DELAMODE is quite exhausted with her long round of bargain sales. She is never so happy as when . . . seated in a corner, slowly pulling to pieces a

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

III.

"ARE you feeling a little more certain of yourself on the Fiscal question?" I asked of PRENDERBY; but not in very sanguine tones, for the weather was all against settled convictions, and to-day he looked almost astral in his detachment.

"My instinctive horror of formulas is, I hope, notorious," replied PRENDERBY, "and, in that sense, I might, a few weeks ago, have described myself a Balfourite. But now that Mr. BALFOUR has taken to wearing orchids in his buttonhole, and himself ceased to be a Balfourite; now that he has proved disloyal to his cherished unbelief, and adopted an actual creed, I feel as if I had lost confidence in my own doubts. Who knows but one day I shall merge my identity in a party faction?"

"You might join the Unionist Free Traders," I suggested, "and still retain a fairly recognisable individuality. It could scarce be obliterated by the mere force of their numbers."

"One might do worse," said PRENDERBY. "I have a suspicion that the future of England lies with the Unionist Free Trade Party; that with a leg in each camp it will one day bestride the world like a Colossus. Have you noticed the report that Lord ROSEBURY has been seen to call upon the Duke of DEVONSHIRE? Now Lord ROSEBURY is a man who knows his Duke, and would have better tact than to intrude upon his repose, especially in the hibernating season, unless for some grave cause. What if these two should combine to form a Liberal-Unionist-Free-Trade-Imperial-Primrose-League? Its name alone should be an attraction."

"I hope it would have sound views on the Yellow Labour question," I said, "and be able to solve the riddle, 'When is a Chinese slave not a Chinese slave?'"

"The status of the Chinese slave," said PRENDERBY, "appears to have changed since the Election. The solution of your riddle was partially achieved by Lord RIXON, when (after the return of his party to power) he hazarded the guess that the Chinese slave was only half a slave. Half a lie is of course better than no truth; but now we have the startling statement of the Under-Secretary for the Colonies (who ought to know) that the Chinese slave has no existence at all. This must have come as a rude shock to honest men like Messrs. JOHN BURNS, LLOYD-GEORGE, and LOUGH, who had unwittingly given their support to the dissemination of what is now officially admitted to be a lie, whole and complete. I understand, further, that an Exploration Party is about to sail to South Africa in order to find out if there was any basis for the allegations advanced before the Polls. It is to be called the Post-Polar Expedition."

"If it goes on a warship," I said, "there will be no flogging on board." I like to draw PRENDERBY on from theme to theme with some show of logical sequence.

"No," rejoined PRENDERBY; "I fear the good old times have had their day. I notice as a significant coincidence that the abolition of corporal punishment in the Navy synchronises with the proposal to lengthen the short Eton jacket. But there are consolations. His triumph may modify the importunities of Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL. It may even stave off Home Rule for a time."

"Talking of long and short coats," I said, "what is your view of the reefer jacket as affected by the Labour Party?"

"To me," said PRENDERBY sententiously, "it typifies the happy mean; it is a symbol of the moderation, the *σωφροσύνη*, that characterises the New Party. The public seemed to imagine that the Labour Members would want to make a bear-garden of the House. It forgot, or underrated, the civilizing influence of Lady WARWICK. And, in any case, one always had to reckon with the atmosphere of the House, which, even since the advance in ventilation, has still a

mollifying force over the wildest spirits. The almost sacred traditions of the place discourage the ebullitions of profanity. We have all felt the same thing in the Salle du Jeu at Monte Carlo.

"No, I have no apprehension lest the coming of the Labour Party should debase the manners of Parliament below the high standard recognised by the Irish Nationalists. If I have any fear of Mr. KEIR HARDIE's followers, it is the fear that they will neglect the interests of the People. To judge by their programme they are no better than landlords, or motorists, or brewers, in their passion for class-legislation. There is a note of tyranny in their motto '*L'état, c'est nous*.' They have yet to appreciate that under the category of the 'Working-classes' we must include those who labour with the head not less than those who labour with the hand, and that the term 'People' embraces even that section of the community which by the cruel chance of birth or fortune is rich enough to be idle. I suspect that our Popular Educators have given inadequate prominence to the old Roman fable of the Belly and the Members."

"I am confident, my dear PRENDERBY," said I, "that if a proper publicity is given to your views, they will go far to correct what is crude in the ambitions of the Labour Party."

"I am like Lord HUGH," he replied, with a rare modesty. "I am an idealist; and the Millennium is not yet."

By the air of finality which he imparted to these words, accompanied as they were by a very gracious glance towards the clock, he seemed to indicate the application of the closure.

I waived my right of pressing it to a division; and so withdrew.

O. S.

THE CHORAL CURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Noticing that Dr. CANTLIE, in last Thursday's *Daily Mail*, advises his patients to join a Choral Society as a remedy for indigestion, adenoids, enlarged tonsils, pneumonia and consumption, I invite you to give publicity to the following facts, which should serve as a warning to all who propose to practise this cure.

A year ago, in obedience to his physician, a sufferer from chronic bronchial catarrh joined the choral society with which I was then connected. He had a grating voice and no sort of ear, and went through an energetic course of lung exercise on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Having paid the fees he was entitled not only to attend the practices but to sing in a concert, for which we were actively rehearsing *Moses in Egypt*. It was subsequent to the final rehearsal that his friends missed him. He was last seen walking between two basses, chatting pleasantly. The solo tenor and the hon. secretary brought up the rear.

A dyspeptic lady of middle age joined the ranks of our sopranos some months later, when rehearsals for *The May Queen* were in progress. She had been advised that the movements entailed by voice production "gently massaged the digestive organs." She was an energetic vocalist, but had no appreciation of time, was rather deaf and too short-sighted to see the bâton. She was asked to drink a cup of tea one afternoon with her sister sopranos, and did not attend the subsequent practices, nor have we since had news of her. Trusting that these incidents will speak for themselves,

I am, Yours truly, ALTO PROFONDO.

Our Extraordinary Allies.

"H.M. Cruiser *Diadem*, with Prince ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT on board, arrived this morning at Yokohama, and afterwards left by special train for Tokio."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Once more the Swiss Navy must look to its laurels.



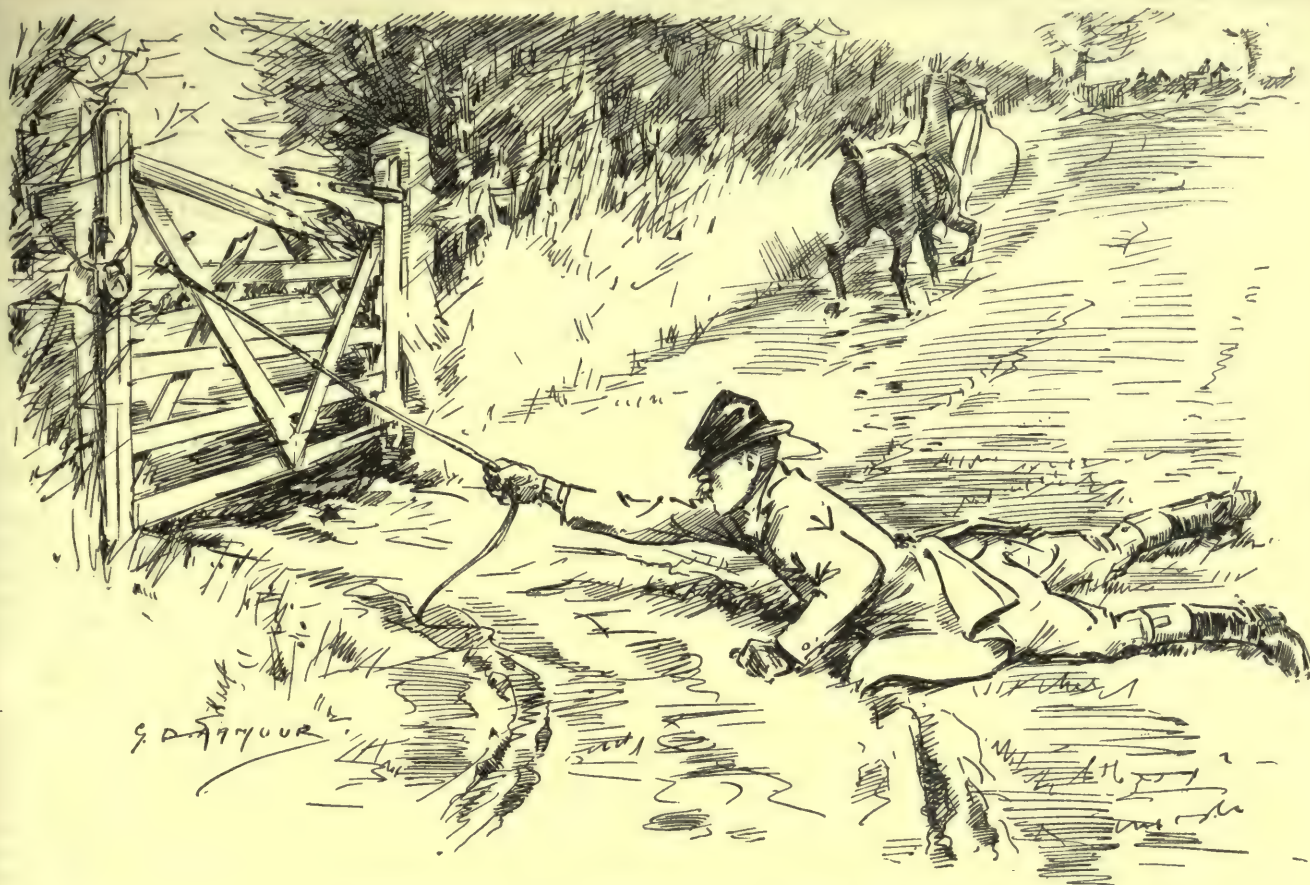
Bernard Partridge.

THE FREE-FOOD OUTLAWS.

Orlando . . . LORE R-S-B-EX. The Banished Duke . . . D-V-N-SH-RE. Jaques . . . LORD H-CH C-C-L. Amiens . . . LORD G-RACE H-A-L-T-N. First Lord . . . LORD B-L-F-E-R OF B-L-GH.

ORLANDO. "I ALMOST DIE FOR FOOD; AND LET ME HAVE IT."
 DUKE. "SIT DOWN AND FEED, AND WELCOME TO OUR TABLE."—As You Like It, Act II., Sc. 7.

[“Lord ROSEBURY has paid a call upon the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.”—Daily Paper.]



THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Sportsman (feeling slightly mixed, but holding manfully to what he supposes to be his horse). "STEADY, MARE! STEADY, OLD GIRL! WHOA!"

THE PRAMOTOR.

[“Even baby may now play at motoring, under realistic conditions, in the ‘Pramotor,’ a new vehicle which is a combination of the old-fashioned perambulator and the up-to-date motor-car.”—*The Daily Mirror*.]

IN Kensington Gardens I wandered
Far, far from the roar of E.C.
I heard a toot-tooting,
And by me went shooting
A goggled young bantling of three;
And while on the vision I pondered
Another flew past like a squib—
A twenty horse-power
At \approx miles an hour,
And steered by a babe in a bib.

I sank on a seat in amazement,
And turned with a wondering look
To a nurse who was sitting
Alone with her knitting,
Immersed in a yellow-backed book.
She quite understood what my gaze meant,
And promptly proceeded to talk
Of TOMMY and TEDDY,
Whose prams were already
Mere specks in the narrowing walk.

“Master TOMMY,” she said, “is a wonder:
Before he was many days born

He turned from the bottle
And cried for the throttle,
And tooted all day on the horn.
“And TEDDY looks blacker than thunder
At Gollywogs, toffy or jam;
He savagely quarrels
With rattles and corals,
And shrieks for his motoring pram.”

“But aren’t you afraid,” I suggested,
“To let them go driving like that?
It seems a bit risky—
Suppose they get frisky,
As sometimes occurs with a brat;
Has their skill been sufficiently tested?
They drive in so daring a way!
Is it not a bit rash, nurse?
There might be a smash, nurse—
D’you think they are really *au fait*?”

As I spoke little TOMMYKINS dashed up:
“Nurse, we’ll get our licences now!
We’ve run down two collies,
A pram full of dollies,
A poodle, a pug, and a chow.
And down by the Palace we smashed up
A keeper, and then took to flight.”
Such record proved plainly
I’d vexed myself vainly;
These chauffeurs were competent—
quite.

WHY DON’T WE RUN?

[Being some letters apparently provoked by the “Daily Mail” discussion on this subject.]

“COMPANY PROMOTER” writes: “Running a mistake in my opinion. Difficult to reach the coast before being caught. Better see the liquidation out like a gentleman, and get away quietly afterwards to America.”

Mr. W. SIKES writes in similar vein: “Running too suspicious, excites the police and probably rouses the dog. My own system, stroll away whistling with swag in coat-tails, and ask policeman to call a cab. Running never done in exclusive burglary circles.”

“TELEGRAPH BOY” tells us: “Running out of the question in my case. Heart not at all strong, and slight paralysis in left leg. Besides—why *should* I run?”

Mr. P. F. WARNER cables: “Inability to run due to excellent local bowling.”

“RUINED BOOTMAKER” complains: “Why not, indeed? This craze for motoring absurd. Will support any scheme for promoting pedestrianism.”

WILL POWER; OR GETTING THE NEEDLE.

He was a pale enthusiastic young man of the name of SIMMS; and he held forth to us at great length about his latest hobby.

"Now I'll just show you a little experiment," he wound up; "one that I have never known to fail. First of all I want you to hide a needle somewhere, while I am out of the room. You must stick it where it can be seen—on a chair—or on the floor if you like. Then I shall come back blindfolded and find it."

"Oh, Mr. SIMMS!" we all said.

"Now, which one of you has the strongest will?"

We pushed JACK forward. JACK is at any rate a big man.

"Very well. I shall want you to take my hand when I come in, and look steadily at the needle—concentrate all your thoughts on it. I, on the other hand, shall make my mind a perfect blank. Then your thoughts will gradually pass into my brain, and I shall feel myself as it were dragged in the direction of the needle."

"And I shall feel myself as it were dragged after you?" said JACK.

"Yes; you mustn't put any strain on my arm at all. Let me go just where I like, only will me to go in the right direction. Now then."

He took out his handkerchief, put it hastily back, and said: "First I shall want to borrow a handkerchief or something."

Well, we blindfolded him, and led him out of the room. Then MURIEL got a needle, which, after some discussion, was stuck into the back of the Chesterfield. SIMMS returned, and took JACK's left hand.

They stood there together, JACK frowning earnestly at the needle, and SIMMS swaying uncertainly at the knees. Suddenly his knees went in altogether, and he made a little zig-zag dash across the room, as though he were taking cover. JACK lumbered after him, instinctively bending his head, too. They were brought up by the piano, which SIMMS struck with great force. We all laughed, and JACK apologized.

"You told me to let you go where you liked, you know," he said.

"Yes, yes," said SIMMS rather peevishly, "but you should have willed me not to hit the piano."

As he spoke he tripped over a small stool, and, flinging out an arm to save himself, swept two photograph frames off an occasional table.

"By Jove," said JACK, "that's jolly good. I saw you were going to do that, and I willed that the flower vase should be spared. Good for me!"

"I think you had better start from

the door again," I suggested. "Then you can get a clear run."

They took up their original positions.

"You must think hard, please," said SIMMS again. "My mind is a perfect blank, and yet I can feel nothing coming."

JACK made terrible faces at the needle. Then, without warning, SIMMS flopped on to the floor at full length, pulling JACK after him.

"You mustn't mind if I do that," he said, getting up slowly.

"No," said JACK, dusting himself.

"I felt irresistibly compelled to go down," said SIMMS.

"So did I," said JACK.

"The needle is very often hidden in the floor, you see. You are sure you are looking at it?"

They were in a corner with their back to it; and JACK, after trying in vain to get it over his right shoulder or his left, bent down and focussed it between his legs. This must have connected the current; for SIMMS turned right round and marched up to the needle.

"There!" he said triumphantly, taking off the bandage.

We all clapped, while JACK poured himself out a whisky. SIMMS turned to him.

"You have a very strong will indeed," he said, "one of the strongest I have met. Now, would one of the ladies like to try?"

"Oh, I'm sure I couldn't," said all the ladies.

"I should like to do it again," said SIMMS modestly. "Perhaps you, Sir?"

"All right, I'll try," I said.

When SIMMS was outside I told them my idea.

"I'll hold the needle in my other hand," I said, "and then I can always look at it easily, and it will always be in a different place, which ought to muddle him."

We fetched him in, and he took my left hand. . . .

"No, it's no good," he said at last, "I don't seem to get it. Let me try the other hand."

I had no time to warn him. He clasped the other hand firmly; and from the shriek that followed it seemed—I say it seemed—that he got it. There ensued the "perfect blank" that he had insisted on all the evening. Then he pulled off the bandage, and showed a very angry face.

Well, we explained how accidental it was, and begged him to try again. He refused rather sulkily.

Suddenly JACK said: "I believe I could do it blindfold. Miss MURIEL, will you look at the needle, and see if you can will me?"

SIMMS bucked up a bit, and seemed keen on the idea. So JACK was blind-

folded, the needle hid, and MURIEL took his hand.

"Now, is your mind a perfect blank?" said SIMMS TO JACK.

"It always is," said JACK.

"Very well, then. You ought soon to feel in a dreamy state, as though you were in another world. Miss MURIEL, you must think only of the needle."

JACK held her hand tight, and looked most idiotically peaceful. After three minutes SIMMS spoke again.

"Well?" he said, eagerly.

"I've got the dreamy, other-world state perfectly," said JACK, and then he gave at the knees just for the look of the thing.

"This is silly," said MURIEL, trying to get her hand away.

JACK staggered violently, and gripped her hand again.

"Please, Miss MURIEL," implored SIMMS. "I feel sure he is just going to do it."

JACK staggered again, sawed the air with his disengaged hand, and then turned right round and marched for the door, dragging MURIEL behind him. The door slammed after them. . . .

* * * * *

There is a little trick of sitting on a chair and picking a pin out with the teeth. I started SIMMS—who was all eagerness to follow the pair, and find out the mysterious force that was drawing them—upon this trick, for JACK is one of my best friends. When JACK and MURIEL came back from the billiard-room and announced that they were engaged, SIMMS was on his back on the floor with the chair on the top of him—explaining, for the fourth time, that if the thing had not overbalanced at the critical moment he would have secured the object. There is much to be said for this view.

Nature-Study.

RESPONDING to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament" the Member for Peterborough said of M.P.'s:—

It seemed there were three processes they had to go through: there was first the larva stage of the candidate, then there was the chrysalis stage, in which he was at present, and then there came the third stage, when he hoped to evolve as the perfect insect.

A correspondent asks what caused the omission of all reference to Eggs.

Surely this reticence was natural.

Two gentlemen were recently requested to leave the Palm Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for not being in evening dress. The *Paris New York Herald* says, "They threaten to bring suits."

But why "threaten?"

SCHOOL GIRL'S LATIN.—"Do ut des."—Do as you would be done by.

WIT MADE WITTIER.

MR. ARCHER, in his notice of the Waldorf revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is now transformed by modern methods into a really amusing play, protests against *Tony Lumpkin's* gags in his scenes with his mother. For instance, when she says, "I that have rocked you in your cradle," *Tony* interjects, "What did you want to rock me in? A butter-boat?" And when she proceeds, "And fed that pretty mouth with a spoon," he puts in, "You wouldn't have fed it with the fire-shovel?"

These gags are so much to the taste of the audience, and do so much to make poor GOLDSMITH go down to-day, in competition with Messrs. PAUL RUBENS and GEORGE GROSSMITH Junr. and other successful dramatists of the moment, that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, who is just now playing another classic of comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is thinking of taking the hint and also getting his comic scenes into line with London humour. Thus in Act III., in the rehearsal of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, many of the audience, he is convinced, would feel more at home if they could be regaled with a few repartees in the Lumpkinian manner, as follows:—

Bottom. Are we all met?

Quince. Are we all wet? I'm not at any rate. I'm only half wet. Two or three more Scotches would do me a fair treat.

Bottom. I said, are we all met?

Quince. O! Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage; this hawthorn brake our tiring house; and we'll do it in action—

Bottom. Of course we'll do it in action. What did you think we should do it in? A motor bus?

Quince. What say'st thou, Bully Bottom?

Bottom. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please.

Quince. You've caught some fleas?

Bottom (shouting). There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please.

Quince. Ay, ay. As how?

Bottom. First, *Pyramus* must draw his sword to kill himself.

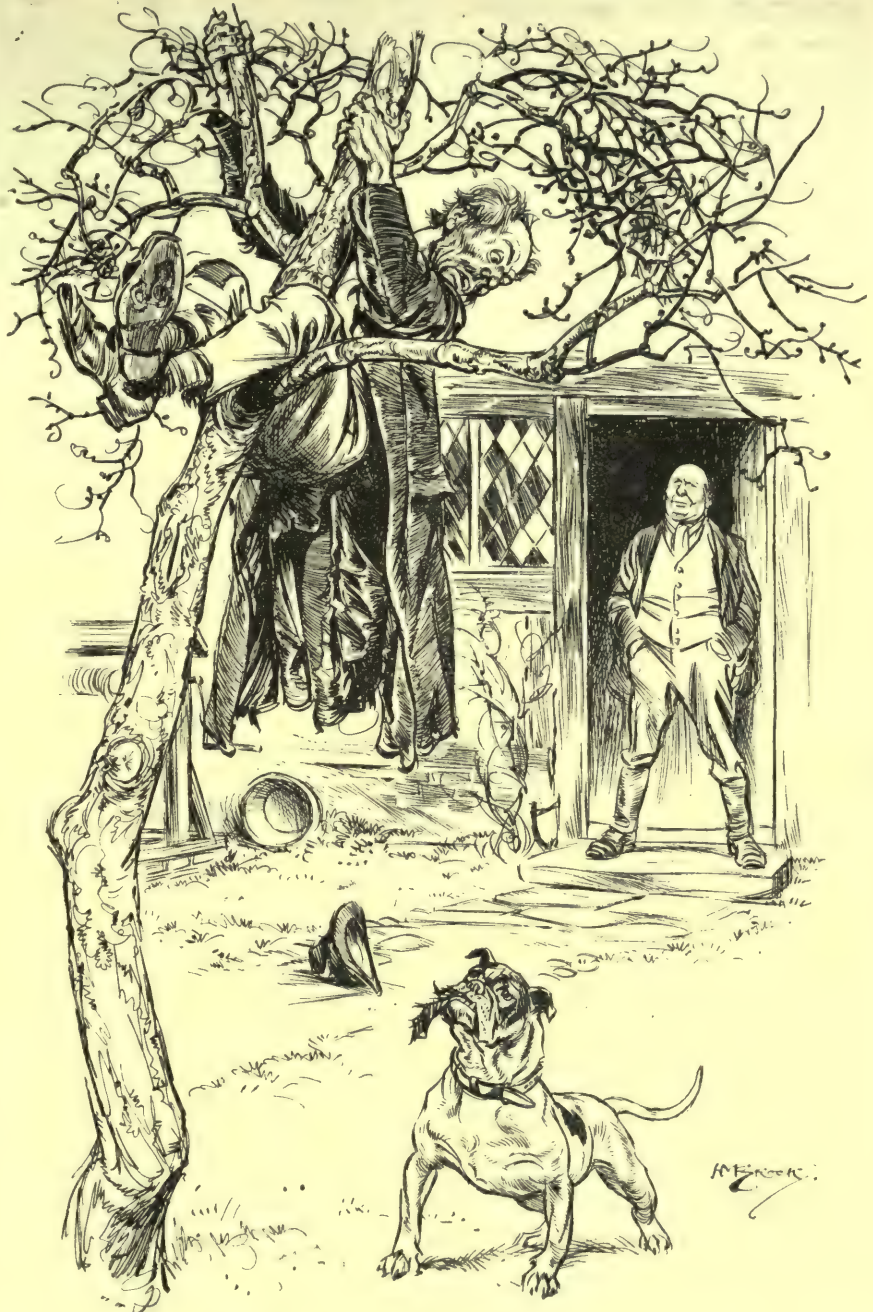
Starveling. Well, what would you have him draw it for? To open a tin of sardines?

Bottom. Which the ladies can never abide.

Starveling. If they don't like it they can lump it.

And so forth. Mr. ASCHE, however, intends for the present to stick to SHAKSPEARE.

None the less it will, perhaps, come to



Tramp. "CALL HIM OFF, MISTER! CALL HIM OFF!"

Householder. "NO NEED TO WORRY. HE CAN'T CLIMB."

be the custom to attach a cockney writer to every theatre where old comedy is to be revived. We are convinced that in London no old play, however witty and well written in its original form, could be a failure in revival if a sufficient number of characters said, "Go and eat coke" a sufficient number of times.

A DELICATE MATTER.—The Louth University Extension Society announces "A Course of Six Lectures on *The Age of Elizabeth*." Surely the question could be settled in one.

The Realistic School of Fiction.

"Reaching the courtyard of the station she unostentatiously hailed a hansom, and having given her new address to the cabman, took her seat."—*The Gambler*.

The author, at any rate, leaves nothing to chance.

"These goods, made of pure wool, are specially adapted for gentlemen wintering abroad in consequence of their valuable absorbent properties."—*Advt. in "The Morning Post."*

THIS is letting the embezzler down pretty gently.

ADAPTED FOR AMATEURS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a dramatic author to whom an untoward combination of circumstances has so far denied a West-End appearance. Not that I am one of the great unacted; far from it. Amateurs cry for me! As, however, I have found from experience that the conditions of amateur productions seldom admit of a perfect interpretation of the writer's meaning, I am preparing a version of my work in which all such contingencies shall be foreseen. I append a brief example of my method. It will be observed that it contains nothing which even the most amateur company cannot present *in exact accord with the instructions of the author*. It is, in short, a play that nobody can spoil.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR PINERO ROBINSON.

TITLE (which can be changed to anything else in order to avoid payment of royalties):

SUITED AT LAST!

The interest of the piece commences, before the rising of the curtain, with a sustained pianoforte recital, comprising the *Overture to Zampa*, *Three Dances from Henry VIII.*, and *The Eton Boat Song* (twice repeated). Through the music a confused hammering should be heard at intervals. Finally the curtain rises quite suddenly in the middle of a bar, and reveals:

The Great Hall of Bilton Castle. The room measures 13 feet by 9, and is furnished with a table c. and chairs r. and l. At one side is a door opening into a narrow passage. On the opposite side another door into the same passage. At back a window, with view of distant mountains. The light is that of four oil foot-lamps, one smoking.

Enter ANGELINA, a beautiful young girl with a pronounced complexion. She trips over the cross-bar at the foot of the door.

Angelina (murmurs inaudibly for five minutes, then louder). And if he did but suspect his true intentions, I tremble for the result. (N.B. About half-way through this soliloquy the lights in the auditorium, previously full on, should be lowered abruptly.) But hark! Who comes here? (Listening at door l.) Yes, it is the Duke's footstep. Confusion!

[A pause. Then enter r. the Duke of BILTON, an elderly aristocrat with flowing white-upon-black hair. He trips over the cross-bar.

Duke. Yes, ANGELINA, your ear has not deceived you, albeit the acoustic properties of the castle led you to expect me by a door opposite to that by which I actually entered. But stay! I have that to speak which brooks no delay!

Angelina (seating herself). Can it be

the mystery of my birth! I am all attention.

Duke. Then hearken! Never shall I cease to remember—(A significant pause, they look at one another anxiously)—I say, never shall I forget—(Another pause). But hold! (Producing small buff-coloured volume) I will recite the fatal particulars as printed. (Proceeds to do so—from the edition of the play published by SAM FRENCH AND Co.) Nothing therefore remains but to sign our contract. Have you pens and ink?

Angelina. No.

Duke. Paper?

Angelina. No.

Duke. A pencil?

Angelina. Alas, no! All the hand properties have been forgotten.

Duke. No matter! I will write it with my forefinger on the tablecloth. (Does so.) Come! Your signature!

Angelina. Never!

Duke. Perdition! But I will be revenged!

[Exit r. He trips over the cross-bar.

Angelina. What can I do? I am deserted by all.

Enter EDWIN, l. He comes in gaily, tripping over the cross-bar.

Edwin. Not so. I am here. At last, dearest, we are alone! But wait, I have left the door open.

Angelina. Heed it not, beloved. The Mysterious Hand will close it. (The door shuts.) Said I not so?

Edwin. At last, dearest, we are alone.

[Crossing r.

Angelina. Enchanting prospect!

[Crossing l.

Edwin. You are mine. (Placing two fingers on her waist.) Mine, body and soul!

Angelina (apprehensively). The thought is Heaven!

Edwin (slightly inclining head towards her). My heaven is on your lips!

Angelina (averting hers by an equal distance). I faint with rapture!

Edwin (with obvious relief, crossing briskly l.). But a truce to such happiness, I have a secret to reveal.

Angelina. What is that?

Edwin. Er—

[He hesitates.

Angelina. Why do you not speak? (He is silent.) Ah! I see it all. You no longer love me! Is that your secret?

[He is still silent; she stands watching him, her lips moving convulsively.

Edwin. I cannot say. I feel as though someone at the left-hand bottom corner of the stage, were trying to suggest something to me.

Angelina. Ah! Do not reject it. It is the Mysterious Voice!

Edwin. I am not rejecting it. It is too faint. (Half turning l.) What? What do you say? You must speak

louder. Louder yet! I am not able to hear what you say!

[N.B. This is a truly Maeterlinckian touch, the convenience of which will be obvious to every amateur.

Angelina (at the conclusion of a lengthy dialogue). It cannot be. I am betrothed to the Duke.

Edwin. Betrothed! Then there is no hope?

Angelina. None. Hark! (She starts violently.) What noise was that?

Edwin. It sounded like a shot.

Angelina. Something has happened.

[A paper bag is heard to explode, off.

Edwin (repeating himself). It sounded like a shot.

Enter an aged retainer. He trips over the cross-bar.

Aged Retainer (amusedly). Alas! My master is no more!

Edwin. No more! ANGELINA, then you are free to become my bride.

[He takes her hand, at the same time nodding towards the corner of stage.

Angelina. Yes, EDWIN. We are "Suated at Last!"

[Tentative embrace by EDWIN. Tableau.

Edwin (in a hoarse whisper). Curtain!

[The curtain descends about two feet and then sticks.

Angelina (same tone). Curtain!!

Aged Ret. Curtain!!!

The Mysterious Voice. —! —! —! —!

For heaven's sake play something!

[National Anthem heard. Exeunt EDWIN, ANGELINA, and Aged Retainer hurriedly. The stage is empty. The curtain falls.

"MAMMON WEEK BY WEEK."

(NOTES BY OUR THROGMORTON LOUNGER.)

Feb. 27, 1906.

Gilt-edged Securities.—Consols drooped on a rumour that Mr. JOHN BURNS is refusing to pay Income Tax, and closed $\frac{1}{4}$ down. L.C.C. stock, however, was buoyant on enthusiastic support from Paris, and Water Boards rose $\frac{3}{8}$ on the last snow-storm.

Colonial and Foreign Stocks.—New Zealand Three and a-half per cents shed a full point when the report reached the "House" that Mr. SEDDON is about to publish a complete set of his speeches, to be sold on the hire-purchase system; but a market rumour that *The Times* is preparing a new edition of the *Encyclopædia* induced a brisk gamble in Morocco Fours and an even livelier demand for Levantine stocks.

Yankee Railroads.—Now that Miss ROOSEVELT's wedding is over, the inevitable reaction is following on Wall Street's frantic gamble of last week. Mr. W. LAWSON, it will be remembered, predicted that the wedding presents and



MORE JIU-JITSU.

The Professor (to pupil). "I NEED HARDLY IMPRESS UPON YOU, SIR, THE NECESSITY OF CAREFULLY WATCHING EVERYTHING I DO!"

trousseau would travel over the Baltimore and Ohio line, and his determined "bull" raid on B. and O.'s raised the stock four dollars above the highest price touched during the coon-song boom of 1901.

Industrials.—The chief feature has been a persistent selling of omnibus stock, doubtless due to the growing popularity of motor-bus honeymoons, Society's latest fad. "Snap-shot" shares made a sharp rise on the rumour of another Royal engagement.

Mining Markets.—In the Kaffir circus things have been very jumpy this week, but the Jungle was torpid, and even the news that a large consignment of snakes had just been exported to Hamburg failed to rouse it from its lethargy. The outstanding feature of the miscellaneous market has been a heavy slump in copper, following on the recent very favourable balance-sheets of "penny-in-the-slot" companies. The market has been staggering under the last load emptied upon it.

Money.—Business at the Bank of England has been very congested lately, and we hear from an authoritative inside source that grave apprehension is being

felt that the Bank Rate will be raised to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The usual Saturday withdrawal of threepenny-bits, for instance, was exceptionally heavy last week.

THE PEOPLE'S POETS.

[On reading through a Monster Album of the Most Celebrated Comic Songs of the Day.]

BROTHER bards, whose words are printed
In this Monster Album, would
You be angry if I hinted

They are not so very good?
Would you show some irritation
If you found out that I had,
Without further reservation,
Summed them up as very bad?

For, to put the matter plainly
(Candour is a fault of mine),
I have searched the volume vainly
For a single decent line.

Surely all those verbal terrors
Cannot possibly be due
To a plague of printer's errors:
Some must owe themselves to you!

Yet these lines I do not care for
Have been sung with great success
In the music-halls and, therefore,
Must have merit, more or less.

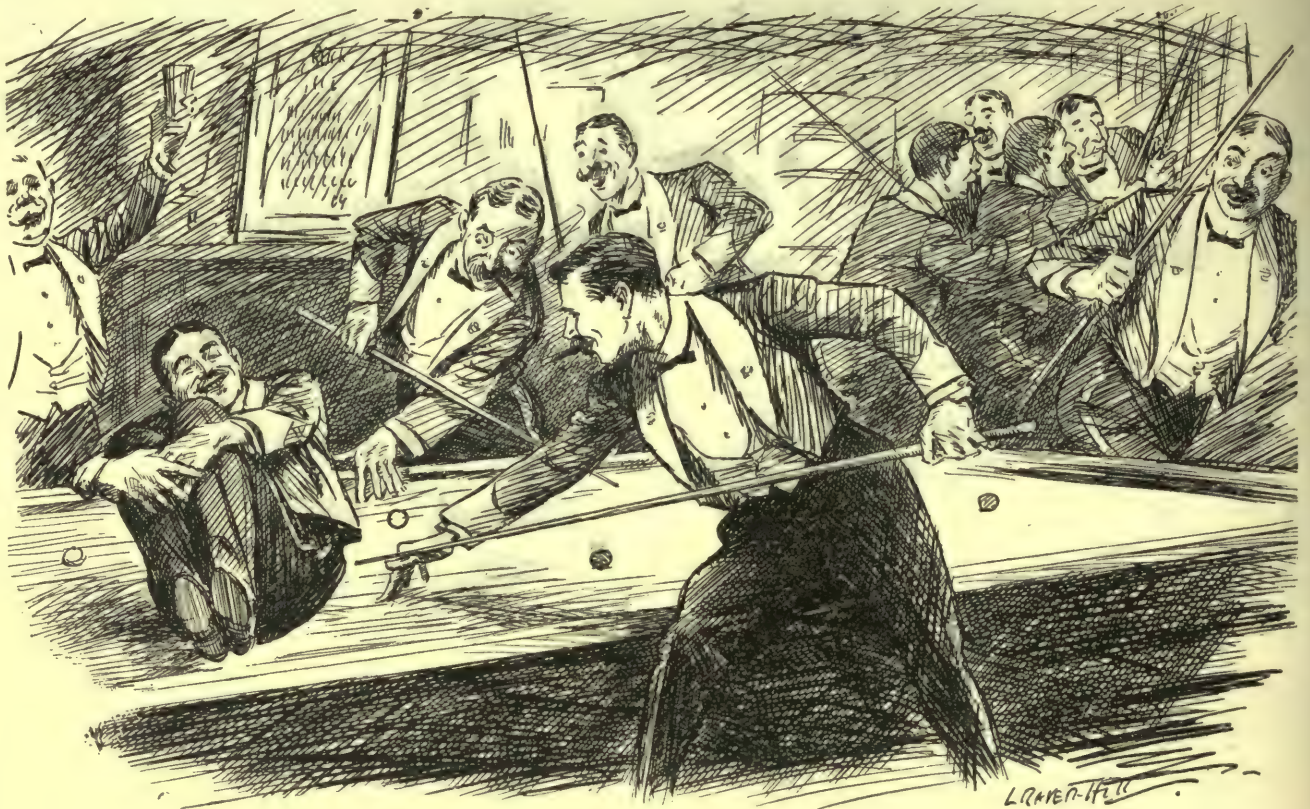
Though they may not be a model
For their kind, they cannot be
Such abominable twaddle

As they, somehow, seem to me.

Do I lack the analytic
Quality that should belong
To the favourable critic
Of a modern comic song?
Tell me what it is amuses
Crowded audiences while
It persistently refuses
Me the solace of a smile.

Can it be your trick of making
Rhymes that are not rhymes at all
Sets the countless waistcoats shaking,
Nightly, in a music-hall?
Can your favourite employment
Of a line that will not scan
Cause such streperous enjoyment
In the ordinary man?

Can you, merely by ignoring
LINDLEY MURRAY'S famous laws,
Set the many-headed roaring
Its tumultuous applause?
This hypothesis engages
Me as, thoughtfully, I turn
These exasperating pages,
Which I am about to burn.



Our Only Subaltern (by way of enlivening the evening). "COME ON, BOYS! IMAGINE I'M THE RED!"

THE SOCIAL SEMINARY.

[A lady has pronounced the first of Dr. EMIL REICH's lectures upon PLATO to be *très chic*.]

So Greek is not condemned to die:
From RHADAMANTHIUS' clutches
A trifle has been taken by
Persuasion of a Duchess;
Hellas shall not go all to pot,
Nor down the darkling way fare;
Her noblest sage is now the rage
With denizens of Mayfair.

In no sequestered Academe
Nor turreted quadrangle,
They con the strange Utopian dream,
The dialectic wrangle;
Superbly dressed St. George's (W.)
Attends the course in carriages,
The flow of soul is fixed to roll
2.45 at Claridge's.

In time for lunch the ladies come:
Their cutlets and potato
Precede a mingled pabulum
Of Dr. REICH and PLATO;
He sets the brains of châtelines
In quite a pleasant flutter,
He fills the hearts of wives of Barts
With views too deep to utter!

Yet we can hardly hope he'll bring
Park Lane, by easy lessons,

To know the imitation thing
From *οὐσία* (the essence)!
Can woman change her mental range,
Tuned to a wholly new key,
From idle chats on frills and hats
To ethics and the *ψύχη*?

Not she! But now, when tempests rise,
And feuds are hourly ripened
Against a tongue whose sad demise
Will dock the tutor's stipend,
We gladly learn of fees to earn
From fashionable maidens,
When once our fairs in gilded squares
Have caught the Hellene cadence.

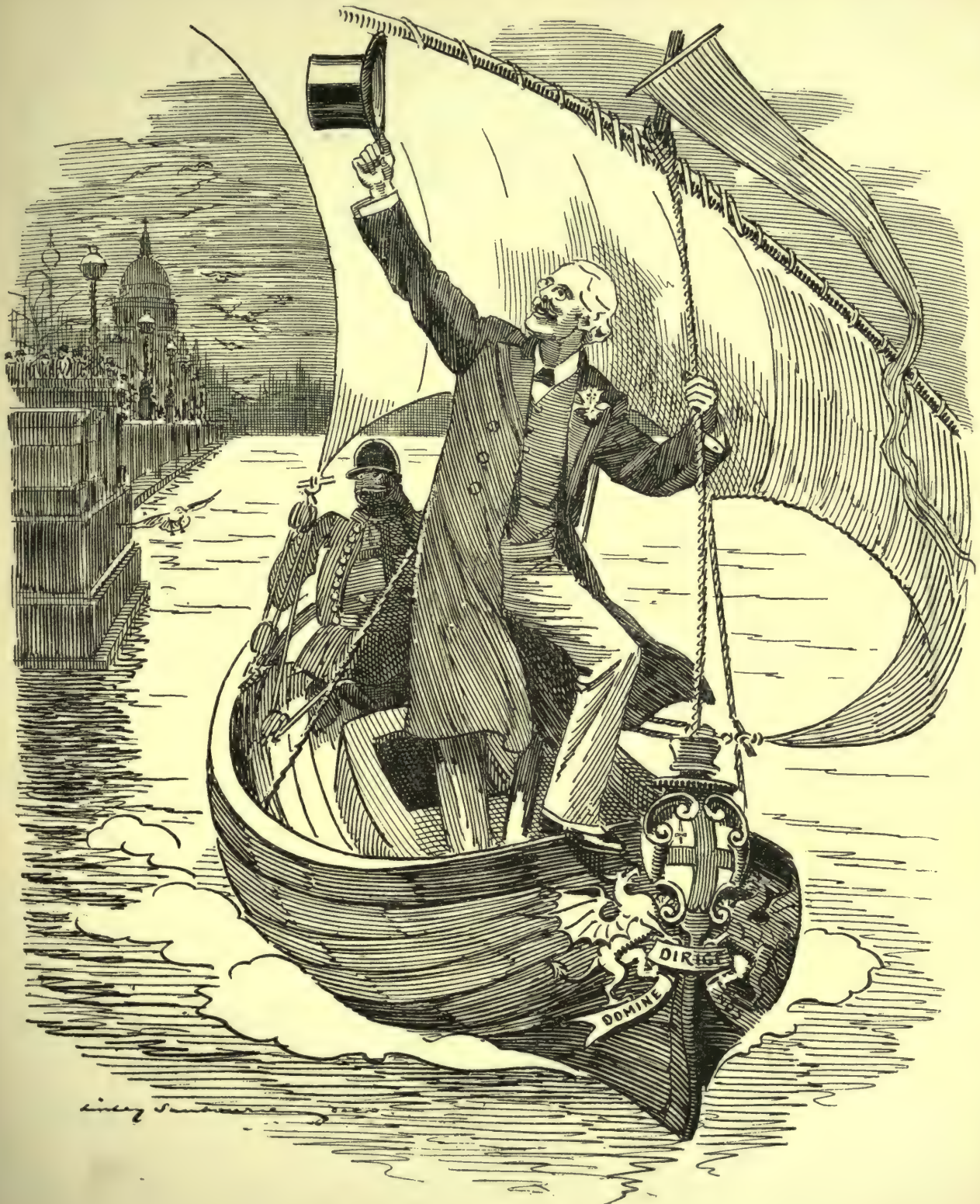
We'll see—as soon as fancy's fire
Touches the ready tinder—
That admirably coiffured choir
Elucidating Pindar;
The really smart shall learn by heart
The Chian poet's fable,
And keep the glib but trusty crib
On every boudoir table.

Hopes lie upon the Olympians' knees:
If they will kindly nod at us,
There is a chance for HOMER Teas,
And Evenings with HERODOTUS;
When Public Schools have lost their
Rules
Of Accidence, oh! what'll
Be quite so *chic* as Attic Greek,
So *twice* as ARISTOTLE?

THE NEW MAGNANIMITY.

["We are very glad to see that Mr. JOHN BURNS appeared at the PRIME MINISTER'S dinner on Saturday night in the customary dress of a Privy Councillor. In doing so he showed both good sense and good taste, and we can assure him that none of his political opponents who are worth any consideration whatever will so far deviate from these qualities as to make this very proper act of respect to the KING the occasion for sarcasm or animadversion."—*Globe*.]

MR. BURNS must be greatly relieved by the good taste and generosity of this paragraph. No more will his clothes be made the occasion of sarcasm or animadversion. He may rest at ease. Henceforward it is his statesmanship only that will concern his critics—or those of them that can rise above party-feeling to the study of that science. But what a picture—the staff of our pink contemporary, with their hands on their well-bred hearts and their faces shining with honest self-approval, deciding in solemn conclave that Mr. BURNS, having done the correct thing in the matter of costume, is to be encouraged, commended, and spared further gibes! What would the author of *Sartor Resartus* have to say? And where are our historical painters, that this scene in the evolution of journalistic manners and magnanimity is not put on record?



THE RETURN OF ARTHUR.

"THERE CAME A BARK THAT, BLOWING FORWARD, BORE
KING ARTHUR, LIKE A MODERN GENTLEMAN
OF STATELIEST PORT; AND ALL THE PEOPLE CRIED,
'ARTHUR IS COME AGAIN, HE CANNOT DIE.'"—TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



RATHER A TRYING VISITOR.

That Pushing Young Person from over the way (who has come to call at her old home). "Oh, no; you mustn't worry about us in the least! You know we're right opposite, so it doesn't seem strange at all really.—You see we're such a small party now, so, of course, we don't want nearly so much room.—Oh! I'm sure you won't mind my telling you, will you? We have so enjoyed watching your furniture being moved in. What a lot of quaint, old-fashioned Cobden things you have!!—But how it does show one's belongings up when one has to bring them out into the daylight; they do look so different, don't they!? Yes! Oh! and do tell me, where did you get all those queer Chinese pictures, and what do they represent? We can't think; we never saw anything at all like them!!"

House of Commons, Monday night, February 19.—"Talk about the sucking dove," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking across at the desolated Front Opposition Bench; "when it comes to cooing you gently it isn't in it with Don José."

General Election has wrought many changes: no metamorphosis so complete as that of the ex-COLONIAL SECRETARY on this his first appearance in the thronged assembly of new Parliament. Doubtless only temporary. Better make note of it whilst it is dominant.

Some of us remember the familiar, recurrent, scene that marked his interposition in debate in the shattered Parliament PRINCE ARTHUR led. When he rose, alert, aggressive, men on the

crowded Benches around him drew themselves together in pleased anticipation of sport. They fired his blood with strenuous cheer. This afternoon when he rose to open debate on Address from Opposition side the few score Members behind him, flotsam and jetsam from wreck of long-triumphant Party, valiantly cheered. HOWARD VINCENT contributed fully one-half of the sound. Even so it was chillingly feeble.

Situation on Front Bench is made the more embarrassing by incursion of Nationalists and Labour Members on Benches below Gangway. That a part of the House which nominally belongs to the re-united Unionist Opposition. Alack! there are not sufficient good men

and true to fill it. So undesirable aliens, swarming over, have taken possession of the land.

This creates situation unknown to oldest Member. At worst of times, even with Liberals in 1886 and again in 1896, there were sufficient in measure to go round Benches above and below Gangway. When a cheer rose from one quarter it was echoed from the other, giving semblance of full Party muster lined up in face of foe. To-day the mass of hostile insurgents below Gangway throws a pall of gloomy silence over a full half of the Opposition side. Effect indescribably ghastly; depressing even to the dauntless soul of Don José. Particularly notable in his voice. No more



ROBSON'S GHOST.

The Solicitor-General. "I say, you know, it's really absolutely ghastly having one's own ghost always about the place! Upon my word I wish Chaplin had beaten him!"

(Mr. Arn-ld L-pt-n, Member for Sleaford, and Sir W-ll-m R-bs-n.)

rang forth the clarion cry with which, seven short months ago, he was wont to fall upon Free-Feeders clustered near him or upon Free-Traders seated opposite. More than once his voice, strangely hesitating, fell so low there was difficulty

in catching the concluding words. Dejected in appearance, apologetic in manner, hesitating in phrase, he achieved the feeblest speech the perplexed Mace has heard from him these thirty years.

C.-B. and his friends will make a mistake if they regard the change as permanent. It was due to the first acute realisation of the change in the Parliamentary situation, possibly accentuated by fleeting indisposition. Don José is at his best with his back to the wall fighting against overwhelming odds. That is an attitude he may be expected to resume when familiarity has melted the chilling influences prevalent to-night.

Business done. — Address moved. ACLAND in seconding it delivered speech far above average attained at this stale, unprofitable performance; well deserved the applause it evoked and the compliments lavished by Leaders on both sides.

Tuesday night. — In one of those flashes of genius which sometimes illumine Parliamentary debate HOWARD VINCENT this afternoon hit upon an idea that promises to give picturesque touch to our proceedings. Referring to a new German Tariff hostile to this country coming into force next week, he triumphantly asked, "What are the Government going to do about that?"

From a seat below Gangway on Minis-

terial side came a voice promptly, decisively, answering "Nothing."

Turning in the direction whence the interruption came, his eagle eye fell full upon a pink necktie of disproportionate size. Dazzled by the sight, and recognising in the wearer the ex-Secretary of the Cobden Club, he scornfully disputed the impartiality of his judgment. But it was not HAROLD COX after all.

"I said it," confessed a new Member seated further back.

Shading his eyes from the glare of the necktie and fixing them upon the reckless interrupter, HOWARD VINCENT severely remarked, "Oh, *you* said it. But perhaps the hon. Member has no special knowledge of the question."

Up rose the new Member and proudly proclaimed, "I am an employer who imports foreign iron and so gives employment to English Labour."

This certainly awkward for the Sheffield Knight's argument. The blow driven home by hilarious cheers from the crowded Ministerial Benches. Then it was he diverted attention by a clever move. Immemorial custom of Members to allude to each other in debate as "the hon. Member," "the right hon. Member," or "the noble Lord," as the case may be. HOWARD VINCENT, not knowing the gentleman's name or the constituency for which he sat, proceeded thenceforth with note of subtle, but none the less effective, scorn to allude to his interlocutor as "The hon. Manufacturer."

There is, of course, nothing criminal or even despicable in being a manu-



THE COBDEN CLUB
In Mr. Chamberlain's old seat.
(Mr. H-r-ld C-x.)



IN ALL HIS GLORY.
(A surreptitious sketch in Downing Street.)

facturer. If he does not belong to one of the trades that is "going" or "gone," a manufacturer is frequently a person in comfortable circumstances. But if you want to know to what depths human frailty might drag a man, making him repellant to the higher instinct of cultured humanity, you should have heard the inflection in HOWARD VINCENT'S voice when he referred throughout the remainder of his speech to the anonymous Member as "The hon. Manufacturer."

Apart from scathing rebuke intended to be conveyed, this method of indicating a Member obviously has advantages. There are twenty-nine hon. manufacturers in the present House. Also there are eleven provision dealers, four drapers, one mineral water manufacturer, one druggist, and an auctioneer. Now example has been set in influential quarter, we may expect the intervention of any of these gentlemen in debate to bring references to "the hon. provision dealer who sits opposite," "the hon. draper who has just sat down," or "the hon. mineral water manufacturer who made so admirable a speech on the subject of explosives illustrated by the repressive action of wire when deftly bound round corks and attached to the necks of bottles."

Business done.—Many speeches on divers subjects.

Friday night.—Everyone delighted to note how C.-B. celebrates his triumphant promotion by new departure in manner of speech. Whilst Leader of the Opposition, the duty falling to him of taking prominent part in set debate, he was wont to come down loaded with manuscript which he ineffectively read to a bored audience. He was supported by the example of the ever-lamented SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, whose impromptus, born in the glades of the New Forest or by the study fire in his town house, were read with commanding gusto to an unappreciative House.

Effect in both cases identical. The House would rather listen to a halting speech stumbled through with honest intent for a painful ten minutes than to a finished oration fairly written out and unfalteringly read for half-an-hour. The pity of it is, alike with C.-B. and the SQUIRE, there was no necessity for inflicting the penance. C.-B. is a trained and able debater, quick to see the weakness in the enemy's argument, ready to answer him in clear phrase, here and there illumined with the precious light of humour.

It was only of late years, doubtless depressed by the circumstances attendant on a Liberal Opposition before it was vivified by DON JOSÉ'S agency, that he fell into bad habit. Since new Parliament met he has reverted to a better style.



"WELL, LITTLE ONE, HOW MANY BROTHERS AND SISTERS HAVE YOU GOT?"

"ONE BROTHER AND ONE SISTER. HOW MANY HAVE YOU GOT?"

"I'M BETTER OFF THAN YOU. I'VE GOT FOUR OF EACH."

"OH, THEN YOUR MOTHER HAVE GOT EIGHT TO WASH."

In his speech at opening of debate on Address he was assisted by notes in stating the Ministerial position with regard to Foreign Affairs and Home Legislation. That proper enough. But for most part, necessarily when replying to DON JOSÉ, he spoke on spur of moment, and drove it home too. In seconding the motion for the election of SPEAKER, a ceremonially ordered business in which a written address was possible and might have been excused, he delivered a perfect little speech without the aid of notes.

Business done.—Still harping on Address.

FROM *The Sporting Life*.—"Will Mr. CHAMBERLAIN forward his address to PETER GOTZ, care of *The Sporting Life* Office, at once?" We hope Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will stand out for the Jiu-Jitsu style.

Half a Honeymoon.

BEFORE his wedding, we are told, Mr. LONGWORTH attended the House of Representatives, and then "paired for a fortnight."

From a contemporary we learn that Mr. LONGWORTH'S house is only "two stories (*sic*) high." But then American stories are often rather tall.

ALL-TRUEISM.

"THERE are marked signs of the revival of romance," says "Ambrosia" in *The World*, and we are inclined to agree with her. Indeed, we had noticed lately on our own account that an Age of Quixotism was impending, and that the Romantic Spirit was already abroad in our newspapers and on our hoardings. Amongst other encouraging evidences of the New Chivalry we are delighted to learn the following:—

The Chinese coolies will no longer be boiled in oil, put to death by the Thousand Slices, or otherwise inconvenienced for trifling infractions of their contract with the Transvaal slave-drivers; on the other hand, the resident Randalords will wear the "cangue" to make sport for the next holiday of the virtuous British working-man elector.

The proscriptions, dragonades, noyades, and Sicilian Vespers which have decimated, desolated, and made a howling wilderness of the Distressful Island during the past twenty years of "resolute government" shall now come to an end. Every English child shall be compulsorily taught Gaelic, and write, for instance, Dublin as "Baile Ath-Chliath," Cole as "MacCumhaill," James as "Seumas," and his own name in the most improbable Irish spelling possible. The Nationalist M.P.'s, who have hitherto been gagged in the House of Commons, shall now be allowed to champion the woes of Ireland in Erse (that is, if they can manage it).

The national scandal known as "Tea on the Terrace" shall be forthwith abolished, but whelks and fried fish may be served to Labour Members by attendant Countesses, who, however, are not to demand or expect gratuities.

The Gibson girls who have not yet captured Peers shall be allowed to

consider this year as Leap Year. Any girl, unmarried and between the ages of seventeen and seventy, may, *pro hac vice*, entitle herself a "Gibson girl." Any Peer may thereupon give his vote, in case of emergency, as "Not Content." ZIG-ZAG.

THE "HOUSE" IN BEING.

(Items of interest not generally known.)

THE opening of Parliament by the KING is an event of such recent occurrence that a few details about the "House" (which might escape the ordinary observer) cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.

Situated—as it undoubtedly is—on the banks of the river (Thames), the "House" enjoys a unique prospect of St. Thomas's Hospital, possessed probably by no other building of its kind, at any rate in London.

Standing on the Terrace and gazing towards the farther shore, we observe the graceful outlines of Westminster Bridge on our left, but on turning round and facing the House again we find (as no doubt many an M.P. has done before us) that the same bridge is now on our right!

The Clock Tower, a tower of no inconsiderable height, derives its name from the fact that it contains a time-piece (near the top), the hands of which are said to be considerably longer than those of even a good-sized kitchen clock.

The Library is a fair-sized room in which Members can write their letters without paying for the note-paper and ready-gummed envelopes, enjoying also the free use of excellent blotting paper, which is frequently renewed as occasion demands.

The Dining Room, when full of Members, presents quite an animated appearance, with its snowy table-cloths,

sparkling glass and cutlery. Deft-handed waiters flit hither and thither, taking up a plate here and putting down a glass there—very much, in fact, as they do in a good-class restaurant. For the benefit of teetotalers it should be added that water may be had for the asking.

Space forbids—

[It does, indeed!—Ed.]



Gilded Johnny. "How long will it take your bally cab to get to Victoria?"
Cabby. "Oh, just about the same time as an ordinary keb, sir."

Euthanasia.

"I AM very glad to tell you that your herbs are doing my face good—it is dying away lovely."—Advt. in *The South Wales Evening Echo*.

We console ourselves with the thought that at any rate its last hours were beautiful.

LUCRETIIUS AT LOCKHART'S.

ENCOURAGED by the resounding success of the lectures on PLATO at Claridge's (whose praises are sung in verse in another column), a committee of ladies have arranged with the proprietors of Lockhart's for the delivery of a supplemental series on the Roman philosophers by the renowned encyclopædist Dr. SCHLEML STREICH.

The subject of the first lecture, held last Friday afternoon, was LUCRETIIUS, and the great hall of the central cocoa rooms in Hertford Street, Mayfair, was packed to repletion when Professor STREICH, tastefully gowned in the lat-clave of a Roman senator, assumed a recumbent position at the triclinium and at once launched into his subject. All the critics, from LAMBICHUS to VAN VLOTEN, observed Dr. STREICH, had proceeded on the radically false assumption that LUCRETIIUS was a serious philosopher and a misogynist. There could not be a more colossal mistake. He was in reality the MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS of later Republican Rome, and, as TESCHENMACHER had conclusively proved, a strong advocate of marriage with the deceased wife's sister. Dismissing these arid pedantries in his lucid exordium the lecturer then embarked upon an interesting digression on the melodic system of Croatian folk tunes, several of which he cantillated in an exquisite falsetto, accompanying himself on a cimbalom which had been presented to him (with a course of lessons thrown in) by the late hereditary Hospodar of WALLACHIA.

Woman, resumed Dr. STREICH, after a brilliant cadenza, was necessarily a negligible factor in the geopolitics of the Fescennine phalansteries. Yet even here she exercised an influence none the less cephalic for being indirect. (*Sensation.*) Even in these unpropitious surroundings she had already realised the necessity of NIETZSCHE's profound dictum, *il faut méditerraniser la musique*. Skirt dancing was a lost art amongst the

Bantu tribes, but GUMPERTZ had discovered in the rock sepulchres of Anatolia unmistakable glyptic evidence that a game closely resembling hockey was played by the odalisques of Angora. (At this point there was a pause for refreshments, pots of splash and door-steps being the favourite pabulum, and while the audience discussed these the Professor warbled *La donna è mobile*.)

Resuming the thread of his lecture, Dr. STREICH pointed out that the theory which ascribed the death of LUCRETIIUS to a love potion had been generally rejected by the hierophants of the Higher Criticism. This, in his view, furnished

was the great pioneer in the high art of geopolitical gastronomy, which they were assembled that day to promote by every means in their power. She was probably of Basque origin, of the authentic Escualdun type, and had emigrated to Egypt with a troupe of Celto-Iberian snake-charmers.

Professor STREICH entreated his hearers, whatever their politics might be, to cultivate their personality. Character without personality ceased to be cephalic, and degenerated into an anæmic palimpsest. PHUPHLUNS, the Etruscan Bacchus, ABIMILKI of Tyre, Admiral JAURÉGUIBERRY, and LAMBERTUS HERTZFELDENSIS, were all

of them more or less concrete examples of the failure to develop personality, and even those who had never heard of them before might well take warning by their fate. For himself he had always been a confirmed Quinologist, and attributed his literary success chiefly to the enunciation of disputable propositions in sesquipedalian phraseology profusely sprinkled with the names of unfamiliar authors, and in the company of a sufficient number of adulatory neophytes of the impressionable gender.

The quest of the simple life was hopeless and unsatisfying. Rather should their aim be to emotionalise reason, to de-simplify the obvious, and to sub-



A GOLF CASE WAS RECENTLY BEFORE THE COURT OF APPEAL. WHY NOT A GOLF COURT ON THE LINKS?

strong presumptive evidence of its intrinsic credibility. KUNO PLINCKHAUSEN, however, had pointed out, with the *raffiné* subtlety which marked the etymological quidnuncs of Upsala, that it was probably not a philtre but a filter of the pre-Pasteurian epoch which was the cause of the Roman poet's regrettable decease. But such bacteriological speculations must always be looked upon with suspicion. Much more plausible was the conjecture of SCHNORR VON CAROLSFELD, the famous populariser of ORNITHOPARCUS' theory of invertible counterpoint, that LUCRETIIUS' poem was a translation of the libretto of a Coptic oratorio in which CLEOPATRA had sustained a leading rôle. Now CLEOPATRA, whatever WINKLER and BLEEK might say,

substitute for a sterile Monism the voluptuous régime of polysyllabic thaumaturgy.

The Professor, in conclusion, translated the lines beginning *suave mari magno* into Telugu, Toltec, Algonquin, Swahili, and Mæso-Gothic, and gave a wonderfully realistic imitation of a symposium between Canon CHEYNE, Dr. HARNACK, Lord HALIFAX, and M. POBEDONOSTZEFF.

"RAIN," says *The Scotsman*, "has been in the ascendant in this district since quite an early hour." One is certainly a little tired of the commonplace expression, "Isn't the rain coming down?" and *The Scotsman* does well to strike out a new line.

TO AN INFANT APE.

[A baby monkey, the only one ever born in the menagerie, has recently made its appearance at the Zoological Gardens.]

YOUNG WILLIAM, when a week or two ago
Your infant lips pronounced their primal crow;
When, carefully washed and brought outside to dry,
The precincts loomed on your expectant eye,
Just at the moment, enterprising elf,
No one was more astonished than yourself.
No spicy nut grove sighing in the breeze,
No playmates pendant from adjoining trees,
No maiden aunts in whose exiguous fur
Fleet parasites should properly occur,
No cocoanuts were there, no ripe banana
Wherewith to pound your fellow quadrumana,
No Amazonian glade whose fastness woos
The spider monkey's pensive-eyed papoose,
The while his parents pulverize the rash
Intruder with the well-timed calabash;
No ruined temple where the hungry

kaa

Swallows the baby Bandar-log's
papa--

Nought (though a vague uncertainty
anent

The species you propose to represent
Compels this careful pen to introduce
A background broad but just a trifle
loose)

Nought—to conclude the phrase—
could you detect

Such as a new-laid monkey might
expect;

Instead a view incomparably *triste*, a
Momentous dulness occupied the
vista.

Yonder across the intervening space
A languid stork exploits his amorous
grace,

While close at hand unsavoury pens
confine

The prickly but innocuous porcu-
pine.

About thy cage the vulgar human
tribe

Pronounce the wheeze and urge the
ill-bred gibe,

Turn up their noses if thy ways displease,
Or smile at thy adhesive properties,
Or criticise thy looks, while one small creature
Says, "Lor, ELIZA, ain't it just like teacher!"

Well mayst thou view with ill-concealed disgust
The casual refuse charitably thrust
Under thy nose; the unromantic rusk,
The orange's unappetising husk;
Well may it irk when youths with shiny faces
Prod thee with walking-sticks in tender places.
Yet are there compensations to thy lot,
Evils that men endure and monkeys not,
Recurring troubles which the captive ape
Is fortunately able to escape.

No anxious crowd of fashion's hierophants
Await from thee the *dernier cri* in pants;
You will not suffer apprehension lest
The art cravat should mar the fancy vest;
At thy devoted head no matron hurls
Her seven charming (and unmarried) girls;
On thee no Bridge-distracted female rounds

For going "hearts" on insufficient grounds;
No motor bus from which you strive in vain,
Once having mounted, to descend again,
Shatters your nerves, nor will you be annoyed
By the existence of the unemployed.
Here will you sit with calm abstracted mien,
Your face well nourished and your mind serene,
Nor stir at all save haply to ensnare
Some passing toque, or dubious tuft of hair;
Here you will live admired of every eye,
And they will duly stuff you when you die.
Really, I think (there, there, my son, don't bawl),
You haven't done so badly after all.

ALGOL.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LIKE all writers who have early made their mark, the author of *John Chilcote, M.P.*, putting forth fresh effort, is confronted by the rivalry of herself. Is *The Gambler* (HUTCHINSON) as good as Mrs. THURSTON's last book or her

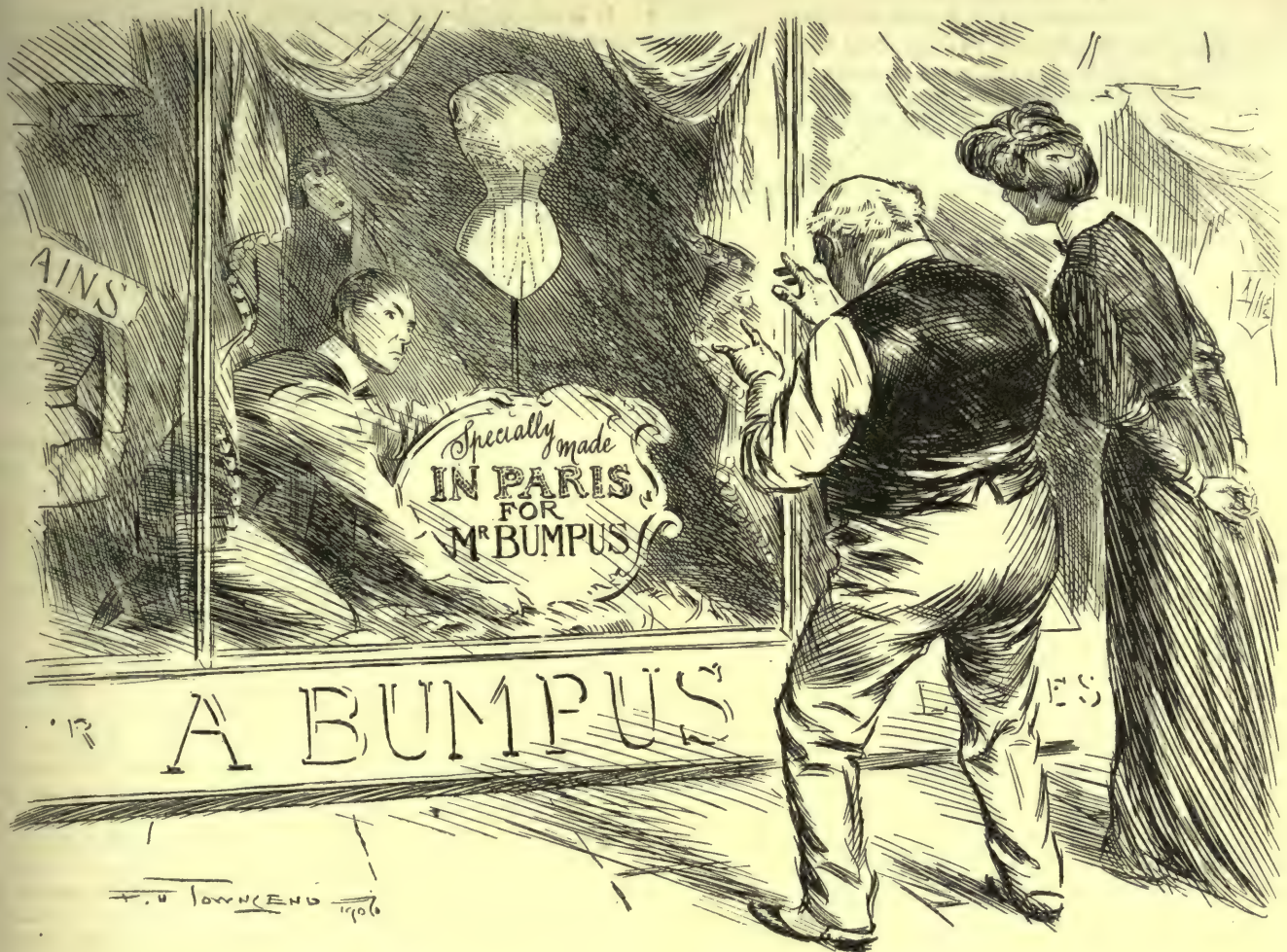
first? One who was, if not actually the first, in the first flight of those who recognised the genius of the currently unknown writer of *The Circle*, confidently answers in the affirmative. As a piece of literary workmanship it is the best thing she has done. The most delightful chapters are the earlier and the later ones dealing with Ireland and Irish people. Neither LOVER nor LEVER could have been more successful in bringing out those peculiarities of Irish character which are presented in *Denis Asshlin*, successor to an ancient name and an inheritance whose ruin his reckless management completes. His daughter *Clodagh*, round whom the story is spun, is a more charming study. The old servant *Hannah*, *Tim Burke*, stableman and butler in turns—the present critic, hospitably entertained in the south of Ireland, over the waste of twenty years still scents the odour of the stable wafted from the person of the ancient liveried butler hovering round the dinner table—not forgetting the dog *Mick*, are all sketched with sympathetic hand. The fashionable English folk with whom *Clodagh* comes into

connection are more conventional, but they serve their turn as chorus, helping to make up an excellent performance. One defect that mars the pleasure of the reader is incessant asseveration that somebody smiled and someone else laughed. Here, from a single page (298), is an example. "*Mrs. Bathurst* turned to her with her pretty languid smile. . . . *Nance* smiled shyly. . . . *Lady Diana* returned the smile. . . . She drew back and laughed a little. . . . She laughed once more. . . . He smiled a little." In preparing a second edition let Mrs. THURSTON take up the book, run her pen through the several separate lines devoted to nearly every page to this banality, and she will be surprised to find not only how much valuable space is saved, but how the style is strengthened.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, replying to a deputation of straphangers, promised that "there would be legislation; but on what lines he was not prepared to say." Why not on the District for a start? He also said that "the question was certainly ripe for a forward step." As a matter of fact the "forward step" is being rather overdone. Every time the train stops a number of over-ripe gentlemen drop from their strap and take it.



"WITH THEE CONVERSING I FORGET ALL TIME."
Paradise Lost.



AN EARLY MORNING SNAPSHOT IN THE SUBURBS. MR. BUMPUS DRESSES HIS WINDOW.

PALATABLE ALIASES.

["Members of the Cornwall County Council and of various other Cornish local authorities attended a dinner at Truro yesterday with a view to popularising dogfish as an article of food. A meeting of the Sea Fisheries Committee earlier in the day had approved of the change of the name from dogfish to flake, and after the dinner the company unanimously affirmed that flake was a most excellent, nourishing, and agreeable form of food."—*Daily Paper*.]

The good example of the Cornish Fisheries Committee has, we understand, not been without its effect, and the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers has appointed a Special Committee to frame and submit attractive *aliases* for those denizens of the briny deep who have hitherto been handicapped by forbidding designations—the case of the smelt, shark, and congereel in particular calling for preferential treatment.

The movement, moreover, has made itself felt in extra-piscine circles. Thus, at the annual banquet of the Amalgamated Society of British and Polonial Sausage Manufacturers, held on Saturday

evening last, a telegram was despatched to the Cornish Sea Fisheries Committee congratulating them on their sensible action, and inviting suggestions as to the best and most reassuring method of renaming the various substitutes for pork.

Again, a meeting of the Mayfair Matrons' Domestic League was held last Friday with a view to popularising rabbit as an article of food in the Servants' Halls of that neighbourhood. On the motion of Lady GWENDOLEN VAVASOUR it was unanimously resolved that in future the name "rabbit" should be changed to "bunnison," on the analogy of venison.

Universal approbation, however, is more than could be expected. We regret to learn that the Committee of the Ladies' Kennel Club met on Thursday last to protest against the arbitrary action of the Cornish Sea Fisheries Committee in changing the name of dogfish to flake. As Lady JULIA GRIFFON pertinently remarked, this was a case of the thin end of the wedge, which they could not be expected to sit down under without vigorous pro-

test. If County Councils once began tampering with the names of fish, they would never rest content until they had rechristened the entire flora and fauna of the British isles.

THE MANAGER'S COMPLAINT.

SHE danced among the unfinished ways
That merge into the Strand,
A maid whom none could fail to praise,
And very few withstand.

A sylph, accepted for the run,
Not at a weekly wage;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining on the stage.

She met a lord, and all men know
How soon she'd done with me;
Now she is in *Debrett*, and, oh,
That's where they all would be!

Hara-kiri in the Fatherland.

"THE recent history of English sausage-making does not lead one to hope that English makers will throw themselves into sausages as vigorously as the Germans do."—*Daily News*.

OF TAME LIONS.

[Verses composed on the Kalends of March.]

MONTH of the Winds that, like the royal beast
When on his prey he pounces to annex it,
Should strictly enter raging from the East
And having finished make a lamb-like exit;—

Why have you not arrived in rampant mood,
As Afric's monarch hurtles through the jungle?
Can there have been some inexactitude,
Some silly meteorologic bungle?

We were to hide our heads from your attack,
But these are dulcet airs that softly stroke us,—
Zephyrs, not mentioned in the almanack,
Nor contemplated by the crescent crocus.

That harbinger of Spring, by lawn and glade,
That looked to see you in your Lion's habit,
Laughs in your face and feels much less afraid
Than had you been a small domestic rabbit!

What have you done to lose your strength and speed?
Have the rheumatics made your tawny flank ache?
Or was it Shrovetide's undigested feed
That left you torpid from excess of pancake?

I do suspect this last. And here I find
Another Lion has in you a symbol
Of its own self—I mean the British kind,
Once so superbly muscular and nimble.

Whether he swills his beer at public bars
Or bolts his private beef and boiled potato,
Or else at Claridge's, among the stars,
Corrects a heavy lunch with pills of PLATO—

He, too, has overstrained his powers inside,
And to the stomach's wants so weakly pandered
That, while elsewhere the nations filch his pride,
None comes, in cost of living, *near* his standard!

And still we raise new gastronomic shrines,
Making a rude embarrassment of Ritzes,
Till the dull beast, outworn with meats and wines,
Loses at last what poor remaining wit's his.

Come then, O March, put on your Martial show,
Lest we, who have our sinews soft and flabby,
Forget how Lions look, before they grow
Sleek as their lower type, the pampered tabby.

Month of the Winds, let loose their healthy roar!
Call up your tonic gales from out their cavern!
Sting us to see that life is something more
Than just a round of restaurant and tavern! O. S.

An All-Round Man.

THE Oxford Correspondent of the *Star* writes to his paper: "Rugger, too, is well represented by Mr. W. J. CURWEN, of Magdalen, who plays Lucio."

We must confess that we see nothing very remarkable in this. It is the commonest thing in the world to find an athlete sitting down to a quiet game of Halma, Lucio, or Chess, after some desperate contest upon the field in the afternoon. It is not as though any mention were made of Mr. CURWEN's excelling at Lucio; he is merely reported as playing it.

By the way, for the honour of the sister University, we feel bound to state that there is at least one football blue at Cambridge who puts up a good game of Unlimited Lucio.

A BUMP ON THE ALABASTER.

It is impossible not to sympathise with Captain MARSHALL'S desire to be taken seriously, for this is a passion with every professional humorist. At the Comedy Theatre, in the character of his Prime Minister, he has had the courage to maintain a high earnestness, unrelieved by cynicism; to be always *au grand, never au petit, sérieux*. But there is this fatal flaw in his scheme, that it depends for its initiation on a farcical episode. The bump which the Premier sustains on the back of his head, when he slips on his very expensive *Alabaster Staircase*, is a device of pantomime. It reconstructs his brain on an advanced Radical basis, but it might equally well have rendered him an object for the consideration of the Commissioners in Lunacy; which is, indeed, his own physician's view of the actual result. No personality but that of Mr. HARE, and perhaps of one other living actor, could hope in these trying conditions to impose itself upon the outraged intelligence of the audience.

This intelligence received a further shock in the Cabinet scene. In the absence of all dramatic effects—since we knew quite well what was going to happen,—great pains had been taken to reproduce faithfully the details of the Council Chamber; but very little would seem to have been expended over the actors themselves. We may form what views we like of the mental calibre of an average Tory Ministry; but that nearly every member of the Cabinet should have the obvious air of being a super is unimaginable.

If the play lives it must be on the strength of what was designed to be its weaker part, namely, its light comedy. Miss LOTTIE VENNE and Mr. MATTHEWS were simply admirable. Of the many good things assigned to these two, the best was the *Duchess of Ranelagh's* comment on the Premier's flowered language: "I never care for figures of speech, they are so *unreliable!*"

Miss SYBIL CARLISLE, always natural and unaffected, has seldom been better suited than in this character of a high-spirited girl whose affections are not too deeply engaged. Never called upon to show an intensity of feeling to which she does not pretend, she played her light part with charming tact and discretion. She even succeeded—no easy thing—in making the audience embarrassed by her assumed nervousness when this quality was required by the situation.

Miss GRANVILLE played the rôle of the Prime Minister's wife with her accustomed ease and distinction of manner; and Mr. LESLIE FABER, as *Pickford, M.P.*, acted with becoming fervour. But it would have been a happier chance for him, and for the play too, if some of the author's seriousness could have been spared for the development of character through the emotions; if, in fact, the Radical Member had been allowed to win over this girl from her Tory environment, instead of finding her sympathetic to his views from the outset.

But it is parlous work dictating to a chartered humorist what form his solemnities should take.

FREE-SEATER.

P.S.—A correspondent sends me the following reflections evoked by *The Alabaster Staircase*:—

NEMO REPENTE FUIT . . .

If there is any foundation of truth in the theory advanced by Captain MARSHALL that a bump on the head is sufficient to produce a sudden and complete change of views in the bumpee, we may expect shortly to read the following items of intelligence:—

"The Right Hon. J-HY B-RNS, whilst steering a Thames steamboat, was so startled at seeing three people come on board at once, that he incautiously let go of the spokes, and was struck rather smartly on the side of the head. The next day the hon. gentleman was seen wearing an orchid and an eyeglass. He is understood to be preparing a Bill for the imposition of a 20s. duty on corn, and another for the



AN AWKWARD "APPROACH."

C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RM-N (caddie, to JOHN BULL). "YOU OUGHT TO CARRY IT IN ONE, SIR."

M-LN-R (ex-professional to the South African Golf Club). "IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, SIR, YOU WON'T TRY IT. YOU MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE. BETTER PLAY SHORT."



TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.

Officer (examining a Mounted Infantry Class). "WELL, I THINK YOU UNDERSTAND ABOUT THE HOOF AND WHAT THE FROG IS. NOW, JUST TELL ME WHERE YOU WOULD EXPECT TO FIND CORNS?"

Mounted Infantry Recruit (suspecting a catch). "IN THE MANGER, SIR."

transference of all Money Bills to the Lords for their sole consideration."

"The Archbishop of C-NT-RB-RY, while reaching after a dusty tome on a high shelf in his library, was struck on the head by the fall of a very heavy volume of Patristic Theology. The eminent prelate was seen next day walking down Regent Street arm-in-arm with Dr. CLIFFORD and Mr. BIRRELL."

"Mr. B-LF-R, during his City campaign, was hit by a missile (improperly discharged without the customary warning of 'Fore!') upon the cranium. He is now understood to have two philosophical treatises in the Press, one *On the improper use of the "Driver" in Chinese Slavery*; the other in favour of Home Rule, entitled *Putting on the Green*.

"Colonel S-ND-RS-N, slipping upon a piece of orange peel, was subsequently detected in possession of a moonlighter's mask and a blunderbuss."

"W-LH-LM II. had the misfortune to have a heavy portfolio, full of Press cuttings on the Morocco Conference, fall full upon his bump of self-esteem. Since this unlucky mishap he has delivered seventeen speeches from which the first personal pronoun is conspicuously absent."

English as She is Wrote.

"CLEM. HILL, the famous South Australian cricketer, who it was announced some weeks ago had retired from the cricket field, is incorrect."—*The Sun*.

A Papal Bull.

"We gather from this declaration by the Roman Catholic Metropolitan that the heads of that Church have put their feet down as regards their own schools and their treatment. We hope the heads of the Church of England will not be less decisive and resolute."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

From the Blue-Coat School.

History Class.

SUBJECT—George II. and the Pelham Ministry.

Master. Who said and when: "Now I shall have no more peace?"

Small Boy (after a long interval of thought). Please Sir! GEORGE THE THIRD on his death-bed.

From the "Daily Express": "Large quantities of ammunition have become obsolete for naval purposes, and have either been disposed of or handed to the War Office. Storage accommodation has thus become available for modern explosives."

The italics are ours, but the brutality of it is the Admiralty's.

FROM Advt. of Art Exhibition:

WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS

One Steeplechase, after HERRING.

Surely this is our old friend, the Drag.

THE AWAKENING OF ETON.

THE extraordinary success achieved by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER's lecture on the "Art of Plain Speaking" at Eton has led to a natural desire on the part of other distinguished old Etonians to place their services at the disposal of the Headmaster to supplement the instruction imparted by the regular staff. On Saturday evening last no fewer than four addressed the school, the first being Dr. HÆGER, the famous hygienic voice-producer, who was introduced by Canon LYTTLTON in a brief speech of welcome as the noblest vegetarian vocalist of his acquaintance.

Dr. HÆGER then mounted the rostrum, the subject of his address being "Breathing with Brains." Dr. HÆGER began by pointing out that the articulate enunciation so beautifully advocated by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER presupposed, as an indispensable antecedent, a complete mastery of the art of respiration. Breathing might be roughly defined as the inflation and deflation of the lungs, but here as in other matters everything depended upon the method. For instance, some authorities advocated clavicular and others diaphragmatic breathing, and each of these schools was divided into subsidiary ramifications. Two things, however, were certain: that breathing of some sort was absolutely indispensable, and that the man who breathed with brains would make his voice carry further, and therefore secure a better hearing, than the man who did not. (*Loud applause.*) The ideal of efficiency was to combine the characteristics of Mentor and Stentor. To achieve this end all compression of the larynx, pharynx, and thorax must sedulously be avoided. Linen collars must be absolutely discarded (*sensation*), for all collar-work was distasteful, and ties must be taboo (*slight interruption*). All clothing, whether upper or under, should be porous and elastic, so as to give the freest possible scope for the utterance of bright, resonant, and persuasive sounds. In a word, let their motto be "Great cry and all wool." (*Hear! Hear!* from the Headmaster.) This was no new theory, but a reversion to the wise policy enshrined in the epitaph on the Roman matron—*domi mansit lanam fecit* (*Cries of "Construe!"*). Sir A. WOOLS-SAMPSON was one of the strong men in South Africa, and his name ought to inspire them to follow in his footsteps. But in order to breathe intelligently and utter noble sounds it was not enough to adopt a rational and ethical dress. A hygienic diet was also indispensable to add richness of timbre and emotional intensity. Paradoxical as it might sound, just as woollen clothing was the best cure for a woolly voice,

so nuts were the best remedy for a husky delivery. Before he became a vegetarian he could not sing for nuts, now he could not speak without them. (*Cheers, and cries of "Time!"*)

The Headmaster, interposing, said that he was sure he was only expressing the unanimous feeling of the school in thanking Dr. HÆGER for his beautiful and illuminating address. He now called on the Duke of DEVONSHIRE to address them on "Sleep as a factor in Public School Life."

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE began by observing that it was not safe to generalise or lay down a hard and fast rule in this matter any more than in fiscal policy. There was an old proverb which said, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." He dissented from this view, on the ground that NAPOLEON for a great part of his life was content with only five hours' sleep, and yet the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. Some animals, such as weasels, seemed to be able to dispense with sleep altogether, but their example was not to be imitated, and it was hardly necessary to remind Etonians of the moral contained in the song, *Pop goes the Weasel*. (*Loud laughter.*) Sleep, he went on, was a favourite theme with the poets. He himself had a nodding acquaintance with HOMER, and he would never forget the painful impression created on him by the perusal of the line in *Macbeth*, "Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more.'" A great deal had been said of the insufficient amount of sleep enjoyed by schoolboys, and he was glad to be able to announce that the Headmaster had kindly consented to his request to give the whole school an extra hour in bed the next day to commemorate his visit. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

Canon LYTTLTON, after thanking the Duke for his beautiful and suggestive discourse, then begged leave to introduce Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY, who was not only an old Etonian but an old Ippletonian. (*Great applause and singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."*) Mr. HUNTLEY, when at Eton, was distinguished by his modest bearing, his unfailing industry, his affection for the masters, and his proficiency in the playing fields. While still at school he was the winner of the double firsts at Henley, and in the Eton and Harrow match he scored the finest dry blob of the day. (*Intense enthusiasm.*) Mr. HUNTLEY, with his wonted good nature, had come all the way from Ippleton at great expense to address them on "Rabbit Shooting," and he (the speaker) was confident that they would be greatly edified by what he said. He begged to introduce Mr. HUNTLEY. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. HUNTLEY then entered upon his

discourse, but before doing so thanked the Headmaster for his encomiastic remarks, which were only too flattering. (*No, no.*) Yes, they were. (*No, no.*) Fortifying himself with an apple, Mr. HUNTLEY then began. The pursuit and slaughter of the wily rabbit, he said, would be much more difficult than it is, were it not that the Chinese had invented gunpowder, and that Providence had endowed that active but toothsome quadruped with a white scut. Much more did he say to the same admirable effect, but as he munched an apple all the time none of his words reached his audience. He sat down, however, amidst the vociferous acclamations which have come to be second nature to him.

Mr. GEORGE GRAVES, another old Etonian, and in his time champion wet bob at the wall game and the bosom friend of the Provost, then rose to discourse upon "Unnatural History," with special reference to an animal of his own breeding and training which shall be nameless. His rising was the signal for a prolonged sensation, which lasted for fully ten minutes, during which the popular but unfortunate gentleman lost the left half of his moustache and a small and immaterial portion of one ear.

Before he could begin his remarks the Headmaster begged for order that he might say a few words to introduce the speaker, as it seemed that the audience had mistaken him for a football referee. Mr. GRAVES, he said, was perhaps the most learned man since the great French naturalist, BUFFOON. He knew the animal kingdom from the word *Io*. (*Cheers.*) There were no fauna that were floorers to him. (*Renewed riot.*)

Mr. GRAVES, propped up in an arm-chair, then addressed the meeting. It was, he said, the proudest moment of his life to appear at Eton, where he understood the boys enjoyed not only sufficient sleep but the continuous presence of a *Daily Mail* reporter. For his own part, taking into consideration the warmth of his welcome and everything that had happened, he preferred Harrow. (*Horrible scene.*)

"All over the City," says *The Daily Chronicle* on Ash Wednesday, "between one and three thousand pancakes were eaten by City men whose digestions were good enough to wait upon their appetites." The picture of hundreds of obliging digestions running about the room with napkins over their arms and saying, "Yes, Sir, coming in a minute, Sir," is a pleasant one; though scarcely more credible than the high average of consumptive energy (amounting to several h.-p.) which the statistician attributes to the City man.

THE EXHUMORISTS.

THE "Smart Set" (says a contemporary) has got hold of another neat expression. "You must pull your socks up" is the latest form of saying "Never mind," or "Pull yourself together." The other day at a Bridge dinner, it was amusing (to our contemporary) and a sign of the times to hear a certain youthful eldest son recommend a Dowager Countess of seventy to "pull her socks up."

The phrase is, perhaps, not much more than twenty years old, and so affords fresh evidence of the up-to-date-ness of the Smart Set. Other instances follow.

As Colonel NEWCOME was leaving a Smart Set function early the other evening, Viscount A. ran up the steps. He looked at the Colonel intently, and then inquired, "Who's your hatter?" The Colonel very courteously gave the information. His questioner, instead of making a memorandum of it, burst out laughing, and clapping the Colonel on the shoulder explained that far from him was any desire to purchase a similar hat. To ask a man "Who's your hatter?" was, he explained, the very latest Smart Set way of hinting derision of the hat. The Colonel, when he had thoroughly grasped the idea, professed himself highly diverted.

A certain Indian Judge was shivering down Pall Mall the other day when an acquaintance crossed over from the other side of the road and, drawing the Judge aside by means of his buttonhole, inquired, "Is this cold enough for you?" The Judge replied that he found it much too cold to stand still talking to idiots. When his acquaintance had explained that to ask shivering people whether it was cold enough for them was one of the latest jocularities of the Smart Set, the Judge walked on in a pleasant glow of warmth.

The other day the Duke of B— was motoring, when he heard another car pursuing him furiously, its driver shouting something. The words were lost in the smell of petrol, and the Duke slowed down, thinking he might have run over someone without noticing it. When the other car came up he recognised the voice of a well-known member of the Smart Set, who was shouting, "Hi, Guv'nor, your wheel's going round!" Considerably alarmed, the Duke looked over the side of the car, and perceived that this was actually so. He was about to leap out when it occurred to him that after all it was only natural that the wheel should go round. He thanked his informant courteously, but could not refrain from expressing his surprise at the trouble the latter had taken to draw his attention to an obvious fact. It was



"Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing Boy."—WORDSWORTH.

Lady. "SHOW ME SOME BOOKS SUITABLE FOR THIS CHILD, PLEASE. NO FICTION; BUT ABSOLUTE TRUTH, AND WITHOUT ABSURDLY FANCIFUL PICTURES."

Bookseller (after thought). "WELL, MADAM, I SHOULD THINK THIS"—(showing "Euclid's Elements")—"MIGHT MEET YOUR REQUIREMENTS."

then explained to him that to call out "Hi, Guv'nor, your wheel's going round" was the latest piece of smart humour. He then laughed heartily, and catching sight of a cyclist in the distance set off in pursuit. As the cyclist subsequently got off his machine and hurled a large stone after the car, the Duke concluded that he (the cyclist) did not belong to the Smart Set.

Strangely enough, as the Duke was driving through the East End only two days later, more than one street Arab called out to him, "Hi, Mister, yer wheel's a-going round!" This is interesting, as showing how quickly a new witticism will run through all classes of Society, like measles through an infant

school. It goes without saying that, as soon as any such phrase penetrates to the lower orders, it is at once discarded by the Smart Set.

CITY OF LONDON ELECTION

RESULT

MARRIAGE OF KAISER'S SECOND SON.

Daily Mail Poster, Feb. 28.

WE wonder what the result would have been if Mr. BOWLES had got in. The City of London cannot be too careful; the KAISER evidently has his eye on it, and is prepared to reply effectively and at once to any move it may make. In this case his motive is rather obscure, but we feel sure it means something.

ON A GORGONZOLA CHEESE.

O THOU whose presence, drawing nigh,
So affably infects the breeze,
That bring'st a kindling to the eye
Of him that likes his victual high,
To Thee I sing—I know not why—
O Gorgonzola Cheese!

In truth, these odours, frankly blown,
Retire the thoughts to that stern
clime—

Not here, but 'neath th' æstival zone
Where rules the Crab:—'tis there alone
That thy full poignancy is shown
In all its charnel prime.

For there such powers to Thee belong
That Thou hast gained a deathless
fame;

From blistered Ind to damp Hong Kong
Men rank Thee (and they're not far
wrong)

Peer to the Elephant, so strong
Thou art, and yet so tame.

One I have known did so expand
That, long before he came in reach,
The guests, in ordered sequence, fanned
A pained mechanical command
"Avaunt!" nor knew they waved the
hand,
Nor tarried in their speech.

Take him for all in all, I hope
I may not meet his like again;
Yet was he balm, and scented soap,
And ambergris, and heliotrope,
To one, whose *début* seemed to ope
New vistas of a Drain.

He, through an Indian summer's height,
Had been mislaid; when found at last
He looked "an image of delight,"
For Hermes' art had sealed him tight;
Fragrant and fresh, that very night
He honoured our repast.

But lo! a wonder came to pass:—
The ruler turned; we saw him seize
The scoop; he pierced the scented mass;
There rose a whistling sound; alas,
He was but rind! The rest was gas!
Oh! Gorgonzola Cheese!

* * * * *
Man that has well and deeply dined
Regards thy flesh with high esteem;
But little thinks that one may find
Beneath that unattractive rind
A heart to suffer, and a mind
To ponder and to scheme.

O hard of heart and beetle-eyed!
"Twere, as the Swan observes, "clean
kam"
To bid him look for aught inside;
Yet have I known—I speak with pride—
A Cheese that lived, and loved, and died,
All with a Homing Ham.

These twain, while years above them
rolled,
In the canteen were doomed to stay;

We sold them—they would *not* be sold;
They loved each other; they were old;
The welcome they received was cold;
So they came back next day.

Few were the homes that knew them not.
We cast them out at every call;
But, when they reached the fatal spot,
Back—like a pigeon to his cot—
Back to their comrade, home they shot.
We had no luck at all!

At last a fiery Colonel swore
(And all men shivered at the sound)
To try and palm them off—*once more*:—
'Twas done. Precisely as before,
Dawn found them beating at the door!

* * * * *
The Colonel had them drowned.
DUM-DUM.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE of Mr. BALFOUR's most cherished
ambitions has been attained. He is
now a Member of Parliament.

"The only thing M.P.'s resent," says
Mr. HENRY NORMAN in *The World's
Work*, "is that if they die in harness
no word of regret is officially spoken in
the House." We think that in certain
cases the necessary encouragement should
be offered.

It is now officially stated that modern
guns are to be supplied to the Volunteers.
At the same time, we understand, a
letter is to be issued to Foreign Powers
thanking them for their kindly con-
sideration in not invading our shores
when we were unprepared.

Small wonder if our Army has not
been all that could be desired in recent
years. It has just been discovered that,
for some time past, many officers have
been shaving their upper lips contrary
to regulation.

Our soldiers, under some new War
Office rules, are to be taught shorthand
—and someone writes to ask us whether
this is to enable them to handle the new
short rifle. A very silly question.

This is scarcely a time when nations
like France and Germany, whose very
existence is threatened, should be
wrangling instead of standing shoulder
to shoulder. President CASTRO, we are
told by *Reuter*, has now declared that
he will clear the French out of Venezuela,
and then begin on the Americans, British,
and Germans, who, the PRESIDENT avers,
are worse than the Chinese.

This, by the way, is not true as far
as the British are concerned. They are
superior to the Chinese. Britons never

never shall be slaves; whereas the
Chinese insist on returning to "slavery"
as soon as ever they are set free.

Referring back to Venezuela, we learn
from a confidential source that the
reason for the bold attitude of that
country is that she has received secret
promises of support from the Princi-
pality of Monaco, which is justly cha-
grined at not being asked to send a repre-
sentative to the Algeiras Conference.

Because Mr. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT's
motor-car knocked down a little girl
near Pisa, that gentleman was subjected
to a Battle of Vegetables. This should
put the Riviera on its mettle at Mi-
Carême.

It is announced that the Prince of
WALES is sending the collection of Indian
wild beasts presented to him by the
Government of Nepal to the Zoological
Gardens. This disposes once and for all
of the rumour that his Royal Highness
intended to keep the animals at Marl-
borough House, and to dispense with a
house-dog.

The tremendous infantile mortality
which prevails among cats is now stated
to be due, to a large extent, to their
inability to swim.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN's new poem is
announced to be published "early in
April." The phrase has a suspicious
air of euphemism.

A charitable gentleman has presented
gramophones to 300 asylums and other
institutions, on condition that they are
played for half an hour every day. The
inmates of the asylums are said to
insist on an hour.

A man has been committed for trial
on a charge of pocket-picking at Ken-
sington High Street Station, and it will
be more difficult now than ever to know
what to do during the long weary waits
on the Metropolitan Railway.

Dr. EMIL REICH has propounded PLATO's
theory of the non-existence of matter
to a fashionable audience at Claridge's
Hotel. Several well-fed ladies who were
present coyly accused the deceased
philosopher of being a sad flatterer.

Annoyed at the inconvenience to
which they were put by the recent cab
strike in Berlin, many fares are now
refusing to give the cabbies their
customary *pourboire*. It is on occasions
such as these that new oaths come into
existence.

A large number of "strangling cages"



A PROSPECTIVE SLUMP IN CORNERS.

Dicky. "WHEN I'M A MAN I'LL MAKE ALL THE ROOMS IN MY HOUSE ROUND—THEN YOU CAN'T PUT ME IN THE CORNER."

are being made in Shanghai native city, so we learn from a local paper. Permission has now been given for such of the coolies in South Africa as wish to return home to do so.

Poets all over the world have been annoyed by the publication of a paragraph reporting that a lady, who recently lost her reason at Providence, Rhode Island, has developed a remarkable facility in writing verse.

"Visiting the Sins of the Father."

"CHISWICK—Board residence for a gentleman with homely people, 18s. per week."—*Advt. in "Evening News."*

Surely this is going too far. A landlady may have a certain right to insist that the lodger should be unmarried; but she has no business to make stipulations as to the looks of his parents.

Note by the Stage Carpenter.

In an account of a concert *The Wiltshire Chronicle* says of one of the performers that "she had no difficulty in reaching high A at the conclusion of the beautiful solo, 'O for the wings of a door!'" A misprint doubtless for "O for a door in the wings!"

KINGSKETTLE YET.

["MR. KEIR HARDIE possesses the one essential qualification for the headship of a modern party—he is a Scotchman."—*The Outlook.*]

A native of Kingskettle speaks:—

HERE'S words o' wisdom, Jock, an' oh!
They're gouden words indeed—
Ay, I'll admit it even though
They hail frae south the Tweed.
For I've that kind o' open mind
That's no the gift o' mony:
I'll gie in fu' the deil his due
Whenever he has ony.

I'm prood—ay, mair than I can tell—
For noo, my man, I hear
The gospel I hae preached mysel
This five and twenty year.
Ay, gin ye need a chief to lead
That winna mak' a botch, man—
I've kent it fine frae Auld Lang Syne
Ye aye maun tak' a Scotchman.

An' noo I doot the word I've preached
Thro' a' the lang lang past
Wi' sic an eident tongue, has reached
To Lunnon toon at last;
An' here's a strae to show which way
The wind's begun to blaw, man—
Who's Who, I'm tel't, will soon be
spelt
The proper way, *Wha's Wha*, man.

Tak' ony sphere—tak' Letters, Airt,
The Kirk, the Cabinet,
Ye aye will find the leadin' pairt
Played by a Scotsman yet.
An' what's the cause? Jist Natur's
laws

Wha's made a bonny nation
Whaur ilka ane is blessed wi' brain
As weel as eddication.

For, Jock, forbye thae gaudy blooms
That flaunt in Fame's demesne,
There's mony a flo'er that Fortune dooms
To blush awa' unseen:
Some mute C.-B. his weird maun dree
Ne'er guessin' his resources;
Some TOMMY SHAW, unlairnt in law,
Here hides his legal forces.

Tak' Fife. There'll likely be a tale
O' micht-be leaders born
Ilk year in Dairsie, Cupar, Crail,
Pitscottie or Kinghorn;
An' weel we ken there's twa guid men
O' intellec' an' mettle
We could without a shade o' doot
Discover in Kingskettle.

Making a Job of it.

"THE firemen continued their exertions until after two o'clock, by which hour all the damage that could be done was at an end."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*



Stranger. "I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOT MUCH SOCIETY ABOUT HERE?"

Barber. "SOCIETY! WHY THERE AIN'T TWO SOUP AN' FISH FAMILIES WITHIN A RADIUS O' FIFTEEN MILE!"

MAN AND BANNERMAN.

[Being the first portion (and quite enough too) of a report of a lecture on the Prime Minister recently delivered by Mr. George Bernard Shaw.]

THE Chair was taken by Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, each occupying half of it. Mr. WELLS first introduced Mr. SHAW to the audience as the most advanced thinker of the time (bar one), and Mr. WALKLEY followed by calling him the wittiest of dramatists. During these remarks, Mr. SHAW's beard was observed to be wearing its permanent blush.

The speaker then began his address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN (he said): I flatter you by coming here this evening (laughter) to tell you the truth (laughter), and not only the truth but the truth about a very difficult subject (laughter)—about your PRIME MINISTER. (Roars of laughter.) You won't, of course, understand what I say (laughter), being totally unused to the truth (laughter), and having not the faintest idea what it is when you hear it. (Great laughter.) But

if there is one man who can tell it, it is I. (Laughter.) My friend WELLS thinks he can (laughter); but he can't. (Shouts of laughter, in which Mr. WELLS joined.) My friend WALKLEY, wittiest and wisest of dramatic critics, with one exception (great laughter), since that over-rated wind-bag ARISTOTLE (roars of laughter), thinks he can tell the truth (laughter); but he can't. (Renewed laughter, in which Mr. WALKLEY joined.)

At the beginning of this year, on January 1, I so far forgot myself as to behave like an ordinary human being. (Laughter.) For a moment I became like that lowest of reptiles, a ratepayer (laughter), or a banker (laughter), or a school-girl. (Laughter.) I made a resolution. (Great laughter.) I did not say "I will be good" (laughter), nothing so foolish (laughter), so impossible (great laughter) as that. I did not say "I will not swindle any one in 1906" (laughter), because I knew I should. (Roars of laughter.) I could not help it. (Laughter.) No one can. (Renewed laughter.) I did not say, "I will be modest" (great laughter), because I had no intention of being so. (Renewed laughter.) I did

not say, "I will look upon" self-praise "as no recommendation" (laughter), because I knew I could not keep to it. (Great laughter.)

But what I did say was this. I said, "I will so arrange it that my ceaseless activity in all directions will make it necessary for my name to get into the leading papers every day in the coming year" (roars of laughter), and up to the present it has. (Increased laughter.) I have not missed a day. (Laughter.) Neither, you will say, has Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. (Laughter.) True. (Laughter.) But can he keep it up? (Laughter.) Can he? (Laughter.) What about the recess? (Laughter.) He will have to drop out then. (Laughter.) But not me. (Laughter.) There will be no recess for me. I am not a Member of Parliament. (Laughter.) God forbid! (Roars of laughter.) Least of all Prime Minister. (Renewed laughter.) I need no holidays. When I need a change I do something else. (Laughter.) And that is why I shall keep my resolution, and that is why the PRIME MINISTER, had he made a similar one, could not keep it. (Laughter.) [Left talking.]



THEIR HOUSE IN ORDER.

FIRST PEER. "ANOTHER NOTICE OF US IN THE PAPERS!"

SECOND PEER. "HA! WHAT DO THEY SAY?"

FIRST PEER (reading headlines). "SPIRITED DEBATE IN THE LORDS." "DULL NIGHT IN THE COMMONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday night, Feb. 26.

—When for my sins I sit through a two or three hours' debate in the Lords, I



THE CASSANDRA OF THE CAPE,
—not much "Good Hope" about it!
(Lord M-l-n-r.)

think of the poet DYER, of whom CHARLES LAMB tells delightful stories. On a time DYER was a patient at an earth-bath establishment. The proprietor had holes dug in the garden, tucked his patients comfortably up, and there left them for an ordered period. When all were interred DYER brought forth the manu-



"MINISTERIAL POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA."
(Earl of Elg-n.)

script of his latest poem, and read it aloud to his hapless neighbours.

So to-night Lord HARRIS delivered an inchoate speech an hour long to an exceptionally crowded House gathered to hear MILNER's maiden speech. In the Commons, so assailed, Members would, after first quarter of an hour or so, stroll forth. The higher humanity that peoples House of Lords scorns such weakness. Are there in discharge of public duty; will fulfil it at any personal cost.

Situation aggravated by circumstances creating it. It was MILNER's show. He had given formal notice of intention to raise the whole question of Ministerial policy in South Africa. Personal and

the steps of the Throne. Lord HALSBURY, entering late, walked on tiptoe to the Front Opposition Bench, as if afraid of disturbing someone in a pulpit. On his way he, with averted gaze, passed the Woolsack, on which was seated in lonely dignity one whom it was five years ago the fashion in good society to regard as an arch Pro-Boer. And now ALFRED MILNER, home from his proconsulship in South Africa, was about to defend his repressive policy, attack that of the new Government, under the august presidency of "BOB" REID.

The whirligig of Time brings its revenges. Surely there has not often been one so dramatic as this.



"UNDER THE AUGUST PRESIDENCY OF 'BOB' REID."
(The Lord Chancellor.)

political interest combined to give House animated appearance. Whilst the red benches were filled, the side galleries were crowded with Peeresses and their kin. Prevalence of mourning gave something of sombreness to scene. In brightest times House of Lords is oppressed with sense of funereal decorum. As the assembly gathered this afternoon there was a buzz of conversation. But it was carried on in undertone. Men (even women) spoke as if somewhere in the stately chamber there lay a Body awaiting burial.

The influence extended to the Members of the other House penned in boxes above the Bar. A reverent silence fell upon the throng of Privy Councillors on

The new Peer, making his maiden speech, painfully hesitated at opening of its delivery. "For greater accuracy," as the SPEAKER says when about to read the King's speech at the opening of Parliament, he had "obtained a copy" of his remarks neatly typewritten. Over the manuscript he assiduously bent, with natural consequence that his voice did not fill a chamber which under more favourable conditions is the sepulchre of speech. As he warmed to his work, grew more familiar with the surroundings, he improved. He tried no grace of oratory, no flight of rhetoric. Had a plain statement to make, and delivered it in tone and manner appropriate to reading from a Blue Book.



HAMLET AND THE GHOST.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Asquith.)

Le Revenant. Unhousel'd, disappointed,
unanel'd:
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, Horrid-ge! O, Horrid-ge! Most Horrid-ge!
... Hamlet, remember me.

Hamlet. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a
Seat
In this distracted globe.
[Act I. Scene V.—"A more remote part
of the platform."]

Then Lord HARRIS leisurely strolled on to the bowling-end of the wicket. His appearance was imperfectly accounted for by notice on the paper inquiring whether PRIME MINISTER was correctly reported as having alluded to "the taint of slavery" in connection with Chinese Labour. In the Commons the question, being printed, would in due course have been put, answered, and there an end on't. HARRIS, fortified by voluminous notes, talked for an hour by Westminster clock.

To be precise, proceeding savoured more of thinking aloud than ordered speech. It possessed corresponding quality of disconnectedness. There were pauses during which perturbed Peers furtively looked up to see if their noble friend had dropped asleep. No; he was only looking for a stray sheet of his notes. When found, he proceeded in the same provokingly leisurely fashion till fresh difficulty with the notes brought another spell of dead silence. Only once he woke up in approach to energy as he described the innocent shareholder in a Rand mine, his dividends threatened by policy of the new Government.

That a mere flash in the pan. When it flickered out, he trundled on as before.

"HARRIS seems to think it is a Board meeting he is addressing," I whispered to the MEMBER FOR SARK.

"So it is," said he, looking round the galleries at the rows of fair women pluckily attempting to suppress a yawn. "Very much so."

What an oddly inconsequential reply! *Business done.*—In Commons, Address agreed to.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—Out of the dullness of Committee of Supply suddenly evolved a profound mystery. Advancing with timid step, it speedily bounded along like a motor-car crossing the Hog's Back when no policemen are in sight. It was DALZIEL who began it with inquiry for particulars relating to a vote of £1200 for expenses of the Departmental Committee appointed by Brother GERALD at the close of last Session to make preliminary inquiries into bearings of Redistribution Question. Where was the Report? When would it be laid on the Table of the House?

JOHN BURNS, Brother GERALD's successor at the Local Government Board, assumed air of embarrassed mystery. The Committee had concluded its labours, but he had not seen a Report; did not even know the scope and the direction of inquiry. True a confidential document had reached him, but without special permission he was not in a position to communicate its purport.

Here was a nice mess of mystery! The Radicals pricked up their ears; they smelt a rat; some of the keener-sighted saw it moving in the air. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, back with us after long pained parting, naturally came to front. If there was no Report, where was the money? The £1200 asked for by the vote?

"We are," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, "entitled to know how every penny of the public money is spent."

From Labour Members, learning how to be happy though married on 50s. a week, there came deep-noted cheer.

JOHN BURNS couldn't say where the money was, who had got it, or who was expecting it. Subject apparently ignored in confidential document. WALTER LONG, appealed to as representative of late Government, equally ignorant. All he knew was that Officials at Local Government Board were honourable men.

This, though indisputable, did not throw any light on the mystery of the £1200.

At this moment, Committee seething with excitement, enter Sir HENRY KIMBER. Members on both sides sniffed at him suspiciously. He was the man chiefly instrumental in bringing question of Redistribution before the last Parliament. Had been baroneted in recognition of his services. Had he further—?

Members of acute sensibility could almost hear the £1200 jingling in his



BLENHEIM CONSULTS BIRMINGHAM.

A pretty incident on the steps of the Throne.
(The Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Chamberlain.)

Amoroso



Misterioso



Grandioso



Coda.



Appassionato



Con Spirito



THE ORGAN-GRINDER WITH THE MUSIC IN HIS SOUL.



Ah Miss It, the great
Golf Champion,

Miss Wun Lung Wing,
President of the Ladies'
Chopstick Hockey Club.

Double U Gee, the
Cricket Champion.

O Kiki, the famous
Halfee Backee.

San Dow, much
strongee man,

See Mee Run, with some
of his prizes.

[“A new phase of China's awakening was shown a few weeks ago in the first great athletic meeting in that country.”—*Daily Mail*.]

trousers pocket as, all unconscious of the nature of the storm, he unconcernedly walked up the floor.

CLANCY rushed in where others feared to tread. “Does the hon. Member for WANDSWORTH,” he sternly asked, “know anything of the disposition of this £1200? Has it in bulk or in part reached his private purse?”

KIMBER tremblingly answered in the negative. He knew nothing either about the money or the Report of the Committee. All he knew was that Redistribution was a very desirable thing. Were hon. Members aware that, whilst the Borough he had the honour to represent—

“Order! Order!” cried the SPEAKER sternly. KIMBER sat down without having the opportunity of offering a few observations interesting to new Members on the inequality of Parliamentary representation.

In the end it was decided to postpone the vote so as to give PRINCE ARTHUR, coming to his own again, opportunity of throwing light on the mystery.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Friday.—“I beg to move that Mr. CALDWELL do take the chair as Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means.”

It was HENRY FOWLER who spoke. By fortuitous circumstance, Mr. CALDWELL happened to be at hand. With agility pleasing in one of his long Parliamentary experience he hopped into the chair at the Table. If any meant to dispute with him the pride of place, they would find it appropriated.

But there was no competition. An hilarious cheer, long sustained, came from both sides, as the new DEPUTY

CHAIRMAN stood erect. Even Irish Members, who regard a Chairman of Committees as something akin to a member of the Irish Royal Constabulary, cheered the statesman whom we really must not any longer allude to by the pet name “JIMMY.”

For a dozen years he has been a Parliamentary institution, just like the Mace, perhaps even more like the brass-bound box on the Table. Being after all only human he has his frailties. One is tendency to deliver in level voice speeches of prodigious length. Whilst suffering these (though not gladly) House has recognised his honest intention and sterling qualities. It has chafed him, but it likes and esteems him. His appointment to the Chair is counted among the best the keen discernment, the unconventional tendencies, of C.-B. have brought about.

“Thank you, TOBY, dear boy, for your good wishes,” the DEPUTY CHAIRMAN said, as I shook his hand. “Only, when you see me in the Chair through a long afternoon, think kindly of my suffering, having to sit and hear speeches I could myself have made much better, with more pointed application of the ‘Seventhly.’”

Business done.—Debated proposal to include bread and cheese in the curriculum of free elementary schools.

ESPRIT DE CAR.

MOTOR BUS SERVICE NOTES.

[“His uniform gives the motor bus conductor an almost military smartness and *esprit de corps*.”—*Weekly paper*.]

LIEUT.-CONDUCTOR TOMPKINS has been court-martialed and dismissed the Motor

Bus Service for conduct unbecoming to a conductor and a gentleman.

The Vanguards, 1st Batt. Union Jacks, 2nd Batt. Arrows and the Kingsways will be brigaded for service between the Old Kent Road and Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday.

An excellent day's hunting was enjoyed with the Rearguards' regimental pack on Tuesday. The meet was at Oxford Circus, where an old lady was immediately started and followed by the field at a sneezing pace down to Holborn. Here she doubled, and got away down Farringdon Street, where she weakened, but eventually ran to earth at Blackfriars Station.

Mr. WILL CROOKS, M.P., has been appointed honorary Colonel-in-Chief of the new County Council (Cornwall's Own) Asphyxiators.

Driver-General BILES, who retires to-day, entered the service as lamp-cleaner in 1846, was promoted for meritorious work against the pirate buses in 1865, and was subsequently mentioned in despatches in connection with the cheap expeditions to Wembley Park. He was transferred from the R.H.B.'s (Royal Horse Buses) to the Motor Service Corps in 1905, and served through the Twopenny Tube war of 1905-6.

We understand that Mr. HALDANE is in favour of the abolition of the Motor Omnibus Army Corps introduced by Mr. BRODRICK, while retaining the territorial system under which buses are known as Kilburns, Cricklewoods, &c. The horse busery will be superseded as inefficient (except for commissariat purposes), but a number of the vehicles will be converted and modernised for use in the other arm.

THE STORY OF PUDDEFOOT.

PUDDEFOOT met HITCHLING at the Piccadilly end of the Burlington Arcade, and they walked up Bond Street together. PUDDEFOOT's first words were, "Hallo, HITCHLING, where are you off to?" As a matter of fact, HITCHLING was trying to get to his Club in St. James's Street, but as PUDDEFOOT had seized hold of his arm without waiting for an answer to his question, and turned him (as I say) into Bond Street, it followed that HITCHLING's destiny was for the moment in other hands than his own.

Three times did PUDDEFOOT and HITCHLING walk up and down Bond Street . . . while PUDDEFOOT talked. Passers-by might have noticed that HITCHLING looked worried and bewildered, and that he made little timid efforts to withdraw his arm from the grasp of PUDDEFOOT. But, as they passed Conduit Street for the seventh time, it was noticeable that HITCHLING's brow cleared. He had the calm look that a man wears who has come to a great determination.

PUDDEFOOT had just made a play upon the name BOWLES, the point of it deriving in no small degree from the fact that the word Bowls, spelt so — without the "e," connoted a pastime or recreation of some standing; and this he had followed up with some reference to "terminological inexactitude," the which indeed he spoke of as "the latest joke in the City." They were then approaching RENTON's the Hosier, and it so coincided that here PUDDEFOOT's comments upon the matter came to an end. Said PUDDEFOOT: "And where are you off to, old man?"

"I was just going into this place," said HITCHLING, "to buy a tie."

"How lucky," said PUDDEFOOT. "I shall be able to help you choose it. I should think a pale green, with——"

"No, I must have a black one," said HITCHLING.

"Black?" said PUDDEFOOT. "Not mourning, I hope, HITCHLING?"

"Yes," said HITCHLING.

"My poor dear old fellow," said PUDDEFOOT, "my very dear old fellow, I need

"Run over by an omnibus," said HITCHLING.

"Tut, tut!"

"In Bond Street," added HITCHLING.

A Victoria omnibus passed as he spoke, and with a slight jerk he had PUDDEFOOT off the curb.

Now HITCHLING was, as will have been gathered, a man of foresight; but in this case he had greatly under-estimated

the effect of an omnibus upon PUDDEFOOT. There was a collision, certainly; but when the passengers had, on the advice of the conductor, resumed their seats (all except one man who said he was a doctor), PUDDEFOOT was picked up, and discovered to be suffering from nothing more vital than a contused forehead and the temporary loss of his senses.

All this was happening outside RENTON's the Hosier; and as HITCHLING turned away to hide a sigh he noticed an announcement in the window. After reading it carefully, an idea occurred to him, and he entered the shop again.

"I see," he said to the gentleman behind the counter, "that you undertake to exchange goods that do not meet with the approval of your customers?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied the man; and he went on to explain this and other causes that

had helped to make RENTON's, as he said, the most famous hosier in the town.

"Quite so," assented HITCHLING. He drew a little package from his pocket, and sighed deeply. "Would you be so good, then, as to take back this black tie, and give me a dark grey one in exchange? I find I shall not want the black one after all."

What he said. Taint of slavery.
What he meant. 'Tain't slavery.



Tom Browne

A GOOD START.

New Maid Servant (just arrived). "MAY I HASK IF MY YOUNG MAN 'AS CALLED YET?"

hardly say how sorry — No near relation, I trust?"

"An old school-fellow," explained HITCHLING, as he paid for the tie.

"Dear, dear!" said PUDDEFOOT. "I had not heard — A contemporary of mine, too, I suppose? Tell me—"

"I hardly like to talk of it, PUDDEFOOT, if you don't mind."

"Quite so, quite so, my dear fellow. Your feelings do you credit. At least I may hope his death was an easy one?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM yet another of *Mr. Punch's* young men—and the most illustrious of all—comes a new book; and what can *Mr. Punch* do but stretch out the hand of welcome? Everyone knows *TITMARSH's Paris Sketch Book*, with its wonderful history of *Cartouche* and other delectable matters. Everyone knows his *Irish Sketch Book*;—well, here is his *New Sketch Book* (courageous title!), never before published, but now gathered together with inspired industry by *Mr. R. S. GARNETT* from the pages of the old and defunct *Foreign Quarterly Review* in 1842 and thereabouts, what time the great and genial giant was contributing to *Punch* "Mrs. Tickletoby's Lectures on English History" and other delightful papers. The *New Sketch Book*, which is published by *ALSTON RIVERS*, deals, in the unmistakable Thackerayan manner, with *EUGENE SUE* and *ALEXANDRE THE GREAT*, *HUGO* and *BALZAC*, and other Continental authors of that day. *Mr. Punch* places it in his archives with reverence.

The High Toby (*METHUEN*) has nothing to do with dog life personal to the companion of *Mr. Punch* or others. The name pertains to what were known in the good old times as Gentlemen of the Road or (in their temporary absence) as highwaymen. *Dick Ryder*, otherwise *Galloping Dick*, *Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON's* hero, is of the type glorified by an earlier novelist in the person of *Dick Turpin*. He was not the man to rob the poor or to raise his hand against a woman except in kindness. Adventurous by nature, adventures came to him by night and day, were briskly faced and are brightly told. It is not the kind of record to read right through from cover to cover, as there is necessarily something of sameness in the success of the hero in difficult circumstances. But to take up in a chance half-hour of leisure, it will be found most acceptable.

It was a gentle lady and her name was *ALICE BROWN*,
And she wrote a charming story of a small New England town;

Her publisher was *CONSTABLE*, that enterprising thing,—
But it isn't of her publisher I'm going for to sing.

She called her story *Paradise*, and told of simple folk
Who loved and smiled and suffered and bent to duty's yoke,
Of *Malory* and *Barbara* (who in the end was *Nick's*);
And books like these will cost you (net) exactly four-and-six.

France in the Nineteenth Century (*HUTCHINSON*) has no pretension to throw new light on the history of sixty eventful years. *Mrs. LATIMER* hints at access to private papers, but frankly admits that she has drawn her materials from contributions to magazines and newspapers by contemporary writers, French, English, and American. The story is, indeed, a series of snapshots taken by chance passers-by. To *Mrs. LATIMER* belongs the credit of arranging them with skill and dramatic effect. The volume dealing with facts has the charm of romance. Its interest is increased by a score of photograph portraits taken from life.

Mr. KEBLE HOWARD, author of *The Smiths of Surbiton* (*CHAPMAN AND HALL*), is, I feel sure, an admirer of *TENNYSON*; so he will, perhaps, have heard this story: The poet had been spending an afternoon with a novel by *Miss Somebody* or *Other*, and for two hours he had not said a word to his family. Suddenly he threw the book down, jumped to his feet, and cried excitedly: "Hooray! I see daylight at last! *HARRY* is going to be confirmed!" Now *The Smiths of Surbiton* is of course a much more interesting book than that. There is certainly a *HARRY* in it, but he is grown up when we first meet him, and his confirmation days are over.

We meet him, though, at a critical moment: when, if you will believe me, it is the nearest thing in the world whether he is or is not to be *Baby SMITH's* godfather. *Mr. SMITH*, too, himself is not without his adventure. He has a slight pain, and the doctor calls. The doctor feels his pulse and looks at his tongue. (I assure you I held my breath here.) "A trifle coated," he says. "Now I want you," he goes on, and I still held my breath quite tight, "I want you to unbutton your dressing-gown, and the coat of your pyjamas."

It is generally unfair to an author to quote extracts from his book; and I feel that I should be better employed quoting the stock phrases for any novel of *Mr. HOWARD's*—"delightful," "full of charm," "a delightful simplicity," "beautiful," "fragrant." *Mr. HOWARD's* first book, *Love and a Cottage*, deserved all that. But he has now become a man with a mission, the founder of a school, the apostle of simplicity and naturalness . . . and he is overdoing it.

WORDSWORTH—one cannot get away from the poets—*WORDSWORTH* should serve as a warning for *Mr. HOWARD*. *WORDSWORTH* also was an apostle of simplicity. One day he sat down and wrote:—

"And *BETTY's* most especial charge
Was: 'JOHNNY, JOHNNY, mind that you
Come home at once, whate'er befall,
Come home at once, nor stop at all;
My *JOHNNY* do, I pray you, do.'"

In a preface to this poem he says, "I never wrote anything with so much glee." *Mr. HOWARD*, on page 281, says, "It would be pleasant, at any rate for the writer"—to go on. He really *must* be careful! Only his sense of humour can save him now.

The publishers of that indispensable companion, *Who's Who*, indulge in a touch of subtle humour by issuing in identical form the *Medical Dictionary* (*A. AND C. BLACK*). In *Who's Who* we gloat over particulars of our friends and acquaintances, including hints at their favourite recreation. In the *Medical Dictionary* we find nearly 900 closely printed pages, giving fullest range to any moderate man or woman's favourite frailty in the way of illness. All the ills that flesh is heir to are catalogued, traced to their origin, with sensible, lucid instructions for early treatment. It has been said (probably by a lawyer) that a man who in legal difficulties conducts his own case has a fool for a client. The axiom applies equally to a sick man who dispenses with the services of a doctor. But there frequently arise cases of urgency where prompt elementary treatment might lead to the saving of life. Regarded in the light of first aid to the wounded, the *Medical Dictionary* will be found invaluable. *Dr. COMRIE*, who edits it, avows desire that it should occupy a position somewhere between that of a technical dictionary of medicine and one intended merely for the domestic treatment of commoner ailments. The scheme is admirably carried out.

FIRST-CLASS FACTORY of an artfully technical mass article is seeking for a responsible, organize, capable *MERCHANT*, versed with building trade, for acceptance of a branch office. Epoch-making new proceeding of manufacturing. High profit provable.—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*

Esperanto again?

FROM *Answers to Correspondents in Farm, Field, and Fireside*.—"We should advise you to bathe the inflamed parts with a decoction of puppy heads twice daily." The bark would, of course, be removed before application.

DURING the absence of the "Duke of LANCASTER" abroad, we understand that *Sir HENRY FOWLER* is to be left in sole charge of the Duchy.



GYNNING KING

Mistress (after many remonstrances on unpunctuality), "REALLY, MARY, YOU MUST TRY TO BE MORE PUNCTUAL ABOUT SERVING THE MEALS. WHEN THEY ARE LATE, YOUR MASTER BLAMES ME."

Mary. "AH, WELL, MUM, OF COURSE I CAN GO, BUT YOU'RE A PRISONER FOR LIFE."

SOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

The *Tribune* invites its readers to write to the Editor telling how they fared at the hands of the advertisers in *The Tribune* columns. Mr. Punch has no doubts about those who advertise in his own pages, but he has been tempted to invite the Editors of other journals to put to proof the promises made in their advertisement columns, and forward results. He suppresses names.

"I used to suffer from weak eyes. In fact I could hardly keep them open, and I could not see beyond my own nose. On seeing Dr. FLYBLISTER'S advertisement in your columns I wrote for his booklet and eye ointment (price 7s. 6d.), and as a result I got my eyes opened. So strong are they now that I can even see through certain people."

"I bought a 'Fitwell' suit (made to measure, 13s. 6d.) as advertised in your paper. I was disappointed with it at

first, for it did not fit me well. You will be delighted to learn that in the second week I had it on I was caught in a shower of rain, and now it fits me like a glove."

"I used to have the most provoking habit of always blushing. Seldom could I go to parties and dances, for whenever anybody spoke to me I always blushed and was much confused. On seeing in your advertisement columns that a certain gentleman would cure blushing for a small fee, I corresponded with him, and what I learned from him convinces me that I shall never blush again."

"You will be pleased to hear that I have already made 10s. with the help of that book you advertise, *A Million Ways to Make Money*. They say a penny saved is a penny earned, and so I have earned 10s. by not buying the book."

"I used to suffer very much from consumption. My four boys were eat-

ing me out of my house and home. I bought a bottle of Dr. BANTING'S Sure Cure and mixed a little of it with the boys' food. The results have been wonderful. There is little or no consumption in my house now."

"I had a rich aunt who was of a ruddy complexion and had been ailing for a long time. I was her heir, so you can readily understand how very sorry I was to see her lying ill for such a time. Doctors had given her up years ago, and yet the poor old lady lingered and suffered. I was determined to put an end to her pain, yet I could not discover the right means to do so. Just when I was giving way to despair I saw an advertisement in your paper stating that Dr. RUMBOLT'S Porous Pills would do for Purple Patients. I immediately presented her with a box, and before that box was finished all her sorrows and pains were over. You cannot imagine how thankful I am."

A NEW PROFESSION;

OR, WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SONS?

My hopeless boy! when I compare
(Claiming a father's right to do so)
Your hollow brain, your vacuous air,
With all the time, and wealth, and care
Lavished upon your mental trousseau;

Over my waistcoat's ample pit
This ravening grief holds constant session—
That through a total lack of wit
You are deplorably unfit
To follow any known profession.

No tutelary genius shone
About your scalp in school or college;
Therefore you cannot be a Don,
Or anything reposing on
A fundamental plinth of knowledge.

You never nursed the godlike spark
That kindles men to serve the nation;
I trow that, as a Treasury clerk,
You never could have made your mark
Or even earned a decoration.

The medical prelim. would mar
Your hopes of making healthy men sick;
And, as for practice at the Bar,
Your gifts—I don't know what they are,
But know, at least, they're not forensic.

You might, by steady cram, aspire
To dodge the test of martial duty;
But you have shown no keen desire
To face the pom-pom's withering fire,
And die for HALDANE, Home and Beauty.

Remains the Church, where you might seek
A paltry income from the pew-rate;
Yet here, again, I find you weak
In certain graces, such as Greek,
That go to make the perfect curate.

Still, there's the chauff—What's that I hear?
You wish to say that, thanks to Heaven, you
Have found a suitable career
At some £300 a year
Drawn from a grateful country's revenue?

My credulous son! Your faith would break
The records of the Middle Ages!
Skilled work, and past your wits to fake,
Needs must he do who means to make
Six of the best in weekly wages!

What's that? The House intends to treat
Its private self to public payment?
Eventually hopes to meet,
By saving money on the Fleet,
Its bills for bed and board and raiment?

Embrace me, boy! I felt afraid
That you would never find your mission;
You knew no sort of craft or trade,
But here's your *métier* ready-made!
You shall become a Politician!

My hopes for you, preposterous oaf,
Were ashes; now to flame you fan 'em;
No need to toil or spin or chauff
When you can comfortably loaf,
And touch £300 per annum.

Embrace your father! You shall see
How well the prospect serves to stem his fear;
He'll stand his son the entrance fee,
And you shall join, a paid M.P.,
The finest Club in either hemisphere. O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT METER.

THERE is nothing that so much brings home to a man the responsibilities involved in the tenancy of a flat as the possession of an Electric Light Meter and the necessity for "reading" it every now and then. In the happy country district in which it is my privilege to spend a part of my time we proceed on an amiable system of mutual confidence. The producer of the light supplies me with all that I may require at a fixed sum for the year. He trusts me not to waste it in merely ostentatious illumination, and I return the compliment by hoping (often against hope) that his light will be adequate for all my nocturnal purposes. In London, however, so business-like are our methods and so rigid is our suspicion of one another, that we require a check, and thus it has come about that a meter has been fixed to the wall of the entrance passage which, in our domestic language, is somewhat boastfully described as the Hall.

Now to me, who know nothing about the internal economy of electric light, this meter is an object of mystery and terror. It is constructed mainly, I think, of metal, and possesses dials decorated with figures and made practical by hands. When I look at it my mind brings up by an irresistible association of ideas a man whose hands are black with oil, who wears a blue linen jacket, and whose conversation is of a highly technical quality to which my limitless ignorance yields an undeviating assent. I should no more dream of disputing the accuracy of his electric statements than I should question the judgment of Professor OLIVER LODGE if he told me that my kitchen was a hotbed of psychic manifestations, or should impugn the veracity of Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW if he informed me that his own continued existence afforded the best and, in fact, the only proof of the argument from design.

It seems, however, that my Electric Company—I use the pronoun not so much to imply that I possess the Company, as to show that the Company owns and exercises a right to demand my occasional cheques—it seems, I say, that my Company is inspired by fairness, and that its dealings with me are to be based on the strictest rectitude. It has recently furnished me with a card of printed instructions entitled "How to Read the Meter," and for some time past I have been laboriously occupied in endeavouring to master this new knowledge. "The Meter," I am told, "is read in the same way as a gas meter, the right-hand dial showing units, the second tens, the third hundreds, and so on." This statement is, no doubt, clear and illuminating (as all Electric Light statements ought to be), and I am quite prepared to admit that the language is plain almost to baldness. For me, however, it is useless, for I suffer from an incurable preliminary defect: I do not know how to read a Gas Meter.

Then follows a phrase which in its intensity is dramatic: "The figure to be taken is the one that the hand has last passed which will be the lowest numerically of those it is between." I merely pause here to suggest that "lower" would be more correct grammatically, and then I dash on breathlessly to learn that "there is no difficulty about this when the hand is clearly between two figures, but when it is over or nearly over a figure it is sometimes doubtful whether the figure has been passed or not." How true that is! Life is like that, and death, and all the other things that happen to ordinary men and women in their passage through this vale—but it appears to my obscure intelligence to have no special or direct application to Electric Light. After this



THE NEW CHAUFFEUR.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "NEARLY READY, HALDANE?"

VOICE FROM UNDERNEATH THE CAR. "ALL IN GOOD TIME, MUM. THISH 'ERE CAR TAKES A LOT O' THINKIN' OVER!"

["I am convinced that if I do anything in a hurry, I shall do it badly."—From Mr. Haldane's Speech in the House, Thursday, March 8.]



Sentimental Youth (to partner, shaken by a passing tremor). "Oh, I HOPE YOU DON'T FEEL COLD?"

She. "NOT AT ALL, THANKS. ONLY 'THE GREY GOOSE WALKING OVER MY GRAVE.'"

Sentimental Youth (with effusion). "HAPPY GOOSE!"

I became involved in a maze. I failed entirely "to obtain the number of units used," for the diagrams and numerals had on my brain the numbing effect produced by illustrations of figure-skating. It was no comfort to learn that "representatives of the Corporation are supplied either with business cards or badges," and, finally, when I went out to inspect the actual Meter I realised that it had been fixed to the wall at an altitude of ten feet, and that without a step ladder (which I do not possess) it would be useless for me to endeavour to read it at all.

"MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD."

THE case of the young man called CRAZE, who recently fled from his cottage at Abertridwr because he heard raps on the wall, and is "completely broken down by his experiences" and refuses to go near the cottage again—is not so rare as some people seem to think.

JONES TERTIUS, happening, one day last week, to stand for a few moments in the passage outside the door of the Head's study, on the other side of which TOMPKINS minor was engaged in a discussion with the Doctor on the propriety of appearing in afternoon school wearing an imitation high collar manufactured out of cardboard, heard a succession of resounding raps. In a subsequent conversation TOMPKINS minor (who appeared broken by his experiences) said he hoped he might never visit the room again.

When rendering "*Dear heart, I only love thee*" to a party

of friends at her semi-detached villa in the Brixton Road, Miss ELIZABETH SPINKS was interrupted by loud raps on the division wall, and in consequence completely broke down at the eighth bar ("Oh, could I gently whisper"). Miss SPINKS has since removed to Balham, and she refuses to go near her former residence.

When fulfilling a Bridge engagement a few nights ago, a gentleman of moderate means, during the course of the game, heard mysterious raps, apparently coming from beneath the table, and slightly anterior to his opponent's declaration. The gentleman came away completely broke by his experiences. He refuses to go near the house now.

What we are coming to.

FROM a Weekly Parliamentary Report in the near future: "Last Monday Mr. BROWN, the new Member for Blankborough, took the oath, his seat, and the first quarter in advance. He has not been seen since."

Asking an Impossibility.

WANTED, party to take forty gallons milk, more or less, twice daily.—*Scoteman*.

AN American paper ascribes to Mr. J. M. BARRIE the complaint that it is the English actor's desire to "get everything possible out of a line—to squeeze it dry." Our complaint is (not, of course, of Mr. BARRIE's own plays) that most lines require so little squeezing.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

THE APPOINTMENT.

I.

Mr. Adrian Spilling, of the Education Office, to Miss Meta Bland.

(By hand. "Wait reply.")

MY DEAR GIRL,—What has happened? I waited for you from five minutes to three until twenty past four, when I had to go in order to show up in Whitehall for a little while. Where can you have been? It is not as if I had so much time to spare that it can be frittered away like this. Surely I wrote clearly enough—"Under the clock, Victoria, at three." I distinctly remember writing these words. Please let me have a line at any rate to say you are all right. Yours always, A.

II.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

(By hand. "Wait reply.")

MY DEAR ADRIAN,—Do send me a word to say you are well, and that it was only some horrid office business that kept you. I am so nervous about you. I waited as you told me under the clock at Victoria, from five minutes past three (I could not possibly get there before) until four, and then I gave it up and went to Mrs. LEGGE's to tea, as I was compelled to do. Unless you had come and gone before I got there, I cannot have missed you, for I watched everybody that entered the station. These broken appointments are terribly wearing. I am tired out this evening, and quite unfit to dine at the SERGISOONS, where they always talk about VELASQUEZ and show you sprigs of the true poet's laurel. Ever yours, M.

III.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

(By hand. Answer to No. 1.)

DEAR ADRIAN,—I haven't the slightest idea what your letter means. I repeat that I waited under the clock at Victoria from five minutes past three until four. If you also were there you were invisible. I am relieved to find you are all right.

Yours, M.

IV.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

(By hand. Answer to No. 2.)

DEAR META,—It is inexplicable to me. I was certainly there, and as certainly you were not; and another afternoon has been lost. These things I simply cannot view with composure. Life is too short. I will let you know about Thursday as soon as I can, but my Chief seems to be inclined to resent my long absence to-day, and I shall have to be a little careful. Yours, A.

P.S.—It has just occurred to me that you may have been waiting at the London and Brighton part of the station. That, of course, would explain it, although how you could imagine me to mean that I cannot think.

V.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

DEAR ADRIAN,—I have only just learned that there are two stations at Victoria. Considering how often I have been to Brighton lately, you surely might have been more explicit and said quite plainly that it was the other that you meant. It is all very foolish and disappointing. I should like to forget it.

Yours, M.

VI.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

DEAR META,—I should like to forget it too; but what you say simply bowls me out. I always looked upon you as one of the few women who have any intelligence. How you can say you did not know there was another Victoria passes my knowledge, when it was from there that we went on that awful visit to your aunt at Faversham. However, I shall know better next time. Yours, A.

VII.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

DEAR ADRIAN,—I thought we went to Faversham from Charing Cross; but anyway I don't see why you are so bitter about poor Aunt ADELAIDE. I am sure she was very kind to you, and even let you smoke in the house, which no one was ever allowed to do before. It seems to me that since you knew all about there being two Victoria Stations you might have walked over to the other one to see if I was there.

Yours, M.

VIII.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

DEAR META,—I don't understand you at all about your Aunt. All the time we were there you were scheming to be out of doors, and I still remember your sigh of relief when the train started on the Monday morning; but now you take a directly opposite view. I suppose women are like this. As to coming over to the Brighton side to see if you were there, I never dreamed you could be so foolish as to make the mistake, and besides, if I had left my post I might have missed you. But do let us drop this wretched subject.

I am very sorry to say that I can't possibly take you to hear HEGEDÜS on Friday as we had planned. My Chief has asked me to dinner, and it amounts to a command. But I could come afterwards and take you home.

Yours, A.

IX.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

DEAR ADRIAN,—It doesn't in the least matter about HEGEDÜS, as Mr. CUMNOR-HALL, who was here this evening when your note came, is going to take us. Please don't trouble to leave your party in order to fetch me home, as Mr. CUMNOR-HALL has asked us to have supper afterwards. He is always so generous about things like that.

Yours, M.

X.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

DEAR META,—Of course you must do as you wish about CUMNOR-HALL. I shall certainly not come to fetch you, as he is not the kind of man that I care about. Your sneer about my want of generosity is the cruellest thing I ever remember any one saying to me. When one has only £300 a year in a Government office and a very small private income, supper parties at the Savoy are not easy things. If you want luxuries like that it is a pity you ever made me love you.

Yours, A.

XI.

Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.

DEAR ADRIAN,—You are most unkind and unfair. You know I did not mean to suggest that you were ungenerous. I think of you as the most generous man I know. And you ought to know that the last thing I should ever do would be to sneer at you. I don't sneer at any one, least of all at you. But that horrid Victoria Station affair seems to have made us both ready to misunderstand each other. Do let us have all Saturday afternoon somewhere and forget this stupid bad-tempered week.

Ever yours, M.

XII.

Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.

(By hand.)

MY DARLING META,—We will go to Kew on Saturday afternoon. I will come for you at half-past two. I hope you will think this little piece of enamel rather sweet. I do.

Yours always, A.

The Yorkshire Post, in announcing a musical competition in Hull, says: "The judges are Minor Canon DAMS, of Carlisle Cathedral, who has already had experience of this kind of work, and Mr. BERNARD JOHNSON . . . whose ready wit may be trusted to supply the place of experience." Dare we imagine the following dialogue?—

Canon Dams (with faint praise). We have—ah—heard worse performances.
Mr. Johnson (readily). And better.

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to the defection of the Labour Members last week, the Government found themselves in a tight corner. They escaped, but only by the narrowest of majorities—204, in fact, all told.

The Old Age Pensions Bill which has been introduced into the House provides that conviction for an offence involving penal servitude shall be followed by forfeiture of the pension. We need scarcely say that pressure will be brought to bear on Members whose constituencies include an influential Hooligan element to secure the removal of this obnoxious restriction.

It is rumoured that the latest proposal in regard to the policing of Morocco is that the London County Council shall undertake the work.

The engagement of the King of SPAIN and Princess ENA of Battenberg is announced. This is a distinct *coup* for our newspapers, which for some time past have been referring to the probability of such a match.

Some admirers presented SACCO, on the completion of his fast, with a diamond monkey. The curio is said to have been picked up at a recent Freak Dinner of Kimberley merchants.

By the way, "Ignoramus" writes to ask us whether a Freak Dinner is a Dinner given by Freaks to Freaks. "Ignoramus" knows more than his name implies.

The Rivers Committee are proposing to abolish return tickets on the L.C.C. boats. This seems a mistaken policy. Lots of the return-halves must have been deliberately sacrificed.

Police-Constable ROBERT LOVELL, who has just retired, took 142,976 dogs to the Battersea Home, but not all on one string.

"The Ski Club of Great Britain" has come into existence, and a lady of the old school writes to us expressing surprise that there should be a sufficient number of aeronauts in our island to warrant the formation of such a society. We have explained to her that the word is pronounced *She*; and our correspondent now writes to protest against the New Woman and all her clubs.

A New Zealand gentleman who is making a tour of the world on foot has, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, met with marvellous adventures. He was arrested in Russia and Turkey as a spy,



Near-sighted Old Gentleman (throwing penny to what he takes to be a pavement artist).
"THERE! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE DONE 'EM YOURSELF; BUT IT MUST BE DOOSID COLD SITTING THERE!"

"and elsewhere has been fired at and attacked by wolves and bears."

Pessimists should note, for all they may say about the degeneracy of our age, that the idea of giving compensation where it is a moral but not a legal obligation is making steady headway. The number of periodicals of the lighter sort which offer prizes—and even pensions—to their readers is constantly increasing.

MISCHA ELMAN has declared to an interviewer that he loves everything English, and wants to become an Englishman. He also wishes that his father would talk English, and it is not impossible that the youngster may send him to a night-school.

A fillip has been given by the new French President to a national sport. He is said to have remitted the fines imposed

on 592 pedestrians for being knocked down by cabmen in the streets of Paris.

It is suggested that, as a means of raising the funds required for the payment of Members of the House of Commons, a new class of Paying Peers shall be instituted. There should be no difficulty about this.

The statement that flowers will shortly be exhibited for sale on the platforms of the electrified District Railway, the atmosphere of which is now so much improved, compels one, in fairness to the Central London Railway, to mention that Twopenny Tuber Roses have been a popular article of commerce for many years past.

The Police cannot of course be ubiquitous, but we are sorry to read that, on the opening day of the Aldwych and Islington Tramway, £71 was taken.

THE YELLOW PATRIOTS.

(A Fragment from some Future Historian.)

.... It may well seem incredible nowadays that the Governments of these three Great Powers should suddenly find themselves on the brink of a war which none of them had ever regarded as desirable, or even possible. Yet such was the fact.

They had been carrying on protracted negotiations, in which, as usual, one side had been pressing for more than it expected to obtain, while the other refused much that it was prepared eventually to concede. But the points at issue were not considered by the two parties chiefly concerned as at all worth fighting about, while our own country was only indirectly interested in the dispute.

In those days, however, each of the three countries possessed an institution known, for some reason that cannot now be stated with any confidence, as the "Yellow Press." This was conducted by a small but influential section of journalists, to whose prescient sagacity it had been evident from the first that war was absolutely inevitable. Their patriotism was beyond all question, though it would seem to have restricted itself to the welfare of the particular journal to which they happened to have attached themselves. Thus they held it lawful and indeed praiseworthy to announce, in the gigantic "headlines" which commended themselves to the somewhat crude taste of that period, the most alarming discoveries of infamous designs of this or that foreign potentate against the Peace of Europe. That such exposures were based on the most insufficient evidence and might have dangerous consequences was considered immaterial, provided that they increased the prestige and circulation of the paper that published them—which, however incomprehensible it may appear to a modern mind, was undoubtedly their effect.

It is always difficult to induce any people to concern itself seriously about foreign politics, and for some time any such efforts produced nothing but a languid and temporary sensation. Popular attention in England just then was mainly absorbed by the more engrossing topic of "Cup ties" (a national diversion or sport of which no precise description has come down to us)—while on the Continent the feeling was so far from bellicose that in both countries there was a growing reaction against the burden of military service.

Consequently, before each nation could be inspired with the martial impulse, it was necessary to convince its population that they were in actual and imminent peril of attack. Excellent work in this direction was done by the enterprise of the Yellow Press in publishing reports of "Secret Understandings," "Ominous Speeches" by Great Personages, and "Plans of Invasion,"—all of which, it is true, were contradicted as soon as the paper had made what was termed a "scoop."

But the citizens in three Capitals became gradually imbued with the impression that War was bound to come, and that, on the whole, it could not come at a better time, since their Yellow Press assured them that their own particular country was in such a state of preparation as to be practically certain of victory.

The average citizen, too, was deeply incensed by the offensive gibes directed against his own nation by the journalists of a rival country. These attacks, being written in a foreign tongue and generally appearing in obscure periodicals, might have escaped his notice altogether, but for the vigilance of the Yellow foreign correspondents, who forwarded faithful translations at once—simply to illustrate "the trend of opinion."

Notwithstanding all this, the negotiations muddled along quite uneventfully, until the Yellow Press was actually suspected of being "unduly alarmist,"—which hurt both its feelings and its circulation.

And at length something happened. Possibly there was a slight hitch in the diplomatic proceedings—at all events a keen-eyed correspondent observed that a certain statesman, as he left the council, wore an anxious expression and his hat at a more acute angle of inclination—which portentous intelligence was cabled home at once.

Whereupon the Yellow Press drew the obvious inference, in enormous letters (of the size generally reserved for a "Society Scandal"), of "Impossible Demands," "Hopeless Impasse," and "Grave Crisis"—and made another scoop.

This was followed up by flamboyant articles on "Foreign Aggression," "Insular Insolence," and "The National Dignity," with suggestions that any Government which showed so little sense of its responsibilities as tamely to submit to such treatment must be composed of traitors who deserved instant impeachment. It was also reported (incorrectly, as afterwards appeared) that the other nation was rapidly mobilising its forces.

By this time the people in each country had realised the fact that they were in for a big war, and that, as their Yellow Press exhorted them, it was their duty, as patriots, to insist that their own Government should strike the first blow.

So the Man in the Street demonstrated, and sang national anthems, and waved inexpensive flags, and cheered outside the office of his favourite newspaper—without more than the very vaguest notion of what he wanted to go to war about.

In fact the excitement reached such a pitch that the three Governments, each fearing that they would not be able to resist popular pressure much longer, sent their Ambassadors frequent and urgent despatches, which, being in cipher, were interpreted by the Yellow Press as containing "Ultimatum," "Time Limit Fixed," or "Recall of Our Ambassador,"—with an intelligent anticipation quite remarkable in the circumstances.

Then came a day when the patriotic proprietors and staffs of the Yellow Press of each capital had the gratification of being summoned to a private audience by their respective Premiers.

What took place at these interviews is still largely a matter for historical conjecture—but there seems reason to believe that our own Prime Minister, at all events, began by informing his hearers that the Powers reluctantly recognised that, unless the present highly inflamed state of international feeling subsided within the next twenty-four hours, they would have no alternative but to resort to the arbitrament of the sword. Which the representatives of the Yellow Press, aware of the extreme unlikeliness of any such subsidence, and the colossal "boom" that a war was certain to effect in their circulations, received with decorous expressions of concern and regret. The Prime Minister, after pointing out that a campaign on so gigantic a scale and of such protracted duration as was to be apprehended could hardly fail to prove almost as disastrous to the victors as to the vanquished, mentioned that the three Powers had agreed upon a plan which would reduce the carnage to a minimum, and might, he trusted, meet with the present company's approval.

It had been decided that, in the lamentable event of war, the belligerent forces should be composed entirely of those patriotic and high-spirited pressmen in each country who felt so keenly that the national honour could be vindicated only by blood—in short, of such gentlemen as he now had the honour of addressing. He added that, although the conditions of the conflict were still under discussion, he thought he might promise that they should have the advantage of being equipped with the new short rifle, and as many of the latest pattern of quick-firing guns as they might require.

Then he remarked that the eye of England would be upon them, and that he wished them luck—after which they withdrew.

Now they were none of them wanting in either moral or



WORKING OUT THEIR OWN SALIVATION.

THIS IS NOT A FEAST OF "FUNERAL BAKED MEATS." IT IS A PARTY OF HYGIENIC ENTHUSIASTS, FOLLOWING THE SYSTEM BY WHICH ALL FOOD IS MASTICATED EIGHTY-FIVE TIMES AND THEN ALLOWED TO REMAIN IN THE MOUTH TILL IT DISAPPEARS BY INVOLUNTARY ABSORPTION.

physical courage. They had faced unflinchingly the prospect of their country plunging into a desperate and appalling struggle. They were sternly resolved to see it through to the bitter end—but they had not calculated upon seeing it through anything but their office windows. For few of them had had any regular military training, while several were getting on in years. Moreover, although they entertained the highest respect for one another as smart journalists or up-to-date proprietors, each had his private doubts whether the others were precisely the kind of men who would stand more than a merely sporting chance in modern warfare. But, if they felt that a greater responsibility had been put upon them than they should justly have been called upon to undertake, it never for a moment occurred to them to shirk it. They were quite prepared to turn out and do their best—as soon as the necessity should arise.

And, although we have no positive evidence to that effect, it may be safely assumed that both their French *confrères*, to whom a duel was of course an ordinary professional incident, and the elderly and spectacled fire-eaters of the German Yellow Press exhibited at least equal ardour and determination, and that the call to arms would have found them no less ready—had it come.

But, by a merciful and wholly unexpected interposition of Providence, that call never did come. That very evening the welcome tidings was flashed to each capital that "the tension was relaxed," and that the situation showed "marked symptoms of improvement." It was found that the report that an ultimatum had been issued was exaggerated, and that there was no foundation for the statement that any Ambassador had been recalled—indeed, the crisis might be considered as already at an end.

Thus, at the eleventh hour, to quote from eloquent Yellow leading articles of the period, "the gates of the Temple of Janus opened once more" ('closed' would have been the more

correct expression, but the meaning was obvious) "and the horizon of three great nations was no longer overcast by the sinister shadow of the goddess Bellona." The writers added that, "considering how essential it was in the interests of European Commerce and Civilisation to avoid anything that might lead to international friction, they could not too strongly deplore and condemn the miserable policy of 'nagging' and 'pinpricking' pursued by a certain class of foreign journalists—a policy which—but for the calm good-sense and moderation displayed by the entire Press of their own beloved country—might easily have produced consequences which they could not contemplate, even then, without a shudder!"

F. A.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

SCOTCH and Welsh M.P.'s who have in the past complained much of the flatness of their London surroundings as compared with their own mountainous districts, are rejoiced that Arthur's Seat has been moved to the City and that Snowden is to be found at Westminster.

The Member for the Scotland Division of Liverpool desires it to be known that he is in favour of the Tay-Payment of Members.

"COMFORTABLE board, near sea.—Apply, &c."—*The Schoolmaster.*

'Useful' would seem a better adjective. For ourselves, though, we have always felt that the whole romance of being Crusoe would be the fortuitous lighting upon a plank or two with which to build the raft.

LAST week in Bouverie Street we heard a rather loud tie proudly described as "*le dernier cri*." If we hear it again we shall have to warn its proprietor that its next cry will indeed be its last.



Ida (very keen). "I SAY! AREN'T YOU FOLLOWING? YOU ARE A SLACKER! WHAT'S THE EXCUSE THIS TIME?"

Ethel (otherwise). "WELL, DEAR, IT'S LENT—SO I'M GIVING UP BEAGLING!"

A SUDDEN SPRING.

(With acknowledgments to the Special Correspondents of our Contemporaries.)

HAMMERSMITH.—A combination of meteorological circumstances, together with the establishment of a formidable anticyclone over France, has quite transformed the Broadway. I took record of the first ten men I met; three had discarded overcoats, four were carrying them over their arms, and the other three were soldiers. A curious result of the fine weather is the absence of puddles in the roadways.

PUTNEY.—The Atlantic disturbance which had threatened our islands has sheered off to the north, and it is no doubt to this happy circumstance that Putney to-day owes its share of the 500,000 square miles of sunshine which we are at present enjoying. The neighbouring parish of Fulham is, I understand, equally infected with the glorious

weather conditions. I took stock of the first ten women I met; seven of these were without furs, one wore a feather boa, and two clung to squirrels. I think I saw a cuckoo, but it had passed round the corner before I could verify my observation. However, I certainly saw one man wearing a strawberry in his button-hole; you may take this as official.

PADDINGTON.—The day opened here with a cloudless sky. Expressions such as, "Isn't it a lovely day?" "Pity to be indoors on such a morning," and, "My! ain't it 'ot!" were heard on all sides. Many people living near the Parks woke to the twittering of the lark, and breakfasted to the liquid flute-like tones of the blackbird or thrush.

I understand that a gentleman was seen in Kensington talking to a pedestrian with a pith helmet. I personally took note of the first ten men I met; three had shed their chest-protectors, two wore cummerbunds, and five were down with sun-stroke.

How happy could I be with both.

WE gather from *The Birmingham Daily Post* that the Headmaster of the Holywell County School is strongly of opinion that the daffodil, and not the leek, should be the Welsh national emblem, and he asks, "Since both are called 'cenin' in Welsh, why not wear the prettier and the more odoriferous?"

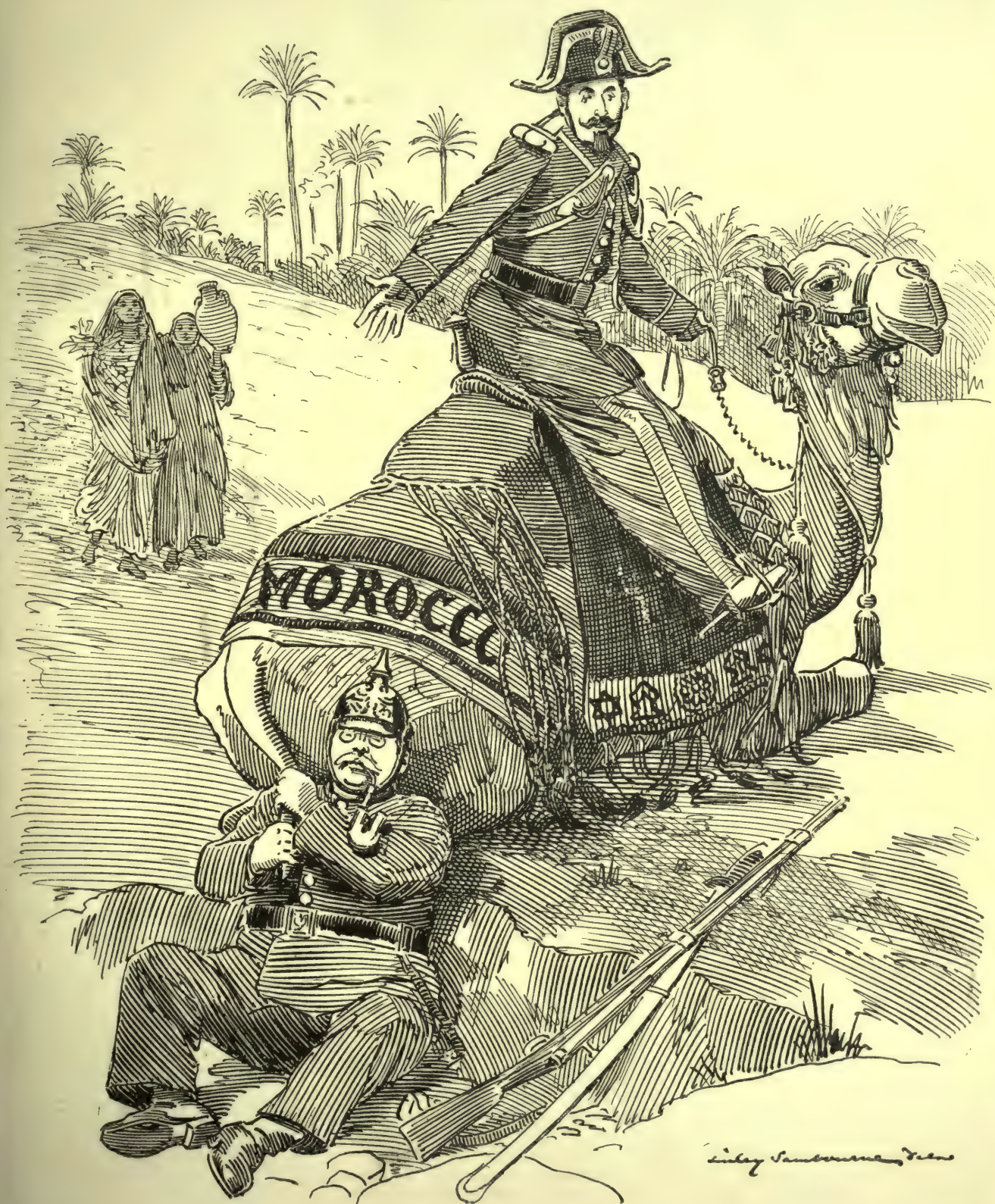
This means wearing both daffodil and leek, and is perhaps the best way out of the difficulty (since both are called "cenin").

More Professional Candour.

"FRENCH Master requires French Lessons."
Bath Herald.

"WATCH Dog (Cross Russian Retriever), strayed on the 18th February, if found in any person's possession after three days will be prosecuted."—*Scotman.*

But would not this make the poor dog even more cross?



SITTING TIGHT.

FRENCH GENDARME. "J'Y SUIS!"

GERMAN GENDARME. "J'Y RESTE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Mar. 5.—C.-B. back after week's absence through illness. Returns to find other seats of the mighty vacant for similar reason. PRINCE ARTHUR still tarryies on his way from the triumphant poll. DON JOSÉ also on sick list. Epidemic spread to Lords, where the Leader has not been seen for fully a week. Not unnatural feeling of depression prevalent. Ordered arrangements of business tumbled about. Were to have had field night on Fiscal Question, specially arranged for benefit of PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ. C.-B., always thinking of others, felt certain they would welcome opportunity of saying something definite as to their personal position in altered circumstances of the day at Westminster. Accordingly, primed KITSON with resolution affirming sacredness of Free Trade principles and challenging contradiction.

Nothing new in this procedure. Familiar to *Bombastes Furioso* when Utopia was still numbered among the kingdoms of the earth. Impossible to conceive two persons more remote in identity than the General commanding *Artaxaminous's* troops and Member for Colne Valley. Yet KITSON's resolution standing on Order paper is but a prose rendering of the distich *Bombastes* hung with his boots on a tree:

Who dares this pair of boots displace
Must meet *Bombastes* face to face.

Days gone by when, equally pertinacious Liberals insisting on submitting analogous resolutions, PRINCE ARTHUR and his men-at-arms filed forth from the lists. By accident result nevertheless



"CLEAR THINKING."
(Rt. Hon. R. B. H-l-d-ne.)



"Who dares this pair of boots displace
Must meet JAMES KITSON face to face."

(The Member for Colne Valley.)

the same. Neither PRINCE ARTHUR nor DON JOSÉ would be present if original plan carried out and Free Trade Resolution submitted on Thursday. C.-B. having arranged the little performance for special benefit of the two right hon. gentlemen, it would be foolish to proceed with it in their absence. Accordingly, motion to-night indefinitely deferred.

Meanwhile sympathy of House centred upon KITSON. Having, in obedience to original programme, hung his boots on the tree, he walks round it in his stocking feet, cursing the fate that brought a naturally peaceful Baronet into such a fray.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates.

Tuesday night.—Odd how from time to time chance turn of debate makes startling disclosure of the character of men with whom we have thought ourselves long familiar. Here's BALCARRES, for example, been in House these ten years. As Hon. Sec. of Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings appropriately, during declining years of late Ministry, buttressed it as Junior Lord of the Treasury. Threw himself with energy of middle-aged youth into performance of fascinating duties of Whip. In short, has buzzed about pretty prominently. Yet only this afternoon did the House catch glimpse beneath a studiously placid demeanour of the volcano of a passionate nature, instantly

responsive to cry for help for the weaker side.

It was ACLAND-HOOD who inadvertently but directly led up to disclosure. It appears that SYDNEY BUXTON been trying to do something iniquitous in matter of nomination of Post Office Committee. A long involved story, occupying in development freshest two hours of the sitting. In brief it came to this, that, early negotiations for nomination of Committee breaking down, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL placed on paper a motion leaving its nomination to Committee of Selection.

That on face of it eminently impartial arrangement; but perfidy lurks behind its simplicity. The PINK 'UN told how, happening to be hovering about the Bar, he "spied" SYDNEY BUXTON handing to the Clerk of the Table half a sheet of notepaper. Naturally suspicious, he made his way to the Table, asked what the document contained, "and," he cried, holding out the Orders of the Day and shaking them in the face of the quivering POSTMASTER-GENERAL, "it was this,"—indicating the amendment aforesaid.

This dramatic interposition of his ordinarily impassive Chief moved BALCARRES. In addition he had a personal grievance that evidently seared a haughty spirit.

"We Whips," he said, "are commonly alluded to as the ordinary channels of communication."

No one who had yet spoken had made the allusion. Evidently somewhere at some time it had cropped up, causing effusion of bad blood. More than once in the course of his speech BALCARRES, with increasing bitterness, repeated the phrase. If they had called him an equator it might have been meant disrespectfully but would not have mattered. "A channel of communication," and an ordinary channel at that, was more than trained patience could stand.

In a fine passage, glowing with scorn, BALCARRES, having crumpled up SYDNEY BUXTON, turned on unoffending C.-B. who had ventured to offer a few remarks, and with threatening forefinger, reminiscent of *Lochiel's* interlocutor on the eve of Culloden, bade him beware of the day when the Howlands should meet him in battle array.

"We," he proudly said, "can be voted down. But the findings of your Committee will be discredited in advance."

Here the channel of communication abruptly dried up, and the House, grateful for relief from terrible tension, hurried forth to the Division Lobby.

Business done.—Storm in a teacup. Objection taken to POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S procedure in getting Select Committee appointed. C.-B., having scored a majority of 204, gracefully yields to wishes of minority, and peace reigns at Westminster.

Friday night.—The Aliens Act come home to roost. Has dealt decided back-hander at Parliamentary week-ending. Hon. Members seem to be especial objects of suspicion on part of agents administering it. Attention is not even confined to sitting Members. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, attempting to land after enjoying a breath of that briny which old associations make indispensable to the pleasure of life, was stopped at the gangway and asked if he were the possessor of £5 in lawful cash. The CAP'EN, his vocabulary not exhausted even after an electoral campaign in the City, made suitable reply.

Sir JOSEPH LEESE, taking up the curdling story, recently made the House's flesh creep by narrative of his personal experiences. Coming home from brief visit to Continent, his eyes brightened by gleam of cliffs at Dover, his patriotic breast inflated with English air blowing off the Downs, he was stopped by what he described as "a little gentleman in French uniform," who inquired whether he was an Englishman.

An artist, desirous of varying the traditional type of John Bull, might do worse than present a portrait of the Recorder of Manchester. For a moment startled by the question, he gazed speechless over the head of his interlocutor. Then he let him have it straight.



SO LIKE A DESTITUTE ALIEN.

"'Am I an Englishman?!!'—Who the— what the— why the!!!!—Never w's so 'nsulted 'n m' life!!!"

(Sir J-s-ph L-se.)

Shortly after, the shrivelled remains of "the little gentleman" being decently removed, another hapless man, this time



COACHING THE MINISTERIAL BOAT.

"It's a clinking good crew and amazingly well together."

(Mr. R. C. L-hm-nn.)

in ship's uniform, came up and asked, "Are you a British subject?" [*Curtain.*]

In their zeal for administering the Act these inquiring gentlemen are no respecters of persons. Except EVANS-GORDON, no Member of last Parliament worked harder to pass Aliens Bill than HOWARD VINCENT; and he too, coming home after taking his walks abroad in Boulogne, found himself suspect. Unlike JOSEPH LEESE who, perhaps not saying exactly what he meant, protested it was "degrading to be asked if he were an Englishman," HOWARD VINCENT gloried in the misunderstanding. There is in truth something in his martial figure, his piercing eye, his war-worn moustache, that suggests the foreign Field-Marshal. Had he been privileged, as on historic occasion ST. JOHN BRODRICK was, to wear military uniform in the company of the KAISER and his Colonels, he would have seemed so much at home that no bystander would have suspected he came from Sheffield.

In the misunderstanding on board the packet-boat he discerned fresh testimony to distinction of looks and manner. He regretted that the learned Recorder of Manchester, returning to his native land, should have been, even for a moment, regarded as an undesirable Alien. For himself, he had no complaint to make.

That all very well in a particular case. But the annoyance indicated in other instances is a serious blot on the pleasure of week-ending. "Moreover than which," one result of the passing of the Act has been the abolition of third-class return tickets to the Continent. This, coming on top of refusal of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to reintroduce franking, and the dwindling quantity of the shilling dinner provided by the Kitchen Committee, is calculated to make some younger sons in Opposition Camp reconsider their position.

Business done.—Talk about Agricultural Compensation.

A Cruel Blow.

LADY BLEW THE WHISTLE.

THREE POLICEMEN INJURED.

Daily News Headlines.

A Chance for Black-listers.

"LAPPER (Experienced) Wanted."

Birmingham Daily Mail.

THE whole world, according to *The Daily Express*, is going mauve mad. Another fashion authority, however, insists that not mauve but something nearer pink is the correct spring shade, and doubtless the world will now go rose madder.



Master (to fair American, who has just ridden into the middle of the pack). "DOES NOT YOUR HORSE KICK HOUNDS?"
Fair American. "THAT'S SO. I RECKON YOU'LL WANT TO MOVE 'EM AWAY!"



"WHAT AN ASS OLD BROWN IS!"

"OH, I DON'T KNOW. HE'S GOT FAR MORE BRAINS THAN APPEAR ON THE SURFACE."

ARE JEWELS MALIGNANT?

[In a lecture delivered at the Westminster Palace Hotel on "Occultism in Jewels" Madame CAVALIER, an Indian lady, said that jewels were not mere lifeless lumps of crystal, but possessed a soul and sex, and were capable of influencing those who wore them.]

MR. F. TOBIAS CRACKIT writes from Dartmoor, as follows:—

May I be permitted cordially to endorse Madame CAVALIER's observations regarding the malign influence exerted by some gems upon their wearers? I can testify to the truth of her statements from personal experience. A combination of amethysts and pearls, says Madame CAVALIER, is very dangerous. It is. I once had an amethyst and pearl scarf-pin and was fool enough to wear it. I say "fool" because I knew it would be simply tempting fortune to venture out in that amethyst and pearl pin. But vanity overcame my better judgment.

It looked really rather nice, and gave to my appearance just that finish which marks the perfectly dressed man.

I was thinking of returning home when I was accosted, in a grossly insult-

ing manner, by a total stranger, who claimed my scarf-pin as his property and intimated that I had acquired it by dishonest means. I was unable to convince him or the policeman he summoned that the pin was an heirloom, descended to me from my mother's side of the family, and the experience was altogether most unpleasant. It took me quite a long time to work off the disagreeable effects of this monstrous accusation.

On several other occasions I have suffered cruel misfortune from causes which could only be attributable to the diabolical malevolence of some jewel which happened to be upon my person, and for the present, at any rate, upon the recommendation of a member of the Judicial Bench, to whom, not without some reluctance, for I have a horror of ignorant superstition, I confided my trouble, I have abandoned the wearing of precious stones altogether.

I have long been a believer in the theory put forward by Madame CAVALIER that certain stones have sex and are capable of propagating their own kind. I have several diamonds interred in my back garden, but to achieve results from

which reliable data could be obtained more stones are required than I possess. If any of your readers are interested in this truly fascinating branch of mystic science I shall be happy to include a few large and flawless gems (sex immaterial) in the experiments upon which I hope to engage, when I have completed the geological observations at present demanding my whole attention.

Salaries for Members.

A DIFFICULTY has arisen in regard to the proposed payment of Members. It has been pointed out by a student of the speeches of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and others on Education, that, where grants are made from public moneys, the Government must and shall exercise control over the expenditure of such grants. This reminder has created a very painful impression.

A Holocaust of Olympians.

"DURING the shooting in the Gwalior State the Prince of WALES bagged nine tigers and three pantheons."

Western Mail, Cardiff.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE *début* of MARKO KARAMELOFF, the Bulgarian conductor, with his orchestra of seventy-five trained instrumentalists, attracted a large and fashionable audience to the Euterpe Concert Hall last Saturday night. In directing the performance without a *bâton* M. KARAMELOFF resembles other notable conductors of the day; what honourably distinguishes him from his talented *confreres* is that he has achieved such a complete control over his men that they are able to dispense with instruments altogether. The results achieved inevitably fall somewhat short in actual sonority of those with which ordinary concert-goers are familiar, but so convincing is the pantomime of the performers that, with the aid of a full analytical programme, the intelligent amateur finds no difficulty in following every bar of the music.

M. KARAMELOFF's gestures, moreover, are extraordinarily suggestive in their picturesque intensity. Thus to indicate a *pianissimo* he crouches down on all fours; when a passage in contrary motion occurs he stands on his head; and at a *sforzando* his whole frame undergoes a convulsion which leaves nothing to be desired. The programme of the first concert included the *Kaisermarsch*, the overture to *Rienzi*, the *Walkürenritt*, and STRAUSS's *Heldenleben*, and by the unanimous testimony of those present a more picturesque and gymnastic rendering of these masterpieces was never given in London. One great advantage of the method of inaudible performance is so patent as hardly to deserve mention. It is that no constraint is put upon the exercise of the conversational instinct amongst the audience, and on Saturday night the uninterrupted ripple of talk in the auditorium formed a most charming *obligato* accompaniment to the spirited contortions of the instrumentalists.

It remains to be added that M. KARAMELOFF and his band are fully alive to the great additional attraction lent to music by the dress and bearing of its executants. M. KARAMELOFF, who is a man of colossal build, and endowed with

a magnificent *chevelure* of terra cotta hue, wears a long black velvet frock-coat, violet accordion-pleated pantaloons and a Purple Emperor butterfly tie of gigantic dimensions. The wood wind, by a happy device, are arrayed in Lincoln-green doublets, the trumpeters in scarlet zouave jackets—in short, every section of the orchestra is clad in an appropriate uniform. Thus, their performance not only affords perfect relief to the ear, it appeals irresistibly to the eye as well. An especial interest, moreover, attaches to their visit, as it serves to illustrate in the most convincing way that conception of Greek "*orchêsis*" so eloquently described by Mrs. MARCELLE AZRA HINCKS in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and fore-

BILGER, who owns to being fifteen, is a violoncellist of Trans-Caspian reputation, and is able to cantillate in no fewer than fourteen languages, including Lithuanian, Pomeranian, and the Romansch of the Grödenenthal. HANUSCH and FRITZI BILGER (twins), aged twelve and a half, have achieved a unique position by their wonderful joint performance on the same instrument—the double-bass—which recently led Signor Boïto to eulogize them in a witty letter beginning "*A propos de Bottesini*." PARSIFAL BILGER, rising eleven, is a master of the Saxophone, and passing over EUGEN PORPORA, EUDOXIA SERAPHINA, and MAX GREGOROWITCH (nine, eight, and six), who are all addicted to instruments of percussion, we may mention that the latest addition to the family, the baby BRÜNNHILDE BILGER, though as yet unable to walk, exhibits a marked preference for the music of DEBUSSY over that of all other composers. Her *début*, which is expected to take place in May, is looked forward to with the keenest apprehension.

An interesting *plébiscite* on the subject of the best diet for singers has recently been conducted by our contemporary *The Lyre*, which publishes in its current issue replies from several leading singers and musicians. Perhaps the most startling communication is that of Mr. BURBERRY QUANTOCK, the famous tenor, who writes: "I never sing better than immediately after a hearty meal of boiled beef, suet dumplings, and marrowfat peas; but it is always dangerous to generalise from individual cases." Madame LORNA BUTLER, the impressionist soprano, recommends a light lunch of banana-fritters and lime-juice before an evening concert, and M. HUGO MORELLA advocates port wine, diluted with soda-water, and helped down by cracknels. Mr. PLUNKITT BROWN, the renowned Hibernian basso and banjoist, writes the following characteristic letter: "Though personally a follower of Dr. ABERNETHY, I do not wish to impose my views on others. But there is no doubt that golden syrup is good for the *cantabile* style, that Kümmel taken with oysters is dangerous, and that, in order to obtain perfect control of the high G, one should never ride a horse of less than sixteen hands."



RESULT OF TOMPKYNS'S ATTEMPT TO CREATE AN IMPRESSION BY "VAULTING LIGHTLY INTO THE SADDLE" ACCORDING TO HIS RIDING INSTRUCTIONS.

shadows the advent of that happy time when all musical performances will rest, in their final appeal to the senses, on a correct application of the principles of Jiu-jitsu.

In no calling is hereditary talent so conspicuously displayed as in that of music, and in no family is this characteristic more signally illustrated than in that of Professor BILGER, the famous Wallachian composer, conductor, and pianist. Himself the son and grandson of distinguished musicians, he has transmitted his talent to a large and increasing family. BOLESŁAS BILGER, his eldest son, who, only three seasons back, excited the raptures of the fashionable world as the infant PADEREWSKI, has now developed into a robust *virtuoso*, with so magnificent a bass voice that he is seriously thinking of taking to the operatic stage. HUNYADI

HOW TO BE AN AUTHOR.

MR. PUNCH, having read the latest book on the way to write for the Press, feels that there is at least one important subject not properly explained therein: to wit, the Covering Letter. He therefore proceeds to supplement this and similar books. . .

. . . It is, however, when your story is written that the difficulties begin. Having selected a suitable editor, you send him your contribution accompanied by a covering letter. The writing of this letter is the most important part of the whole business. One story, after all, is very much like another (in your case, probably, exactly like another), but you can at least in your covering letter show that you are a person of originality.

Your letter must be one of three kinds: Pleading, Peremptory, or Corruptive. I proceed to give examples of each.

I.—THE PLEADING LETTER.

199, Berkeley Square, W.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have a wife and seven starving children; can you possibly help us by accepting this little story of only 18,000 (eighteen thousand) words? Not only would you be doing a work of charity to one who has suffered much, but you would also, I venture to say, be conferring a real benefit upon English literature—as I have already received the thanks of no fewer than thirty-three editors for having allowed them to peruse this manuscript.—Yours humbly, THE McHARDY.

P.S.—My youngest boy, aged three, pointed to his little sister's Gazeka toy last night and cried "De editor!" These are literally the first words that have passed his lips for three days. Can you stand by and see the children starve?

II.—THE PEREMPTORY LETTER.

SIR,—Kindly publish at once and oblige

Yours faithfully, EUGENE HACKENKICK.

P.S.—I shall be round at your office to-morrow about an advertisement for some 600 lb. bar-bells, and will look you up.

III.—THE CORRUPTIVE LETTER.

Middlesex House, Park Lane, W.

DEAR MR. SMITH,—Can you come and dine with us quite in a friendly way on Thursday at eight? I want to introduce you to the Princess of HOLDWIG-SCHLOSSTEIN and Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, who are so eager to meet you. Do you know I am really a little frightened at the thought of meeting such a famous editor? Isn't it silly of me?

Yours very sincerely, EMMA MIDDLESEX.

P.S.—I wonder if you could find room in your splendid little paper for a silly story I am sending you. It would be such a surprise for the Duke's birthday (on Monday).

E. M.

Before concluding the question of the covering letter I must mention the sad case of my friend HALLBUT. HALLBUT had a series of lithographed letters of all kinds, one of which he would enclose with every story he sent out. On a certain occasion he wrote a problem story of the most advanced kind; what, in fact, the reviewers call a "strong" story. In sending this to the editor of a famous magazine his secretary carelessly slipped in the wrong letter:

"DEAR MR. EDITOR," it ran, "I am trying to rite you a littel story, I do hope you will like my little storey, I want to tell you about my kanary and my pussy cat, it's name is Peggy and it has seven kitens, have you any kitens, I will give you one if you print my story. Your loving little friend, FLOSSIE.

FROM the Report of a Hospital for paying patients:

"All the food for the staff comes out of the Beds. Also brushes, lamp-glasses, and numerous other sundries."

The Millennium, surely, when all things lie down with the lamb.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HALLAM MURRAY's *High Road of Empire* (JOHN MURRAY) is dedicated to the Princess of WALES, and opportunely appears at a time when H.R.H. and the PRINCE are visiting India. It is with that part of the vast Empire the handsome volume chiefly deals. The route is familiar, having often been written about. Mr. MURRAY brings to his task the rare combination of qualities found in an artist who can write. He looks upon the glowing colour of India with the eye of a painter. His story is illustrated by a number of charming sketches, many in water-colour. To those who have never passed through India they bring home a keen sense of its beauty and antiquity. Although on artistic mission bent, Mr. MURRAY was of business mind. Amid his rapture over the incomparable Taj the instinct of the publisher asserts itself. "First of all," he writes, "I had to try and verify all the *Handbook* statements and do what I could to put the descriptions straight." "The 'Ouse, what 'Ouse?" the cabman growled when the new M.P. loftily bade him drive to "The House." No need to ask what *Handbook*? It is THE *Handbook*—MURRAY'S.

Who wrote "*Billy's Wife*"?

"I," said LUCAS CLEEVE;

"You'd hardly believe

I could write such a silly book as *Billy's Wife*."

Who published "*Billy's Wife*"?

"I," said JOHN LONG;

"I suppose it was wrong—

but she'd already written eleven other books; and one might have expected something pretty good for the twelfth, particularly when it had such a promising title as *Billy's Wife*."

Who read "*Billy's Wife*"?

"I," groaned the reviewer

(*Temerarius puer!*);

"I read *Billy's Wife*."

From the house of A. & C. BLACK, which sounds black enough, comes *The Blackmore Country*, by Mr. F. J. SNELL, a volume to be carried to Devonshire by pious readers of *Lorna Doone* and *Christowell*, *Perlycross* and *The Maid of Sker*. R. D. BLACKMORE is not just now quite where he used to be in the matter of popularity, and perhaps this book may serve to revive his old vogue. We hope so, for *Lorna Doone* is still the best story of its kind. None the less, although Mr. SNELL's labours are interesting, we do not hold that a romance like that gains anything from a topographical gloss. "Read *Lorna Doone* first," would be our advice; "and afterwards—please yourself."

No flowery tale is *Hyacinth* (E. ARNOLD), and although The author's name is BIRMINGHAM, the tale is not of JOE; But those on whom *The Seething Pot* a lasting impress left Will hasten to procure it by purchase, loan or theft.

For here the Irish problem in fiction's pleasing guise With wit and sense and pathos is set before our eyes; And whether 'tis amusement or facts you want to get You'll find them both in *Hyacinth* for four-and-sixpence net.

SUGGESTED NAME FOR THE FREE BREAKFAST FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN BILL.—The Alimentary Education Act.

Q. Why has Mr. TREE recently dispensed with his body servant?

A. Because no man is a Nero to his valet.

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER has recently been at work on a canvas symbolic of the idea of a Happy Marriage. The moral of the picture is, we understand, that Marriage is not so bad as it is painted.

By-the-by, with reference to the statement that the KAISER was kept weather-bound for an entire day at Wilhelms-haven by a gale, we are requested to state that His Majesty was in mufti at the time.

A great and much-needed access to the ranks of American comic writers is announced. A number of Transatlantic *littérateurs* have agreed, at the instance of Mr. CARNEGIE, to publish books the contents of which shall be spelt phonetically.

Honours come thick and fast to Mr. SARGENT. The other day he was invited to contribute his portrait to the Uffizi Gallery. Now a writer in *The London Magazine* declares that SARGENT would seem to be the painter to whom the portrait work of Mr. HAL HURST is most closely allied.

First it was the Tariff Reformers, and now it is Lord MILNER; and the rumour goes that it is the intention of members of the Liberal Party to propose a vote of censure on all persons whose political views differ from their own.

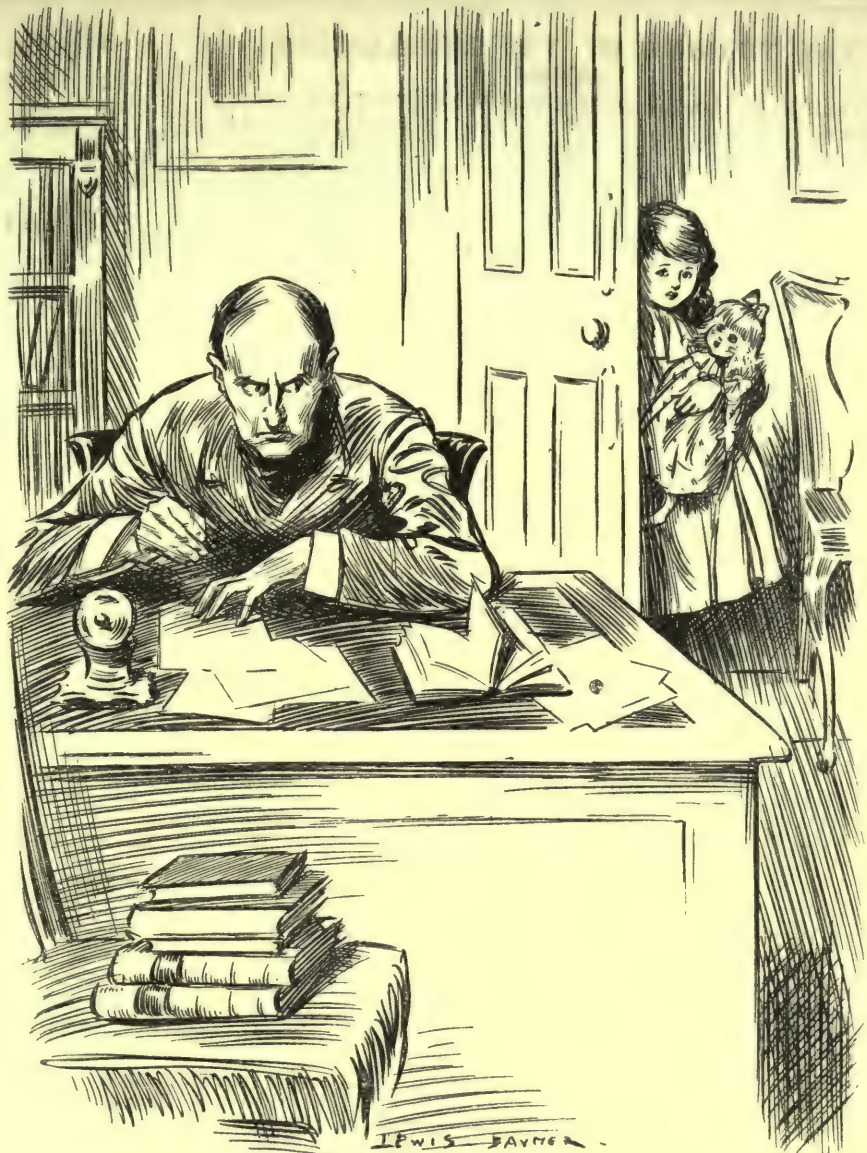
The Daily Mirror last week made Major-General Sir ALFRED TURNER say that Mr. HALDANE'S "proposed reforms" were excellent. This was, of course, an inadvertence.

The Post Office is about to issue a book containing twelve penny stamps and twenty-three halfpenny stamps at the price of two shillings. It is hoped that, if this publication goes well, a popular edition at a shilling will be forthcoming.

So few people make use of the Embankment that the Thames decided to do so last week.

We have pleasure in recording the following interchange of *badinage* which delighted the Marylebone Police Court last week. "Do you know if it is right to summon us for the rates before they are due?" a woman asked Mr. PLOWDEN. "No, I don't know what is right in this world," was the reply. Applicant: "Oh, you don't?" Mr. PLOWDEN: "No." We do not think that Mr. PLOWDEN was quite at his best in this second repartee.

People are still talking of the recent



A SOFT ANSWER.

Papa (literary, who has given orders he is not to be disturbed). "WHO IS IT?"
Little Daughter. "Scarcely anybody, dear Papa!"

terrible accident to an *Express* which ran off the lines, and dashed into Lagos, Africa, instead of Lagos, Portugal.

Meanwhile, by an act of rare consideration and magnanimity—for the *Express* is a Protectionist organ—the Government has promptly changed the name of the colony of Lagos to Southern Nigeria.

The appearance of a new disease is chronicled. "On being medically examined," writes a correspondent to a contemporary, "it was found that I was slightly flat-footed and short-sighted in one eye."

Many doctors, we hear, are now recommending smoking for ladies as an inexpensive substitute for a sea-voyage.

WALTER HOUCK, aged sixteen, of New York, recently slept for seven days. His sleep seemed to be natural, and his health excellent, and it is prophesied that the lad will become a great judge.

The Census of the British Empire reveals the gratifying fact that every possible variety of fancy religion continues to flourish under the British Flag, and that the KING has no more loyal subjects than the Calathumpians, the Hokes, the Millennial Dawnites, the Dippers, the Tunkers, and even the Hornerites.

"Dressmaking Season Begins" is the heading of a paragraph in a contemporary. The poor husbands had no idea that there was a close time.

THE TURNING OF THE MIDDLE-CLASS WORM.

[*The Daily Mail* is taking up the cause of the "Middle-Class Serf," who is taxed and rated and bled beyond endurance "in the interests of the most pampered section of the community—the labouring man." The Middle Classes, it seems, are now in revolt, and are forming a new political body on the lines of the Labour Party in order to obtain justice and recognition. It is to be known as "The Thinking Party."]

WHAT are these voices floating on the Springtide,
Blent with the clank of chains,
Poignant as when a sea-mew, with his wing tied,
Frets for the ocean's plains;
Not loud and coarse, but doleful, but *adagio*,
As fits Refinement even in decay,
There in its villa aptly styled "Bellaggio,"
Down Brixton way?

I know that cry, that stifled cry for freedom!
I know that weary wail!
It is the Middle Class with none to heed 'em,
Except *The Daily Mail*;
It is the type of whom the word was written
That proves the pen more potent than the sword:
"These constitute the heart, the brains, of Britain,
Its spinal cord."

The clerk, the journalist, the man of letters,
Of medicine and the law—
They are condemned to wear ignoble fetters,
And lie on planks and straw;
Daintily bred, they have their bodies branded
With marks that ought to make our bosoms boil;
They are the slaves of so-called horny-handed
Scions of toil.

Bled (to oblige his lord) of hard-won wages,
The wretched drudge provides
Free schools and meals, free baths and free old-ages,
And Lord knows what besides;
Until a brain of once superb dimensions
At last collapses, and the poor dull slave
Ge's, while his tyrants pouch their annual pensions,
A pauper's grave!

England, be warned! The time for patience passes;
You are more near the eve
Of a revolt among the Middle Classes
Than you perhaps believe;
Worn to a thread by Labour's licensed plunder
Of what poor desultory pay they earn,
Can anybody reasonably wonder
These worms should turn?

We can but dimly guess what that contortion
Will in effect be like,
For none has ever seen the brainy portion
Of England go on strike;
This much is sure—or I've miscalculated—
It will recall Athena's maiden rôle,
When she debouched, in armour fully plated,
From Zeus's poll.

Figure the portent! Let there be no blinking
The dread results to be
When all our Thinking Classes give up thinking
And strike for Liberty!
The public might endure its straitened lot if
Most other hives of thought should cease to hum,
But what—O hideous apprehension!—what if
The Press went dumb!

O. S.

TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF WIT.

I HAD heard so much ever since I can remember—and I had read so much continually in *The Daily Chronicle*,—of the ready wit of the London omnibus driver, that, when the fine weather came the other day and I felt lazy, I determined to hear some of it for myself. The time seemed peculiarly propitious, for the sun shone, and every hour or so a new motor-bus was being projected into the streets of London to add to the confusion of traffic and intensify the sardonic nature of the old drivers. So I took a front seat beside a driver with a scornful mouth and a twinkling eye, and waited; first, however, carefully fastening the waterproof apron to the pegs on each side of me, because I remembered so many anecdotes in which repartees had caused the hearers to "nearly fall off the bus" in their mirth as they "thought they would have died."

An opportunity came at once. At the Albert Gate there was the usual block, in which a cabman edged his cab so near our off horse that the shaft touched it. It is the kind of thing that, in the stories of bus drivers' wit that men tell you, invariably leads to retorts that made them "nearly die of laughing." So I was full of confident expectation. But in vain. "Why don't yer bring out your old woman to drive for yer?" was all he said. This did not seem to me to be funny; but I must confess that I was alone in that opinion. The rest of the people on the bus thought it excellent, and I heard one young woman behind me repeating to her friend: "Did you hear what he said? He asked that cabman why he didn't bring out his old woman to drive for him. They're so quick, these drivers."

We passed on and had more luck. We came to a motor-bus that had broken down—an "Ariel," I think it was. "Now," thought I, holding tight to the sides, "now!" The driver looked round and collected the passengers' attention. Then he called out to the chauffeur, with an air of secure triumph, "Why don't you sit on 'is 'ead?" Everyone laughed; everyone except one who had come out expecting too much.

I sat on that bus all the way to Charing Cross, and twice more the driver asked cabmen why they had not brought out their old women to drive for them, and once he asked it of a coachman and once of a carter; and once more he told a chauffeur to sit on the motor's head, and once he asked the conductor of a motor-bus for a drop of oil for mercy's sake. I confess to smiling at the last appeal, which, for the moment, was new to me; the rest of the passengers "nearly died."

At Charing Cross I changed to the front seat of another bus whose driver also looked promising, and returned to Kensington. This is the record of the ride's intellectual activity. Half-way up lower Regent Street a waggon in front "bored" a little, and the driver was asked why he had not brought out his old woman to take his place. As we waited in Piccadilly a Fulham motor-bus was just in front, and the conductor was asked to spare a drop of oil for mercy's sake. Opposite the Naval and Military Club a cabman was asked why he hadn't brought out his old woman to drive for him. Opposite the Lyceum Club the chauffeur of a motor-bus which had gone wrong was told to sit on its head. By Knightsbridge Barracks a Carter Paterson driver was asked why he hadn't brought out his old woman to drive for him, and again by the Albert Hall the question was put to a coachman with a rather mischievous pair of bays. That was the lot; and once again I must confess that I was alone in not being able to laugh and enjoy these sallies. Everyone else was delighted, and doubtless carried home spicy stories of the day's wit.

And that bus drivers are original and witty will, I suppose, continue to be alleged as long as bus drivers exist; which will not be very long if the motor-buses multiply at their present rate. Whether the chauffeur is to be credited also with powers of repartee remains to be seen. He seems so far to have no time for frivolity.



SMALL PROFITS, QUICK RETURNS.

LONDON CABBIE. "WOT WITH THESE 'ERE MOTOR BUSES AN' TUBES AN' ALL, BLOWED IF I KNOW WOT THE KEB BUSINESS IS A COMIN' TO!"

FRENCH COCHER. "DO AS I'VE DONE, *MON VIEUX*. TRY CHEAP FARES AND *TAXIMÈTRES*."



The Infant Prodigy has reached the middle of an exceedingly difficult pianoforte solo, and one of those dramatic pauses of which the celebrated composer is so fond has occurred.

Kindly, but undiscerning, Old Lady. "PLAY SOMETHING YOU KNOW, DEARIE."

HOW TO LIVE CHEAPLY.

HINTS TO PEERS WITH LESS THAN £50,000 A YEAR.

(Continuation of the "Daily Express" Series.)

RIGID economy will be necessary for young couples marrying on less than £50,000 a year, if they wish to avoid the manufacturers seizing the furniture purchased on the instalment system. Dressing allowance must be rigidly reduced to £800 a year each, and at the outside four chauffeurs only retained.

Far the best system of saving money is by cutting down expenses. Give up the house in Park Lane, and take one in some cheaper part, such as Great Cumberland Place or Grosvenor Gardens. Dismiss all your servants except twenty; with a little self-denial the young wife should be able to do the rest of the house-work herself. Cost of firing may be reduced by using electric fires, while bus-fares may be eliminated by only riding in your motor.

Your income may be increased in your spare time by acting as company director, playing Bridge and Baccarat and attend-

ing horse races, or you might borrow money all round and then go bankrupt. When taking a special train travel by first-class carriage instead of Pullman car, and give up one of your steam yachts. Share deer forest and grouse moor with another, and take American millionaire as paying guest at a hundred guineas a day.

Answers to Correspondents.

"DESPERATE" (Berkeley Square).—You say your income is only two thousand a week, and you have a wife and three children depending on you. Join a burial club. Give up most of your villas on the Riviera. Tell me how you get on.

"I. O. U." (Carlton Hotel).—(1) Recoverable in the County Court. (2) Your expenditure on macintoshes and lucifer matches is too high. (3) Stop entertaining Royalty.

"GENEROUS" (White's Club).—Cut down your charities at once. Revise your wife's dress allowance, and take your boys from Eton and Oxford. Stop pensions to retired servants.

"HIRE SYSTEM" (Royal Yacht Squad-

ron).—Your estimate of £5,000 for the fitting of your yacht's dining saloon seems reasonable enough. Perhaps 5s. 8d. for the coal-box looks rather high, but coal-boxes have been exceptionally dear this season.

A Novel Turn.

A MAN charged with picking pockets at the Marylebone Police Court the other day seems to have enjoyed exceptional facilities for the carrying on of his vocation. The evidence, according to *The Daily Mail*, showed that "at one time he had the appearance of a gentleman, wearing kid gloves. Then he would suddenly *turn into a doorway*." A very clever disguise, which might have deceived anybody except a British constable.

A Pretty Compliment.

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle says of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY that "he never sings a song until everybody has grown sick and tired of it, and consequently [his turn is always fresh and always funny."

OUR SHORT STORY.

[One of these will appear every week until further notice.—AUTHOR.]

I regret to announce that with this number our weekly Short Stories will cease.—EDITOR.]

I.

THOUGH MILLICENT SOMERS was the belle of the town, she looked the picture of woe as she dropped her shapely head upon her hands, and gazed up at the French painted ceiling with a sigh of utter and hopeless despair.

[EDITOR. Impossible.]

AUTHOR. Hang it, this is a romance.]

"What is it, MILLY dear?" asked her aunt, Lady MACKENZIE. "Come, my love, tell me all your trouble," and the good woman moved across to the sofa where her beautiful niece was sitting.

"Oh aunt," said MILLICENT, "I am so unhappy."

"Had you not better tell me all?" said her aunt again.

[EDITOR. I cannot understand a woman like Lady MACKENZIE.]

AUTHOR. Wait.]

MILLY put her arm round Lady MACKENZIE's waist, and unburdened herself to her aunt (with whom she was staying for a few weeks at her house, Calcot Towers, in Sussex).

"It's about JACK," she said. "He has been untrue to me."

"Impossible," said Lady MACKENZIE; for handsome JACK STAUNTON was a great friend of hers, and nobody had been more pleased than Lady MACKENZIE when his engagement to MILLICENT had been announced.

"Alas," said MILLY, "there can be no doubt about it. Lord STEEPLE told me that he had overheard Mr. STAUNTON saying that he was already secretly married to a Miss HEDINGHAM."

"And what explanation has JACK to give on the subject?" asked Lady MACKENZIE, drawing in the ends of her mouth and pouting her lips, as she always did when vexed.

[EDITOR. Lady MACKENZIE was a remarkable woman, was she not?]

AUTHOR. Very. Her husband was the Earl of —

EDITOR. Quite so.]

"I have not asked him to give one," said MILLY. "I would not demean myself by talking to a man who could behave so unfaithfully."

[EDITOR. Was MILLY quite right?]

AUTHOR. You forget. She is the heroine of "Our Short Story." What else could she do?]

"My dear," said her aunt, Lady MACKENZIE, "Lord STEEPLE is misinformed. JACK has always loved you. He has

never had anything to do with Miss HEDINGHAM."

"Oh aunt!" cried the beautiful girl. "How happy you have made me!" And she threw her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissed her.

"Dear, dear," said her aunt jokingly, "you would make Master JACK jealous if he could see you now. I shall have him challenging me to a duel."

MILLY laughed happily.

[EDITOR. I beg your pardon for interrupting again, but I don't quite understand. Why did MILLY laugh?]



PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH

THE MARCH HARE.

AUTHOR. Well, it was rather funny of Lady MACKENZIE, was it not?

EDITOR. Oh.

AUTHOR. You don't think so? Surely common politeness, anyhow, would prompt a laugh?

EDITOR. I see. It was the "happily" that put me off.]

II.

Now Lord STEEPLE had made up this wicked story about handsome JACK's marriage, in order to alienate MILLICENT's affections; with whom he declared himself to be in love—though, to disclose a secret—

[EDITOR. Let me guess: He wanted her for her money?]

AUTHOR. I say, how did you know?]

—he only wooed her because she was the heiress to Lady MACKENZIE's large fortune.

[EDITOR. I wish to apologise for my interruption at the end of the last section. I might have known it was that.]

As we have seen, his plot was successful, and for a time at least JACK was alienated from MILLY. Now (alas! for Lord STEEPLE) they were lovers again.

"What can I do," he soliloquised one day in his beautiful park on the borders of Kent and Surrey, "what can I do to alienate—"

[AUTHOR. I say, how do you like "alienate"?)]

EDITOR. I like it very much. Please go on.]

—to alienate—

[EDITOR. Do get on. This is simply breathless. I can hardly hold myself in.]

—to alienate her affections from that young bounder STAUNTON?"

At that moment whom should he meet, to his great surprise, but MILLICENT herself!

[EDITOR. I wasn't a bit surprised.]

AUTHOR. But then you're so clever.]

After the usual interchange of courtesies, he took off his hat and said in a low voice, "Miss SOMERS, prepare yourself for a shock. JACK STAUNTON died suddenly this morning."

MILLY shrieked and stepped back in horror. Then, before Lord STEEPLE could move to her aid, she had fallen in a swoon at his feet....

[EDITOR. We have asterisks too in the office. Or do you prefer dots?]

AUTHOR. Don't. I'm going to start a new section.]

III.

One day in early summer, when the roses —

[EDITOR. Look here, I'm rather off roses just now. Let's get on to MILLICENT.]

AUTHOR. You're so impatient. I was just coming to her.

EDITOR. Good. You see, we have a man already who does "Country Notes" for us.]

... walked the beautiful MILLICENT. Suddenly her heart stopped beating, the blood fled from her face, for there, in front of her, was coming JACK STAUNTON!

[EDITOR. I thought JACK was dead.]

AUTHOR. So did MILLY.]

"JACK," she cried, "they told me you were dead!"

"Whoever told you that—lied," said JACK, impressively. "Then that was why you did not write to me?"

"Lord STEEPLE told me you were dead."

"Ah!" said JACK. "I see that I must talk to that gentleman," and he felt the muscle of his forearm with a grim smile. "When Lord STEEPLE and I meet—" He stopped suddenly.

[EDITOR. *I'm sorry, but you had better, too.*

AUTHOR. *Please! I'm just at the end.*]

"MILLY," he cried, "but you do love me—you won't doubt me again?"

"JACK!"

He took her in his arms.

"At last!" he cried.

"At last!" cooed MILLY.

[*At last!—EDITOR.*]

A SONG OF MARCH.

O EARLY March was early May.
Soft was the air and bland;
The sun diffused a constant ray,
And everything combined to say
That Spring was close at hand.

Nature forsook her winter sleep;
And through the rustling wood
The little birds began to cheep;
And oh, to see the lambkins leap
Did one a power of good.

The early flower came bravely out;
In buds of tenderest green
The cryptogam did newly sprout;
The orchard blossom looked about
The best I've ever seen.

So all the land put off the sere,
And filled the day with song:
"The air is warm, the skies are clear,
Now welcome life, and love, and cheer,
For Spring is here—for Spring is here!"
And all the land was wrong.

* * * * *

There came a change—'tis ever so—
First it began to rain,
And then to freeze, and then to blow;
And after that we had some snow;
And then it blew again.

Nipped was the budding cryptogam;
Nipped were the early flowers;
The bird was mute, and every lamb
Relieved his feelings with a dam;
The blossom fell in showers.

I care not, though the worst befall
The green thing or the brute;
Though they be damaged past recall,
I should not weep. But, dash it all!
I'm troubled for the fruit!

DUM-DUM.

FROM *The Irish Times*:

"Cook (good) 19; 2 years in present place; leaving through no fault; would take hotel."

This sounds a little like kleptomania, always an excusable vice.



Cyclist. "I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. CARVER. IT'S DOUBLE PNEUMONIA, YOU SAY?"

Mrs. Carver. "YES, MUM. YOU SEE, HE HAD A DREADFUL COLD, AND WOULD GO DOING A BIT O' GARDENING; AND INSTEAD OF COMING HOME TO DINNER, FEELING A BIT BAD LIKE, HE LAY DOWN IN THE WOOD-SHED, AND THAT'S WHERE HE DOUBLED IT!"

A TRIBUTE TO "THE TRIBUNE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I recently read an account of a young New Zealander who was walking round the world for a wager and, being short of clothes and money, contrived a suitable and sufficient covering out of four copies of *The Wellington Post* and a packet of pins. May I, in case he should find himself in a similar predicament in this country, earnestly recommend to his notice the claims of our only Penny London Liberal Morning Paper?

I have taken *The Tribune* ever since it has been in existence, and I speak from daily experience of its strength and efficiency; in fact I cannot imagine how I ever got through my busy mornings without it. Being broader, in comparison to its length, than are its contemporaries, it lends itself admirably to the duplication of tissue-

paper blouse patterns, and will actually take the whole length of a Directoire sleeve without a join, and at the same time it is so tough in texture that seams will hold together when pinned without tearing through.

Being practically dust-proof also, *The Tribune* enjoys an equal popularity with my maids, and it is much in request for curtain-bags on cleaning days, while the artistic colour scheme of its posters gave me an excellent idea for a green and white accordion-pleated dancing skirt for my second little girl (the fair-haired one—like me).

Yours, HOME DRESSMAKER.

BRIGAND KIDNAPS A LADY

(From our own Correspondent.)
"Daily Mail."

This has just that intimate personal touch that makes the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. papers so engrossing.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

THE DEDICATION.

I.

Mr. Launcelot Wyke Mister, of "The Dryads," Worthing, to Dr. W. Porter Roddy, Mereham, Norfolk.

DEAR DR. RODDY,—I am just collecting together in one volume all my fugitive poetry of the past nine years, since the publication of my *Death of Noah*, and other Poems, and it would give me great pleasure to dedicate the book to you, not only as some recognition of your industry as an antiquary, but also as an acknowledgment of the great skill which you displayed during my long and very severe illness last summer, from which I am now happily recovered, save for an increased tendency to take cold.

Believe me, dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

II.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

MY DEAR MR. MISTER,—Your letter, with its flattering offer, does me too much honour. The archæologist quickly gets into the habit of not looking for recognition or reward. Perhaps, as antiquity has worked for him, it is only right that he should work for posterity. Hence, although such *coups* as I may have brought off in the fields of archæology and folk-lore have been commemorated in the local press and in the minutes of our Society, the wider world knows almost nothing of me. The dedication page of your volume will be the first intimation of my name and career to a large portion of the English-speaking community. I thank you very heartily for your courtesy. Perhaps you will let me have a notion of the form which the dedication will take. As for your tendency to catch cold, of which I am very sorry to hear, I would recommend the adoption of an abdominal belt, often a sure precautionary measure.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,
W. PORTER RODDY.

III.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

DEAR DR. RODDY,—It gratifies me extremely to find that you will allow your name to honour my poor bantling. The dedication will run thus:—

To W. PORTER RODDY, M.D.

the modern GALEN to whom the author owes his life, recently jeopardised on a visit to the East Coast by a severe attack of rheumatoid arthritis, and the modern OLDBUCK to whose imaginative labour and indefatigable researches into the storied past the townspeople of Mereham and the inhabitants of

East Norfolk generally owe so much, this volume is, with respect and admiration, dedicated.

I think that that expresses the case very clearly and, if I may say so, with a pleasant allusiveness, and I feel sure that you will agree with me. I am ordering an abdominal belt.

Believe me, dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

P.S.—I re-open this to say that I have suddenly become the victim of a most curious and, to me, alarming singing in the ears, so loud that I can hardly hear anything that is going on. L. W. M.

IV.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

DEAR MR. MISTER,—The wording of the dedication is very flattering, and I am so much honoured by it that I hesitate to utter a syllable of criticism; but since you have been so kind I am emboldened to suggest that a more suitable predecessor than *Oldbuck* might be found. For two reasons: (1) he was a character not in real life but in fiction, in a novel by Sir WALTER SCOTT, and GALEN being a real man I would suggest, with all deference, that whatever antiquary you choose should be real too; and (2) if by any typographical disaster, such as are, unhappily, only too frequent in our local Press, a line of cleavage were to intervene between the first and second syllables of *Oldbuck*, the reference to me would become instantly not respectful as you so kindly desire, but grotesque. I trust I make myself clear. I would suggest the substitute of some such name as AUBREY or LELAND.

The singing in the ears has probably passed away by this time; but if it has not I should take a tonic. Weston's syrup might be useful, and it is easily obtained of any chemist. Believe me, yours very truly, W. PORTER RODDY.

V.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

DEAR DR. RODDY,—I am sorry that you take exception to my dedication, which was, I assure you, not idly thrown off, but represents the work of some hours of thought. Your objection to *Oldbuck* illustrates once again the impossibility of reconciling science with poetry. I, a poet, wishing my dedication to be in keeping with my book, choose deliberately a figure of the imagination from the greatest of all modern novelists (whom you do not, I fear, sufficiently esteem). You, being a man of science, require me to substitute the name of some fusty old book-worm and tombstone-scraper from real life. Few people give way to criticism so readily as I, but in this case I really must be firm.

The singing in the head, which you treat so lightly, still continues to cause me the gravest concern. I have taken two doses of the syrup without any relief. Believe me, yours truly,

LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

VI.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

DEAR MR. MISTER,—I am sorry that we cannot see eye to eye in this matter. I have taken the liberty of submitting your dedication to several of my friends, including the Vicar, an exceptionally gifted man, and the Curator of the Museum, whose memoir on bees is a standard work, and all agree with me that a suggestion of not precisely frivolity but want of the highest seriousness is imparted by the reference to *Jonathan Oldbuck*. The Vicar is also of opinion that it is, perhaps, understating the case to limit my reputation, as you do, to East Norfolk, since I have several times contributed to *Notes and Queries*. I have, however, done with criticism, and beg to repeat my thanks to you for your kindness.

A tonic requires time to do its work. Two doses could not effect any material improvement. The singing is probably over by now. Believe me,

Yours very truly,
W. PORTER RODDY.

VII.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

DEAR DR. RODDY,—I am horrified to learn that you have committed the solecism—the unpardonable solecism—of showing my dedication to strangers. Were you more conversant with the laws, written or unwritten, of authorship, you would know that this is never done; that everything is avoided that can take the fine edge of novelty from a new book. The incident has completely disheartened me, and I am quite incapable of attending any further to the dedication.

To add to it all, the singing in my ears increases. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

VIII.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

DEAR MR. MISTER,—I am extremely sorry; but my friends read the dedication in strictest confidence, and I was quite unaware that I was offending. Perhaps the matter had better drop altogether. You will have, I am sure, no difficulty in finding a worthier and less critical object to whom to offer your volume. Believe me,

Yours very truly,
W. PORTER RODDY.

IX.

Mr. Mister to the Bishop of Caster.

MY LORD,—I am just collecting together in one volume all my fugitive



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Mistress (to Head Gardener, who has been ill). "I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN, BATES."

Bates. "THANKEE, MUM, BUT I AIN'T ANYTHING LIKE RIGHT YET. WHY, WHEN THE WIND BLEW THESE ERE POTS OVER, HINSTEAD OF A CALLIN' THE HUNDER GARDENER TO PICK 'EM UP, BLESSED IF I DIDN'T START A-DOIN' OF IT MYSELF!"

poetry of the past nine years,—since, in fact, the publication of my *Death of Noah, and other Poems*,—and it would give me great pleasure and confer a high distinction upon the book, if I might be permitted to dedicate it to you, not only to mark your interest in poetry, but also from personal gratitude for benefits received from your Lenten sermons last year, which I attended with my wife, and which we still vividly remember.

Believe me, my Lord,
Your obedient servant,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

X.

The Rev. Cyril Blood (Private Secretary to the Bishop of Caster) to Mr. Mister.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Bishop to say that he will be pleased to

accept the dedication to which you refer; but that if you propose to make it a lengthy one he must insist on seeing a proof. I am, Yours faithfully,

CYRIL BLOOD.

"I MUST LEARN SPANISH ONE OF THESE DAYS."—BROWNING.

THE statement that in view of the Spanish marriage the mantilla is to be worn in England during the coming season, has served to call attention to other movements incidental to the boom in things Spanish.

The Society game that will be played everywhere will, we hear, be the old Nursery favourite, "My father's just come home from Spain."

The President of the Local Govern-

ment Board has requested that he shall in future be addressed as DON BURNS.

Mr. S. R. CROCKETT'S novel for the week ending March 24 will have Spain for its background.

A round of the West-End restaurants reveals the fact that unprecedentedly large orders have been issued for Spanish onions.

It is announced that the effigy of DRAKE will be burnt by Mr. W. T. STEAD and a party of friends on a date to be made known shortly.

Notice.

IN self-defence Mr. *Punch* begs to state that any further references to King ALFONSO'S favourite instrument as the Consort ENA will be treated with the contempt which they deserve.



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

PARLIAMENTARY APPETITES.

A MEMBER of the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons has recently imparted to *The Daily Mail* some interesting information as to the diet of the new Parliament. He notes that the consumption of wine has gone down one-half, that new Members are either taking temperance drinks or beer, and that they eat double the amount of food.

Carrying this investigation a few steps further, one of *Mr. Punch's* young men has been enabled to supplement the foregoing by some further interesting facts.

"Who are your most intemperate customers?"

"Well, that is rather a leading question, but in regard to the consumption of non-alcoholic drinks Sir WILFRID LAWSON stands easily first. Indeed, I have known him take as many as nineteen barley-and-waters during an all-night sitting."

"I suppose that certain Members have peculiar tastes?"

"Yes, but fortunately it is not difficult to gratify these idiosyncrasies. The

strange thing, however, is that in some cases they like the exact contrary of what you might naturally expect. Thus Major SEELY will only touch China tea, and the few Orangemen in the House are all addicted to lemon squash. On the other hand, Lord PERCY has a great weakness for Turkish Delight, and Mr. HERBERT PAUL frequently dines off a *purée* of chestnuts."

"Then the vegetarian craze has laid hold of our legislators?"

"Oh, yes. Fully one third of the new Members abstain from flesh foods, and of those the majority are followers of Dr. HAIG. In consequence the demand for cheese, fruit, and nuts has gone up by leaps and bounds, milk is drunk by the hogshead, and pyramids of stewed prunes vanish before the onslaught of the new Parliamentarians."

"Have you been able to establish any general connection between the different parties in the House and the diet they affect?"

"Well, it is perhaps rash to be too specific, but I may say that the members of the L.C.C., as the result, no doubt, of their visit to Paris, are the most fasti-

dious feeders, that the Irish Members are most addicted to greens, that the Balfourites have the smallest appetites, and the University representatives are most partial to Butcher's meat."

"Experience to make me sad."

"Gardener seeks situation; age 26; experienced inside and out."

Somerset County Gazette.

We recommend the gardener with the experienced inside to apply for the post of Lapper that was mentioned in the last number of *Punch*. Or he might obtain a place with the Swiss Family Robinson when the Monkey dies (as he must soon). It is absurd for him to insist on being a gardener.

Forewarned.

The Daily Dispatch announces: "Russia is carrying out surveys for a Black Sea to the Baltic canal. Twenty thousand pounds has been voted for preliminary inquiries." We do not know what the idea is, but should not the South or some other cone be hoisted at all fishing ports?



THE BITTER CRY OF THE HEAVY-WEIGHT.

C.-B. "HERE, I SAY! YOU'RE HITTING ME BELOW THE BELT!"

A. B. "WELL, I'M HITTING YOU AS HIGH AS I CAN REACH!"

"We have a great majority. . . . The first thing we have got to do is to get fair play for it, and that fair play it has not at the present moment."—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Speech at the Reform Club, March 13.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



HAMLET AGAIN; OR, THE FISCAL "MOUSE-TRAP."

The King (sotto voce). "Do you know, my dear, it's just occurred to me that this elaborately stagey and somewhat melodramatic performance was intended in some hazy way to inconvenience us!! I fancy I detect oblique allusions to our 'past,' and *Hamlet's* rather obtrusive air of watchful expectancy would seem to point to something of the kind!"

The Queen. "No!! What fun! How disappointed he must be! Why it's been a most enjoyable evening!"

House of Commons, Monday, Mar. 12.— There is one thing PRINCE ARTHUR can't abear. It is ambiguity.

Back to-day to old familiar scene; much battered by the way. When, just seven months ago, he walked forth, Prorogation accomplished, he was still master of legions; looked forward with gay confidence to another Session which should see accomplished the beneficent work of Redistribution. He comes back to find the condemned C.-B. on the Treasury Bench, Leader of a host compared with which his own long-dominant majority was a feeble force. For himself there is plenty of room on the Front Opposition Bench where he sits bravely smiling, ruddy with his country holiday, but hair, alack! growing woefully scant, grievously grey. On his left hand is

DON JOSÉ with the orchid of quenchless hope in his buttonhole. On his right GEORGE WYNDHAM, one of the few survivors of the cataclysm of January. Behind, some four score of the throng who a year ago were wont to welcome his presence with jubilant cheer.

These things, slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, hard to bear. He confronts them with gallant heart and gay smile. When, however, it comes to C.-B. declining to define his view of Protection, taking refuge behind the ambiguities of carefully framed resolution, he breaks down.

A House thronged from floor to top-most seat of Strangers' Gallery, looks upon pathetic scene. At one side of the Table C.-B., stolid, silent, unrepentant. At the other PRINCE ARTHUR, wringing

his hands and in broken voice uttering his lament.

"Do Ministers deliberately think they have a better chance of passing this resolution in its ambiguous than in its unambiguous form?" he wailed. "I cannot believe that they would deliberately prefer an ambiguous to an unambiguous discussion. If true, it would be discreditable in the highest degree."

Flippant majority broke in with roar of ironical cheers, varied by a shout of laughter. Standing quiet perforce, PRINCE ARTHUR's eye rested wistfully on the stationery box. Here were quires of note-paper. If C.-B. would only take half a sheet and write out the meaning of the resolution moved by KITSON with his sanction all would be well.



TWO OF A TRADE.

Paul (of Corpus) to Smith (of Wadham). "Look here, young man! I can't have this; you're putting in too many epigrams to the square inch; I shall have to bring it before the 'Union'!"
(Mr. H-rb-rt P-l and Mr. F. E. Sm-th.)

DON JOSÉ followed on same line, to gaping wonder of new Members. They had gathered in eager anticipation of hearing PRINCE ARTHUR define his position on Fiscal question in the altered circumstances of to-day. To that end C.-B., ever ready to oblige, framed a resolution declaring that, since at the General Election the people of the United Kingdom demonstrated unqualified fidelity to the principles of Free Trade, the House deems it right to record its determination to resist any proposal to create a system of Protection. It had been moved and seconded. Now was PRINCE ARTHUR'S opportunity. When he rose the crowded audience settled down in anticipation of the pleasing prospect of seeing him wriggle in a corner. And here he was talking for an hour, saying not a word about his own views and position on the Fiscal Question, but bewailing C.-B.'s sinful ambiguity, beseeching him to stand up like a man and say plainly what he meant.

Such turning of the tables finds its nearest parallel in the imaginary case of a prisoner in the dock addressing a moral lecture to Judge on Bench. DON JOSÉ, equally sorrowing over delinquencies on Treasury Bench, more actively resentful, moved adjournment of debate.

"Enough of this foolery," cried C.-B. "Put your amendment and let us get to business." The majority gnashed their teeth in impotent rage. They had come to shear; every prospect of their going away shorn. Close upon dinner hour before division concluded. Here was morning sitting frittered away. PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ had both spoken at length and had said not a word, compromising or otherwise, on their

relative or individual position on Fiscal Question. New Members begin to think House of Commons is even a queerer place than they had suspected.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ, solemnly arraigned on charge of Protection heresy, decline to plead. "Instead of which," as was remarked in another leading case, they accuse C.-B. of criminal ambiguity.

Tuesday night.—Debate on KITSON amendment brought to conclusion just in time for men to be too late for dinner, and this in spite of repeated efforts by SPEAKER to cut it short. Began with LOWE. As one of the sacred Seven of Birmingham he felt it behoved him to discourse at large on Free Trade and Protection. STUART-WORTLEY'S amendment, under discussion, limited debate

to question whether or not the people of the United Kingdom at the recent General Election had demonstrated unqualified fidelity to the principles and practice of Free Trade. Hadn't got far into denunciation of wicked men who were opposed to tax on corn when SPEAKER was up with insistence on his keeping to the point. Explaining that he was coming to it, LOWE resumed thread of his remarks as spun in manuscript held in hand.

"Now," said he, "what constitutes Protection?"

SPEAKER up again with sterner warning. LOWE bowed to his ruling, of course. But he desired to show that he only meant—and so forth through some troubled sentences. Then back to his manuscript.

"Now, Mr. SPEAKER, that being so, what do hon. gentlemen opposite say Protection is?"

"Order! order!" cried the SPEAKER. "I have twice warned the hon. Member against irrelevancy. I must ask him to discontinue his speech."

LOWE, gasping for breath, sat down forlornly turning over the many pages of his unused notes.

Next HOUSTON, a Liverpool man, took the floor. Had prepared a short autobiography which, *à propos* of STUART-WORTLEY'S amendment, he purposed to read. Its opening sentence arrested attention.

"I was," he said, "originally intended for the Church." Natural tendency, however, drew him, as with a hawser, to the shipbuilding yard.

"That," said Mr. HOUSTON, gazing reflectively on the countenance of C.-B. sitting entranced on Treasury Bench opposite, "was my boyhood's ambition."

Here the SPEAKER moved uneasily in the Chair. But Mr. HOUSTON, reminiscent



THEIR FIRST EXPERIENCE OF JOE AND ARTHUR IN DEBATE.
(Some new Members, including the Member for West Salford.)



THE TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

Braunyn Ruffian (who has backed the other horse). "NOW THEN, GUV'NOR, YOU JUST STOP WHERE YOU ARE FOR A BIT. YOU AIN'T WANTED UP THERE JUST YET!"

of childhood's happy days, did not observe the omen.

"I served a four years' apprenticeship in the shipbuilding yard," he continued. After a pause affording opportunity for this fact to sink into the mind of the listening Senate he turned over a new leaf of his interesting autobiography.

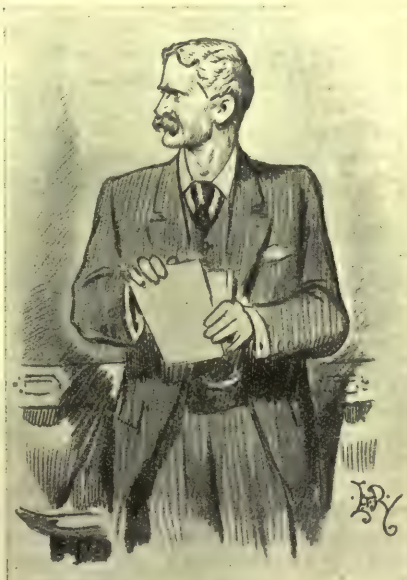
"Hon. Members of the Labour Party," he proceeded, turning to the left so as to get DON'T KEIR HARDIE's vermilion-hued necktie in focus, "know what a hard day's work is. So do I. Early and late—"

"Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER. "I do not see what this has to do with the amendment.

"I am coming to that," said the autobiographer a little tartly. "To-day I have lines of steamers running to all parts of the world. I pay £10,000 a year for cables."

SPEAKER up again with second warning. "I mentioned this to show," HOUSTON hurriedly explained, "that I have my pulse on the fingers of the world."

That not exactly the way he intended to put it. But how can you, especially



"ONE OF THE SACRED SEVEN."

Sir Fr-nk L-we "sat down gasping for breath."

if you are a new Member, read your autobiography correctly if you are constantly interrupted by a man in a full-bottom wig?

HOUSTON never got over this last interference. Embarrassment increased by vain endeavour to keep one eye on the manuscript and the other on the SPEAKER. Finally, thinking he saw signs of SPEAKER rising for the third time, he abruptly sat down in the middle of Chapter I.

ROWLAND HUNT the next victim. He also had brought his sheaves with him in form of handful of notes. These were biographical only to extent of mentioning that he belonged to the Catholic Faith. This, it appears, had led to the circulation during the Election contest of the statement that, if he were returned to Parliament, the offspring of the electors would be burned at the stake.

This a little mixed. Whilst Members were thinking it out, Mr. HUNT proceeded, with the assistance of a few posters, to give a sort of limelight entertainment descriptive of election proceedings in Ludlow. SPEAKER called him to order.

"Very well, then. I was going to bring it round to the point by showing the difference between the facts of the big and little loaf and the Radical poster I have here. Can I produce it?"

"Certainly not," said the adamant SPEAKER.

"Then I am afraid," said Mr. HUNT wofully, "I cannot tell you."

House bore up against this disappointment. A few minutes later, wandering back to one of the posters with which his pockets bulged, the SPEAKER gave him an Oliver for his ROWLAND, ordering him to shut up.

Business done.—KITSON's resolution carried by a majority of 376. That pretty good for Ministers. Actually PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ won the day. Debate undisguisedly planned with design to "draw" them on Fiscal Question. By counter-mancœuvre they evaded challenge. As a matter of fact KITSON's amendment was not discussed at all.

THE CUCKOO.

The Haven, Brixton.

TO MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I am determined to be, and nothing shall prevent me from being, the first person to hear the cuckoo in the year 1906. As I desire to attach no blame where blame is not due, I will refrain from any recrimination now, though I cannot help thinking that I was most disgracefully treated over this affair last year. Everyone knows and must know that it has been from time immemorial my practice to write to the papers on this subject year by year; nevertheless last year I was treacherously forestalled by an unscrupulous intruder.

In order to prevent repetition of this sort of thing I enclose a suitable letter containing the usual statement ("The other day as I was walking in the

country with a friend, I heard, &c. &c.") and such appropriate remarks on the advent of Spring and the flight of Time as long use has rendered of indubitable propriety.

I must ask you to publish this enclosed letter at the earliest date on which you consider its contents will be credible.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
[One enclosure.] AN OBSERVER OF NATURE.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SONS?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice in your current issue a poem (with the above sub-title) in which a parent is represented as having despaired of finding a profession for his son, till the House of Commons passed a resolution in favour of the payment of Members. It looks as if he must have missed a most attractive

article a few weeks ago in a contemporary on "The Idyllic Life of Dartmoor Prison." When I read this article I at once decided what to do with my WILLIE. I may say that I am a clerk myself, and did not want him to grow up to this drudgery, but until reading the *Mail's* account of Dartmoor I did not see any alternative.

Of course, to become eelgible, WILLIE would have to qualify by committing a crime. What would you suggest? He is thirteen years old.

Thanking you in anticipation for any useful hint you could give me,

I am,
Yours obediently,
LEMUEL SMILES
(and no wonder!)

P.S.—I think the parent in your poem had better give Dartmoor a chance before he tries to get his son into Parliament. You see, Dartmoor can always be extended to hold any number, whereas the other House is limited to 670 inmates.



"YOU THINK YOU'RE EVERYBODY, YOU DO!"

"GARN! I DON'T THINK I'M YOU, NOWHOW!"

[Unfortunately one of Our Suburban Correspondents has already made a statement in last week's issue of *Punch* on the subject of the cuckoo. It is true that he only "thought he saw it," and says nothing about having heard it, but in these circumstances the letter to which "AN OBSERVER OF NATURE" refers, had better be held over till 1907, when it can appear any time he likes after the middle, say, of January.—ED.]

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following essay by an elementary schoolboy. The Biblical simplicity of the closing sentence has seldom been surpassed in any tongue.

COMPOSITION.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA.

The young Prince in India went out shooting in the jungle with his huntsmen on horses and others on camels and hundreds barefooted. . . . When he got there, there was not a tiger to be seen so he started on rajahs. And there was joy when he brought one back to Jaipur.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PLATO.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—You say you want to know all about this PLATO boom, and whether the lectures at Claridge's are really like the one on LUCRETIVUS at Lockhart's which *Mr. Punch* described. Don't you believe him, my dear, when he sniffs at the New Learning. He'd like you to believe that PLATO's philosophy is Greek to us; whereas it's nothing of the kind; it's plain English.

I'll tell you all about it. There are *three heads*, as it were, to the study of PLATO. You lunch at Claridge's; you have a little darling note-book (suède or morocco) to match your frock; and you *disdain matter!* There is the whole thing, in that proverbial nutshell that must be full to overflowing long ago.

Never again will anyone dare to call Society people feather-brained. The room is crammed every time, and we all disdain matter like anything. And, without vanity, I really believe I do disdain matter most awfully. I will tell you all about one of the lectures.

I had been doing some shopping in the morning. I got some hats at Valérie's (here's a piece of news, my dear; I don't know whether to laugh or cry at it,—hats are to be worn a weeny bit higher in the crown!). Then I went to the Burlington to get *Pompom* a motor-coat and boots (they kept me an age, for little doggies are rather difficult to fit), and then I went straight to Claridge's, where BABS was to meet me. It was all we could do to get a table. All the PLATO people were lunching there;—CROPPY VAVASSOR and his wife, the BOSH TRESILLYANS, and, in fact, everybody. TRIXIE, Lady LARKINGTON, and POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, were together, both dressed for nineteen; I suppose they take an interest in PLATO because they *knew him personally*. The Duchess of DUNSTABLE and WINNIE and CUCKOO DELLAMONT were in a sort of Greek get-up with a key-pattern trimming, if you ever heard of anything so perfectly *ricky!* I wore pale grey face-cloth, with chinchilla, a highwayman hat to match, and a *devery* little grey suède note-book with silver corners.

When we had taken our time over luncheon (that's the beauty of having it on the spot) and done ourselves

thoroughly well, we all crowded into the lecture room and began to disdain matter. It was a lovely lecture, and the Professor is a darling man; I'm simply over head and ears. I find no difficulty in following him. He told us that men were much easier to understand than plants. Why, yes—I see that quite clearly—*much* easier, and so *much* more amusing! *Plants*, he says, we can *never* understand; and I feel so glad now that I didn't bother myself learning botany when you did. It was all sheer waste of time, *chérie*—plants are *not to be understood*. He told us about some simply *horrid* people, the *Early Christians*, who distorted dear PLATO's views, and actually said—just fancy, the wretches!—that women were the origin of evil. These

just been to another of these lectures. It was about drink, and the American type of beauty, and other subjects on which PLATO is a recognised authority.

LITTLE BACK GARDENS.

Danger of Frosts.—The latter half of March has come just about the same time as usual, and there is plenty of work to be done. There is, of course, the probability of nipping frosts and biting winds in May, and the little back gardener can only try to counteract these influences by getting to work now, and putting plenty of extra clothes on the beds.

Borders.—Box borders always look neat, and perhaps the best boxes for the purpose are —'s 2-oz. Navy Cut tins; they can be got in two strengths, the "medium" and the "mild," and, the tins being of different colours, when placed alternately they make an exceedingly effective border.

Pergolas.—These little pests must be got rid of now or never, and the following recipe is probably as good as any other. In low dishes of a suitable size place a layer of wet moss, and sprinkle liberally with finely powdered borax. If you see that the moss is *kept* wet and do not grudge the borax, the results will surprise you.

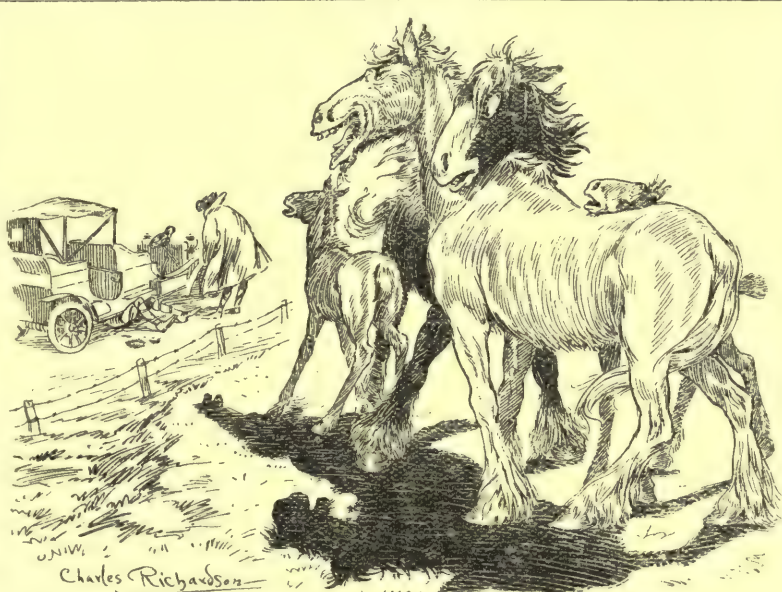
Worms.—Worms are not all bad, and should be judged on their merits. Remember that a worm halved by the spade in digging practically counts two on a division.

Summer-houses.—Before erecting these delightful adjuncts to the garden, it is as well to consult an architect and a solicitor. We believe that fireproof floors, escape staircases, and doors opening outwards (plainly marked "EXIT") are now required by the by-laws.

A PROVINCIAL weekly paper publishes the following:—

"The horse in Farmer —'s milkcart took fright and ran away. The milkcart was upset, and gallons of pure milk watered the High Street."

This gives us a new insight into the truth of the proverb which states how foolish it is to cry over spilled milk. There is enough water about already.



White Mare. "AND THEY'VE GOT THE FACE TO CALL IT TEN-HORSE-POWER!"

Black Mare. "I DON'T THINK THAT WAS THE WORD HE USED. IN FACT, I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE THE CHILDREN AWAY!"

disky creatures are responsible for that odious notion of celibacy that is not yet stamped out, and that gives us girls and our Mammās so much trouble and anxiety. Why, at our last party, my dear, a crowd of Early Christians stood by the door, and simply wouldn't dance, though they had been squared with a good dinner, and some of the prettiest girls in Society in their prettiest frocks were waiting to dance with them.

And now, DAPHNE mine, I think I have given you what bores call a most *exhaustive* account of our PLATO studies. We all feel so pleased at being such clever, thoughtful people. The dear Professor considers that there is an *immense* amount of mental activity among us. So much for the bookworms and blues, who have looked down on us as empty and *frivv!*

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have

LAPSUS LINGUÆ LATINÆ.

[A contemporary remarks that Latin quotations will be more than ever out of place in the new House of Commons.]

My Georgian grandpapa, whose education
(And shape) was *totus teres ac rotundus*,
Assisted in the counsels of the nation
As member for his own *avitus fundus*:
And, as he "briefly summed the situation"
(The dear old man was rather apt to bore 'em),
He never failed to flout his generation
As a *progeniem vitiosiorum*.

My uncle too, who sat for the vicinity
(Our village seat, alas! was docked by Dizzy),
Would tell me, when I sketched my life at Trinity,
Forsan jurabit olim meminisse:
Moreover (though he seldom figures in it) he
Could point to *Hansard* with an author's gusto;
"England," he feared (Lucretian his latinity),
"*Defessa spatium obruat vetusto*."

And I, yes I—but that a mob impervious
To Ciceronian phrases wise and witty
Preferred to mine the *ingenium protervius*
Which marked a joiner from a Northern city—
Should, in this House of Commons hurdy-gurdious,
Cull from the Mantuan's page by tens and twenties
(With help of notes from SIDGWICK back to SERVIUS)
Such flowers of speech as *Danaos ferentes*.

Well, *mos majorum tamen interibit*;
The Horace-quoters were a trifle solemn.
And then, I must confess, I've worked off my bit
Of learned lore upon this friendly column.
I'm an old fogey; if the young should gibe, it
Concerns me not (*non refert mea*): in fact, I
Had better cut this short, and just subscribe it
Laudator temporis se puero acti.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Author's Progress, by ADAM LORIMER (BLACKWOOD), is not very well represented by its title. Primarily it is a treatise on modern authorship in general. As such, it is full of ideas and of information, and by reading it a young writer ought to arrive at pretty well all there is to be known on his relations to his public, his publisher, his reviewers, and his own conscience. He may even learn to look at things from his publisher's point of view, though the author owns frankly that "it wrings our heart to be just" to one of that abused but necessary race. But the book ought to appeal to many more readers than those whose interest in the subject-matter is purely professional. It is full of quaint thoughts and crisp sayings; and may confidently be recommended to all people with a sense of humour, though for literature they may care nothing, and for authors rather less.

AUTHORS are kittle cattle, not always dead on the spot,
But you're sure of a run for your money when "Q.'s" in
charge of the plot.

And here in *The Mayor of Troy* (the publisher's METHUEN)
His strength, compared to the average scribe, is as the
strength of ten.

'Tis a tale of the days when BONEY set Europe all by the ears,
And it tells of the craft of smugglers and the prowess of
volunteers;
And the Mayor is *Solomon Hymen*—the name itself is a joy—
A mixture of humbug and hero, a regular broth of a boy.

Fun and frolic and sentiment; first in the 'Ercles vein,
Rising anon as the tale goes on to a quasi-tragic strain,—
Such is the style of *The Mayor of Troy* whose Odyssey, writ
by "Q.,"
O Reader in quest of earnest and jest, is just the book for you.

Mixed Maxims—written by MONTE CARLO and published by
ALSTON RIVERS—is dedicated to "All those who are likely to
dislike it." Pausing, therefore, for a moment to acknowledge
the compliment, we pass on to

Curayl, by UNA L. SILBERRAD (CONSTABLE), which is another
story altogether. Miss SILBERRAD's hero, *Luttrel*, is of a type
that is hardly ever drawn successfully by a woman. He is a
strong man, a man who "does" things, a man who leads
other men; and with nine out of ten lady novelists such a
man is a prig. But with Miss SILBERRAD he is an easy-
mannered, light-hearted gentleman, who neither talks like a
"Pinhero," nor calls everybody "old man." Anyone who has
read much contemporary feminine fiction will understand the
greatness of the author's achievement. The doctor is another
man's man; in our gratitude for these two we can overlook
the "financier" and the "villain." The book has a curious
charm. I put it down with an unstinted admiration for its
technique and the naturalness of its dialogue; with a strong
desire to read it again at once; and with the realization that
the only manly thing to do is to confess fully and with shame
my previous ignorance of Miss SILBERRAD's work.

E. GRANT RICHARDS has started a new venture of Chap-
books by a selection of the works of Lyrists of the Restora-
tion, selected and edited by JOHN and CONSTANCE MASEFIELD.
Good things are picked up, from the time of Sir EDWARD
SHERRBURNE, who died when Queen ANNE came to the throne,
to CONGREVE, who did much to illumine her Augustan age.
In the second volume, rather forbiddingly entitled *Essays*,
Moral and Polite, the field gleaned is widened in range, going
back to the Restoration of the STUARTS and closing with the reign
of Queen ANNE. Among the essayists are EVELYN, COWLEY,
DRYDEN, ADDISON and STEELE. Here is nothing new, but
because it is familiar it is the more lovable. The publisher
has daintily frocked the little volumes in white vellum,
laced with strips of kid. Perhaps if he had left out an essay
or two and cut down the lyrists with a view to using larger
type it would have been a generally acceptable improvement.

A DIVISION OF LABOUR.

"*Journalism*.—Gentleman (Barrister) offers Furnished Bedroom in
comfortable, cheerful chambers in Temple in return for equivalent
journalistic assistance, &c."—*Times*.]

THE "equivalent" is rather a nice point. Mr. *Punch*
suggests for other Gentlemen Barristers the following Table
of Equivalence:—

1 Furnished Bedroom . . .	= {	1 Introduction (by Letter) to Sub-Editor of daily paper.
1 Furnished Bedroom { with use of Bath. . . }	= {	1 Introduction (personal) to Sub-Editor.
1 Bed-Sitting-room . . .	= {	1 Introduction and Interview (five minutes guaranteed) with Editor.
2 Furnished Rooms . . .	= {	1 Lunch (cold) with Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL.
2 Furnished Rooms with { use of Bath . . . }	= {	1 Lunch (hot) with Dr. NICOLL and CLAUDIUS CLEAR.
1 Furnished Flat, with { all modern conveni- ences, electric light, trams to the corner, etc. }	= {	1 Bridge Night with Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Sir GEORGE NEWNES, and Mr. C. A. PEARSON.

UNLIMITED CRICKET.

THE tenacity and enterprise of great cricketers are indomitable. Undismayed by the failure of his team in South Africa, Mr. P. F. WARNER, the famous globe-trotter and M.C.C. captain, is projecting a series of new cricket tours. Is it impossible that the papers of the future will contain some such statements as the following?

A *Reuter* cable has been received, dated Scoresby Sound, Greenland, Aug. 12, 1907, to this effect:—

"Mr. WARNER's team has just concluded a very interesting match against the Gentlemen of Greenland. The wicket played very fast, as the ice had been thoroughly swept all the morning; but the out-fielding was rather rough. Mr. WARNER himself failed to trouble the scorer, as he is just now training largely on ducks' eggs; but two or three other members of his team got into double figures. FANE, as usual, was most consistent. The home side, who were more at home on their own ground, compiled a huge score, and the position of the M.C.C. is hopeless. By losing this third match they will also lose the blubber.

"During an interview with Mr. WARNER in the evening he told me that he had already begun a book on the present tour, to be entitled:—

"From the Oval to the Arctic Circle."

From a *Reuter's* cable, dated Shan-haikwan, the seaward terminus of the Great Wall of China, July 7, 1909:—

"The M.C.C. third test match with China has just been concluded in perfect weather. Huge crowds watched the play from an exalted position on the Great Wall. Mr. WARNER, winning the toss, elected to bat, but disaster attended his own steps, as he immediately fell a victim to BO LING, a champion from the banks of the Googhli. Captain WYNARD followed, but without success, and the first innings closed for only 50 runs, of which FANE made 48; a result due largely to the BO LING afore-mentioned, and also to KA CHING. The Chinamen replied by amassing a useful 323 by careful play. Failing to make more than 20 in the second innings (of which FANE made 19), the Englishmen lost the match and the rubber. Naturally the country is much elated, and great displays of fireworks were given last night. Mr. WARNER's book on this tour, he tells me, will be called *Mandarin and Warner-out*."

From a SIMS's hairless telegram dated Wellsville, Mars, June 29, 1909:—

"The third and last of the test matches between the M.C.C. and the All Mars Eleven was played yesterday on the Campus Martius, the beautiful ground of the metropolis of the red



A BREATH FROM THE FAR WEST.

"CAN I GO A YARD NEARER ON MY SIDE, AS I'VE LOST THE SIGHT OF ME ONE EYE INTIRELY?"

planet. Mr. WARNER, who won the toss, was unfortunate in being bowled by the last ball of the first over, the popular skipper having never become wholly acclimatized to the planetary atmosphere, but Captain WYNARD created great enthusiasm by hitting a longhop into one of Schiaparelli's canals, for which no fewer than eight were run before the ball was recovered. The innings closed for 42, of which FANE was responsible for a freely hit 33, to which the Marsupials responded with a useful score of 469. M.C.C.'s second innings yielded 70, to which Mr. WARNER contributed the second figure, and thus the game and rubber were won by the home team. Mr. WARNER's record of the tour, which he hopes to complete on the home journey, will, we understand, bear the attractive title of *Plum in the Planets*."

FROM "Soufflées" in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"The coachman had made three remarks, at intervals of ten minutes, on her ladyship's respect for his lordship's horses. The footman, in his fur cape, with his face to the door, had each time made the monosyllabic reply of 'Sickening.'"

In the sequel (not reported in the *Westminster*) we understand that, after the third "monosyllable," the coachman repeated curtly the 119th Psalm, to which the footman replied diffusely, and with a slight lisp, "No."

"What?" hissed the other, polysyllabically.

The footman merely uttered the monosyllabic "Antidisestablishmentarian."

It was the longest monosyllable he knew.

"Bah," said the coachman, rolling his "r's" with great vehemence.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

IV.

WHENEVER I detect in myself the premonitory symptoms of political fever, I have a habit of resorting to PRENDERBY. To commune with him is to imbibe a cooling sedative. That was how it was that I found myself in his chambers on the morning after the Vote of Censure on Lord MILNER.

I had scarce entered when I saw by the wildness of his eye that PRENDERBY's customary detachment had taken on a sort of Maeterlinckian quality—that he had in fact become actually detached from himself. Certainly he struck me as being out of his own mind.

"You have come none too soon," he cried; "I needed somebody on whom to work off my indignation. I was beginning to gibber to myself—and that way madness lies."

"Let me be the vile body," I said.

"It is, of course, the Vote of Censure that has done it," he continued. "I am not easily provoked to wrath, but this CHURCHILL amendment seems to me the most ungenerous thing I have ever encountered in a long and not unintelligent study of party tactics. For the moment I disregard the motion of BYLES. BYLES doesn't count."

"Oh, but he does," I interposed. "He counts one on a division; and he would have counted a good deal more if the Government had not intervened to spare MILNER's feelings."

"Ostensibly so," he corrected; "but actually to save their own faces. For, if their true object had been to spare the feelings of a great servant of the State, why should they have explicitly declared that their action was dictated by motives of policy and expedience? Think how easily they might have made their amendment run in such terms as these: That the House, while recognising the high services paid to the country by Lord MILNER as High Commissioner of South Africa, regrets the error of judgment by which he consented to the flogging of Chinese labourers for acts of violence and outrage, and so permitted a breach of the Ordinance." The rebuke, even so, would have been gratuitous; for he had himself confessed his fault in language of regret—the most frank, the most patently sincere. Such admissions, with gentlemen, are usually considered enough.

"And, if a record of his error was needed by these self-constituted Daniels come to judgment, was it not already written in the annals of his own Chamber, where he owned that, on the advice of one whose reputation for friendliness towards the Chinese was unquestioned, he had countenanced flogging as the only effective punishment for acts of violence and outrage, and so permitted a breach of the Ordinance?"

"The Lords are not the Commons," I said; for I was suddenly inspired by a sense of the healing power of platitude.

"No, thank God!" he snapped; and nothing that he had hitherto said, or was yet to say, afforded a truer measure of the extent of PRENDERBY's deviation from his accustomed attitude of mind than this implicit recognition that the House of Peers might, after all, have some reason for existence. "No, thank God!" he repeated on a note of piety unusual with him; "and I dare swear that Lord ELGIN had no hand in this business. And I dare also swear," he added, launching out into the oracular, "that when History comes to make up its accounts this House of Commons record will be interpreted not as against Lord MILNER, whose name will then be too great to be affected by it, but as against the little men that condemned him absent."

"Frankly I am far less sorry for him than I am for certain members of the Cabinet, high-minded and large-hearted gentlemen, who, by the exigence of circumstances, had to endure in silence while this young man in a hurry to be famous did the party's dirty work. I hardly doubt that more than one of them would have gladly changed places with an ancient foe across the way. I hold no brief for

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as you know, but the spectacle of this veteran statesman, standing up, amid derisive laughter, in defence of his friend of the old Liberal days, and recalling the gallant and ungrudged services which that friend had rendered to the State, is to me a very moving one. '*Victrix causa deis* (that's the gods, with their pittite cat-calls) *placuit, sed victa Catoni!*'"

"It is a thousand pities," I said, "that *Josepho* wouldn't scan!" It was a futile remark, uttered from mere nervousness, for the deadly force of his Philippic had had the effect of unmanning me.

"But," continued PRENDERBY, treating me as a parenthesis, "I am most sorry of all for my country. How is England to hope that her best men will take upon themselves the burden of her service across the seas if a single error of judgment is to blot out the record of half a lifetime of sacrifice; if, for that very energy and prodigality of devotion in which such errors often have their cause, as they should also find their excuse, they are to be stigmatised, in the terms of the old tag, as 'prancing Proconsuls,' by just any bounding——"

"Please don't," I said, "please don't say 'bounding BYLES.' You should be above imitating these cheap alliterations. Besides, my dear PRENDERBY, how do you know that BYLES really bounds? I gather from *Who's Who*—and presumably it is his own account of himself—that he is a Social Reformer."

"Then for Heaven's sake," said PRENDERBY, dropping again into unwonted religious fervour, "let him get on with his reforms and not waste the time of the House with nosing out the faults of his betters. At its best it is pure vindictiveness, and at its worst sheer cant. I detest this Pharisaic priggery. C.-B. must hold a firmer crook over the sanctimonious sheep of his flock, or they will come to be known as the Chadbannerman Party."

"I speak, I also, as a lover of Social Reform. I protest myself a strong believer—none more—in the ideals of the higher Liberalism; and never has a Government enjoyed a better chance of realising them. But if they are to persist in spending the precious occasion in kicking lost causes, and rubbing salt (and not the best Attic at that) into old wounds, they will soon alienate the sympathies of honest men like myself. Let the party cease this habit of serving up *rechauffés* of other people's faults, and give us a taste of its own virtues. Proofs are still to seek of their claim to that title of 'Ministers of Grace' by which they have rather noticeably announced themselves. If I may trust my instinct in celestial matters, I should conjecture that it is *de rigueur* in the highest circles that a Minister of Grace should have a pretty fair record of his own to show before he can qualify for the post of Recording Angel. Lord ELGIN's Assistant is, perhaps, not the most eligible candidate for——"

"Excuse me, PRENDERBY," I said, "but perhaps I ought to have told you that this is really an interview for the Press, and you are not doing justice to your reputation for detachment. You are saying all the dreadful things which I have had in my head, it is true, but should never have dared to utter aloud as my own convictions, and certainly not in print. If you will allow me I think I will go home and take my temperature. It was 102° when I came here to get it reduced; and I estimate that it is now roughly 104°. I will come again when we have both cooled down." And even as PRENDERBY, relapsing into soliloquy, proceeded to develop his argument by the ironic method, I made good my retreat in a state of advanced palsy.

O. S.

What's become of Waring?

The Scotsman, in reviewing a new critical work on BROWNING, speaks of "ALFRED DOWETT (*sic*), the author of 'What's Become of Learning?'" (*sic*—twice).

The question is well asked.



FIFTY YEARS A QUEEN.

(An Author's Tribute.)

A scheme is on foot for presenting a National Tribute to Miss ELLEN TERRY on April 28, the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage.]





THE DREADED SUMMONS.

Jones (dressed for a fancy ball, looming indistinctly in the night). "Hi, CARMAN, I WANT YOU!"

THE PAPER CAMPAIGN OF 1906.

(A Study of the great H-rmsw-rth Group.)

[The author of this thrilling romance (written specially for *The Daily Mail*) is a diplomatist of world-wide repute. He speaks and writes thirty-five languages, not necessarily including English. In the course of his romantic career he has wandered in search of local colour from the wilds of Peckham to those of Tartary, and from Shepherd's to the Australian Bush. In his exploration on the Tuppenny Tube alone he has covered a distance of 1,932,102 miles.]

It was a fine summer's morning and the beach at Lowestoft was crowded with holiday-makers. The men lounged idly on the sands reading their *Daily Mail*, and thus enjoying at once the delights of holiday and the strenuous intellectual life of London. Their better-halves sat in deck-chairs contemplating themselves in the *Daily Mirror*. The tawny covers of *Answers* gave a richer golden tint to the yellow of the sands.

When they laid aside these papers it was but to take up others of the same group. The fluttering of the pages of *The World and His Wife*, as countless readers turned them over, sounded like a

gale of wind. In the aristocratic quarter of the beach many members of the Smart Set sat absorbed in the perusal of the only other society papers—*The World* and *Vanity Fair*. Here and there an intellectual face might be seen poring over the instructive yet amusing pages of *The London Magazine*, *Chips*, *Comic Cuts*, and *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

[*Editorial note*.—You have not brought in *The Observer* and *The Weekly Dispatch*: why not?]

[*Author's note*.—It is rather awkward to drag in the Sunday papers on a weekday, but I will do my best.]

The bright sunlight struck on a newspaper kiosk, illuminating the contents bills of *The Weekly Dispatch* and *The Observer*—the only Sunday papers with a vast circulation and a reliable advertising connection.

[*Editorial note*.—Good, but I think that we should now have a reference to the German Fleet.]

Suddenly the clarion notes of countless newsboys rang through the air. "Extra Speshul—*Evening News*—Lowestoft reduced to ashes by German

bombardment." The crowd stared in wild amazement, but they could not doubt the authenticity of anything announced by their favourite evening journal—the best medium for "Want Ads." in the metropolis. As the terrible news spread there was a panic on the beach. One old gentleman was observed to grab his *World and His Wife* and, forgetting his own, flee from the foe.

Then on the horizon the German fleet loomed into sight and proceeded to hail shell on the defenceless town. In an incredibly short time boats were lowered and savage bands of German soldiers landed to loot the stationers' shops and bookstalls. The German Commander-in-Chief was heard to exclaim in amazement, "Potztausend—who can these English beat?—das *Evening Newsblatt* has the stadt bombarded before we arrived here."

(A further instalment of this thrilling romance of German intrigue and the Carmelite group will appear to-morrow, containing the rout of the First German Army Corps by *Daily Mirror* snap-shooters.)

CHARIVARIA.

GREAT care is to be taken by the L.C.C. that all entertainments at the Palace of Pleasure, which it is proposed to erect between the Strand and Aldwych, shall be free from reproach. The importance of this is obvious when it is remembered that all the High Court Judges, whose innocence is proverbial, frequent that neighbourhood.

Judge LUMLEY SMITH dismissed a case brought against a young vocalist last week for the rent of a concert hall, on the ground that concert halls were not necessities for infants. Judge LUMLEY SMITH has evidently never spent the luncheon hour in a *crèche*.

We certainly live in an era of grandmotherly legislation. Mr. BIRRELL has informed Mr. O'BRIEN, in reply to a question in the House, that a certain lady teacher in a Borough Council school was not dismissed for wearing an engagement ring: "her engagement was terminated under a clause in her agreement."

The fine old proverb concerning "a dinner of herbs where love is" was well illustrated the other night when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave Mr. BYLES beans.

Charing Cross Station, which has been closed for three months, was re-opened last week, and a foolish old lady who had been waiting all that time remarked that the trains seemed to get later and later on that line.

A newspaper, which states that snails are making their way as an article of food, adds, with an air of originality, that "their progress is slow."

We hear that a leading health authority is about to make a pronouncement which many persons have held to be inevitable, but which will none the less cause something of a sensation. It is to the effect that food is bad for us.

A contemporary publishes a short article on "The Decline of the R.I." Next month the R.A. will also be declining—to the great annoyance of the declined.

Owing to the deplorable weather which prevailed at the time, the recent production of *The Flood* at the Hippodrome did not prove such a novel spectacle as had been anticipated.

Miss MAUD JEFFRIES denies, through her solicitors, that she has authorised the manufacture of marble reproductions of herself as tombstone angels. Her

solicitors, nevertheless, write from Angel Court.

Measure for Measure, which has usually spelt ruin for theatrical managers, has risen phoenix-like from the ASCHES.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER now appears in *His House in Order* wearing a flannel double collar, and flannel double cuffs, which it is said will give a *cachet* to a mode which has hitherto lacked the highest kind of recognition. Even before this many persons held Mr. ALEXANDER to be our leading actor.

It is indeed a pleasure to see the Drama at last emerging from the state of sluggish insipidity which has so long disgraced it. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre four of our most lovely actresses now play a game of football on the stage, in the course of which Miss GABRIELLE RAY kicks the ball into the auditorium. We doubt whether the theatrical history of any country could point to a more saucy incident.

An enterprising fowl residing at Finchfield, Essex, in a plucky attempt to cope with the increased demand factitiously created by one of our contemporaries during what is not usually regarded as the Silly Season, has laid an egg measuring four inches long and eight inches in circumference.

The University of Chicago has decided to establish a department for the study of the language of monkeys. Professors disguised as waiters will attend all the local Freak Dinners.

We read that "The crew of the Cardiff ship *Carlisle* which was blown up at Saigon last month reached Southampton yesterday." This gives one some idea of the force of the explosion.

A pigeon returned to its master at Chester last week after seven years' absence. The scene when man and bird fell round each other's neck and sobbed is said to have been affecting in the extreme.

From *The Egyptian Gazette*:—

GENTLEMAN, perfect knowledge German, English, French, some Arabic, owns typewriter, experienced in export, import, wishes to change situation for 1st April.

If "typewriter" is a thoroughbred (by Blickendorf, out of Remington, say), and good over timber, we shall be glad to hear further from the gentleman.

Commercial Candour.

"Lexham Gardens, Kensington. Board and Residence from 35s.; full size Bils."

South Wales Daily News.

"THE SPECTATOR" ON THE WAR PATH.

DEEPLY interested in all schemes for the promotion of military efficiency, Mr. *Punch* has noted with keen but benevolent concern *The Spectator's* efforts to carry out its Militia Training experiment. Those efforts, as his readers are now aware, have been crowned with success. Mr. *Punch* accordingly availed himself last week of a courteous invitation to inspect the experimental company now undergoing training at Hounslow, and despatched a trusted representative to report on the progress which has already been made, with the results embodied in the subjoined interesting diary:—

March 19.—Arrived at Hounslow at eleven A.M., and was welcomed by Colonel POLLOCK, who explained that the company were attending a lecture on Free Imports by Sergeant-Instructor CHIOZZA MONEY, but that he would be pleased to answer any questions. On my asking how the experiment was proceeding, Colonel POLLOCK replied, "Magnificently. The results have surpassed my wildest anticipations."

"Had you any difficulty in getting the men?"

"Not the slightest. Had I wished I could have obtained ten times the number. As it is they are a splendidly representative set, including a Bishop's son, seven dock labourers, an artificial-eye maker, several chauffeurs, a Rhodes scholar, the heir presumptive to an extinct Irish peerage, an ice-cream seller, three comedians, and several ex-Members of Parliament."

"What were the qualifications insisted on?"

"A minimum chest measurement of 34 inches, a deep love of animals, and uncompromising adhesion to the principles of Free Trade."

The military training, which was practically completed on the second day, is exclusively undertaken by Colonel POLLOCK, but as he is anxious to make his recruits into good citizens as well as good soldiers he has retained the services of six sergeant-instructors to complete their education. Thus Sergeant LOUIS WAIN lectures three times a week on the intelligence of the lesser *Felidae*; Sergeant HAROLD COX holds forth nightly on Protectionist Fallacies; Sergeant ST. LOE STRACHEY (who is known by the men as the Duke of Wellington Street) lectures on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays on "How to Write a Leading Article under Fire"; Sergeant RAY LANKESTER, when his duties at South Kensington permit, delivers occasional addresses on "The Winsome Ways of Prehistoric Fauna," and Sergeant HERBERT PAUL is retained as honorary instructor in "The Use of the Stinkpot in Civil War."

At this moment the company came trooping out of the lecture, and at Colonel POLLOCK's invitation I joined them at lunch. The men mess in groups of ten, thus allowing scope for different tastes in diet; meat is optional, and several of the messes are composed of strict vegetarians. The artificial-eye maker is a fanatical devotee of the egg diet; the Bishop's son insists on having barley beer at all his meals; and one of the chauffeurs, strange to say, only drinks hot water. Afternoon tea is served at four P.M. with cream *ad libitum*, and the company's cats, of which there are no fewer than thirty-nine, are greatly in evidence at this meal. Supper is at nine, and after a "sing song," varied occasionally by an extra lecture from Lord AVEBURY on the Offensive Tactics of White Ants, or from Professor EMIL REICH on the *Periplus* of HANKO, lights are extinguished at ten P.M.

Wednesday, March 21.—On my arrival at the barracks Colonel POLLOCK flew to meet me in a state of almost unspeakable joy. "The men are simply splendid!" he cried. "Would you believe it, I planned a night surprise and suddenly woke up the entire company at two A.M., when the vitality of the human organism is at its lowest, with the cry, 'The Germans have landed and are marching on Hanwell!' Well, my brave fellows immediately leapt out of bed, formed themselves into a hollow square on all fours, with their cats in the middle, and by the simple device of pulling the tails of their devoted quadrupeds created such a soul-shaking caterwauling that the Germans, if they had been there, would have fled in confusion. I was so pleased at this display of intelligence—entirely unprompted, mind you—that I gave them an extra hour in bed this morning, and have arranged with Sergeant CHIOZZA-MONEY to teach them the Corn-Law anthem this afternoon."

"What are the men doing now?"

"Attending a lecture by Professor CLARKSON on the art of Military Make-up and the use of Disguise in War. You see they mastered the essentials of drill in the first two days, and I am now enabled to concentrate upon their intellectual instruction. Sir LEWIS MORRIS, I am glad to say, has joined the staff, and has most kindly undertaken to give a course of prelections on the Composition of War Songs. You will remember that he wrote most of the *Epic of Hades* on the Underground, and, with his permission, I have arranged for the erection of a LEWIS MORRIS Tube underneath the drill hall."

"Have you had any cases of insubordination yet?"

"Not a single one. The only *contretemps* so far was the attempt of an over-zealous private to arrest a suspicious-



POINT-TO-POINT NOTES.

A BAD TAKE-OFF.

looking individual who was prowling about the barrack yard, but who turned out to be Mr. HALDANE, who had come to pay us a friendly visit. However, the War Secretary took it in very good part, and all ended happily."

Friday, March 23.—On reaching the barracks I found no one there but a caretaker. The entire company, it seems, had gone to York to take part in a realistic representation of TURPIN's famous ride, in which the title rôle is to be assumed by Mr. STRACHEY, *The Spectator* militia men acting as pace-makers in relays.

Scotland for the Scots.

WE are sorry to note the introduction of Coloured Labour beyond the Tweed.

"Lambing Man Wanted for 21st April (blackfaced)."—*Moffat News*.

A HANOVERIAN SURVIVAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having a profound respect for the remote past I was glad to see, in your issue of March 14, that venerable joke about "Happy Goose!" which I recall as being popular about the time of the coronation of the Fourth GEORGE, at which function I had the honour to assist. Believe me, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CENTENARIAN.

[The comparative youth and inexperience of our Editorial staff (they are all under eighty-five years of age) render it desirable that they should have the services of an expert in antiques. Will "CENTENARIAN" therefore kindly forward his name and address?—Ed.]

Silly.

"WANTED, Sound Boot Repairing Business." *Manchester Evening News*.

THE SCHOLAR NAVVY.

An Anticipation.

[Vide "LAMBDA's" recent articles in *The Westminster Gazette*, entitled "The University and the Nation," in which the writer advocates the reform of Oxford on lines which will render its culture available for the working-classes of England.]

BILL SMITH was a navvy of brawn and bone,
His sinews steel and his muscles stone;
He plied the pick and he plied the spade,
And a nice little living it was he made.
His table groaned with the best of cheer;
He feasted high on beef and beer;
Care never entered his well-barred door;—
What could the soul of man want more?

Alas! one evil day BILL heard
Of a place called Oxford. His soul was stirred.
A charming spot, they said—tall towers,
Grey quads, green grass, and a wealth of flowers,
Here one might lie, stretched out at ease,
On a velvet lawn, 'neath shady trees,
And wile the careless years away
With a can of beer and an old black clay.

He listened wistfully. "This," said he,
"Can scarce be meant for the likes of me.
You tell of a wonderful country which
Must be the preserve of the fortunate rich."
"No, no!" they cried. "In a long past day
Things used to be very much as you say;
But a great reformer conceived a plan
To make it the home of the labouring man.
If you're tired of being a navvy, and sigh
For the cultured calm of the cloistered High,
Just say the word and you soon will be
A scholar of Corpus or B.N.C."

BILL's eyes, as he listened, grew keen and bright.
He flew to Paddington swift as light;
And that same day ere the sun went down
He was tramping the High in a scholar's gown.
Four glorious golden years he trod
The well-worn flags of the Corpus quad;
He studied *Homer* and *Vergil*, too,
And PLATO's views on the Good and True;
He read the *Ethics* and even rose
To exercises in Attic prose;
He learnt what PERICLES thought of the Navy,
And never to use his knife for the gravy;
He studied the points of the *gentium jus*
And how to eat his asparagus.

At last, when he found himself B.A.'d,
BILL thought once more of the pick and spade;
But his muscle had dwindled away, alack,
And stooping gave him a crick in the back.
He soon discovered with aching heart
He'd lost forever the navvy's art;
So he tried for jobs of various kinds—
As beating carpets, or fixing blinds,
Or driving a bus, or a railway van,
Or being a general odd-job man.
But berths like these were beyond his reach
The one thing left for him was to teach.

Now he spends the livelong day
Teaching youngsters to work and play,
While most of the night his back he crooks
Correcting endless exercise books—
For which he earns just half what he made
As a first-class navvy with pick and spade.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE VAN-DOG.

THOUSANDS of years ago, when one of our prehistoric fathers had decided to remove his habitation and his belongings to some new spot which might offer him greater facilities for the prosecution of raids and forays and the provision of sustenance for his family, he would, we may be sure, discuss with his wife, the obedient captive of his spear, the question as to what furniture and appurtenances they should take with them, and what they should leave behind. Having settled that the grand piano, the *escritoire*, the solid oak wardrobe, the mahogany table with leaves (the gift of the lady's father after reconciliation), the six dining-room chairs, the carved sideboard, and such of the carpets and beds and washstands as still happened to be serviceable, should be removed by the local Pickford—having, as I say, settled this, they would then proceed to pack up the silver, the plates and dishes, the linen, the clothes and the children, and load them on to the rude ox-waggon and the primitive pony cart. Lastly, just before starting, they would take a look round, and, lo and behold, they would see *Fluffy*, the cat, sleeping calmly on a bale of goods, while *Rags*, the dog, who had casually attached himself to their fortunes, prowled uneasily to and fro, with the conviction that a departure was taking place, and that, come what might, he must be in it.

"I can't leave the cat behind," the Chieftainess would say. "She's a first-rate mouser, and the children dote on her. Of course she's a trouble with her kittens, but they'll come in useful as presents for the neighbours, and she's such a faithful creature I can't bear to go without her." "Well, my dear," the Chieftain would answer, "if you take the cat, I'll take the dog. I never knew a dog like him for barking when wolves or robbers are about. Here, *Rags*, hop up;" and with that the joyful animal would leap to the front seat of the ox-waggon, and with much creaking and straining and shouting and whip-cracking the domestic procession would set out for the new home.

Now *Rags* thoroughly understood his duty. He was there to guard the family against beasts of prey, and right well he performed the responsible task. Now vigilantly perched beside the driver, now looking out upon the receding track from the tail-board, now running furiously to and fro over the trunks and bales and boxes, and always barking, barking, barking at the top of his voice, he made the forests to resound with the echoes of his clamour, and kept the Chieftain awake in case his bow and arrow should be needed to repel a sudden aggression. Arrived safely at the end of the journey he jumped down and curled himself up and slept, while the Chieftain pegged out his claim and the Chieftainess and her brood collected logs and wattles for the building of the new house.

Such was the pre-historic *Rags*, the lineal ancestor of all the dogs who bark on vans in the streets of our great cities. Whenever I see a wild immitigable dog rushing furiously up and down a van, and resolutely foaming at the mouth while he barks at everybody and everything he sees, I know that the curtains of his hereditary memory have been rolled back, and that his imagination has turned the streets into forests and all the innocent pedestrians into wolves or members of hostile tribes leagued together for the destruction of his van, his master and himself. No van-dog ever takes a moment's rest or gives himself a moment's silence. The policeman on his point cannot soothe him; the old lady, who in her desperate passage across the street finds herself pinned between the tail-board of the van and the pole of an omnibus, rouses him to a madness of protesting passion; and to see him seize a messenger-boy's cap and worry it is a liberal education in unreasoning violence and ridiculous anger. Yet at home and relieved from his protective labours he is



ANOTHER LENTEN SACRIFICE.

Golf Caddie (to Curate). "HIGH TEE, SIR?"

Curate. "NO; PUT IT ON THE GROUND. I GIVE UP SAND DURING LENT."

one of the mildest and cleverest of dogs. He is a firm friend of the cat and a meek target for her claws; the children play with him and pull him about without fear and without risk, and he suffers himself to be caressed by the very policeman at whom he has from his van directed all his powers of contumely and hatred. It is only when he is on his van that he becomes that worst of fiends, a fiend with a sense of duty and a determination to die rather than fail in the smallest detail of it. Even when he has grown old and fat and wheezy he will continue (on his van) to be a universal enemy and to bark in a muffled falsetto at the human race.

The Battle of Bakerloo.

At the time of the opening of the new Waterloo and Baker Street Electric Railway it was claimed for *The Evening News* that one of their young men had invented for it a title which would not easily be allowed to perish. He had called it "The Bakerloo Tube." It now appears that there is a rival name-maker in the field. His title for it is the "Water Street Tube." Which (if either) of these two *jeux d'esprit* will survive in the popular imagination remains to be seen. Mr. *Punch* is modestly conscious of his inability to pass judgment in so close a contest of wits.

A New Hobby.

"CLAYTON URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL.—Wanted, immediately, a person to act as Collector and Inspector of Cowsheds and Dairies. He will be required to make out and collect all rates, water rentals, and all other accounts due to the Council. He will also be required to do all the Council's Plumbing. Salary £80. The person elected will be required to give a sufficient bond for the faithful discharge of his duties and to reside in the district of Clayton."—*Yorkshire Daily Observer*.

£80 a year seems meagre pay for a faithful collector of cowsheds who does all the plumbing as well. It is, however, wise to insist that he should live in the district of Clayton. A collector who resided in London or Liverpool would probably waste his whole time carrying cowsheds backwards and forwards from his home to his work, and would never get through the plumbing properly.

The Yorkshire Evening Post states that "reciting English poetry is said to have been proved a successful plan for defying sea-sickness. MACAULAY and the late Professor SIDGWICK are quoted as examples." We suggest DANTE'S *Inferno*, and BYRON'S "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!" as suitable subjects for the reciter. He could proceed, with more justification than most reciters, *ad nauseam*.



A DEAD "LOCK."

P.C. JONES, HAVING MASTERED HIS OPPONENT BY THE LATEST TRICK IN JIU-JITSU, IS NOW WISHING THE INSPECTOR WOULD TURN UP TO WITNESS HIS TRIUMPH!

THE BATTLE OF THE CHESS BLUES.

[*Author's Note* :— The author cannot lay claim to any great technical knowledge of Chess, but he fancies that he understands the spirit of the game. He feels that on the eve of the Inter-University Chess Match it is the duty of somebody to sing, as the ordinary poet has a way of reserving his pæan for the Boat Race, and, by this means, of giving undue prominence to a quite secondary sporting event.]

This is the ballad of EDWARD BRAY,
Captain of Catherine's, Cambridge
Blue—

Oh, no one ever had just his way
Of huffing a bishop with K B 2!

The day breaks fine, and the evening
brings

A worthy foe in the Oxford man—
A great finesser with pawns and things,
But quick in the loose when the game
began.

The board was set, and the rivals tossed,
But Fortune (alas!) was Oxford's friend.
"Tail," cried EDWARD, and EDWARD lost;
So Oxford played from the fireplace
end.

We hold our breath, for the game's
begun—

"Oh, who so gallant as EDWARD BRAY!

He's taken a bishop from K Q 1,
And ruffed it—just in the Cambridge
way!

Then Oxford castles his Q B knight:
(He follows the old, old Oxford groove;
Though never a gambit saw the light
That's able to cope with EDWARD's
move).

The game went on, and the game was fast,
Oh! Oxford huffed and his king was
crowned;

The exchange was lost, and a pawn was
passed,
And under the table a knight was
found!

Then Oxford chuckled; but EDWARD
swore:

A horrible, horrible oath swore he;
And landed him one on the K B 4,
And followed it up with an R Q 3.

Time was called; with an air of pride
Up to his feet rose EDWARD BRAY.
"Marker, what of the score?" he cried.
"What of the battle I've won this
day?"

The score was counted; and BRAY had
won

By two in honours, and four by tricks,

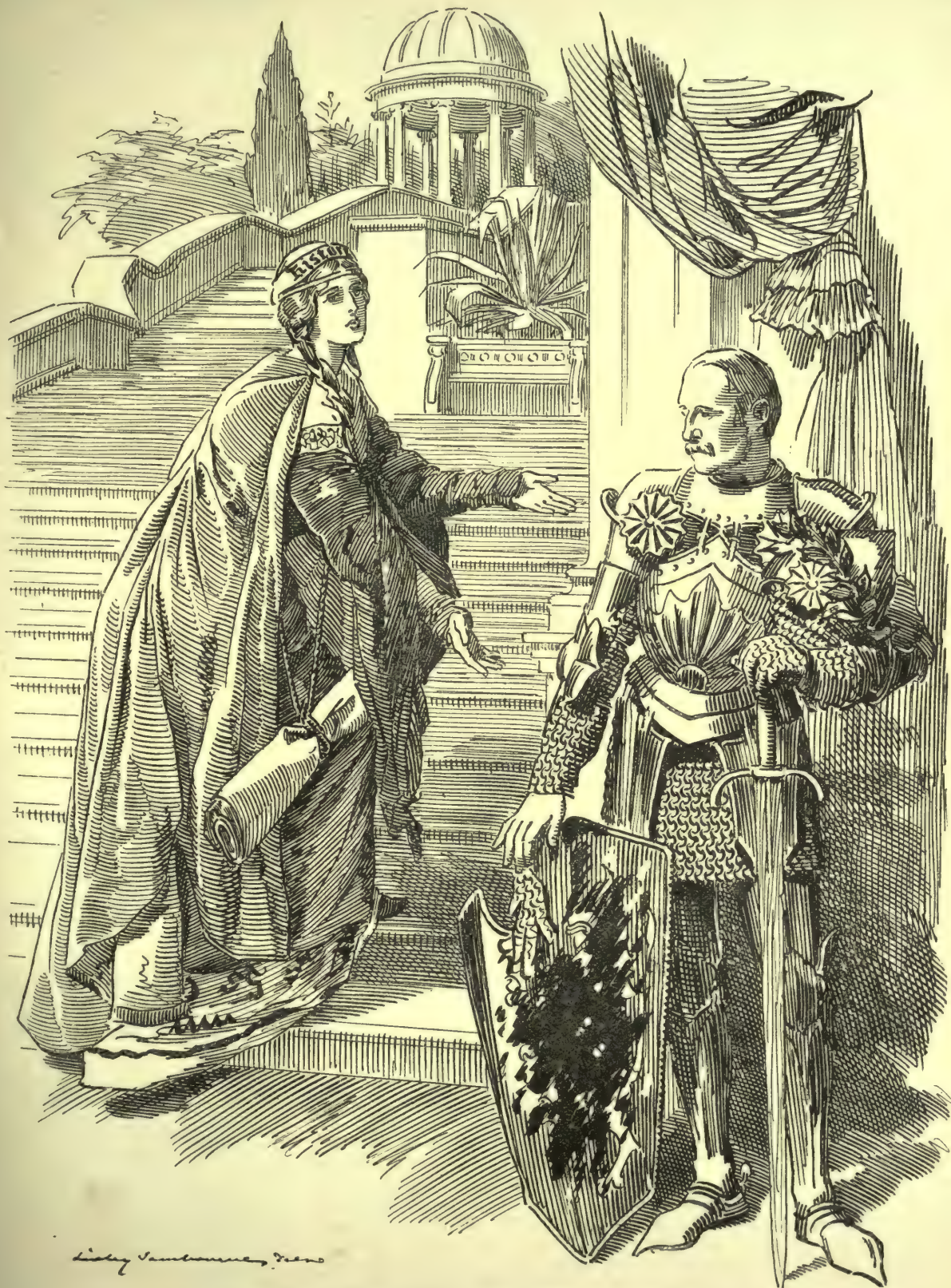
And half of a bishop that came undone,
And all of a bishop on K Q 6.

* * * * *
Then here's to Chess! and a cheer again
For the man who fought on an April
day
With never a thought of sordid gain!
England's proud of you, EDWARD BRAY!

"CANTAB" writes:—"I am glad to be able to announce, on the authority of the Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, that Oxford and Cambridge will be the only Universities represented in the coming Boat Race from Putney to Mortlake." This is good news after the fight against odds at Queen's Club last Saturday, where Cambridge had to meet the combined Universities of Harvard, Yale, Oxford and Dakota."

A Trial Trip in Triolets.

TRIOLETS (to get them right)—
One must crib from DOBSON (AUSTIN);
Else you'll worry half the night
At triolets, to get them right.
(There! the "at" has spoilt it quite!
It's a metre which I'm lost in.)
Try (O let's!) to get them right;
One must crib from DOBSON (AUSTIN).



Lily Sanderson, Del.

THE STAIN OF CENSURE.

HISTORY (to LORD MILNER). "LEAVE YOUR SHIELD IN MY KEEPING. I SHALL MAKE IT BRIGHT AGAIN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Mar. 19.—Like old times to have ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS back again. For eleven years been wandering in the wilderness outside Westminster. Since the time of WHALLEY Peterborough ever distinguished itself by originality of choice of Members. It sent A. C. to Parliament, and kept him there for six years. Then, lured by apt alliteration's artful aid, it abandoned him. Before the battle cry, "PURVIS for Peterborough!" he fell. Sutherland picked him up, setting him on his feet to worry Ministers. It is the same old ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, with the same tendency to interpose in current debate whatever be the subject, the same disregard for conventionality.

Came out to-night in new guise. Army Estimates under discussion. Members below Gangway reiterate demand that they shall be cut down. Topic irresistible to ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Incited him to one of those declarations that from time to time uplift the renown of the Mother of Parliaments.

"Personally," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, feeling in his trousers pocket to see if he still had that threepenny-bit he forgot to drop in the bag on Sunday, "personally I would like to say to the Government,

'Here is twenty millions for the Army. You shall not have a penny more.'"

What, compared with this munificence, is a paltry library given here and there, with stipulation that it shall be sustained out of the rates? Observe, too, the delicacy of the fashion of conveying intimation of the munificence. An ordinary man capable of it, if such there be, would mount a pedestal, beat a drum, and when the expectant crowd assembled would pompously announce the boon. Without varying the level tones of his voice, without striking an attitude, prefacing the glad tidings with the studious casualness of "personally," ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS says to the harassed War Minister, "Here is twenty millions for you." (Some would have said, "Here are twenty millions." But that would be making too much of it.) Then, assuming a sternness designed to repress exuberant gratitude, he adds, "You shall not have a penny more."

This incident gave a fillip to debate sorely in need of it. House in Committee on Army Estimates. Speeches prepared for earlier opening now worked off. Admittedly nothing more to be usefully said at present juncture. HALDANE has twice at considerable length expounded his policy of masterly inactivity. EGO-FORSTER has had his innings, once more explaining that, finding the Army in ruins, he left it an impregnable fort. The Colonels have had their say, and Major SEELY

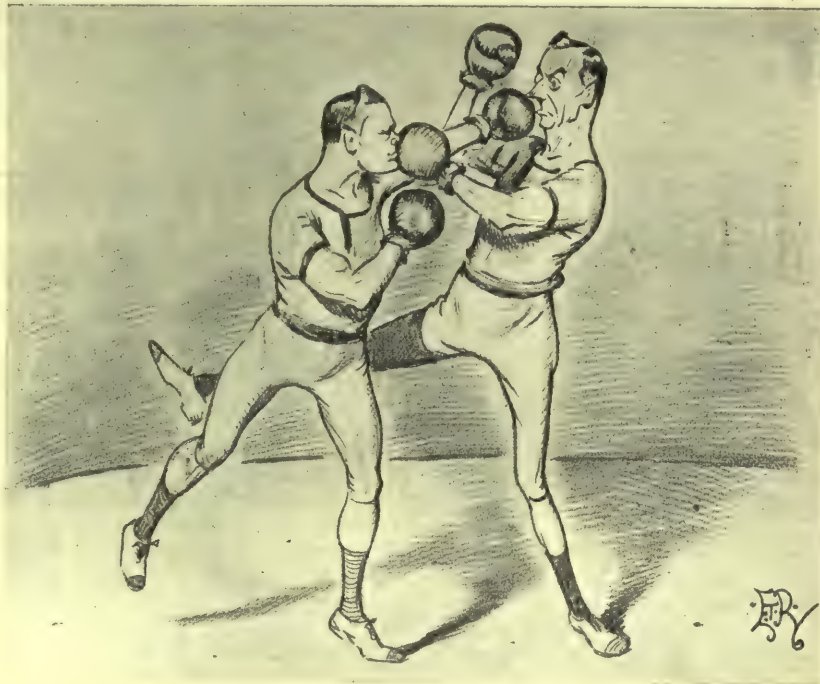
has divided against the Leaders of his new Party. Time now to vote the inevitable charges and get on with other business.

That not the way of the Commons, be the House new or old. And, but for BALCARRES, the dreary performance would have gone on till midnight. At ten o'clock he rose and blandly proposed to discuss the question of Militia Training in winter months. A low groan echoed round the almost empty benches. Obligated to live up to his great speech on nomination of Aliens Committee, BALCARRES good for an hour at least.

At end of five minutes a Member opposite rose on point of order. In accordance with custom, BALCARRES resumed his seat. Before he could rise again a Labour Member moved the Closure. CHAIRMAN put question. Carried by overwhelming majority; a group of votes was rattled through; House up at 10.35.

Business done.—Annual Army Bill brought in.

Tuesday night.—Education Bill not yet produced. Budget postponed till after Easter. None of measures promised in King's Speech in forward state. Still we are getting on nicely. POSTMASTER-GENERAL obdurate about giving us free postage, and CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER positively declines to pay our railway fares. But we have passed by overwhelming majority resolution to pay ourselves salaries at a minimum rate of £300 a year. Also we have



What an odd thing it is that persons of this kind should fancy themselves before everything as masters of Deportment and Good Manners!

(Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n and Mr. W-nst-n Ch-reh-ll.)



AN INTERESTING PACHYDERM.

(Re-discovered in Sutherlandshire.)

(Mr. Alph-s Cl-ph-s M-rt-n.)



A WEAPON OF OFFENCE.

(A hard-run fox has taken refuge in a tree.)

Gusny (of Upper Tooting) whose horse has caused considerable trouble during the day. "BY JOVE, I WISH I HAD MY REVOLVER."
M.F.H. "TO SHOOT YOURSELF OR YOUR HORSE, SIR?"

and for the 670 returned at General Election only 306 seats are provided on floor of House. To secure one, Members must be down for prayers, when, with the benediction, tickets are bestowed.

Custom permits a Member to peg out a claim by placing his hat on a coveted seat at any indefinite hour of the morning preceding prayer-time. This is accepted as intimation that the owner of the hat is on the premises, privily engaged in work on behalf of his constituents or the State.

Alack for the depravity of human nature! We are all honourable gentlemen in House of Commons; but some of us own two hats. In HENRI MURGER'S

Vie de Bohème there is a charming scene where the Bohemians invited to dinner by a wealthy acquaintance cordially accept the bidding, and on arrival, by way of doing honour to the occasion, proceed in the temporary absence of their host to rifle his wardrobe in order to make themselves presentable. Discovering, to their amazement, that the man positively has three hats, they appropriate two with the indignant exclamation, "*Peut-on avoir trois chapeaux quand on n'a qu'une tête?*"

Members, even those returned by the large majorities, have only one head. But some have two hats, one secreted in their locker, the other serviceable on

making their way down to the House in the early morning. Having planted this last out on a desirable seat, they take the other from the locker and go about their business assured of sitting room when they return. Twenty-six years ago MITCHELL HENRY startled a newly elected House by uttering from a side gallery his plaint against this nefarious transaction. To-day it is SOARES who is sore on the subject. As when Mr. BRAND was in the Chair, Mr. LOWTHER talks about "honourable understanding," an appeal which finds no response in the guilty breast of the Two-hatted Man.

Business done.—Scottish Land Values Bill discussed.



Lady. "IT'S VERY CHANGEABLE WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WILLIAM?"

Road Mender. "YES, THAT IT IS, MISS. WE DON'T GET A SINGLE DAY ALIKE."

"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER."

DEMURELY full of girlish tricks,
And dimpled with a pouting smile,
The modern crone of sixty-six
Must now be reckoned juvenile.
Her pearly teeth and satin cheek
Are made to match her youthful
brow,
And only ill-bred persons speak
About the Middle ages now.

Oh! Mrs. A., and Madame X.,
Who boom the Blond Street beauty
cult,
To think that for such trifling cheques
You guarantee this brave result!
How do those operating hands
Restore "lost tone" to wrinkled dames,
And fit the fashion that demands
Old pictures in enamelled frames?

Should any lady think her hair
Suggests too much the Autumn
tints,
She does not in the least despair,
But follows your attractive hints.
By apt adulteration's aid,
Some artful spirit brings again

The latest fashionable shade,—
A rare oasis in the plain.

Those subtle touches never fail
To smooth away the marriage-lines;
The sallow cheek so sere and pale,
A guinea rouge incarnadines;
And, oh! how sweet must be the thrill
That penetrates a grateful soul,
When the divine electric drill
Eradicates some horrid mole!

To what a pitch of high content
That matron's ardent spirits rose,
When the "Proboscis" instrument
Equipped her with a Grecian nose!
And how some hearts have yearned to buy
Those patent 'straps' for flabby
skins,
That not uncharitably try
To hide a multitude of chins.

Nor does the mode in which your days
Are spent, dear ladies, cause offence;
To thoughtful minds your latest phase
Betrays the hand of Providence;
For though this beauty-culture fad
Has gone, perhaps, a bit too far,
'Twould make the brightest of us sad
To see you as you really are!

THE HOUSING PROBLEM SOLVED.—"The size of the picture is 2 ft. 4 in. wide and 2 ft. high, an adornment for either palace or cottage, which could not be purchased separately for less than 2½ guineas."—*Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."*

It does not say how much the cottage would cost with the palace thrown in, but even taken by itself we think the price named for the cottage—2½ guineas—is very moderate.

The Bristol Evening Times, in an account of an address by Dean PIGOU, reports him as saying: "A pride in modern-day Society was in the wearing of jewellery, but he thought one of his most beautiful experiences at a marriage service was when the bride, who had many jewels above the ordinary, came to her husband merely wearing her wedding-ring." But is this usual? *Mr. Punch* is the last person one would look to for a knowledge of the marriage service, but he has always understood from novels that a feature of it was the bewilderment of the Best Man as to which of his pockets he had put the ring in.

OUR BOYS AGAIN.

[According to a daily paper, the boys of a school at Marseilles revolted recently, and had to be subdued by the headmaster with a revolver, backed up by a strong police guard.]

AUTHORS who have tried to write public-school stories will have realised the difficulty of combining sensational detail with probability. The episode quoted above should prove helpful. We would recommend something on the following lines:—

There was no fear in HARRY's heart as he tapped at the bomb-proof door of the headmaster's study. Yet he knew why he had been sent for. His cap and a signed photograph of himself, abstracted from his locker for that purpose, had been left by the bully in the room from which the examination papers had been stolen. Suspicion rested upon him, perhaps not unnaturally. If he could not prove his innocence the consequences might be serious. But was he down-hearted? No! He knew that the school was with him, and would help him in his hour of need.

"Come in," said a voice.

HARRY entered the room.

The headmaster was sitting at the combination of desk and Maxim gun at which he wrote those sermons which filled every pew in the school chapel on Sundays.

"Well, TREVELYAN," he said gravely. "You know why I have sent for you?"

"Yes, Sir," replied HARRY, looking straight at him with his clear blue eyes, "but the charge is unjust. It was not I who stole the examination papers."

"This brazen attitude will avail you nothing," said the headmaster. "I must ask you, TREVELYAN, to bend over in the customary manner."

"Stay, Doctor CRASHOT," cried HARRY with flashing eyes. "I will not endure this wrong."

"I have you covered, TREVELYAN," said the headmaster significantly, tapping the feeder of his Maxim.

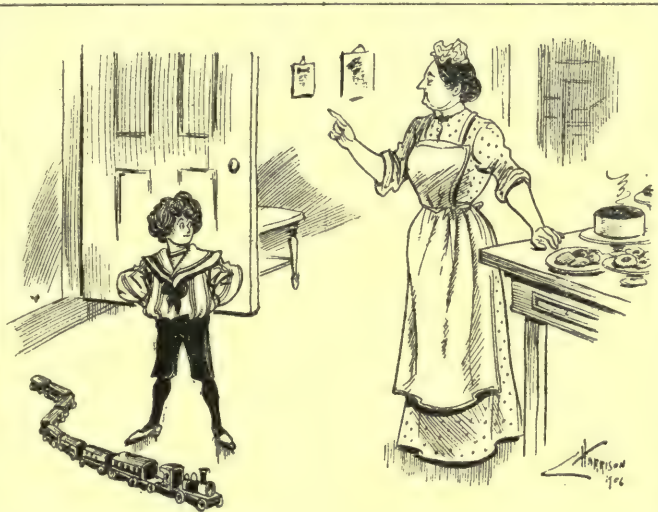
"And I you," retorted HARRY, producing a natty little Smith and Wesson. "Besides, I happen to know that gun isn't loaded. I heard you telling my house-master this morning that it jammed yesterday while you were taking the Sixth Form in *Thucydides*, and hadn't been right since."

"Sdeath!" growled the now infuriated headmaster. There was a tense silence for a minute. Then a look of relief came into the doctor's scowling face. He had heard footsteps.

The door opened abruptly. "Saved!" shouted the doctor, as the form of the senior mathematical master (popularly known as 4.7) appeared at the door.

"Arrest that boy!" shouted the doctor. "If he resists, shoot him down."

"It is useless," panted the mathematical master. "All is over. We are defeated. The school has risen to a boy. The corps is even now digging trenches in the cricket-field. The football fifteen have routed the junior school masters at the fives-courts and driven them into the river. The French masters have suffered a reverse from the gymnasium six, and are in full retreat for the Upper Fourth Form-room. The cloisters are mined. The prefects are advancing in echelon across the gravel. They demand the return of HARRY the Hero."



Cook. "Now, MASTER REGGIE, YOU MUSTN'T BRING YOUR TRAIN INTO THE KITCHEN."

Reggie. "OH YES, COOK; THIS IS WHERE WE STOP FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."

"And if we refuse——!" muttered the headmaster, grinding his teeth.

"Then every master on the staff will be put to the sword."

"In that case, TREVELYAN," said the headmaster with forced calm, "I will consent on this occasion to overlook your offence."

"Thank you, Sir," said HARRY.

TO MARJORIE ON HER ENGAGEMENT.

A FIT OF THE HALF-BLUES.

[Lines written on a sequel to the Inter-University Sports.]

I CANNOT—ought I to?—refuse

Your pity for my case;

You could not know I ran to lose,

And merely made the pace.

And yet—I hate it that you take

The other fellow's ring,

Although I only ran to make

Your beau a second string.

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

THE bald statement that a part of the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park has been set aside by a doctor as a Rest Cure garden for nervous patients is so tantalising that *Mr. Punch* has made further inquiries as to this secluded domain of peace. He finds that the doctor's methods are of a thoroughness beyond praise. All flowers likely to terrify or even ruffle a nervous lady have been ruthlessly uprooted. No tiger lily will lurk in the beds, no dandelion among the grass. Ox-eye daisies and cowslips will be banished, but phlox of all kinds is to be encouraged on account of its gentle bleating. In the pond will be no bulrushes; on the other hand heartsease will be everywhere, and the tobacco plant

will line all the walks, so common as to be almost a weed. Red-hot poker and other inflammatory plants will be strictly taboo; love-in-idleness will everywhere abound; and, owing to their freedom from tannin, a special preference will be given to China tea roses.

The greatest difficulty that the doctor has yet had to guard against is the confusion in his patients' minds between the Zoological Gardens and the Botanical Gardens, both being in Regent's Park. It is obvious that a nervous lady in need of a Rest Cure is hardly likely to start well in her recovery if she is under the impression that she is being conveyed to the Zoo. The doctor therefore asks the co-operation of all philanthropically disposed persons to do

what they can to emphasise the very strong difference between Botany and Zoology, and the capacity of Regent's Park to contain both establishments with a wide separating gulf. The achievement of his scheme depends largely upon the success with which they are kept apart in people's thoughts. To this end the exclusion of all plants and flowers with suggestive names such as monkey-puzzles, dog-roses, &c., is absolutely essential. As to whether or not he will engage Professor REICH to burble mellifluously of Platonics, while the ladies gaze upon the flowers, the doctor has not yet decided. If so, he will at once re-name the place the Platonical garden; or, Eden up-to-date.

The Daily Graphic announces that "Lady—— is now quite convalescent, and the infant baby is also doing well."

These babies do get born, so absurdly young nowadays.

THE SMILOFAC.

[A French scientist claims that by fixing a comfortably padded leaden plate over his ear, and passing an electric current through it, he can produce "all the characteristics of a smile."]

M. DUMAS, a physiologist,
Can simulate a smile,
By fixing to one's ear a leaden plate
(I merely mention what French journals state),
Through which electric stimuli beguile
With mirthsome tweak, and smirk-compelling twist.

A useful thing, for hardened diners-out,
Who know that they must hear
Stories first swapped in the Noachian prime;
The forced grimaces of the former time
Will henceforth and for ever disappear—
They can switch on a smile that none can doubt.

And when we go to see the latest play
A sixpence in the slot
Releases for our help the Smilofac
(Kindly remember you must put it back);
The saddest comedy, the tommiest rot,
Will wrench our risibles, and keep us gay.

M. DUMAS, if haply you are wise—
Ingenious you are
The Smilofac will vary in its strength
According to an "entertainment's" length;
Counsel whose duty calls them to the Bar
Of DARLING will require the largest size.

M. DUMAS, it is not mine to scoff;
This felt—and felt—want
Should ease the burden of our social round;
Yet I distrust it on one simple ground—
What if the gear should jam, and there should haunt
Our visages "the smile that won't switch off?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"FROM a British point of view there is no more remarkable episode in recent history than that which concerns the establishment and the gradual development of British influence in Egypt." Thus Lord LANSLOWNE, writing in his capacity of Foreign Secretary, prefaced communication to the British Ambassador at Paris of the substance of the Anglo-French Agreement dated April, 1904. In *The Making of Modern Egypt* (SEELEY) SIR AUCLAND COLVIN traces step by step proceedings which culminate in the once chronically impecunious Egypt to-day boasting a substantial surplus. Not only has the revenue steadily advanced, but the burden of taxation has been lifted from the shoulders of a long-crushed race. Between 1890 and 1896 more than a million of taxation was remitted on a revenue very little exceeding ten millions. The process is still going on; the country yields more and the citizen pays less. Egypt little realised what rich blessing for her was implied when, the British Fleet preparing to bombard Alexandria, the French battle-ships cut their moorings and put out to sea. Even when they had thus, irretrievably as it turned out, withdrawn from Joint Occupation, the dog-in-the-manger policy of France hampered the growth of prosperity. A provision of the earlier arrangement directed the payment of certain revenues to a joint account in order to cover the interest on the Debt. As Egypt waxed fat the payments into the Caisse de la Dette exceeded the amount needed. The British Agent urged that the surplus should be handed over to the Egyptian Government, with permission to employ it in whatever manner was most conducive to the

wealth of the people. France obstinately objected, and at the date when the Agreement put an end to the Joint Occupation there was uselessly accumulated in the coffers of the Caisse a sum of five and a half millions sterling. This is now being distributed with wise, beneficent hand, and bears fruit a hundred-fold. If the man be blessed who makes two blades of grass grow where formerly there was but one, ten times blessed is the work of England in Egypt. Sir AUCLAND COLVIN, sometime British Comptroller-General, contributed his share to the work, and accomplishes a fresh public service by this admirable account of its progress and triumph.

"Call no man happy till he is dead," was the old saying. "Call no man happy till he is a motorist," is the new—at least so far as Mr. FILSON YOUNG is concerned, who has written a book to support his contention. *The Happy Motorist* (E. GRANT RICHARDS) gives all the requisite instructions for attaining that modern variety of bliss which comes of travelling at high speed in skins and goggles, amid mud and dust and the smell of oil. Happy such a traveller may be, but no monopoly of happiness is his. There are a few persons left who can still be happy without a motor: happy although they have never pressed a snorting horn, never been terrorised by a chauffeur, never scared a pedestrian, and never flouted that noble animal the friend of man, who used to have a leg at each corner but is rapidly reaching the state of possessing not one to stand on. Each to his taste. This thing, however, is clear: that whatever one's views may be as to the happiness of the motorist, Mr. FILSON YOUNG is as eloquent an advocate of the new locomotion as is likely to come forward. His pen carries you along with it as though it also were a 60 h.p.

If *The Fifth Queen* (ALSTON RIVERS), by FORD MADOX HUEFFER, had gone on as well as it begins it would be among the most vivid historical romances in recent times. But it does not. At a certain point incidents give way to intrigue, and the story becomes dull and not too easy to follow. *The Fifth Queen* is HENRY THE EIGHTH'S KATHARINE HOWARD, the successor of ANNE OF CLEVELAND (that Flanders mare) and predecessor of CATHERINE PARR (who survived him). She is not Queen in this book, but is well on the road thither. There is every indication that HENRY is about to catch a Tartar—and she too. But he kept his head. Mr. HUEFFER, by the way, having written several novels (two with Mr. CONRAD) and other books, including poetry and fairy tales and history, must be amused by *The Daily Mail's* excitement over *The Fifth Queen* as a "first book by a new writer." But so it is to be a journalist in a hurry!

In the collection of stories called *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta* (EDWARD ARNOLD), by L. ALLEN HARKER, we have yet another contribution to the natural history of childhood, a branch of study which has been perhaps rather too popular of late. Mrs. HARKER, however, has a kindly sympathetic eye and not a little humour, and in choosing *Fiammetta* for her heroine she chose well. *Paul* is less extraordinary, although it is true that he kept a private paragon of his own in a corner of his busy brain, named *Tonks*, whose deeds far excelled anything that any real hero could perform—even W. G. GRACE himself. MATTHEW ARNOLD advised the possession of a touchstone by which to appraise new poetry; but if every child kept such a touchstone of daily merit as this terrible *Tonks*, we who are grown up and like to be admired by the young would know only gall and bitterness.

"YORKSHIRE.—Genuine Retail and Prescribing Business; little Photography; no opposition; healthy district; splendid fitted-up shop."—*The Chemist and Druggist*.

"Healthy district" was surely an oversight?



NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

Motorist (whose motor has thrown elderly villager into horse-pond). "COME ALONG, MY MAN, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME TO GET DRY."
Elderly Villager. "NO, YER DON'T! I'VE GOT YER NUMBER, AND 'ERE I STAYS TILL A HINDEPENDENT WITNESS COMES ALONG!"

SI PACEM VIS.

A BALLAD OF THE LITTLE GRAND DUCHY.

[The prevailing military ardour has spread to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, which, we learn from the *Frankfurt Gazette*, has added a horse to its cavalry and ordered a cannon on approval from Krupp-Essen. The national army turned out to practise with its new artillery, when unfortunately objections were raised by the neighbouring Powers, who complained that the shots had fallen in their territories. The cannon has been returned.]

THE GRAND DUKE sent a summons forth,
 And at his ducal call
 From East and West and South and North
 Hasted his Barons all.
 "Lordings," quoth he, "'tis plain to see
 The armies of the Powers
 Each day grow more prepared for war—
 But what, my Lords, of ours?"

"While France and Germany increase
 Their fighting forces so,
 Can we be sure of lasting peace?
 My Lords, I answer 'No!'
 We too must spend, would we defend
 Our own beloved Spa.

Do you agree?" Some answered "Oui,"
 While others cried "Ja, Ja."

The DUKE was in his counting-house;
 The francs he counted long;
 Each Lord sat silent as a mouse,
 For fear he'd count them wrong.
 At length his head he raised and said,
 "My Lords, the sum is done:
 The funds are high and we can buy
 A charger and a gun."

The DUKE has held a grand review,
 And all the folk in force
 Have gathered round to see the new
 Krupp cannon and the horse.
 The drum was banged, the cymbals
 clanged,
 And both the trumpets brayed;
 The people cheered, the new horse reared,
 The old one also neighed.

Napoleonic frenzy filled
 The GRAND DUKE. Prudence fled.
 The vision of his army thrilled
 His marrow. "Fire!" he said.
 A blinding flash, a thunder crash,
 And then a startled glance—

The people saw with sudden awe
 The shot had dropped in France.

The GRAND DUKE frowned, but even then
 His zeal was scarce decreased.
 "Come! turn the gun about, my men,
 And let her face the East."
 Again the flame and thunder came,
 Again at his command
 The shot sped true—this time, *ehou!*
 To hit the Fatherland.

Then frantic French and Germans came,
 And protocols poured in
 Supporting every victim's claim
 From Paris and Berlin.
 The GRAND DUKE sighed, his martial
 pride
 All crushed and crumpled up—
 The extra horse was sold perforce,
 The gun went back to Krupp.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

Good wine is the Mother of Invention.
 Let the cobbler stick to his wax.
 Too many cooks spoil the policeman.

CHEZ LES TIDMARSH.

As of that Queen of Egypt in whose storied past my *Lord Strathpeffer* took a scholarly delight, so of *The Man from Blankley's* it may well be said that custom cannot stale his infinite variety. Restored to the freshness of early youth after five winters of embalment, its revival was greeted at the Haymarket with all the rapture of love at first sight. Among the many old favourites that reappeared the honours must still go to Miss FANNY BROUGH, incomparable as ever in her command of expression—voice and facial play alike. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY never did a better performance than in the scene where his own irresistible flood of laughter carried the audience away with it. One could have wished, as before, that he looked a little more like the sincere Egyptologist he professes himself to be; but the situation discouraged pedantry. As the *Arch-Uncle Gabriel* Mr. KEMBLE was once more himself in the most superb sense of that implication. Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD renewed the old fascination with his futile statistics, his dashing suburban gallantry, and the inimitable google in his throat. Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR had lost nothing of his masterful tone as the *Butler* who consented to demean himself for a night's hire; and Miss CAROLINE EWELL again deplored most movingly the desolations of her stricken cockatoo.

Of the new-comers Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH brought a great access of power to the part of *Montague Tidmarsh*. He



Montague Tidmarsh.
(Mr. Weedon Grossmith).

had little enough to do, but he was never idle or superfluous. In the dinner-scene his silence was pure gold. From his bent back so rare an atmosphere of eloquence was diffused, that our artist could tell just how he was looking on the other side. Miss MAUD WYNTER, as the flighty *Cecilia Flinders*, confirmed her growing reputation. Both in her acting and in her make-up she showed an almost sacrificial self-abandonment. Miss WIEHE made an extremely pretty governess; and if she lacks experience she more than compensated for this defect by the freshness and simplicity—qualities not easily acquired—with which she rendered a part which demanded ingenuous treatment. Finally, little Miss WINIFRED WINTER carried on very admirably the traditions which Miss BEATRICE TERRY originally associated with the part of *Gwendoline Tidmarsh*.

The cast could scarcely be bettered. If any fault, which I doubt, is to be found, there is perhaps a tendency with the secondary characters to over-emphasize their isolated speeches, and to make hay a little too hard in the shifting patches of sunlight that come their way. But this excess of zeal in seizing the bright occasion is very excusable, if not actually necessary to their purpose (in the phrase sanctified by Mr. PINERO) of "bringing the scent of the hay across the footlights."

As for the play itself there is no new thing to be said. It was long ago established beyond the reach of criticism. But the critics of the revival have felt the need of justifying their existence by the reiteration of hallowed technicalities. Thus they resent the description of this play as a comedy. No doubt they are strictly right; it is not, and does not pretend to be, a pure comedy. It contains those elements of exaggeration which are common to most of DICKENS's types, and if the work of DICKENS is farce then this is farce. But what does it matter? Mr. ANSTEY himself, if he had been consulted about its designation, would, I know, have called his play simply "An Entertainment;" which it very certainly is, and at that we may leave it.

Again, we are instructed to observe this further defect, that the author gets through the telling of his story in the First Act. But to whom? To the audience, yes; but not to the actors. And in this distinction lies the only possibility for the employment of that irony—has Mr. Walkley never told the others about Sophoclean irony?—which is of the very essence of this play. Half its humour, as a play (apart, that is, from the detached dialogue which does not attempt to assist its progress but merely contributes to the revelation of character)—half its humour as a play depends upon phrases



Gabriel Gilwattle (Mr. Kemble).
Lord Strathpeffer (Mr. Charles Hawtreay).

of double intent; and there would be an end to all savour of Olympian delights if the spectators could not draw from these ambiguities a second meaning unshared by their inferiors on the stage.

And since one cannot have both irony and surprise, for myself I would always sacrifice the sudden shock of pleasure if I might enjoy its sustained glow. For the sense of superiority I get from being in the secret is an enduring pleasure; and not for one performance only, but to be renewed at will, while the other momentary joy that comes at the end of a first night can no more be repeated than a bee can use his sting a second time.

I have scant patience to answer a third criticism which complains of the want of action in the dinner-scene. It happens, of course, that the commonest form of human action is speech; and that by means of the dialogue at the head of the table the web of confusion is being woven about the head of the unfortunate *Mrs. Tidmarsh* just as surely and remorselessly as if she and the other leading characters were popping in and out of the room or changing chairs with every other remark. There is in the nature of things no such "action" in this dinner-scene, and the omission may be a breach of convention; but even though Mr. ANSTEY should break all the stuffy conventions in the catalogue of dramatic proprieties I could easily forgive him if his *tour de force* justified itself; as it indubitably does, and there's an end on 't. O. S.

The Scotsman reports Sir HARRY JOHNSTON as saying in a lecture that "the people of the interior of Liberia were given up to cannibalism. They were, however, keen about trade, and received foreigners with great kindness." With such kindness, in fact, that they no longer felt that they were foreigners; but rather, that they too were people of the interior.



Bernard Partridge.

FEUX DE JOIE.

[The Algeciras Conference has practically been concluded to the mutual satisfaction of the two rival Powers whose differences at one time threatened to end in something worse than a diplomatic duel.]





ECHOES OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Member of Small Betting Syndicate (who is being held up to report the fortunes of their selection). " 'E'S LOST 'IS 'AT! NOW 'E'S LOST 'IS 'EAD!! NOW 'E'S LOST 'IS SEAT!!! NOW 'E'S LOST THE BLOOMIN' 'ORSE, AND OUR MONEY AND EVERYTHINK!!!!"

MANY ESCARGOTS.

PROFESSOR HELIX RITZ, who has been conducting experiments on the edibility of snails in this country and the probable results of such a diet on the English constitution, asks us to publish the following letters, which we are only too pleased to do.

DEAR SIR,—Before I took to a snail diet I lived at Racedown. I have now bought a cottage at Crawley.

Yours, A. B. C.

DEAR SIR,—I have found in snail broth not only a source of safety but also of economy. I used to sit trembling

behind my French chauffeur as he devoured distance and brought the telegraph poles as close together as fir trees in a Norwegian forest, while it was hardly ever my fortune to escape a heavy fine for transgressing the speed limit. Since, however, I insisted upon his taking snail broth at every meal he has become sedateness and security itself, and all is well. He complains that it makes his liver sluggish, but I cannot help that. Yours faithfully,

MAUD BOODLE.

DEAR SIR,—I had been quite off my drive for several weeks, when a golfing friend recommended me to try your regimen, and I am glad to say that it has worked

like a charm, enabling me to put into practice the maxim "Slow back" with a completeness and consistency to which I never could previously attain.

Yours faithfully, A. J. B.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for your diet. Formerly I was so infatuated with speed that I could only read the *Telegraph* and the *Express*. Now I take in *The Daily Snail* as well.

Gratefully yours, JOHN GALLUP.

A Relation of "The Silver King."

"Lost, Gold Lady's Neck Chain."—*Inverness Courier*.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CHRISTENED.

SEVERAL statisticians of weight having shown that at least as many births take place in April as in any other month, this seems a peculiarly appropriate moment in which to offer to fathers and others a few remarks on the naming of children. It is obvious at the very start that much depends upon whether the child to be christened is a boy or a girl. Captious critics will say that if you call the child EVELYN, HILARY, or FRANCES, it does not matter what it is; but this sitting upon the fence is a practice for which one can only have the strongest condemnation. Far, far better name your boy GLADYS, or your girl WILLIAM than hedge in so mean-spirited a way with such a name as EVELYN . . .

We will suppose, then, that you have decided whether a boy's name or a girl's will be more suitable to the infant; that you have noticed the colour of its eyes, and guessed shrewdly at that of its hair (supposing some of it to have arrived); and that you have decided to strike out a line of your own, in preference to calling it after some absurd uncle or aunt, father or mother. What shall it be christened?

I have mentioned the colour of the infant's hair, for this should influence your choice considerably. If its hair is light you could not possibly call it JASPER, for a reason that I shall give presently. Nor if its eyes are brown is it any good calling it MAY. Colour and sex are, in fact, the two most important points to be remembered when searching for a name for one's child.

Let us assume first that the thing is a boy.

Now if it is a boy a day will come when it enters definitely upon some profession. It is impossible (and, indeed, undesirable) to give here a list of all the professions which your boy might enter, but we will take seven of them as samples. The seven we select are: Baronet, Author, Prizefighter, Solicitor, Die-Sinker, Judge and Sailor. This may be considered a fairly representative list, even though it omits such notorious trades as the Butcher's, the Editor's and the Policeman's. Whichever of these professions is to be his, it is your duty to start him fairly on the way to success by christening him suitably.

For instance, if you wish him to die-sink you will not be so foolish as to call him HERBERT. I cannot quite explain why, but it is impossible for a HERBERT to take kindly to die-sinking. No die-sinker of the name of HERBERT ever rose to the top of his profession . . . (And I may say in parenthesis that only very

good and gentle men are called HERBERT at all.)

Should he be intended for a Baronet you would do well to leave the name of JASPER alone. JASPERS were ever villains, and it is ghastly to think of what a Sir JASPER, the wicked Baronet, might not achieve. Yet if the babe is really of a vicious character, and you wish to do the thing handsomely, why then . . . (But he must be black-haired, and take kindly, even as a child, to his faultless evening dress.) CYRIL is another name to avoid. "Sir CYRIL" runs badly off the tongue; have none of it for your boy. For a similar reason you should not call him anything that begins with a vowel or an aspirate. If you christen the lad EDWARD he will be worried all his life by landladies who say "Sir HEDWARD;" or, if HENRY, "S'RENRY." Let him lodge at peace with the name of RONALD.

Authors may be christened anything save GEORGE. If your boy has to sign himself "GEORGE —" reviewers will think either that he is a woman pretending to be a man, or else that he is a man who wishes to be taken for a woman; and being (anyhow) uncertain as to his sex, and compelled to say "the writer" in place of the ordinary pronoun, they will grow angry and cut the book to pieces. Your boy may, of course, make the matter clear with a dedication "To my Wife" (or "Wives," if of Mahommedan extraction); but to be on the safe side shun "GEORGE." I shall not go further and recommend any particular name for your author-son, except to add that if you wish his articles to be accepted for the magazines and reviews you should call him SIDNEY.

Future prize-fighters should not be christened LUCIUS, MERVYN, or KENNETH. Careful study of *The Sportsman* will reveal possible names for them; though such titles as "Smiler," "Pedlar," or "Bunco," partake more of the nature of family or surnames. (By the way I might add here, though it is somewhat outside the scope of this or any other article, that in prize-fighting, as in most other professions, only the men at the very top of the tree make incomes of any magnitude; which applies equally to die-sinking).

To those whose sons look like becoming judges I have only two things to say. Firstly, don't christen them TOMMY; secondly, do christen them THOMAS. If a judge cannot be called "TOMMY" he is, practically speaking, no judge at all; but the TOMMY must be a familiarity, a popular corruption of the austerer THOMAS. Similarly, sailors should be baptised CHARLES (after the great BERESFORD). They can still be called JACK by their friends.

Finally, if the boy takes up with solicitoring, let his name be JOHN. There is an old-fashioned honesty about JOHN. One inclines to trust JOHN, to give him the investing of one's money. Let the lad have his chance—like the others.

There is just one other point about the christening of boys. Suppose your own name is MACINTOSH (say). If you call the boy ALBERT he will find later on that in the social world ALBERT MACINTOSH might be any old waterproof for all the notice that is taken of him. But suppose you christen him "The" (as is quite lawful)*. You may then legitimately refer to him as "The Macintosh." Again, your name may be FAULKNER. Call the boy KEITH, and you can soon create the impression that he is a KEITH-FALCONER. Enough on that point.

But it may happen, you will object, that the thing is a girl. Now on the naming of girls there is not so much to be said. There is of course the general rule with regard to the colour of the child. MAUD, MURIEL, ISOBEL, MABEL, and WINIFRED are dark names; MAY, GRACE, DOROTHY, ALICE, and JESSIE are fair names. It so happens that the majority of girl's names are suitable only to brunettes, and this is another example of the workings of Providence. For the supply of brunettes never need run short so long as there are so many excellent hair dyes upon the market; whereas it is notoriously difficult to become a blonde to order.

In the ordinary way the girl-child will not be intended for any profession. But there arises always the question as to whom she will marry. If she is destined to wed a peer of the realm do not christen her SADIE. "Lady SADIE" sounds ridiculous. On second thoughts she would not be called Lady SADIE, but the principle is the same. Some girls, again, are called KERRAN-HAPPUCH, but this is quite unsuited to the wife of a business man. After a hard day in the city it is a fatiguing name to have to say, and he would probably leave out the hyphen.

It is of course possible that the girl may have a profession of her own. And so I may point out that actresses are called CLARIBELLE, and cooks something plain and strong—like JANE. Type-writers are usually christened BLICKEN-DORF, or something of that sort; but if by "typewriter" you mean "typist," then I would recommend BERTHA. But, indeed, girls may, within limits, be christened almost anything. And, as the editress of "*For the Home*" has well said, "The great thing after all is to lead a good life."

* See *Williams' Real Property, Torts—by One of Them, &c., &c.*

CHARIVARIA.

It is stated in some quarters that the Chinese mission at present in London has come to this country to study the question of the coolies in South Africa.

Our Japanese visitors were shown, among other sights, the House of Commons. They were much impressed. It should be mentioned that the House was not sitting at the time.

Half-a-dozen M.P.'s, each of whom has a son in the House of Commons, have celebrated the fact by giving a dinner to their offspring. This interesting function has given a distinct fillip to the movement in favour of lady Members. It is realised how charming and humanising it would be to have in the House Papa, Mamma, and Baby.

Lincoln now claims to possess the deepest water bore in England, and refuses to recognise the pretensions of Cockermouth.

All my Eye, and Lady MARY; as the Marquis of GRAHAM hopes to be able to say after the poll.

Canon GREENWELL of Durham, the well-known antiquary, recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday by catching a 72-lb. salmon on the Tweed. A less truthful man would have caught an 86-lb. salmon.

An Italian doctor asserts that he has discovered a cure for gout, rheumatism, and neuralgia. It is called "Arthralgonicon." As soon as the germs hear that the Arthralgonicon is coming they run; mistaking it for a relation of the Diplodocus.

The wit of the London omnibus drivers was questioned in a recent number of *Punch*. The London omnibus drivers have not been slow to vindicate themselves. One of their number, on meeting a brakeful of our Japanese guests last week, cried, "What price ROGERVENSKY?"

To prevent any tendency towards favouritism, the Stepney Guardians, in considering their annual contracts, suppressed the names of contractors, and had numbers called out instead. At this rate it will soon cease to be worth anyone's while to become a Guardian.

The L.C.C. steamboat *Shakspeare* was severely injured in a collision last week, but fortunately there was no loss of life. With passengers so difficult to obtain, it would indeed have been a calamity if any had been lost. The officers cannot be too careful.



FIRST NIGHT OF AN UNAPPRECIATED MELODRAMA.

He. "ARE WE ALONE?"

Voice from the Gallery. "No, GUV'NOR; BUT YOU WILL BE TO-MORROW NIGHT."

It has been held by a County Court Judge that a parrot is an animal. Interviewed on the subject, a leading parrot declares that he has no objection to the decision so long as cats may be considered birds.

The County Gentleman asserts that public feeling is growing more sensitive to the defacement of scenery. We notice with regret, however, that someone's pills continue to cure pretty landscapes.

The Lady is of the opinion that authors and journalists would look better for a little more sleep, for sleep is a great beautifier. Well, many of us have the

remedy close at hand. We need only read our own works.

The Labour Party announced, a little while ago, that there was to be no more class legislation. Is Labour, in their opinion, "no class?"

Nimium ne crede colori.

OUR Japanese visitors were too well-disciplined to paint the Town red. But their experiences were by no means colourless. According to *The Yorkshire Post*, on the occasion of their visit to the Tower of London, the band of the Grenadiers (who "were mounting duties") "made the old walls resound with the 'March in Sepia.'"

THE RIVAL BLUES.

She: If your professions are sincere,
Your vows from mockery free,
Then wear on Boat-race day this year
The deeper blue for me.
But if those vows were falsely made,
If all your love's a sham,
Then deck you with the lighter shade
In honour of the Cam.

He: So true am I to your commands
That I could well betray
My University with bands
Of indigo that day;
But so I should be traitor to
The colour of your eyes,
That rival in their turquoise hue
The tender April skies.

And how can Isis hope to write
Fresh victories on her scroll,
When those twin orbs, like lodestars
bright,
Draw Cambridge to the goal?
Oxford must lose, and I must yet
Deny you what you ask,
Till you have eyes of violet,
Or wear a motor-mask.

HOME CHIRPS.

KNEE-CAPS FOR SLEEVES.—Dresses are very much worn this season, especially about the elbows, and it will be found that long sleeves will wear much longer if small leather knee-caps are made for the elbow-joints. Cut from soft black leather a circular piece, three inches in diameter. Nail it to the elbow with a few small tin-tacks. These additions are quite ornamental, and an immense saving to the sleeve.

GLOVES.—The new kind of washable kids lend themselves most amiably to treatment by soap and water. The advantage of wearing them is that you can wash your hands without the trouble of removing your gloves.

BOOTLACES.—It is not generally known that bootlaces, if well waxed, will never come untied, day or night. This is a great convenience for those who habitually wear them.

COFFEE-COATS.—The coffee-coat is no longer in favour, and the tea-gown is less seen. They have been superseded by the Empire Cocoa-jacket, which is quite the rage just now. The fashionable tints are orange-yellow, apple-green, cranberry-red, tomato, asparagus, water-cress, in fact, all the Shavian or vegetarian colours.

UMBRELLAS.—These, as well as parasols, are now to be seen in colours. They are worn very tightly fitting. It is *strongly advised* not to leave the tassel off your umbrella until the weather is more settled, as severe colds and pneumonia have been caused by such imprudences in early spring.

DARING EXPERIMENT ON THE G.W.R.

FIVE SIMULTANEOUS SPECIALS.

Devonshire Breakfast Tables Brought
an hour or two nearer to the
Heart of Things.

A NEW era of culture for the Far West of England began last Monday. Response had already been made to the bitter cry for earlier London papers which had arisen in this quarter some little time ago, but what was then regarded as a great enterprise is naturally obsolete to-day, and it was no matter for surprise that the discontented feeling in the West had again broken out. It is anticipated that the new system of flying expresses will speedily allay this clamour. Bristolians who in the dark ages, for ever closed, had to wait till 5.35 A.M. for their *Daily Mail*, can now secure it at 5.20 A.M. The dwellers in Exeter whose breakfast-table was bare of *The Daily Express* till 8.30 can now enjoy a *thé complet* at 6.50. Early risers at Brixham who finish breakfast at 8.30 will miss their *Daily Chronicle* by forty-five minutes instead of by 2½ hours. At Liskeard, the lovers of *The Daily News*, who have been obliged to linger over their eggs and bacon till 10.37 waiting for the arrival of their favourite sheet, may now be happy some thirty minutes earlier. And the township of Par, which has been a bit below itself, must now be astir as early as 10.44 if it wishes to be thereabouts when its *Morning Leader* arrives.

It is hoped that the enormous expense incurred by these five papers in running specials to the West will be repaid by the increased patronage which they will attract among the simple fisher-folk of the Devon and Cornwall coast, and the rural classes of the interior.

Each of the specials is timed to leave Paddington at 3.10 precisely; and the highest credit is due to the Great Western for getting all five of them off simultaneously, running them together all the way, and bringing them to their journey's end at the same identical moment, without the slightest collision or other inconvenience.

THE Paris correspondent of *The Sunday Sun* writes:

"A European visiting the ROGUE is sure of an urbane and hospitable reception . . . The ROGUE is said to have replied to an interviewer, who asked a question on the subject of his birth, 'At any rate, I am the son of steel,' and to have pushed a revolver under his importunate questioner's nose."

We do not see how urbanity and hospitality could go further, without becoming actually offensive.

THE NEW INTOXICANT.

It appears that the atmosphere of the London Tube railways has the effect of accentuating enormously the potency of alcoholic drinks. The Directors of the Central London Railway, in recognising the seriousness of the matter, have just issued a circular to their employees, insisting on strict teetotalism while on duty. Less responsible persons, meanwhile, have also noted the properties of the Twopenny Air as combining economy with exhilaration. Being gifted with a phenomenally keen sense of overhearing we are enabled to reproduce a few select conversational fragments, let fall in the vicinity of our deep-level thoroughfares:—

"Hullo, JONES—what's yours?"

"My turn to smile—have a two of Tube!"

"Thanks, old chap, Shepherd's Bush to Marble Arch will about do for me!"

"Nonsense, man—come the whole way—same price, you know!"

"Yes, but I'm a semi-teetotaller!"

"Had your lunch yet?"

"No—where are you off to?"

"The Baker-loo Bodega—you take a bun and the tunnel does the rest!"

"Your Worship, the prisoner was observed coming out of the Chancery Lane lift."

"Any previous conviction against him?"

"Yes, he is on the Black List as a persistent and incorrigible traveller by the Tube for the past three years."

"Very well, then—ten shillings or seven days!"

"SMITH was quite speechless at the office to-day!"

"Why, I thought he was an abstainer."

"Yes, but he changed at the Mansion House, and mixed his air."

"Oh, my dear, it's too dreadful to talk about."

"Oh, do let's hear, then!"

"Why, Mrs. KNIPPER has taken to secret tubing!"

ZIG-ZAG.

In connection with the above, our Lobby Correspondent reports that the Government has a scheme for the extinction of all Tube licenses, without compensation to the proprietors.

FROM "The Life Outside," by Mr. BART KENNEDY in *The Daily Mail*, March 29:—

"All the songs of the birds. There is something behind them."

Could it, perhaps, be their tails?

THE latest name for the irrepressible WILHELM:—"The Adverkaiser."



A BAD RECOVERY.

SCENE—Registry Office.

Bridegroom (to Registrar). "THE FIRST TIME I WAS MARRIED WAS IN A CHURCH, THE SECOND TIME IN A CHAPEL, BUT I LIKE THIS WAY BEST. IT'S SO PLAIN AND SIMPLE—AND I SHOULD COME HERE IF EVER I GOT MARRIED AGAIN—" (*catches sight of his bride, and sees he has said the wrong thing*)—"THAT IS, MY DEAR, IF EVER I HAVE THE—ER—MISFORTUNE TO GET MARRIED AGAIN, OF COURSE!"

P. O. P.

A PHOTO-ROMANTIC EPISODE.

THEY met at the conversazione of the local amateur photographic society.

"How delightful to be by your side again!" he murmured. "I have been trying to get you within my focal range all the evening, and have only just succeeded."

"That's the worst of those cheap lenses!" she retorted playfully, and veiled her own brilliant orbs with her Thornton-Pickard-like lids.

"Do not trifle with me!" he exclaimed wildly. "Since our last meeting I have been stretched on the drying rack. I cannot eat. I send my plates away from the exposure table untouched, and I have forgotten my actinometer number. There are films before my eyes, I am hopelessly fogged, and my progress is merely a succession of dark slides."

"But there! I have no desire to enlarge on my feelings, nor have I the necessary apparatus at hand. Let us form ourselves into a group and retire behind this isochromatic screen. Here

we can sit in camera, out of the range of the most brilliant view-finder.

"Miss HYPO, I have a positive declaration to make. For many months your latent image has been imprinted on my heart, and now the alkali of your sweet presence has accelerated its development."

"Oh, Mr. PYRO!" she exclaimed. "Did the image flash out rapidly?"

"No," he answered softly; "first the high lights, then the half tones, and finally the shadows."

"I am so glad you do not wear your heart on your sleeve," she whispered, "or it might have been over-exposed."

"Ah," he said, "it was almost a snapshot, for do you not remember at our first brief meeting I had but time to take my cap off and put it on again?"

During this conversation they had been gradually approaching nearer to each other, with an almost imperceptible rack-and-pinion movement.

At length he murmured, in intensified tones, "Miss HYPO—VELOXIA, if I may call you so, let me be your head-rest."

She blushed like a ruby lamp, and

then gracefully reclined in profile against his rising and falling shirt front, looking like a delicate red chalk carbon print mounted on best white Bristol board.

"Oh, Mr. PYRO—GEORGE," she murmured sweetly, "mind my frilling."

"Frilling," he repeated dreamily, as though quoting from a text-book. "A ten-per-cent. solution of alum will prevent any frilling."

Then as his arm stole round her swing-back he asked her tenderly, "What useful photographic accessory do you resemble now, dearest?"

"A squeegee, GEORGE, dear," she answered, guessing right the very first time.

Suddenly, like a flash light, it was borne in upon Miss HYPO that Mr. PYRO was about to P. O. P. the question, and she remembered that it is not advisable to delay fixation unduly, so when, after thinking out the correct formula, GEORGE flung himself down at her feet on the lower joints of his bipod, her answer came in dulcet tones, like the trickling of gold chloride from a graduated measure. And it was not a negative.



Effie (who has been put in a separate bed for the first time). "Oh, MUMMY, I DON'T LIKE THIS BED."

Mother. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT, DEAR?"

Effie. "THE—THE—THE SIDES IS TOO NEAR THE MIDDLE!"

PARTIAL PORTRAITURE.

["MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE is not so tall as his father, but is broader, and holds his shoulders as straight and his head as erect. The back of his head is fairly shaped, and the dark curls linger on it. There is music in Mr. GLADSTONE'S voice."—*British Weekly*, March 29.]

MR. HALDANE'S nose has not so pronounced a bridge as that of the Great Duke of WELLINGTON, but his lower chest measurement is greater, and he takes a larger size in hats. It is estimated that he speaks at least 100 words more to the minute than the Iron Duke, besides being a much more accomplished German scholar. His cerebellum is finely moulded, and in power of thoracic dilatation he compares favourably with any of his Ministerial colleagues.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON, judged by anthropometrical tests, compares very favourably with his distinguished ancestor, Sir PHILIP SILNEY. His facial angle is quite as fine as that of the hero of Zutphen, and his bump of amiability is equally pronounced. His nose is nobly shaped, and in height he has the advantage of several inches over the great NAPOLEON. The *timbre* of Mr. BUXTON'S

speaking voice is peculiarly rich, pleasantly recalling the lower register of the saxophone, with an occasional *souppçon* of the muted horn in moments of emotion.

MR. JOHN BURNS, though he weighs probably a stone less than his illustrious namesake and forbear, the national poet of Scotland, is in all respects a stronger and more athletic man and a much better cricketer. Their strong family resemblance is somewhat disguised by the fact that the President of the Local Government Board wears a beard, but phrenologists declare that in maxillary development the statesman has a distinct advantage over the poet. The top of his head is extraordinarily symmetrical in its contour, and although his hair is somewhat grey its luxuriant growth is the envy of the barbers of the House of Commons. The melody of Mr. BURNS'S voice is polyphonic in the extreme.

LORD PORTSMOUTH is not perhaps quite so like WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE as MR. HALL Caine, but he is considerably taller than the Manx patriot, and his forehead is more monumentally dome-shaped. The range of his voice, which extends from the low E to the F in alt, is greater

than any ever heard in the War Office, and the configuration of his occiput has long been the wonder of the leading European craniologists.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is perhaps not so brilliantly handsome as the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH, but his frontal contour is more striking, and the test of the gnathometer proves him to be much more richly endowed in this quarter than the hero of Blenheim. His back view, again, is singularly engaging, and the modelling of his shoulder-blades reminds one of the choicest torsos of PRAXITELES. The accents of his voice, we may add, combine in one intoxicating *ensemble* the silvery sweetness of Madame MELBA, the romantic charm of JEAN DE RESZKE, and the golden glamour of SARAH BERNHARDT'S siren tones.

The Daily Express in its account of the all-night sitting says: "Snatching one another's hats and coats, angry gentlemen made the best of their way to the House, picking up cabs as they proceeded." This reminds us of the man who was accused of pilfering a hippopotamus from the local menagerie.



HARD TO PLEASE.

"That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites!"—*Othello*, Act III., Scene 3.

C.-B. "HE'S HAD TWO PLATEFULS OF BISCUITS AND ISN'T SATISFIED. LOOKS AS IF HE WANTED RAW MEAT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 26.

—Understand there is tendency with some classes of daily labourers to extend the week-end over Monday. Not so with their comrades at Westminster. St. Monday not known in this locality. To-day specially large muster in anticipation of introduction of Workmen's Compensation Bill. In charge of SECRETARY OF STATE, who showed himself very much at Home with subject. Bill received with chorus of congratulation. Labour Members, eager listeners to HERBERT GLADSTONE's exposition, discussed it in admirable spirit and form.

Pretty to see how rapidly they have adopted habits and customs of House. On first arriving they were naturally disposed to walk about with their caps on. Also, if they wanted to leave the House, they took short cuts between Member on his legs and SPEAKER in the Chair. All that now corrected. As for unctuousness with which they refer to old chums as "my hon. friend," to others as "the noble lord," or "the right hon. gentleman," nothing is left to desire by most punctilious Parliamentarian.

These small matters. What is altogether desirable is the directness with which they apply themselves to the problem of the hour, the keenness with which they detect defects, the frankness with which they admit good points, the simplicity of their language and its blessed brevity. Latest comers, with everything to learn, they have already established educational influence. This afternoon COCHRANE, interposing in rapid succession of Labour Members, delivered speech from Front Opposition Bench. It was the old familiar style, skimming



"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

Mr. Chamberlain tries a somewhat gaudy fly on the occupants of the Trades Union pool, but they are not taking any—at present.

(Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n and Mr. J-hn W-rd.)

round and round, occasionally making a peck at the heart of the thing. Not unduly extended as custom has hitherto gone. But it seemed intolerably long.

It was three o'clock when HOME SECRETARY rose to introduce the Bill. Time not unduly occupied in explaining its multiple details. Then HERBERT's predecessor at Home Office made the usual Front Bench speech. COCHRANE, as noted, took his turn. SOLICITOR-GENERAL and Don José contributed speeches. These appropriated major part of sitting. Nevertheless, in the space of four hours twenty Members, mostly of the Labour Party, took part in discussion.

That, as far as I remember, unprecedented in analogous circumstances. It marked all the difference between making speeches round the subject and directly talking about it. A striking contrast close at hand. On Friday, House meeting at noon, the second reading of a Scottish Land Values Taxation Bill was moved. Five hours later the sixth Member taking part in debate was on his legs. (It happened to be COCHRANE. But that an immaterial coincidence.) Debate on Friday automatically closes at half-past five. Accordingly, opinion of House on admittedly crucial question was expressed by six out of 670 Members, each appropriating on an average five-sixths of an hour for delivery of his speech.

Had the odd 664 exercised their privilege and spoken at equal length—and why shouldn't they?—80 working days

of the Session would have been appropriated on one stage of a single Bill.

Business done.—A model of useful debate set up.

Tuesday night.—Stranger in Gallery who has heard and read of Don José as a firebrand, his appearance at table the signal for instant uproar, looks down with amazement on the peaceful scene at this moment set forth. Second Reading of Merchant Shipping Bill under discussion. HAVELOCK WILSON SAHIB has broken the Labour Members' precedent, noted yesterday, for brevity and directness of speech. Deems it necessary to explain at prodigious length his attitude on Lascar question. Cannot conceive that House, desirous of getting on with measure affecting welfare of British Seamen, doesn't greatly care what he means or says. When he prefaces address by remark that he will have to trespass for some time on attention, a general rush made for the door. But the SAHIB has prepared on voluminous manuscript notes of his oration, and does not spare remainder of audience a page.

Almost without exception the new Labour Members join in debate without assistance of notes. They listen intently, are masters of the question; having contributed their views to the cauldron of debate, they sit down. Like DON'T KEIR HARDIE, the SAHIB makes speeches with the first person singular appearing through successive sentences in the serried form of quills on the fretful porcupine.



"WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION."

(The Rt. Hon. H-rb-rt Gl-dst-ne.)



SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHINAMAN.
(Lord H-l-f-x.)

House pretty empty when DON JOSÉ rose; as usual, benches filled rapidly when word went round that he was up. Spoke in conversational tone; assumed friendly attitude towards the Bill; offered practical suggestions for its improvement. Ministerialists accustomed to greet him with a war whoop drew themselves together in pose of quiet attention. Now and then a low murmur of applause broke the stillness.

Hands of the clock moved back to a time "afore de Wah," as they used to say down South. A quarter of a century ago DON JOSÉ held the position now occupied by LLOYD-GEORGE. He too had his Merchant Shipping Bill, and helped to establish the workman's right of compensation for accident. Momentarily forgetful of Tariff Reform, Chinese Labour, attacks on tired Titans home from prolonged battle for Empire, he talked about Board of Trade matters as if he were still at Whitehall in the early Eighties, all unconscious of the gestation of Unauthorised Programmes.

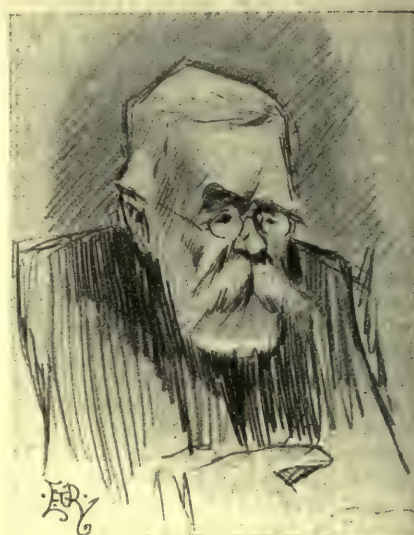
Excellent mood and conditions for progress of public business. Resulted in Merchant Shipping Bill being read a second time without division. But to tell truth, the Sitting sombrely dull. Strolled over to Lords to see

if anything was humming there. Found GRANARD not only humming but hawing; on his legs, partly supporting his body with both hands resting on Table. ONSLOW had been discoursing on management of American Insurance Companies having branch offices in this country. GRANARD, representing Board of Trade, rose quite briskly to give official reply. Being at the Table in attitude described—on all fours save that his stiffened arms rested at height of Table—paralysis of tongue set in. Started a sentence glibly enough; couldn't fit in succeeding sections.

"In the case of Germany—" he said (pause) "the laws are so stringent that—" (another pause) "no foreign company whatever—" (prolonged pause). The dozen Peers present began to think this the end of answer. Seemed inconclusive, but might look all right in print. Slight movement of stiffened figure. A click, as of machinery set in motion again; then triumphant conclusion—"did any business."

Business done.—Quite a lot. In Lords, Court of Criminal Appeal Bill introduced; in Commons, Merchant Shipping Bill read second time.

Friday night.—Pretty to see how LAWSON WALTON in charge of ticklish measure disdains no artifice calculated to further his purpose. The Trades Disputes Bill is a carefully hammered-out measure designed to have appearance of giving the Labour Party their whole demand whilst actually recognising that, after all, there are some other people closely concerned whose interests must be considered. When on Wednesday



WHAT MARK TWAIN CALLS A "LUMINOUS
INTELLECTUAL FOG."
(Mr. G-l-l-w-y W-r.)

ATTORNEY-GENERAL rose to introduce his Bill the section of the Labour Party seated below the Gangway opposite observed he had dexterously drawn out pocket-handkerchief from breast pocket, leaving it hanging almost full length. Observant, sharp-witted men, they recognised the signal. It was a flag of truce indicating friendliest intent and implying customary conditions that the bearer was not to be fired upon.

Neatly designed, well-meant device proved wholly ineffective.

"We have fulfilled our mandate," said the ATTORNEY-GENERAL at close of his explanatory speech.

"No, no," thundered the Labour men.

They have no sympathy with nice distinctions. On the prickly points raised the Bill concedes their demand with respect to conspiracy and picketing. But as to the immunity of Trades Union funds from amercement consequent on action of civil law the Bill does not go full length of their desires. Therefore they will have none of it. Will, if need be, and opportunity serve, upset the Government. To-day bring in their own Bill; insist on its substitution for that of Government.

LAWSON WALTON folds up his flag of truce, hides it away and looks forward to troubled times.

Business done.—Second Reading of Labour Party's Trades Disputes Bill carried by 416 votes against 66.



THE CAP'N AND HIS YOUNG HOPEFUL.
Cap'n Tommy. "Look'ee here, my boy, this won't do
You're getting exactly like Mr. Punch!"
(Mr. G. St-w-r-t B-w-l-s and his father)

IN PURSUIT OF LÆTITIA.

[Dr. EMIL REICH—it is not known by what authority—says that men who drink to excess are no more than erring seekers after *Lætitia*.]

YOUR name, LÆTITIA, charms my soul ;
Hail, alcoholic maiden,
Whom mortals seek in cup and bowl
With potent nectars laden !
To force your habitation's gate
Men try now that, now this key ;
While some, by you inspired, debate
Not what is truth, but whisky.

So that their eyes your form may view,
Plebeian DICK and CHARLIE
Quaff barley beer, and sometimes, too,
The beer that knows not barley ;
While others with more curious brews
Try to induce the rapture,
And oh ! what tangled paths they choose
To bring about your capture.

Fruitless the quest they all pursue
With you for their objective,
For when at last you loom in view
You're out of all perspective ;
The charms they fancied would enthrall
Prove fleeting as a bubble ;—
For some can't see your form at all,
While others see it double !

POSTHISTORIC PEEPS.

THE statement recently made in the press that Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE will retire from the stage in eight years, and then devote herself to medicine, has elicited a number of interesting announcements as to their future plans from other eminent personages.

LITTLE TICH is by no means tied to his profession by the indissoluble bonds which people attribute to him. He has fixed on 1910 as his year of emancipation, when he proposes to enter upon a course of study that shall fit him to succeed Prof. RAY LANKESTER at the Natural History Museum.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. EDMUND PAYNE is wedded to the stage. At the age of fifty he intends to retire from the footlights and become a Tariff Reform leader.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has divulged his intention of withdrawing from active politics at the end of 1912 and writing books for children.

We have authority for stating that Mr. LEO MAXSE does not intend to edit the *National Review* after 1930. In that year he proposes to emigrate to China and qualify for the Mandarinate.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, whose new work, *The Door of Humility*, may shortly be dramatised for Mr. FROHMAN, has resolved not to ride any more after 1915. He will then content himself exclusively with pedestrian exercise.

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, we regret to



ARITHMETIC.

Teacher. "HOW MANY COMMANDMENTS ARE THERE, SALLY?"

Sally. "PLEASE, TEACHER, TEN."

Teacher. "SUPPOSE YOU WERE TO BREAK A COMMANDMENT . . ." (*impressive pause*).

Sally. "THEN THERE'D BE NINE."

learn, has decided to quit the stage in 1940, when he intends to resume the practice of medicine which he followed during the American Civil War.

The Spectator remarks proudly of its Militia recruits, that "they do not spend time in emptying slops or peeling potatoes which might be employed in true military work."

The Spectator's sneer is unmerited. Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER said all along that no potato that had the true military spirit should be interfered with. Any one who has seen a bed of potatoes obeying the word of command "Eyes front" will understand this.

FROM "Soufflés" in *The Westminster* :

"*Punch* has hinted as delicately as possible, that King ALFONSO's favourite musical instrument is the Concert-ena. This is obviously a misprint. It should have been the 'Consort-ena.'"

As a matter of fact it was ; but we must not let this blind us to the quickness with which the writer of "Soufflés" takes up the point.

"Five for a shilling : the best Cigar out."

"BEST" may be an overstatement : but we can well believe that these cigars are at least far, far better out.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

You would never—at a casual glance—have taken him for anybody in particular. His appearance was commonplace, his manners were mild—if anything, they were apologetic. It is true that circumstances were against him at our first interview, for, descending angrily into the kitchen to inquire into a sustained non-recognition of the bell, I found him embracing the housemaid. She explained that he was her brother (a very affectionate one, as I judged from their attitude), and the conductor of a motor-bus. Here, then, was one of those stern tyrants into whose hands the Daughter of Necessity has delivered us; who, like Fortune, flee from us pursuing, and, like Poverty, when we are once within their power, refuse to let us go. Here he was, in a state of charming domesticity, embracing a beloved relative beside my very hearthstone. I made haste to question him and thus obtain a clue to what is perhaps the greatest mystery of the twentieth century. I adjured him to explain how it is that any passengers ever succeed in travelling by motor-bus at all, seeing that it stops nowhere and for no man; that would-be patrons must ever, like panting Time, toil after it in vain. How, in spite of this, it is yet an undoubted, if astounding, fact, that the motor-bus is always full. Were they friends of the Directors, I asked, who thus achieved the apparently impossible, or of the conductors? Were they repairers—equivalent to the “break-down gang” of a railway—ever ready to be at hand at the inevitable moment when their services should be required? Or, failing these, who were they?

His face grew very grave; had his uniform been there to sustain him he would, I think, have triumphed over any recognition of our common humanity. But finding himself, as I have said, at a disadvantage, he hesitated—and was lost. “Promise you won’t never breathe a word of it to any living soul,” he adjured me, almost tearfully. I promised, and have kept my word, for writing is not breathing. “It’s like this,” he said. “Them what you see

riding in a motor-bus, they’re passengers all right, an’ payin’ ones. They gets in at the starting point.”

He smiled—a horrid smile.

“They gets in—we never starts until

“There ain’t no buts. We never stops, not till we gets to the other end. No one can’t get in, an’ those what’s in daren’t get out, fear o’ breakin’ their necks. So they just has to pay for the whole journey—from Putney, or wherever it may be, to Charing Cross or Mile End, or wherever we’re going. An’—once they’re there—o’ course they’ve got no business there—so back they comes again. Why, there was one ol’ laidy I kerried six journeys all the way between Putney and Mile End. She wouldn’t ’ave stopped then, on’y it was our last journey. No end of a game, I call it. The profits the Comp’ny’s makin’—well, they’d astonish you.”

“But don’t the passengers object?” I hazarded.

He laughed again—such a laugh as a wolf might flash towards an over-daring lamb.

“Ain’t you noticed that motor-bus conductors is always just about the fiercest and short-temperdest blokes what you ever see—aughty as tee-totallers an’ as lippy as Passive Resisters? Like to see the passenger what dared talk about objectin’ once I’d got ’im aboard my bus. I’d jest like to see ’im. That’s all.”

Something in the expression of his sister seemed to strike him suddenly.

“Course that ain’t our real naters,” he said, hurriedly. “On’y put on, by Comp’ny’s orders—like our uniforms is. In private life we’re just the other way. More so. You see, after you’ve spent the ’ole day scowlin’ an’ growlin’ it makes you want a little peace in your ’ome life. I’ve ’eard as several says, what ’ave married motor-bus conductors, that kinder, nicer-spoken, better-tempered nor more generous ’usbins ain’t to be looked for nowhere.”

He cast an appellant glance at his sister, I don’t know why. Unless, indeed, it be that it was in the interests of some colleague—

I wonder if ANNIE really is his sister.

LACE DIAMOND MINING.—Cable: “Board of directors have resolved to commence washing about beginning of next week.”—*Daily Telegraph*.

After all, one must start some time.



TIME—2 A.M.

Husband. “DOCTOR, MY WIFE HAS SWALLOWED A PIN!”

Doctor. “OH, ALL RIGHT. COME ROUND TO-MORROW AND I’LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER.”

we’re full, inside and out. Don’t have to wait long, neither—you know what the public’s like after a novelty. An’ once we starts—we never stops. Them’s my orders—an’ I carries ’em out faithful, I does.”

“But——” I began to interrupt him.

VERY OPEN LETTERS.

A NEW method of advertising books by an open letter from the publisher to the author giving him information as to the progress of sales, &c., has already been essayed in a tentative and colourless fashion. It is to be hoped, in the interests alike of authors and readers, that this plan will be shortly developed on the bolder and more characteristic lines sketched in the following specimen letters:—

DEAR BROTHER,—It is with a deep sense of gratitude and thankfulness for all mercies that we sit down to inform you that your beautiful story *Is Father among the Goats?* has just passed into a second edition, owing largely to pulpit references and the noble advertisement it has received from the Episcopal Bench.

Believe us, dear Brother,

Yours in the good cause,
ODDER AND BETTER.

DEAR MR. HACK,—We cannot refrain from putting pen to paper to inform you of the glad and unexpected tidings that another copy of your admirable book of essays has been sold. This makes the fifth in six months—a result for mutual congratulations.

We are, dear Mr. HACK,
Yours courteously,
JONES AND YOUNGER.

DEAR MR. LEE BOO,—I am directed to inform you in an open letter that the success of your prophetic military romance is terrific. As you may have noticed, we are printing an instalment every morning, and shall continue to do so as long as the copy holds out. All that is now needed is that our readers should cease to look upon it as an advertisement—an error due partly to the type employed and partly to its position on a commercial page—and that you should arrange for another question to be asked about it in the House.

I am your grateful
CARMELITE BROTHER.

DEAR MR. NEWMAN,—To our intense amazement your story is selling well, and demands for it come by every post. In all our long experience as a firm of publishers we never remember anything so curious as this, considering that your book imitates no successful rival, and is not indecent. Accept our congratulations, and believe us to be,

Yours faithfully,
BLANK & Co.

DEAR MR. HENBANE,—It is our pleasant task to inform you that the appearance of the seventh illustrated interview with the author has had an appreciable influence on the sales of your superb novel, *The Lost Pope*, which have now topped the 100,000. The prize of £50 for the



OUR POINT-TO-POINT.

"WON BY A SHORT HEAD."

most unfavourable review has been awarded to Miss GLORY QUAYLE, who begins her notice with the words: "This book, at its worst, is superior to BALZAC, MEREDITH, or TOLSTOI."

We are, dear Mr. HENBANE,
Yours with extreme unctuousness,
TREKYL & SLEIMER.

INITIAL ENTERPRISE.

THE news that that dauntless yet long-suffering patriot, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., is going to start another newspaper for the enlightenment and entertainment of the brutal Saxon under the pleasing title of *P.T.O.*, suggests that we are on the eve of a general revision of the clumsy system of nomenclature which still prevails in the metropolitan Press.

Thus, if we are not totally misinformed, *The Times* will shortly substitute for its present superscription either that of *T.R.B.C.* (Tariff Reform Book Club) or *T.M.* (*tempora mutantur*).

The Standard, we understand, also contemplates a similar titular revolution, and will shortly appear under the engaging name of *P.P.C.* (Pearson's Perfect Compendium).

In view of the Editor's unremitting services to provide Great Britain with the army that she needs *The Spectator* will abandon its familiar designation, and henceforth be known as *R.S.V.P.* (Read STRACHEY's Volunteer Propaganda).

A new and more vigorous lease of life is confidently predicted for *The British Weekly* when arrangements have been made for its change of name to *P.U.P.* (Perfectly Unmitigated Propriety).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. E. F. BENSON was bound, sooner or later, to write *The Angel of Pain*; and, that being so, Mr. HEINEMANN was, I suppose, bound to publish it in a hideous yellow cover. Mr. BENSON's gospel is that all pain is somehow necessary and somehow good for the sufferer (which reconciles one to the binding), and this theme is worked out with extraordinary power in the case of two of the three principals. *Merivale* the Hermit and *Philip Home* were doomed from the beginning to suffer, their tragedies were inevitable; but I do object with all my strength to the unnecessary and illogical shot which blinds and disfigures *Evelyn Dundas*. *Evelyn*—a man, be it said—was the most delightful creature. You never saw such a one as he was; though Mr. BENSON does refer to him always as "brilliant"—which is a journalese word that has lost any meaning it ever had. And this gay spirit Mr. BENSON wantonly breaks for us; and "there," says he, with a wave of the hand, "is my gospel of pain." It is all wrong; it is not inevitable, and it is not justified as either necessary or good for the sufferer. (By the way, no book nowadays is complete without some illness or accident—described with the intimate ease of a perfectly healthy person.)

The dialogue is Mr. BENSON at his best. *Evelyn* and *Madge* alone in London, and *Philip* and his mother alone in the country, are the two most joyous pictures that I can remember in fiction. The reader exults in the author—and there can be no higher tribute than that. And I should just like to say again that Mr. BENSON is quite mistaken in thinking that *Evelyn* was shot on the moor at Glen Callan. I was there myself and saw it all. The gun did go off, but it was Mr. Osborne in the back of the neck that the ricochet took. He is quite well now, thank you, and *Evelyn* and *Madge* are again in London together, with the lion called *Ellessdee*. Please, Mr. BENSON, is it not so?

Lady Sarah's Deed of Gift (BLACKWOOD) had important influence not only upon the recipient but on the household she adorned and enlivened. *Joy Charteris*, the daughter of an impecunious Major in the Lancers, married *Toby Archdale*, a pragmatical English country gentleman who, though much in love with his pretty wife, felt that his first duty was to break her spirit and compel her to a state of absolute submission. To this end he was assisted by the fact that she had not a penny of her own and could not pay her railway fare in acceptance of invitations to London which he disapproved. Her husband's aunt, *Lady Sarah*, to serve her private ends, which towards the *Archdale* household were spiteful, settled upon her £500 a year. *Joy*, now her own mistress, straightway packs her boxes, flees from the presence of her stiff-necked husband, his insupportable mother, and his insufferable sisters, changes her name, assumes widowhood, and flits to and fro over the Continent. How she is discovered by her husband, how fresh misunderstandings arise, and how the end comes, is told in sprightly manner that briskly carries the reader on from page to page. Whether the end turns out to be happy or not is a matter on which I recommend the peruser of this page to "overhaul the wollum" itself. If, as seems probable, it is a first essay, we shall hear more of the lady who signs herself ACEITUNA GRIFFIN.

Captain WYNTER found much pleasure and instruction *On the Queen's Errands* (PITMAN), and communicates full measure to his readers. Commencing life as a cadet in the Bengal Army, his military service extended through the Mutiny, on which he in casual fashion throws many side-lights. He is delightfully garrulous, attractively inconsequential, withal shrewd, with a keen scent for a good story and a happy way of retelling it. A delightful one is short enough to be quoted. CHARLES LEVER, strolling into a

Dublin Police Court, heard a case involving charge of stealing a watch. The prisoner, being asked what he had to say, sighed and answered, "Your Honour, it is a very sad business, and the less we say about it the better."

Captain WYNTER found his true vocation, the beginning of "a service of thirty-five and a half happy years," towards the end of 1867. The appointment rescued him from service as a Factory Inspector to which he had been nominated. He knew no more of the duties of a Queen's Messenger than he did of the Factory Acts. But he was always ready for anything that involved honest occupation and a decent salary. The Queen's Messenger was brought into personal contact with many eminent persons, of whom he has lively reminiscences. As between the late Lord SALISBURY and Mr. W. H. SMITH, he formed an opinion decidedly in favour of the latter. It was not based on considerations of high politics. The fact is, when despatched to the Continent with letters for Lord SALISBURY, resident at Beaulieu, the Queen's Messenger was generally received by the butler and told to return to London on the following day; whereas OLD MORALITY, ever kind and thoughtful, in similar circumstances saw that the wayfarer had his full two nights' rest before retracing his steps. A breezy, unconventional, well-informed book, it has all the charm of good talk across the walnuts and the wine.

A critic of books was sipping tea,
And thus, in his cups, he spoke to me:—
"An Artist's Model," the rogue began,
"Is written by Mrs. KERNAHAN,
And published by F. V. WHITE & Co.;
It's crude, untidy, and rather slow.
The Artist's Model is *Nicoline*,
A red-lipped romp as ever was seen;
She's rather vulgar, as some girls will be,
A sort of bouncing, virtuous *Trilby*.
She's loud and silly, but never bad,
Without the charm that our *Trilby* had;
She wrestles a curate and wins—you bet!
She swears, and she smokes a cigarette.
She really is rather too exotic;
And her mother expires of a narcotic.
She slips in a pond, which had surely drowned her;
If a keeper hadn't run up and found her;
And at last she marries a man called Jo,
The book is certainly rather slow."

In *The Shadow of Life* (CONSTABLE) Miss SEDGWICK tells the story of a noble girl, brimful of healthy life and splendid impulses, whose heart is broken by a bloodless apology for a man crammed full of SPINOZA's philosophy. *Elspeth* is ready to marry *Gavan* and to redeem him from his ghosts, but he refuses on the ground that "he would suffocate her"—not as *Othello* slew his *Desdemona*, but by the dead weight of his gloomy useless nature. He returns to find her dying, and begs her to do it in his arms, a request which the lady, sensibly enough, refuses. This is a story not without sadness, but there is humour in it and there is style, together with a fine sense of humanity and the fatal collisions that are involved in it.

"BEES are capable of being trained to act as letter carriers. The insect is taken away from home, a letter printed in microphotography is attached to his back, and he is thrown into the air. The advantages he would have over a carrier pigeon in time of war are obvious."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

Quite obvious. For instance, he could take some honey with him for the beleaguered garrison. Or he could sting the 4.7 on his way. And then he could disguise himself as some other bee so easily. On the other hand one has to remember that he couldn't carry parcels.



Old Woman (awaiting Magistrate's signature to her declaration that she has lost a Pawn-ticket). "AN AWKWARD THING, YER HONOUR, TO LOSE A PAWN-TICKET."

Police Superintendent. "SH-H-H."

Old Woman (not to be suppressed). "AHM! IT'S AN AWKWARD THING, YER HONOUR, TO LOSE A PAWN-TICKET."

Magistrate. "MY GOOD WOMAN, I NEVER LOST ONE."

Old Woman. "AH! SURE, YER HONOUR, SOME PEOPLE ARE VERY CAREFUL!"

THE "REGULATION" OF ILLEGAL PRACTICES.

["So long as the Government had not the courage to suppress street betting they ought at least to regulate it."—*Mr. Horatio Bottomley.*]

If Britain's legislators should consent
To supervise the cult of kerbstone betting,
We hope the then existing Government
Will not commit the folly of forgetting
To "regulate" the evils that are rife
In other despicable walks of life.

If you should be a footpad, then the State
May grant you leave to "work" when Fortune pits you
Against a man of decent height and weight
Acquainted with the science of Jiu-jitsu;
But not to "out," "down," "cosh" or render senseless
The aged, weak, and otherwise defenceless.

Our pickpockets will gladly undertake
Only to rob the obviously wealthy;
They'll welcome anything that tends to make
The tone of their profession sound and healthy,
In that grand day, when legislation places
Their dealings on an equitable basis.

Cardsharps, quacks, and thimble-rigging knaves,
Who live by "doing" each and all they may "do,"
Will only trick a person who behaves
As cunningly, and knows as much, as they do;
The Government will pledge them, by appealing
To their good taste and gentlemanly feeling.

In fact, all known varieties of crime,
Since penal codes have failed to obviate them,
May come to be idealised in time,
When laws are put in force to "regulate" them;
And then—ah, think what benefits will flow
From thy philosophy, *Horatio!*

"At the close of the dedication ceremony at St. Luke's Church, Manningham," says *The Bradford Daily Argus*, "the new bell was rung for the first time, and for a quarter of an hour its loud, sonorous notes rang out on the night air. It is a matter for general regret that the Rev. Canon MAGUINNESS is suffering from a painful ear affliction at such an interesting period in the history of St. Luke's." A matter for general regret certainly, but hardly for any particular surprise.

A PUNCH-AND-JOSEPHINE SHOW.

So long as Mr. BARRIE was content to move in the unmapped realm of Faërie, he was like the Trades Unions—above all laws; his inalienable rights there was none to dispute; or, if any was rash enough to dispute them on the score of artistic inconsistency, he was abused for a pedant, too blear-eyed to see that the thing solved itself by flying. But now, greatly daring, the creator of *Peter Pan* has fluttered down from his home in the tree-tops and come perilously near to soiling his bright wings by contact with the sordid world of fact.

Josephine is a political allegory, which goes back over a couple of decades, glasses the present, and dips into the immediate future. Now there are allegories and allegories, and they vary chiefly in degress of dulness. There is the allegory which symbolises abstractions—virtues, vices, ideas, nationalities and so forth; and there is the allegory which disguises real persons in the masquerade of fancy. The difficulty with them all is that you have to construct a design which shall be at once sufficiently plausible to stand by itself, and shall at the same time correspond, in the mutual relationships of its figures, with those of the original persons or abstractions which they pourtray or symbolise. As for the task of interpretation laid upon the audience (and this is seldom less onerous than the task of invention) it is increased tenfold in the present case by the fact that Mr. BARRIE has given us a combination of allegorical schemes. For some of his figures—*James*, *Colin*, *Andrew*, *Josephine*, *Bunting*



James (Mr. Graham Browne).

Josephine (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

—stand for actual and living characters; others for abstract ideas—Free and Fair Trade; others yet again for nationalities—Britain and Ireland. It resulted that

the audience—though they would not admit it at the time, but only afterwards and in privy whispers—was at sea for a great part of the First Act. The prominence of *Mavourneen*—obviously representing Ireland—suggested a geographical allegory, in which *Andrew* might stand for Scotland; but who, then, was *Colin*, who also bore a Scots name? Happily the identity of this last was established by the statement that he had been seen cutting his initials (C. B.) on a fence; and *James* had meanwhile proved himself allusively to be no other than ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. But there remained, almost to the end of the First Act, an insoluble mystery about the identity of *Andrew*. His engagement to *Josephine* (an easy disguise) was in process of dissolution on account of his detected habit of flirting with *Mavourneen*—clearly a Gladstonian foible; but it was only when he announced his intention of retiring to his lonely furrow that he stood revealed as Lord ROSEBERY. The conundrum was solved; and in gratitude for this relief a fuddled audience forebore to reflect how little the relations of *Andrew* and *Mavourneen* corresponded with the known attitude of Lord ROSEBERY towards Home Rule.

Once enlightened on the point of identities we settled ourselves down to accept the incredible and incongruous, if only we might from time to time be reassured by some recognisable sign such as an orchid, or a phrase out of antiquity such as "What I have said, I have said." It mattered not that the picture of *Josephine*, attaching herself like a female vampire first to *Andrew*, and then to *James*, and finally to Mr. Buller himself, was little enough in accord with the popular prejudice which regards Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a breaker-up of parties, who has finally gone off on an independent quest of his own. It mattered not that the ultimate severance of *Josephine* and *James* and the elopement of the latter with Fair Trade offered no sort of correspondence with the anticipations of the most imaginative of political prophets. So long as *Josephine* (delectably played by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT) was on the scene, the audience remained on good terms with itself. Mr. BARRIE'S humour was at its best in his satire upon the relations existing between the two leaders of the Unionist party, and it must have been a very perfect joy to Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. BIRRELL in their box, with the PRIME MINISTER, as report goes, in the background. Whether these gentlemen took an equal delight in the author's vision of the approaching triumph of the Labour Party over the present Ministry it is not for me to conjecture.

For the rest it is a question whether Mr. BARRIE, following somewhat belatedly the lines of electoral pantomime, would

not have done better to go the whole length of the Lane and make up his characters to resemble physically their originals, as he did in the case of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, in his other play. As it was, he put too much strain on a very amiable house in asking it to regard these three young men, hardly distinguishable from one another, as the counterfeits of personalities as dissimilar as those of Mr. BALFOUR, Lord ROSEBERY and Sir HENRY.

It was the best possible tribute to the fascination which Mr. BARRIE wields over the hearts of the public that his audience received with something more than respectful enthusiasm a play which they would hardly have tolerated from any other hands.

The evening was a triumph for Mr. DION BOUCICAULT. He played *Josephine* with a marvellous feeling for femininity. *Das Ewig-weibliche* permeated his every gesture and tone. And he was scarcely less successful in the little "Toy Tragedy" that preceded the political *Revue*. In the part of *Punch* (the buffoon of melodrama,—need I explain?—and not the venerable sage of Bouverie Street) he bore with heroic dignity the veering of popular favour from himself to *Superpunch*, in the person of Mr. BERNARD SHAW.



Punch (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

Superpunch (Mr. A. E. Anson).

Whether Mr. SHAW'S victory has not been over something rather better than melodrama it shall be left for some more captious critic to enquire. Enough for most of us that the delightfully incongruous blending of old-world imagination and modern actuality gave scope for Mr. BARRIE'S most happy caprice. The faithful *Judy*'s suggestion that the cause of their unpopularity might be due to the correctness of their marital relations, and her offer to rectify this blemish by the destruction of her marriage lines, were in the author's best vein of satire. The setting of the scene—laid at the back of



EQUALITY—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

LABOUR. "EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE 'ANG O' YOUR SCALES. I THINK YOU'LL FIND *THIS* PAIR WORKS BETTER—FOR ME!"



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Nervous Johnny. "I LOVE THE SMELL OF MOTOR-CARS!"

Hostess. "REALLY? WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY TASTE! WHY DO YOU LIKE IT?"

N. J. "BECAUSE WHEN YOU SMELL IT YOU KNOW THE DANGER'S PAST."

the *Punch and Judy* stage—was itself in harmony with that pervading freshness of fancy which is the secret of Mr. BARRIE'S unconquerable charm.

I confess I like him better in this light sketch, where romance and sentiment have a chance of holding their own with realism, than in the more ambitious play which followed it, where his delicate genius was over-taxed by the effort to adjust fancy to complex fact. Let the ordinary cobbler stick to his last; but let this maker of winged sandals revert to his last but one.

O. S.

OUR LABOUR RULERS.

GOSSIP FROM THE LOBBY.

MUCH dissatisfaction is expressed in Labour circles with the Government's Discharge of Workmen Bill. It is felt that the clause which allows an employer to dismiss a workman who assaults him or sets the premises on fire is absolutely destructive of all industrial freedom. It is expected that under pressure from the Labour Benches the Government will

adopt the sound Trades Union principle that on no grounds whatever should an employer be allowed to discharge a workman.

A rumour has been circulated that the Government Strike Pay Bill will not contain a provision to the effect that employers must pay double wages to striking workmen. A Bill which merely provides for the ordinary rate of wages to be paid during strikes will not be acceptable to the Labour Party. They feel very strongly that, when an employer compels his hands to strike, the men need some little reimbursement for their trouble besides their ordinary pay. It is possible, however, that a compromise on the lines of fifty per cent. extra pay during strikes may be effected.

The Domestic Servants Nights-Out Bill is pronounced by Mr. CROOKS to be a feeble measure, only worthy of a Tory Government. When the Bill goes into Committee he will move to omit the words "four nights-out a week," and insert "seven nights-out a week, with use of the latch-key."

Much consternation has been caused

amongst the Labour men by the rumour that Mr. BURNS is forming a Trades Union of Cabinet Ministers. It is felt that if this new Trades Union can secure affiliation to the Trade Congress, in a very short time we shall find the Cabinet governing the country.

Local Colour.

"RESTAURANT. —First-class London establishment requires MAN OF COLOUR for making coffee, and a tall, well-built Chinaman for making tea."—*Daily Telegraph*.

It is rash of the advertiser to make no stipulation as to the Man of Colour's height and build; and apparently he is indifferent to what the Chinaman thinks, for instance, of Mr. BERNARD SHAW. Yet it is just these little things that tell in tea.

"FOR SALE, 2 Cows, owing to family being abroad."—*Berwickshire News*.

Mr. Punch wishes to give the above a wider publicity in the hope that it may catch the family's eye. They certainly ought to know what is going on in their absence.

PAGEANTS EXTRAORDINARY.

THE news that Warwick Castle is to be the scene this summer of an historical pageant beginning with CARACTACUS, ending with the present day—when our Warwick will receive the homage of the fourteen other Warwicks in America and elsewhere—and including the dun cow, has spread like wildfire through England and incited many other towns to an imitative frenzy. Particulars of several rival pageants are already to hand.

COVENTRY.

The cost of the costumes of the leading figures in these pageants is a serious matter which has before now deterred many an otherwise enterprising borough from indulging in pageantry. But here Coventry has a distinct advantage, since Lady GODIVA's modistes' and milliners' bills are not worth talking about. Fortified by this reflection even the rigidly economical wing of the Coventry Town Council has given way and agreed to support the pageant. Everything is indeed settled but the lady and gentleman to play GODIVA and Peeping TOM. Both MISS BECKWITH and MISS KELLERMAN are to be approached with respect to the feminine lead, and it is most cordially hoped that both will not accept or history will be dislocated. To add to the illusion of reality it is held that Peeping TOM should be impersonated by some public character who is already known by that Christian name, and it is therefore arranged that an invitation shall be extended to Mr. THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, TOM HAYWARD, and TOM B. DAVIS. The Coventry pageant is being composed by Mr. A. E. W. MASON, M.P. for the Borough, assisted by Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Cambridge pageant will bear wholly upon eggs. It is felt that the egg question must be set in its proper place in the national mind, and how better do so than by forgetting history and literature—forgetting that Cambridge was the mother of the best poets, and that it was she who bred Prince RANJITSINGH, and for the time being throw the whole weight and prestige of the University into the glorification of the egg.

A masque is even now being written at great speed by Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER (to be known as PARKER's piece) in honour of the domestic fowl; and it is hoped that the Master of the Rolls, Sir RICHARD HENN COLLINS, himself a distinguished Cantab, will take the leading part. The co-operation of Dr. ADDLER, the Chief Rabbi, is also counted upon. A giant egg will be a prominent feature, from which will crawl all that is best

in statesmanship and literature, science and art, athletics and learning.

BRIGHTON.

The pageant at Brighton will have a more modern setting than the others, the period of the Regency being chosen as the starting point and the present day as the close. The central figure thus becomes the First Gentleman of Europe, who will be seen wedding the Channel, as the Doges of Venice wed the Adriatic, by dropping a ring off the end of the Pier. But so thrifty are the Brighton Town Councillors that it has been arranged that Professor REDDISH shall at once dive into the sea to bring it out again. Candidates for the part of the REGENT are very numerous, among others being Mr. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, Mr. GEORGE STREET, and Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM. The book is the work of LOUIS N. PARKER, or as he will be called in future, Mr. PRESTON PARKER.

BIRMINGHAM.

The very spirited inhabitants of Birmingham intend to do what they can, although they are only too conscious of the youthfulness of their city and its lack of history. They console themselves, however, with the thought that they are making history all the time, whereas so many other and older towns have long ago finished. The idea which meets at present with most favour is a pageant of great Chamberlains, beginning with JOSEPH who saved Egypt by protecting corn and ending with a JOSEPH of later date who has similar designs in England.

The libretto will be the work of the editors of *The Outlook* and *The National Review*, the lyrics being provided by Mr. JESSE COLLINGS and Sir OLIVER LODGE, and the production will be carried out under the eye of Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER.

EDINBURGH.

It is proposed in Edinburgh to make the pageant descriptive and commemorative of Scottish pre-eminence in all walks of life; but particularly in politics and journalism. In order to do this vividly, without any loss of point through over-subtlety, it has been decided to erect on Arthur's Seat a gigantic sausage machine, with an inclined plane leading from the ground to the opening of it. The pageant will consist of a long procession through the city to Arthur's Seat, where stands for thousands of spectators are to be erected. At a given signal a number of ordinary Scotch youths will walk in single file up the inclined plane and disappear into the machine. Its wheels will then be put in motion, and in a few seconds they will emerge in London attire as full-blown Prime Ministers, Pro-Consuls, Members of Parliament, successful editors, novelists, etc.

The arrangements are in the hands of Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, assisted by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, who has control of a large part of the machinery.

DUBLIN.

After a great deal of spirited discussion it has been decided that the Dublin pageant shall take the form of a realistic representation of BRIAN BOROMHE's last battle against the Danes, the alternative proposal of the discovery of Guinness's Stout by Bacchus having been abandoned owing to the opposition of the Gaelic League. The only difficulty so far encountered has been in connection with casting the leading rôles. Danish chieftains (owing possibly to jealousy on the butter question) have been very much at a discount, but it is hoped that Mr. GEORGE MOORE or possibly Mr. WALTER LONG will enact the part of the Danish King. BRIAN BOROMHE will of course be played by Mr. JOHN REMOND, and Mr. W. B. YEATS will appear in a saffron kilt as the chief Bard. The co-operation of Mr. BART KENNEDY is also threatened.

The scenario of the pageant has already been prepared by Mr. LOUIS PHENIX PARKER, and the lyrics will be from the pens of Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE and Mr. TIM HEALY, M.P.

CRITICISM BY ANATHEMA.

IN an article on Our "Insolvent" Stage in the April *National Review*, Mr. AUSTIN HARRISON writes, "We want fierce criticism, fearless and independent like the political anathemas of *The National Review*, and signed with the writers' names." We are glad to be able, by the aid of a process of telepathic clairvoyance special to Mr. *Punch*, to indicate precisely the effect on the dramatic critics of our contemporaries when Mr. HARRISON's luminous suggestion has been adopted.

From *The T-m-s* of April 2, 1907.

"Opinions will differ about Mr. ARTHUR HENRY JAMES's new play, for, at any rate until the next swing of the political pendulum, a majority of fools is assured. Besides, Mr. JAMES is now practically in his dotage, and the English public has always evinced a fatuous respect for senility. For one reason or another, therefore—out of a perverted spirit of loyalty, or an ingrained and ineradicable love of vulgar and sloppy sentiment—many people will like Mr. JAMES's play. We cannot profess the smallest regret that their attitude is not our own.

"The General Election has proved the majority of Englishmen to be enamoured of a rotten and pestilential policy. *Argal*, the majority of Englishmen will probably enjoy this rotten and pestilential play. As ORNITHOPARCUS remarks in one of his

humorous Dialogues, *stultitia senum pessima*, and Mr. JAMES is a living example of the truth of this luminous dictum. In his long, inglorious, though highly lucrative career, he has written more tedious, more insipid, more pretentious plays than *The Hallucinations of Hetty*, but he has never 'ruined along the illimitable inane' with greater velocity than in this sickening pseudo-comedy.

"The effrontery which he has displayed in ransacking the dustbins of his effete imagination for the delectation of a depraved democracy is only one more example of the courage of ignorance—which, as ARISTOTLE tells us, is one of the lowest and most perverted forms of that virtue. Mr. JAMES is like the BOURBONS and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. He has learnt nothing and he has forgotten nothing. But he is so far inferior to them that he knew absolutely nothing to start with. That notorious Blenheim pup, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL—an even more poisonous politician than Mr. BIRRELL or Mr. BYLES—could hardly in his most insensate moments have perpetrated such clotted nonsense as this atrocious play. We will not abuse the patience of our readers by attempting to sketch the plot. We should only besmirch ourselves and them in the process. It is enough to say that it is as mad as the Blue Water mania of the distorted doctrinaires who run the Committee of National Defence. As for the acting, it was if possible worse than the play. Sir ALFRED KIMBALL, the most ghastly histrionic mandarin who ever disgraced the calling of GARRICK, blundered through such of his lines as he contrived to remember. Mr. PHILIP SAMPSON wore three pairs of well-cut trousers in the rôle of the hero, and Miss VINOLIA BAMBOROUGH gave a realistic imitation of St. Vitus's dance in that of *Hetty*, a female bounder of the most deadly type.

"The piece, we may add, is staged and upholstered with the most extravagant Tottenham Court Road *Savaria*, and is evidently destined for a long, ignoble, but remunerative run."

THE Assistant Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries has discovered the whereabouts of the Royal Treasure lost by King JOHN in the Wash, and a Company is to be formed to dig for it. We understand that this is not the only historical find of the Society,—a well-known member having recently located at Bletchley Junction one of the identical cakes burnt by King ALFRED.

FROM the Laureate's new poem:—

"Why still pursue a bootless quest
And wander heartsore further East?"
Is this not a slip for "footsore"?



[Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P., is anxious to form in the metropolis a Society for Completing Modern Buildings. "Look," he says, "at the Thames Embankment, with its pediments for sculpture, and not one filled in, except the space which I got occupied by the Boadicea group."]

IT IS HOPED THAT CHELSEA, WITH ITS ARTISTS' QUARTER, WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITY OFFERED BY THE FOUR CHIMNEYS OF THE GENERATING STATION. WHY NOT AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CARLYLE, READING HIS OWN WORKS?

WE understand from the American Press that Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, *natu minimus* (March 21, 1906), is not yet engaged, though an interesting announcement may be expected shortly. He is indifferent about the egg-diet, disapproves of feminine smoking, is rather undecided on the fiscal question, rejoices that the Morocco trouble is over, evinces a certain disappointment in the result of the Boat-race, and has a high opinion of the American Press.

Music Master: "P" is the musical sign indicating that a passage of music has to be sung softly. Now, what are the letters that stand for "very soft?"

Boy (promptly). M.P., Sir.

Mr. Punch begs to remind housewives that, according to the old saying:—

"The Cook who comes in April,
Sings her song in May,
Says good-bye in July;
Then she flies away."

FRENCH ON THE HIGHER SYSTEM.

The Evening News is conducting a series of French lectures for the benefit of travellers, Members of Parliament, clerks and others. For a first and only payment of 6s. 6d. you get a good all-round knowledge of French and the *Evening News*; while for 2s. 6d. you get the French without the *Evening News*; but that does not matter, as you can then take in the *Petit Bleu*. This seems a trifle unkind to the *Harnsworth Self Educator*, which was to teach everything, including French, for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a day, but *Mr. Punch* has no wish to sow the seeds of discord in Carmelite House. He is here to make the announcement that on April 31 next he, too, will give free French instruction to all subscribers.

The lecture will be on thoroughly sound lines. The following is a specimen of the kind of examination paper that will be set at the end of it.

MR. PUNCH'S FRENCH PAPER.

[Candidates should state whether they have had any previous instruction; and (if female) whether married or single.]

- I. Distinguish between *entente cordiale* and *lèse-majesté*.
 - II. Translate literally "*Ventre à terre!*" Mention any other French oaths you know. Do you think "*Ventre bleu*" is better regarded as an oath, or as a rough translation of Bluebeard?
 - III. Pronounce *menu*, Nestlé's, and *feuilleton*.
 - IV. Explode the theory that the Fettesian-Lorettonians are a football club for men who were educated in Alsace or Lorraine.
 - V. Correct the grammar of the following:—
 - (1) *Les homme*.
 - (2) *Le Queux*.
- [N.B.—No. 2 is for advanced students only.]
- VI. Do into French:

Am I right (*droit*) for Bouverie Street?

No, but I have an aunt who has dined (*escOFFier*) at the Carlton.
 - VII. Translate:

Je charivarirai votre tête.
 - VIII. Compare Hunyadi Janos and OMAR KHAYYAM.

[NOTE.—This is not, strictly speaking, a French question, but it will be touched upon in the lecture.]

It is to be hoped that a large number of subscribers will take advantage of *Mr. Punch's* offer and go in for the lecture and the examination. It will be remembered that on the 29th of last February *Mr. Punch* gave a similar lecture; and he is able to reproduce

here some of the testimonials he then received.

I. A Testimonial from Devon: "*Merci, Monsieur.*"

[N.B.—The original of this can be seen.]

II. A Testimonial from Cornwall: "Sir, —In the course of a somewhat pleasant stay in *La belle France* I discovered that even without a knowledge of the language one could pass an agreeable time there."

III. A Testimonial from Dover: —, the well-known Channel Swimmer, writes: "I now divulge for the first time the reason why my last gallant attempt to swim the Channel was unsuccessful. The fact simply was this: that directly I struck the water off Dover Pier I remembered all at once that I knew no word of the French language. Consequently I decided to postpone my visit until after I had attended one of your lectures."

Testimonials in this or any other style can be seen in the office. It only remains for you to fill in the following form.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I enclose

- { (1) 15/9 for Lecture on April 31—
with *Punch*.
* (2) 15/9 for *Punch*—without Lecture
on April 31.

[* Strike out all but one of these.]

Yours faithfully,

Name.....

Address

NOTE.—Do not trouble to write legibly so long as you send the money.

CHARIVARIA.

Its best friends do not wish the Government many happy returns of its Natal day.

There is, according to *Good Words*, a statue in Wells Cathedral representing *The Fruit Stealer*, which bears a ridiculous resemblance to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. We think that the title would have been more appropriate for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in view of his windfall.

It is now rumoured that Mr. HALDANE intends substantially to reduce our Army so as to save sufficient money to pay the indemnity which we shall, as will shortly be proved by *The Daily Mail*, have to pay Germany in 1910.

The latest scheme for Old Age Pensions proposes that five shillings a week shall be paid to rich and poor alike. We have received several letters from millionaires expressing their delight at the revival

of the old theory that there should be one law for rich and poor alike.

Much indignation is felt in newspaper circles that the French miners who were rescued last week were allowed to see their relatives before they had been interviewed by the Press correspondents.

The reports to the effect that the Moors are delighted that the agreement relating to the control of their country has removed the danger of a war in Europe are exaggerated.

One would have thought that the amount of costume worn by athletes had already reached the minimum; but the British competitors at the Olympian Games at Athens have been requested to wear a small Union Jack.

The latest fashion is to wear real flowers in one's headgear. The flower-pot hat should form a pretty accompaniment to the chimney-pot hat.

Mr. Justice BUCKLEY's *dictum* that there are no sporting rights in moths has caused consternation among those vendors of second-hand fur coats who are in the habit of asking an additional sum for the hunting privileges.

Motor despatch cars are, it is announced, to be used by Scotland Yard. Does this mean that the little traps used by the police are to be given up?

Answer to a Correspondent.—No, Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX's real name is not WILLIAM LE QUILLER-COUCH.

The Lancet having stated that tobacco is a germicide, a gentleman writes to tell us that he has smoked tobacco for upwards of sixty years with no evil effects.

With reference to the timber famine which Sir HERBERT MAXWELL predicts, we are informed that the danger has been exaggerated, and that there is no need for some of us to lose our heads.

A BIRKENHEAD Lady writes to *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"A few days ago I lost a valuable dog at New Brighton. I advertised in *The Echo*, and the same evening the dog returned."

The Birkenhead Lady should have written to *The Spectator*. The advertisement, no doubt, ran, "Return at once and all will be forgiven;" and the prodigal, having thought the matter over, decided to chance it. But how surprised he must have been at coming across his name in the papers in this way.



AN INDUCEMENT.

Swedish Exercise Instructress. "NOW, LADIES, IF YOU WILL ONLY FOLLOW MY DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY, IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT YOU MAY BECOME EVEN AS I AM!"

SHAW'S PROGRESS.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

(Being a Supplement to "Mr. Bernard Shaw in Hungary," *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 3, 1906.)

THE triumphant reception of Mr. BERNARD SHAW's plays in Berlin and Budapest has been transcended by the phenomenal enthusiasm aroused by the production of *Man and Superman* in the Basque provinces. For at least a fortnight before the first performance I was beset with questions concerning the personality, appearance, dress and diet of the famous Irish playwright, who has at one stride attained a popularity among the Basques second only to that of the famous Carlist leader ZUMALACARREGUY. At Fuenterrabia, where the play was performed at the principal *fronton*, the reception was magnificent, Mr. SHAW being presented with a silver-mounted

chistera, while the criticisms have been both fearless and adequate. Thus the Sare "Aizkor" actually goes so far as to say: "Erho bat aski da harricantombaten puzura egosteco, bana sei suhur behar dira haren hantik itoiteco," and another leading journal says (we translate freely) "Whether we read the play straightforwards, backwards or upside down it remains the most remarkable manifestation of the literary spirit of modern England, with perhaps the sole exception of the novels of Miss MARIE CAINE." Another critic remarks: "This BERNARD SHAW is a splendid fellow, who knows his public as well as a Cambridge oarsman knows a bad egg." Indeed the success of the play has been quite unprecedented. Agricultural operations have been entirely suspended throughout the Basque provinces, the national game of pelota has been temporarily abandoned, the dancing of the Zorcico has ceased, and M. ECHEGARAY, the famous

dramatist, has been so consumed with mortification at the popularity of his Irish rival that he has gone into retreat at his château at Zozarteaga and refused admittance to all interviewers.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have attended a performance of *The Devil's Disciple* at Tardetz, where, as I sat down and watched the Escualdunac at play, quite a new revelation of his character was presented. The applause was led by the famous pelota player BETRY HAROSTEGUY, and the audience frequently broke out into ejaculations of "Konfradiac! Konfradiac!"

One of the most delightful criticisms of the play is given by MIGUEL HAROTZARENA, who says, with characteristic humour, "Oren guciek dute gizon kolpatzen askenekoak du hobira egortzen." The latter part of the phrase is so charmingly Basque that Mr. SHAW has committed it to memory, and chants it in his bath every morning.



RED CROSS TRAGEDIES.

Mrs. Brown (who has not quite grasped the *raison d'être* of the stretcher-bearers). "I SUPPOSE THEY CARRY THE HOT CROSS BUNS ON THAT TRAY?"

A SONG OF SPRING.

Air—"It was a lover and his lass."

It was a mistress and her maid,
With a rush, and a crush, and a dust-pan and brush,
That unto one another said,
"It's the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,
For the woods are green and we must spring clean."
(I knew what that would mean.)

Between the hall and the dining-room,
With a rub, and a scrub, and a rub-a-dub-dub,
I thrice tripped over a housemaid's broom
In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,
When the stools and chairs all cover the stairs,
And catch one unawares.

A whitewash pail I did not see,
With a slip, and a slop, and a tenpenny mop,
I kicked the bucket and grazed my knee
In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time,
When the painters come, and the plumbers "plumb,"
And charge a good round sum.

And so I've made up my mind next year
(With a brush, and a comb, and I shan't be at home),

I'll pack my bag and I'll disappear
In the spring-time, the only curtain-ring time;
When the woods are green, if they must spring clean,
I won't be on the scene!

Seven to five, "t. and o."

FROM the *Statesman*, Calcutta: "The Magistrate sentenced him to seven days' hard labour, but on the accused stating that he had to ride next Saturday at the races the Court reduced the sentence to five days, and directed the police to release the prisoner on Saturday morning."

But might not the Court's motives be misunderstood?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN continues to receive proof of his claim that non-adherence to his policy involves an increase in the unemployed.

We learn that another city CLARKE is likely to lose his place.

THE Rev. Dr. AKED, speaking at Liverpool on such things as Temperance and Mr. KEIR HARDIE, remarked: "It is even said that one of the brilliant men of our day, from whom you are expecting so much, is to-day doing his work on champagne."

We have received letters from 657 M.P.'s denying the allegation.



FELLOW SUFFERERS.

DR. BIRRELL. "MY BOY, THIS CAN'T HURT YOU MORE THAN IT'S GOING TO HURT ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.
—"I am not an ornamental Member,"
said DIXON-HARTLAND.

From the crowded Benches on both



"Mr. Speaker, I am not an ornamental
Member only."

(Sir Frdk. D-x-n H-rtl-nd.)

sides rose a murmur of dissent. DIXON-HARTLAND sadly shook his head and would not be comforted. It was not seemly to trifle with the truth.

The polite, pleasing contradiction was, it shortly appeared, based on misapprehension. Debate turned on new Procedure Rules recommended by Committee. DIXON-HARTLAND's deprecatory remark had no reference to personal appearance. He



THE SPECTRE OF SLEAFORD.
(Professor L-pt-n.)

was merely discussing the new proposals as an old Member, and desired to dissociate himself from the class of legislators who come down to enjoy excitement of the Question hour, and then go into Lobby to seek a pair. All very well for gay young things to cherish the short sitting on Friday as condition of going a-week-ending. For old stagers a break in the middle of the week, recurrence to the old free night on Wednesday, was desirable.

Following him from the other side of the House rose the six-foot-four of E. WASON. In struggle for seats—to be quite comfortable he wants two—he had been driven to back Bench under Gallery to right of SPEAKER's chair, finding a place at top of Gangway steps. This accidental position invested a pleasant speech with two distinctly uncomfortable sensations. First of all, to imaginative minds there came fantastic idea that, being at the extreme edge of the saloon close by the bulwarks, WASON, unless he was very careful, might by sheer weight give the ship a lurch to leeward. Apparently himself impressed with feeling of insecurity, he as he spoke held on to the pillar that supported the roof.

Samson Agonistes! Was he going to pull down the pillar; solving the question of a new House for the Commons by dismantling the existing edifice? But WASON only wanted to recall the achievement of that gallant Scottish Member who, wedded in the early morning in the neighbourhood of the Hebrides, immediately after the ceremony turned his face southward and, like young *Lochinvar* riding post haste, reached Westminster in time to take part in a division.

What this had to do with the question whether the House should have its short sitting on Wednesday or Friday was not clear. House so relieved when WASON resumed his seat, without calamity occurring, that it gratefully cheered.

Regarded as a business assembly, House at its worst. Questions sub-



SAMSON AGONISTES.

(Mr. E-g-ne W-s-n and the pillar.

mitted—whether four days a week business should commence at 2 or 3 o'clock, and whether half-holiday should be taken on Wednesday or Friday—purely matters of personal predilection. Argument absolutely unavailing. On SPEAKER taking Chair, every man in crowded assembly had made up his mind on subject, ready to vote straight away. No talk, howsoever persuasive, would influence a single vote. Yet for four hours and a half speeches were made.

Level accurately marked by RAILWAY BELL, who poured into unsympathetic ears a minute story of how his last train left King's Cross at 11.50 P.M. How, if sitting of House was extended till 11.15, he was in danger of missing it. In which case he would have to sleep in London without his pyjamas.

In the gallery allotted to distinguished strangers sat three Chinamen in the radiant habit of their country. They had crossed seas and continents in order to study Western civilisation. Eagerly looked forward to opportunity of sitting at feet of the Mother of Parliaments, humbly regarding her venerable figure, garnering the words of wisdom that fell from her august lips. What they



A BRILLIANT DÉPUTÉ.

Mr. A. E. W. M-s-n is not afraid to say a word for Lord Milner. Being "sent to Coventry" by his Party has no terrors for him; he has been sent there already and got a thousand majority!

saw was an afternoon wantonly wasted. What they heard was the lament of a Member bereft of his pyjamas.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules discussed.

Tuesday night.—When Mr. LUPTON turned our dear HARRY CHAPLIN out of his freehold in Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, he looked forward with unbridled delight to joys of Parliamentary career. Not been at Westminster more than six weeks when bang goes his complacency.

Disillusion came this afternoon with debate on second reading of Prevention of Corruption Bill. VIVIAN, another new Member, supported it in speech that made the flesh creep. Pictured doctor at bedside of patient torn by conflicting interests. If the sick man dies, a little affair arranged with undertaker will come off. It appears, according to VIVIAN's information or experience, and as a carpenter by trade he speaks by the foot rule, that doctors have a running account with the undertaker; draw a commission for every coffin brought into use. Naturally, if the patient recovers, the little commission is not forthcoming. No corpse, no coffin.

"No wonder," said the vivacious

VIVIAN, "the doctor is tempted to say, 'Shall I pray for his death or save him?'"

Whilst these gruesome reflections, more depressing than anything to be found in *Drelincourt on Death*, chilled the marrow of the House, they, in some subtle fashion, worked up Mr. LUPTON into condition of keen irascibility. Commissions! Who is paying out commissions?

"Why," Mr. SPEAKER, he said, turning an angry countenance on the right hon. gentleman as if he were responsible for the omission, "I have distributed orders for a million pounds worth of goods, and no one has ever offered me a commission of any kind."

What was all this fuss about doctors getting commissions out of coffins?

"If I was an errand boy," snapped out the lachrymose LUPTON, "and took a message to the undertaker, I should feel myself entitled to be paid for my time. Very likely," he added reflectively, probably thinking of the demise of a mother-in-law, "I should be rendering assistance to the poor family in their time of trouble."

The House which had yelled at Mr. VIVIAN's genial remarks about an honourable profession howled at Mr. LUPTON who showed increased disposition to lapse into autobiographical details. Too deeply hurt at being systematically overlooked all these years in the matter of commissions to shorten opportunity of a growl. Half-past seven close at hand. When reached, debate must stop and second reading of Bill would stand over. Member after Member rose to move the closure. At fourth demand SPEAKER consented to submit it. Only LUPTON's voice uplifted in negative. Question being next put on amendment for rejection of Bill, LUPTON's strident "No" again resounded. "No," he shouted when SPEAKER submitted third question that Bill be read a second time. The solo repeated when motion finally made



MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

A Thorn in the side of the Anti-Imperialists. (Mr. J. D. R-s.)

to refer Bill to Grand Committee. One against six hundred, LUPTON, his battle cry "No," withstood the host.

Thus in olden times HORATIUS (COOLES) kept the bridge gate over the Tiber.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules agreed to.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Lord ABERDEEN on flying visit to town looked in to-night. Found things exceedingly dull. Compared with House Dublin



MR. H-RNY-M-N, M.P.
(The Member for Chelsea.)

Castle a place of joyance. An Irish Member tells me that since Lord and Lady ABERDEEN took up their residence there social and political revolution quietly effected.

"CROMWELL conquered Ireland," he remarked, "but not nearly so effectively as the new LORD LIEUTENANT; whilst the modern method is preferable."

Patriotic Irish women, to whom Dublin Castle has since childhood been a thing accursed, are now seen at Lady ABERDEEN'S Saturday afternoon "At Homes." The LORD LIEUTENANT is respectfully greeted as he passes through the streets of Dublin, heartily cheered when he makes appearance at public meetings. Most striking thing in the transformation scene is that it is effective equally in the Unionist and the Nationalist camp. The last Liberal LORD LIEUTENANT was not only boycotted by loyal Ulster but snubbed by Nationalist Connaught. Visiting Belfast the other day, the LORD LIEUTENANT and his Lady received the popular greeting grown familiar in Dublin.

"We haven't had the Irish question up yet," said the Patriot Member who told me these things. "Your Labour Members are effectively doing our old work in brow-beating Government and making things hum generally. For men of peace, like me, anxious for goodwill on earth, there is no phase of the Irish question more pleasing and more hopeful than that attendant on the new tenancy of Dublin Castle. Excuse me; pending introduction of Education scheme which is promising of wigs on the green, I must go off to block the measures of a few private Members and see if I can't put a spoke in the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Trades Disputes Bill."

Business done.—Commons discussed importation of Canadian cattle.

The Great Fingers Question Solved.

ON Monday, April 2—there is no Sunday Edition—*The Manchester Guardian's* "Answers to Correspondents" consisted solely of this:—

"FINGERS.—The term 'fingers' includes the thumb."

When *The Manchester Guardian* becomes technical we are no longer able to follow it; but we can faintly imagine the almost painful eagerness with which the enquirer tore open his paper and searched its columns for the answer to his conundrum.

"WANTED, for the term, good General Servant as plain Cook, must wash and dress, no shirts."—*Galloway Gazette.*

This is rather arbitrary. Having once been told that she *must* dress, surely such a detail as shirts or not might well be left to her.



"WHO MIXED REASON WITH PLEASURE."

Doctor. "NOT VERY GOOD FOR YOUR GOUT, MAJOR, EH?"

Major. "QUITE RIGHT, MY BOY; BUT IT HELPS ME TO BEAR IT, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

TO MY LAUNDRESS.

My collar is quaintly serrated,
In shreds is the shirt underneath,
My cuffs are so deftly dentated
You'd take them for trimmings of
teeth;
Stiffly starched is my evening choker,
My handkerchief's blemished with blue,
And the reason, oh reasonless joker,
My Laundress, is—you!

A philosophy firmer than PLATO'S
Would falter and fail at the sight
Of my linen like soufflés potatoes
And all the good garments you blight.
Can you marvel, oh ghoul, that I'm
maddened

When barely a month has gone by
Since the gloss of their novelty gladdened
My glistening eye?

If I stole from some stately collection,
And sent you, a suit of plate-mail,
Would its coming occasion dejection,
Would armour against you avail?

Or with joy would you dance half-demented,

And proudly proceed to display
How the steel hasn't yet been invented
That you couldn't fray?

If I dressed as the Daughters of Dawn
dress

(Dear dreams clad in dewdrops and
mist),

Should I dodge you, demoniac Laundress,
Or would you, remorseless, insist
That my dimly diaphanous raiment
Should visit you every week
To endure, for preposterous payment,
The vengeance you wreak?

Now it may be you're sent as a scourge
for

The many misdeeds of mankind;
In the havoc I'm droning this dirge for
Our penance we mortals may find;
But the view that I favour is prosier:

You're just a paid agent of Trade,
You're in lucrative league with my
Hosier,

Oh infamous jade!

PRESENTATION DAY.

"SPRING is coming!" said the Black Dog, as she bounded out of the front door followed by the Brown Pup, who had to be carried down the steps by his mistress, as he was only seven weeks old. "Spring is coming!" and he executed a *pas seul* of pure joy between the wheels of a Carter Paterson van that was passing.

"What is Spring?" asked the Brown Pup, who was wobbling somewhat unsteadily in his mother's wake.

"Spring?" said the Black Dog, tersely, "Spring is smells"—

But here the conversation was interrupted by the Mistress picking up the Brown Pup to carry him across the road, and it was not till they reached the passage leading into the Gardens that she put him down again.

It was to be the greatest day in the Brown Pup's life. He was to be presented to the other dogs, and given the freedom of the Gardens, which sums up nearly all that is desirable in a dog's life.

The Brown Pup had been very brave in the back garden at home, and his boxing matches with *Augustus* the cat had been the admiration of the neighbourhood. But the back garden was not Life, his mother had told him, and his fat brown legs were a trifle shaky as he saw in the distance the gates of this mysterious place where the thing called "Life" was to be lived at its highest and best.

"Now remember," said the Black Dog, somewhat excitedly, for he was her first-born and she was naturally a little nervous, "the one thing you must not do is to run away. Be civil but courageous, and don't whimper, whatever happens." And then they entered the gates, the Black Dog on in front with her tail waving proudly in the air, the Brown Pup following anxiously in the rear, his fat little body shaking with excitement and awe, and the Mistress behind the Brown Pup.

The first to catch sight of the newcomer was a Chow, who lived in the same road at home.

"Got the youngster with you, I see!" he said, as he came up at a run, and inspected the Brown Pup with a critical air. "I fancy I heard the milkman talking to our servants about it. Yes—a fine little fellow! Is he strong?"

"You can put him to the test," said the Black Dog, proudly.

The Chow suddenly shot out a hind leg and knocked the Brown Pup over. For one moment the Brown Pup thought of trying his one method of retaliation and biting the Chow in the leg, but a look from his mother prevented him, and he picked himself up, wagging his tail.

"He'll do," said the Chow kindly. "Bring him in to supper this evening," and he was off.

The next to come up was a magnificent golden-brown collie, who rolled the Brown Pup about till he was sore, and then returned him to his mother with the remark that he was too fat, but time

The Black Dog's whole body quivered with the force of the temptation, and she turned her back on the Round Pond while she battled with it. Then Duty triumphed, and she turned round again.

"Come, my son," she said, leading the Brown Pup up to a Great Dane, who had been watching the group from afar.

The Brown Pup felt an overwhelming desire to retire from sight behind his mother, but fortunately for his reputation he caught sight of an unkempt mongrel at whom he had often made faces through the area railings at home, while passers-by of the gentler sex were admiring his "dreamy eyes." Whatever happened he would not be put to shame in front of Tatters. He could but die, he thought, as he wobbled forward.

But the great beast's reception was gentler than any he had yet encountered, and by the time the preliminary questions as to age, training, &c., had been answered the Brown Pup felt quite at home with him.

They all walked on together, while the Great Dane and the Black Dog discussed the scandals of the Park, and the Brown Pup listened open-mouthed. A certain Rover had broken the first rule of the Gardens, and had barked loudly as he chased the sheep, thereby attracting undesirable attention to himself and his companions; Bobs had gone away into the country with his master, and was not expected back for some time; while a very objectionable Fido had been decoyed out of her mistress's lap and taken to a secluded part of the Gardens by three dogs whom she had repeatedly and grossly insulted, and there dealt with satisfactorily.

So they walked along, and the Brown Pup's heart swelled with pride as he heard the remarks of the passers-by.

Presently they came to a turning. "Well, well, I must go now," said the Great Dane, regretfully, as he waved his tail in the direction of a lady who was calling excitedly to him, "that's my mistress, you know. Very nervous and highly strung, poor thing! Too much sitting in stuffy rooms, I fancy. Yes, yes, my dear, I'm coming," and he departed.

The Brown Pup's legs were beginning to ache with so much exercise, and he was very glad when his mistress stooped down and picked him up. Then it suddenly occurred to him that he would



EAR BLINKERS—A SUGGESTION FOR CADDIES OF TENDER AGE IN ATTENDANCE ON HOT-TEMPERED ANGLO-INDIAN MILITARY GENTLEMEN LEARNING GOLF.

would cure that—a criticism which the Black Dog resented. "He's in perfect condition for his age," she said, sharply, and proceeded with great dignity towards the Round Pond.

At the top they were joined by a retriever and a spaniel, who entreated the Black Dog to accompany them into the water. "Leave the little fellow with your mistress," they begged, "the keeper is reading the paper, and those ducks —"

For one moment a look of rapture gleamed in the Black Dog's eyes. Then she resolutely turned away.

"It is his first day," she said, regretfully but firmly.

"One of the black duck's tail feathers is loose!" breathed the spaniel, satanically.

not like the Great Dane to see him being carried like Fido, so he struggled down and trotted bravely after his mother, who rewarded him with an approving look.

"This, my son," she said, "is Life. Head up, tail straight, no matter how your legs ache—a greeting for a friend and a look in the face for everyone. Don't listen to the mongrels or you won't hear what wise dogs are saying—and keep behind your superiors," she added gently, as she shot out her hind leg. The Brown Pup retired to the rear, thinking over many things, and when he got home his mother noticed with pleasure that he had had his last boxing match with *Augustus*. Somehow this form of recreation no longer appealed to him after his walk with the Great Dane, and besides, every spare moment was taken up with reflections on Life.

THE AGE OF CULTURE.

["A hundred years hence the survival into the twentieth century of the superstition about the indispensability of Greek and Latin to a true education will be regarded as not the least curious and interesting freak of all the curious and interesting freaks that human nature has been guilty of in the course of its development."—*T. P.'s Weekly* on "Culture and the Classics."]

WHEN I have quaffed my weakly draught
Of Hippocrene's rills,
And filled my heart with cultured art
And literary thrills—
By such cheap pennyworth inspired,
Imagination oft is fired,
And in my mind I seem to see
The cultured age that is to be.

A realm of gold I then behold—
A new and fair *régime*
Where soul and brain united reign
And culture is supreme;
A land where intellect may soar
To heights it never knew before,
And where in every man you find
The artist's and the poet's mind.

Awile I gaze in rapt amaze
With all-admiring eye,
And then I turn intent to learn
The wherefore and the why.
Whence comes, I ask, this atmosphere
So lofty, rarefied and clear,
This culture which, I understand,
Was never yet on sea or land?

'Tis not from store of classic lore:
They scarce have heard of Rome;
No masterpiece of ancient Greece
Finds on their shelves a home.
They read, incredulous, of those
Who trained their boys on Attic prose,
And tried, benighted fools, to nurse
The infant mind on Latin verse.



Little Girl (who has asked for a ha'porth of five-a-penny Easter eggs, and received two).
"PLEASE, M'M, IT'S THE OTHER HA'PORTH I WOULD LIKE."

More happy far these mortals are!
No need for them to toil
Through long, long years 'mid doubts
and fears,
Or burn the midnight oil;
No need for them with weary pate
To struggle through the prolix Great—
Boiled down like meat-juice, theirs to find
The essence of each master mind.

On one small page some mighty sage
Says all he has to say;
And there's the gist (with nothing
missed)
Of HOMER's lengthy lay;
A column tells them all with ease
They want to learn of SOPHOCLES;
HORACE or PLATO would they know,
They take him in a cameo.

Nor are the Great of later date
Forgotten. Men but need
A snippet here from *Hamlet*—*Lear*—
And SHAKESPEARE's soul they read;
CARLYLE and BYRON, SHELLEY, BURNS—
Each knows them every one and learns
The truth about their married lives,
And why they squabbled with their
wives.

The Ladder, too, of Learning view
Which CLIO rears. They climb,
And learn some great event of State
In half a minute's time.
What wonder, then, that all things
wear
So learned and refined an air,
When, clasped in every hand, I see
The weekly pages of *T. P.*?

SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

SOME faddist in the press first raised the question,
When anxious of a grievance to be rid—
Hinting disease or death or indigestion
Probable, if they did.

"INDIGNANT DAME" replied a morning later,
Giving the lie (or several) direct:
Describing him a low prevaricator—
Or words to that effect.

The fat was in the fire. A smart "YOUNG MOTHER"
Urged it was *chic*, and womanly as well;
One "DAMSEL" found it soothing, while another
Simply abhorred the smell.

"FATHER OF ONE" (outside the infant's hearing)
Vowed that no girl of *his* "such things" should do;
"FATHER OF NINE" refrained from interfering—
Thinking it wiser to.

A "SPINSTER" said the weed was all she trusted
To take from single cursedness the sting;
A lady, who inscribed herself "DISGUSTED,"
Loathed the unseemly thing.

An "INDIAN COLONEL" found the practice "flighty,"
And asked, if women thronged the "Smokers" too,
Where (in this crimson territory) might he
The scheming sex eschew?

"ENTHUSIASTIC" called it bliss-bestowing,
Which "YOUTHFUL CYNIC" stigmatised as rot;
And "TWEENY GIRL" was diffident, unknowing
Whether to whiff or not.

* * * * *
Such are the strange, reciprocative scornings,
Such are the quaint, antagonistic views,
That filled the papers during several mornings,
Taking the place of news.

Whether the thing is really wrong or rightful,
We know not yet; but this is sure, the while—
Either it is entrancingly delightful
Or else supremely vile.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Lady of the Decoration (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is an anonymous series of letters purporting to pass from a lady sometime resident in Japan to a bosom friend at home. It is, actually, one of the daintiest love stories I in a long experience have read. Its peculiarity is that no formal attempt is made to describe or characterise the man who is loved. All we know is that his name is JACK; that the still young wayfarer in a foreign land, becoming a widow after a not too happy lease of married life, loved him when she left home, but never told her love, hoping to master it by foreign travel. Occasional subtle touches in casual letters bare her secret to the sympathetic eye. When her correspondent announces her engagement without mentioning the name of her *fiancé*, she jumps at the conclusion that it must be JACK, a person whom every woman, looking on him, must love. Of course it wasn't JACK and all ends happily, as idylls should. The story is so unobtrusively told that in the printed volume it scarcely occupies more space than is here given to it. It is the row of pearls slung on a silken cord of bright narrative and description, especially vivid in observation, evidently by an eye-witness, of life in Japan throughout the war with Russia.

Mr. HEINEMANN isn't a man to bungle;
He's published a book which is called *The Jungle*.
It's written by UPTON SINCLAIR, who
Appears to have heard of a thing or two
About Chicago and what men do
Who live in that city—a loathsome crew.
It's there that the stockyards reek with blood,
And the poor man dies, as he lives, in mud;
The Trusts are wealthy beyond compare,
And the bosses are all triumphant there,
And everything rushes without a skid
To be plunged in a hell which has lost its lid.
For a country where things like that are done
There's just one remedy, only one,
A latter-day Upton Sinclairism
Which the rest of us know as Socialism.
Here's luck to the book! It will make you cower,
For it's written with wonderful, thrilling power.
It grips your throat with a grip Titanic,
And scatters shams with a force volcanic.
Go buy the book, for I judge you need it,
And, when you have bought it, read it, read it.

I have been trying to discover whether H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, who wrote *Fanny Lambert*, is a man or a woman. Mr. FISHER UNWIN, who, as the publisher of the book, ought to know, refers to the author as Mr. STACPOOLE. That's one opinion. On the other hand, the amateurishness of the technique, and a certain innocence of style, convince me that it is a woman. That is another opinion. Then, again, we have the damning fact that the hero never wears evening dress. (Two to one on *Mister*.) But *Fanny Lambert* herself is so delightfully feminine in every word and every letter, and so superior in drawing to all the men, that . . . (Evens on *Mister* and *Miss*.) However, it is no good speculating (though, *pace* Mr. UNWIN, I would risk a shilling on *Miss*); one's duty is, rather, to congratulate the author on the ever-fascinating *Fanny*. The men are not so successful. *Charles Bevan*, for instance, is said to be twenty-three, but looks like thirty—as they say in testimonials. *Frank*, the hero, hardly appears at all, and then not to much effect. But *Fanny*, bless her, is there always. Mr. FISHER UNWIN (whom I am bound to suspect now) says that this is the author's fourth book. It has the look, rather, of a first novel; a very promising one, but still the first. Mr., Mrs., or Miss STACPOOLE should have got further in technique by this time; but she—I insist on having the last word—SHE, Mr. FISHER UNWIN, will never improve upon *Fanny*. I raise my glass to *Fanny*.

Two on a Torre Annunziata.

THE *Central News* announces that "the eruption of Vesuvius is a serious one. Five streams of lava are descending the mountain towards Resina, Torre, Annunziata, Torre del Greco, and Bosco-Trecase." This allowance of a stream apiece for Torre and Annunziata is a very generous one, and the S. E. & C. R. on their part have made an equally generous response. For the convenience of tourists wishing to visit these congested districts we have pleasure in announcing that this Company provides five separate egresses from London, the points of departure being Victoria, Holborn, Cannon Street, Charing and Cross.

ACCORDING to *The Glasgow Evening Times* "The Board of Trade have issued a regulation requiring a red light to be shown on the rear end of each year." This is a thoughtful idea, and obviously intended to prevent the New Year from following too rapidly upon its predecessor. A similar system with the seasons would be helpful.

CANINE CADDIES.

THE suggestion of Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, in the *Spectator*, that dogs should be trained to "carry" on the links has provoked a great explosion of correspondence on the subject, some of which has ricocheted from Wellington Street to Bouverie Street. We print herewith a necessarily small selection of letters which have reached us on this burning question:—

DEAR SIR,—I hope that if dog caddies are to become the rule, Clubs will forbid the employment of all quadrupeds who are not thoroughly up to the work. For instance, the idea of a pug—pugs are almost invariably asthmatic—carrying a heavy bag containing from seven to ten clubs, is really quite too pathetic for words, and I do hope the authorities at St. Andrews will put down their foot strongly in this matter. For my own part I think that Lord KINGUSSIE's solution of the difficulty is much the best. He never employs a caddie belonging to the links when he happens to be playing, but always brings his own footman, which thus saves his pocket and safeguards the morals of the club caddies, as Lord KINGUSSIE's bunker vocabulary is so surprisingly strong that I have heard it said no dog would stand it without a muzzle. I may mention, as a guarantee of my *bona fides*, that Lady KINGUSSIE's step-brother was long ago engaged to my wife's first cousin once removed.

I am, yours faithfully,

ALISON AMBLER.

DEAR SIR,—I am greatly taken with the idea of training dogs to act as caddies. Perhaps some of your correspondents will kindly tell me whether they can be taught to make a tee, and whether a Chow can only make a China tee? Faithfully yours,

A. LEGGE PULLAR, M.D.

DEAR SIR,—Do you suppose that the



Mistress. "OH, GWENDOLEN, WHATEVER HAVE YOU DONE!"

Gwendolen. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, M'M. I 'AVEN'T 'URT MYSELF!"

caddies of England and Scotland will tamely submit to the introduction of a system which is designed to rob them of hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly? Believe me, if this ill-omened scheme is carried out, the mortality of the canine species in these islands will go up by leaps and bounds. I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

MITCHAM LITTLESTONE.

DEAR SIR,—The idea of training dogs to act as caddies is distinctly good. But all dogs are not equally adapted for the

purpose. Personally I should prefer a Mexican mastiff, a Cuban bloodhound, or, best of all, the dhole (*Canis dukhunensis*), or wild dog of South-Eastern Asia. It is, as your readers are doubtless aware, of a deep bay colour, and is so courageous that it will attack even the tiger. My handicap is 16, but with a dhole, or even a dingo, for my caddie, I should not in the least mind tackling a scratch player.

Faithfully yours,
WALTER SAVAGE REDHILL.

DEAR SIR,—In South Africa the practice of dispensing with human caddies has been rendered necessary by the shortage of unskilled labour and the fact that the coolies, by the terms of their contracts, are not allowed to ply for hire on the links. Consequently baboons and (in the Cape) ostriches are largely employed for the purpose, and give the greatest satisfaction, though the notorious voracity of the latter occasionally induces them, in moments of excitement, to gobble balls and swallow niblicks and other iron clubs. For this reason the baboon is, on the whole, to be preferred. In Natal a bird known as the Semi-Bombay duck is sometimes employed as a fore-caddie, and can be taught to indicate, by flapping its wings and standing on one leg respectively, whether the ball is lying clear or in difficulties.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truthfully,
MATILDA OWLGLASS.

"BUTCHERS.—Young man, 25, seeks sit.; good round; well up shop; kill anything."
Daily Chronicle.

We like this sort of spirit. It is this that has made us Englishmen what we are. We like, too, the style: the easy transition from the technicalities of "good round" and "well up shop" to the informal bluntness and comprehensiveness of the closing offer.

A HOLIDAY TASKMASTER.

BIRRELL! it was a baneful inspiration
 That prompted you to launch your virgin Bill
 Just as the call of Eastertide's vacation
 Summoned us hence by sylvan vale and hill
 To have our hearts imbued
 With Spring i-cumen on in jocund mood.
 (Doubtless by Battersea's suburban breezes,
 Pacing the Pleasance, you were thus inspired;
 For there confessedly you caught those wheezes
 Which a respectful House so much admired;
 And there the Child at play
 Kept stopping you to ask the time of day.
 Little they guessed, who put that guileless riddle,
 Not curious of the hour, but rather bent
 On seeing if the chain athwart your middle
 Secured an actual watch that really went,—
 Little your victims guessed
 What schemes were brewing 'neath that natty vest.)
 Was it, I ask you, altogether gracious,
 Was it a very creditable thing,
 To set your fellow-Members this vexatious
 Holiday task, and blight the bloom of Spring,
 Throwing such heavy strains
 Upon the void of non-provided brains?
 Was it the action of a decent pedagogue
 To nip their vernal ardour in the bud,
 And send them forth with angered heart and head agog
 To find a way to spill APOLLYON's blood?
 (APOLLYON—so we stamp
 Men of the opposite religious camp.)
 For now a fierce and fatal light is shed on
 The imminent campaign—its course and goal;
 Including that stupendous Armageddon
 Soon to be fought around the Infant's Soul;
 And every second man
 Is busy working out his counterplan.
 There is no haunt of peace, this holy season,
 But some are found therein with heated breath
 Who call on Heaven to curse the spoiler's treason,
 Who plot religiously your sudden death;
 And pass the sweet Spring-time
 Whetting their claws like dragons of the prime.
 Not so with me. I go, my dear AUGUSTINE,
 Southward to seek an uncontentious cure,
 Some warm retreat that I may safely rust in,
 And lie at length along the *côte d'azur*—
 Or make a modest *coup*,
 As JOSEPH did on No. 22.

O. S.

THE WAG.

A TEA-SHOP TRAGEDY.

It was in a London tea-shop; one of those tea-shops where the waitresses seem to have just proclaimed martial law.

Silence reigned, broken only by the occasional timorous tinkle of a tea-spoon on a marble table, where some desperado sought to signify that he wanted another bun.

The attendants stood in graceful but minatory poses here and there, patting their back hair, or doing perpetual sums in their check-books.

Opposite to me I saw an old lady, who had been to bargain sales, and had pathetically and for the fifth time implored a passing waitress to bring her a cup of tea, succumb under a glance such as an empress might bestow upon an

importunate beetle that asked to be put out of its pain. All round the room, in serried array, the young law clerks sat, like boys under the eyes of a schoolmaster, talking decorously of prunes and prisms, and hoping they did not seem to be eating too heartily.

Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE set a boiled egg down in front of me. I had not ordered it, but I did not say so, for I am no dare-devil. I ate the egg meekly.

Silence reigned. (I know quite well I have said this before, but it is nevertheless true.)

Then *he* came in, with springy step and cloth gaiters, and I knew by the gaiters, as well as by the brochures on the Tower of London and Madame TUSSAUD's grasped in his sinewy hand, that he was from the country. He was a splendid specimen of young English manhood, with his comely, full-blown face, and massive limbs; a good man to hounds, one of the stock that has made our England what it is (whatever that may be).

Something in the way in which he ordered tea and cold sausages filled me with gloomy apprehension. I realised that in his own province he was a humorist, a wit.

For a while all went well; but he had a roving eye.

Suddenly I saw a strange light gleam in that roving eye, as he glanced at CLARA VERE DE VERE, who, half-turned from us, was absorbed once more in her interminable sums.

Heavens! the man was going to be facetious!

In the tea-shop! Here!

Had his thoughts strayed to some merry-hearted Hebe of the "Crown Hotel" at home in Sleepy Hollow?

I dropped my egg-spoon with a noisy clatter. My tongue refused to act. He leaned forward. He was going to do it. Heavens!

"I say, Miss," he said, as he toyed with a crusty roll (poor fellow! no doubt the sally had furnished mirth at many a market ordinary), "I say, Miss, can you lend me a hatchet?"

The instant she turned I think he realised his mistake. Such a look as his face wore then I have seen on the faces of men who have thumped strong and angry strangers on the back under the impression that they were old friends. I have seen that look once, in the semi-darkness of an oyster bar, on the face of a man who had swallowed a time-expired bivalve. There was surprise in it,—and something more.

She approached him slowly, a Juno-like figure, and, while I shuddered, I could not but admire the vibrant tones of her contralto voice as she answered:

"Did you speak to me?"

He clutched the edge of the table with both hands, leaning slightly forward, his parted lips frothy, and his face all gray and drawn.

And then, called off by a plaintive cry for potted ham, she left him.

"I will see you out into the air," I whispered.

He stumbled to his feet somehow, and, leaning heavily on my arm, shuffled to the door, where I hailed a bus. His touch was like the touch of ice.

"How was I to know!" he muttered; "how was I to know!"

Do you say this never happened?

I believe something like it happens every day. If not, it is only because, in spite of what pessimists say, there is still some of that sturdy British spirit left that enabled men of our breed to stand up to the Old Guard at Waterloo, and, more particularly, to brave the awful rigours of the polar realms of ice.

Commercial Candour.

"HOT-AIR ENGINE, very cheap, —'s patent, 5½ cylinder, very little use."—*English Mechanic*.



A TEMPORARY ENTANGLEMENT.

Jos. Sedley . . . SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BELL.

Becky Sharp . . . THE SUFFRAGETTE.

[The Prime Minister has promised to receive a deputation on the subject of Female Suffrage after Easter.—Daily Paper.]





INTRODUCTION MADE EASY.

Invalid-Chair Attendant. "IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A FANCY FOR ANY PARTICKLER PARTY, I CAN EASILY BUMP 'EM."

TO ONE ABOUT TO WED.

THE hour draws nigh. The moments fly amain.

Rabbe and guest attend the flowery shrine;
The Cake is ready—also the champagne
(A light, dry, wine).

Then, Sister, ere the last sad moment goes,

Listen, while from a brother's faltering lips
Drop, like essential attar of the rose,
Two useful tips.

If you would prosper in that married state

Which many, I believe, have called sublime,
Be very careful not to irritate
At breakfast time.

Man is not lively at that solemn feast;

And JOHN, whom you esteem a thing apart,
(So strange is Love) is little more than *triste*,
Or less than tart.

Spare him your daily correspondents' views;

Nor, from a paper you alone have read,
Think to refresh him with th' appalling news
That someone's dead.

As for those details of a household type

That seem indigenous to married men,
Wait till he's half way through his morning pipe:
Tackle him then.

But, oh my sister, lay no wifely snares;

Think not to press him for a boon; and don't,

*Don't dream of getting at him unawares:
Because you won't.*

That we will come to now. And, I should say,
I do so with a certain lingering doubt;
Though, truly, if I give your JOHN away,
It's his look out.

If, then, you would beguile th' unwary lad
To his undoing, first arrange to dine
On his most toothsome cheer (and, shall I add,
Some light, dry wine).

And if, soon afterwards, you gently spring
Your purpose on him, 'twere an easy task
To lure him on to any blessed thing
You choose to ask.

Now must we go. The steeds are at the door.

Those be my precepts, Sister. Act thereon,
And you'll be happy. But alas, for poor,
Poor, wretched, JOHN! DUM-DUM.

"All men have their Price."

"GENERAL, 18, £10, Disengaged, willing to wash, strong country servant. Also 17, £8; print dresses and caps. Fifteen, 2s. per week, fond of children."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

We hope somebody will give little Fifteen a job. Eighteen, who is willing to wash, and Seventeen, who can print dresses and caps (which sounds very clever), are sure to be snapped up at once; but all that can be said for Fifteen (poor dear) is that she is fond of children. Here's to the bashful maiden!

PICKING UP ACQUAINTANCES;

Or, THE TRAVELLER'S CONVERSATIONAL GUIDE.

THE specimen dialogues below are intended for those unlucky persons who are compelled to take their holiday alone. The Englishman is noted for his reserve, but with tact it is always easy to open a conversation with a complete stranger and by and by to make a real friend of him. The whole art lies in this: that you must not seem to force your acquaintance upon him. You would do well to start

IN THE TRAIN.

First Method (The Window Gambit).

You. Do you mind if I raise the window slightly? (*If it is already up, you will of course change this to, "Do you mind if I open the window slightly?"*)

He (*if he is anything of a gentleman*). Certainly. Please do.

You (*at window*). Very stiff the windows are on this line.

If he is a director or shareholder in any railway company, he will then take the opportunity of explaining to you how good or bad this line is in comparison with others. If he is not a director or shareholder, then,

You. That's the best of being on the sea. You have no bother like this with windows.

This gives him his chance should he be a sailor, explorer, yachtsman, Cook's tourist, or seaside resident. In the unlikely event of his being none of these,

You (*jocularly*). I must write to the "Daily ——" about it.

You then make disparaging remarks about the "Daily ——" He is practically certain to agree.

Second Method. (An expensive one.)

This should only be used when all other devices have failed. As soon as your man is looking the other way pull the alarm signal. When the guard comes round, try to persuade him that it was the stranger who did it. If you are successful, then offer to lend the necessary five pounds. If you are unsuccessful, then offer to borrow it. In either case you have a sort of claim on your man for at least the length of your holiday.

Third Method. (For use with clergymen only.)

NOTE: Clergymen often wear gaiters. In this case they are either bishops or deans. It is wiser to assume that they are bishops.

You (*with a start*). Oh!

He looks up enquiringly.

You. I beg your pardon, but did you happen to notice the name of that station?

He. Willesden Junction.

You.——! (*Remembering his cloth*). I must apologise, Sir (*or 'My Lord' if you care to risk it*), but that was where I had to alight.

He. The next stop is Aberdeen.

You. Tut tut! But there! An old traveller mustn't mind these little trials. Why, I remember how in the fall of '82 TUBBY and I——

At this point a layman would throw you out of the window.

You. Let's see, was it TUBBY or Old BILL?

And so on, ad infinitum.

So much for the journey down. If by the time you have reached your destination you have not picked up an acquaintance, it is fairly obvious that you are not at all the tactful person we took you for, and it is difficult to know what further to do for you. You can of course, at any time, try the Tobacco Gambit—which consists in borrowing your neighbour's matches and putting them in your own pocket, but apart from this there is not much that we can recommend. Should you, however, know the profession of the particular man whose acquaintance you wish to make, various ideas will no doubt suggest themselves to you. Thus:

WITH MILITARY MEN.

You (*suddenly and imploringly*). Can you tell me, Sir, if you think the Germans will defeat the Hereros?

He (*gruffly and in amazement*). Eh?

You (*with a pathetic dignity*). I am a German (*or Herero*) and I have a son (*grandson, father, uncle, grandfather, etc., according to what you think he will credit you with*) immersed in that terrible conflict. Pity a father's (*grandfather's, son's, nephew's, grandson's*) feelings.

He will then tell you his experiences in the Indian Mutiny.

Or again

WITH SOLICITORS.

You. Are you a solicitor? (*This sounds rude, but he won't mind.*)

He. Yes. (*Gives you his card.*)

Finally, it may happen that the gentleman with whom you wish to converse is a distinguished stranger well known to you by sight. In these cases, particularly, tact is the one essential.

To MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (*chaffingly*). Now, now, what's all this I hear about Tariff Reform?

To MR. J. M. BARRIE (*politely offering pouch*). Perhaps you might care to try this? It's the "Josephine" Mixture.

To MR. JUSTICE DARLING (*handing evening paper*). Witty man, PLOWDEN. Seen his last?

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

WE, who were children in our time, And who, though something past our prime,

Still healthily survive,
Must often, when we come in touch
With modern infants, marvel much
To find ourselves alive.

The milk they drink, I am advised,
Must first be duly sterilised,

Or else with seal and vow
Labelled, to prove to every eye
That it has been provided by
A non-consumptive cow.

The briefest snuffle from afar
Proclaims the imminent catarrh,
And calls for potent cures;
The slightest symptom of a blush
Is followed by an eager rush
To take their temperatures.

About them hums a busy tribe
Of doctors, ready to prescribe
New simples and tabloids,
And surgeons quite prepared to ease
Them all of their appendices,
And eke their adenoids.

Ah, what a change from those old days
When all the world, and all its ways,
And we ourselves, were green!
Days, when eternally sharp set
We ate whatever we could get,
Nor recked about hygiene.

I recollect, when I was young,
Once or twice thrusting forth my tongue,
Though why I could not tell,
And after some heroic bout,
Politely christened a "blow-out,"
I may have felt unwell.

Yet even at that early date
Victorian microbes lay in wait
In every bite and sup;
So, I repeat, grown wiser now,
I am constrained to wonder how
We managed to grow up.

My PLATO's works on yonder shelf
Commend the maxim "Know yourself,"
As conduct's safest guide;
It seems a later nursery law
Adapts this immemorial saw
To "Know your own inside."

"The slow, wise smile that round about
His dusty forehead drily curled."

Tennyson.

SAYS *The Graphic*: "The Empress Dowager of CHINA looks a well-preserved woman of forty years, with . . . a high forehead on which lie two bandeaus of thick and glossy black hair and two rows of snowy teeth, which give her smile a charm of exquisite expression." The contrast of the black hair and snowy teeth on the same high forehead must indeed make her smile all that *The Graphic* claims for it.



Pastor (revising his flock). "I CANNOT HELP NOTICING MANY ABSENT FACES WITH WHICH I USED TO SHAKE HANDS."

— J. V. L. —

THE HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXHIBITION AT THE CRAFTON.

(Report by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

TO THE EDITOR,

When, Honoured Sir, in obedience to your commands, I went to this highly interesting Exhibition, it was, I confess, less with any idea of exercising my critical faculties than with the faint hope that I might pick up a secret or two which might enable me considerably to improve my personal appearance. For, after all, one never knows. It may have been morbid fancy, but I thought the keeper of the wicket, after reading the words "Representative of *Punch*," on the Press ticket I presented, hesitated slightly. Perhaps he thought I had not come there in quite the right spirit. . . . However, he gave me the benefit of the doubt, and even tore off a corner of my ticket in exchange for a free Catalogue.

At the foot of the stairs I was greatly impressed by a noble group of white satin corsets, exhibited by Madame HORNETT & C^{IE}. The modelling of these I thought quite masterly, though the drawing is perhaps a trifle "tight" here and there. Further on I was even more struck by a "Plastic Bust," No. 48, described in the Catalogue as "a normal form, compressed by a belt and showing the arm—wonderfully pliant and human." It might have been even more normal and human had not the artist left off just where the difficulties begin—at the base of the neck. As it was, it seemed to me a little lacking in expression. I trust it is not hypercritical to dwell upon so trifling a defect, but it is honestly what I felt about it.

On entering the Long Gallery I observed that the walls, which I had last seen covered by the works of M. CÉZANNE and other talented Impressionists of the French School, were now hung with a selection of advertisements by various contributors to the Exhibition. I desire to make no invidious comparisons between them and their French predecessors—their methods are necessarily so different. But this I *must* say, that, in my humble opinion, the designs which now adorn the Gallery are more pleasing, if less subtle in their colour passages, while they convey a more direct message to the uninitiated eye. I may be wrong—but that is my impression.

The floor of the Long Gallery was occupied by several rows of gilt-backed chairs, which all appeared to be listening with polite attention (in the absence of occupants) to a gentleman who was performing a well-known waltz on an electric piano—I presume as a Health Exercise. There were several large gramophones and an orchestration on the platform as well, but none of them performed while I was in the Exhibition—which was just my usual luck!

All round the room tastefully draped stands had been erected, by which young ladies were seated in most becoming Paris confections. It rather reminded me of a Charity Bazaar, except that none of them invited me to put in for a raffle, or have my future revealed by a performing poodle.

I seemed to have chosen a time—it was about 12.30—when nothing very exciting was going on. There was a big camera on a stand, apparently about to take a photograph of a stall on which samples of asses' milk were displayed, which would have been interesting to watch if it had ever taken it—only it didn't.

Perhaps I might have secured a portion of Health and Beauty by taking a glass or two of asses' milk—but, to be perfectly frank with you, Sir, I hadn't the common manly courage to go up and ask. I was afraid that the young lady who presided over that restorative might be unpleasantly personal if I did. I know now that this fear was quite groundless. Probably she would have been most polite. If I had mentioned that I was a representative of *Mr. Punch*, she might even have given me a glass of asses' milk gratuitously. But I let the chance escape me.

I sat on one of the gilt-backed chairs, affecting to be absorbed in my Catalogue—but in reality I was feeling rather shy. I was the only male visitor in the whole Exhibition, and I had a deadly fear that someone might come up and invite me to have my face cultured. But either they considered me a hopeless case, or else they saw—well, anyhow, they left me severely alone.

As I studied the Catalogue I came upon the photograph of a lady well-known in Society, under whose portrait was a note that filled me with awe and admiration. It informed me that at this lady's house the Organiser of the Exhibition had once judged at a Baby Show "*at which all the Babies were either the children or grandchildren of Members of the Peerage.*" I thought of the iron nerve, the rigid impartiality, and the consummate tact that must have been required to award the first prize without regard to strict social precedence, and I no longer wondered that this Exhibition should have been so successfully organised.

Presently I really thought a performance of some kind was about to begin. A young lady in a white knitted jersey, black knickerbockers, tan-coloured stockings, and gymnasium shoes suddenly tripped into the gallery, and was saluted with a round of faint applause from an apparently susceptible young coloured gentleman in a corner.

But nothing came of it; she had merely stepped in to talk to another young lady at one of the stands. It may have been on the subject of Physical Development, but the discourse was of a purely private and confidential nature.

I felt, Sir, that you had not sent me there to sit in idleness on a gilded chair all the time; that I must be up and doing. Accordingly I pulled myself together, and went round the stands, conscientiously making notes. If I have unconsciously fallen here and there into the jargon of the Art Journalist, you will kindly put this down to the associations of the Grafton Galleries.

First I should mention Mrs. IDA C. TAFFLIN's (I *think* this is the lady's name—but have mislaid my Catalogue) delightful "Pink Lotion for Concealing Blemishes of the Skin," at Stand No. 7, a charming composition with a liquid quality of pigment that produces an effect as decorative as it is delicate in treatment.

The same artist's "Skin Food," though in a more restrained gamut, gives perhaps an even larger sense of accomplishment, while a third study, "A Pimple Pill," compels attention by its admirable directness, rare mastery of values, and sheer forcefulness of statement.

I can also commend "Nurse Wadham's Earcap," described in the Catalogue as "a useful invention for keeping children's ears in their proper place," and, I should say, simply invaluable to the parents of all little pitchers. Another invention that took my fancy mightily was a "Baby's Playground," a neat little wooden pen, about five feet by two and a half, in which the little tot can play at being a pig or a rhinoceros, according to the range of its imagination.

If I could only have held out till eight p.m. I should have heard a lady lecture on "Beauty in the Middle Ages." But it was getting very near my lunch time, and I really did *not* feel equal to sustaining exhausted nature for another seven hours on Skin Food and Asses' Milk, even though encouraged at intervals by Demonstrations of Physical Culture and Exercises, records by the Gramophones, and performances on the Orchestration and Electric Piano.

I know, Sir, that you are a stern, not to say harsh, despot—but I felt that even *you* would not require this of me. So I softly and silently stole away—not a bit more beautiful (at least, so far as I can perceive at present) than when I came in!

On reaching home, a pink leaflet fluttered out of my Catalogue. It was a ballot-paper entitling me to vote for "the Handsomest Man, the Prettiest Woman, and the Loveliest



TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

DIFFICULT POSITION OF LITTLE SPINKS (HAVING HIS FIRST RIDE IN PUBLIC), WHOSE RIDING INSTRUCTIONS ARE ON NO ACCOUNT TO GET IN FRONT TILL OVER THE LAST FENCE. ALL THE REST OF THE FIELD HAVE FALLEN EARLY IN THE RACE.

Child" in a collection of photographs in the Lobby which I never even noticed!

Mine might have been the casting vote! I had had the privilege of officiating as a second Paris, and in my blindness I had neglected the priceless opportunity. And now—the bitter irony of it!—it is too late—too late!

Unless, of course, you insist upon my returning to the Galleries and awarding the apple. But no, Sir, something tells me there is a softer side to your nature somewhere—you will not do *that*! In fact, now I come to think of it, you can't. Because the Exhibition closed last Saturday. F. A.

GIVING THEMSELVES AIR.

[The District Railway now advertises "pure air" as one of its attractions.]

O MARGATE, we'll seek thee no longer;
No more will we spend,

O Southend,

Sad weeks on thy shingle
Where niggers commingle

With trippers of curious blend.

No more will my boys fish for conger,
No longer be found

Burnt and browned—

They'll spend their vacations

At various stations

Along the "pure-air" Underground.

What excellent programmes I'll make them!

One day they'll repair

To Sloane Square,

A health-resort which is

Well-known for the riches

Of purest ozone in its air.

To Farringdon Street I will take them,

And Blackfriars too

They shall do;

The Aldersgate breezes

Shall cure them of sneezes,

And fill them with vigour anew.

And if they should chance on a break-down,

No need to complain.

Of the train,

Though we're kept without warning

From midnight to morning

Between Cannon Street and Mark Lane.

A strap makes an excellent shake-down,

And the air is so rare

That we swear

By the line that arranges

Salubrious changes

At such a ridiculous fare.

"COSY incubator, 20-egg size; all fittings complete; owner getting larger."—*Lady*.

It is wonderful how soon one grows out of an incubator.



CURTAIN-RAISERS.

Extract from Ethel's correspondence:—"At the last moment something went wrong with the curtain, and we had to do without one! It was awful! But the Rector explained matters to the front row, and they came to the rescue nobly!"

THE CYNIC IN SKIRTS.

[Suggested by the recent increase of hostile criticism passed upon the modern male.]

WHEN of old ANTHEA flouted
Some ineligible flame,
Or the lips of CELIA pouted
At the proffer of our name,
Bitter seemed (if one recalls 'em)
Those reverses at the time,
But an admirable balsam
Was to take it out in rhyme!

JONES—sustaining from CORINNA
Compound fracture of the heart—
Ridiculed the lady in a
Monograph called *Cupid's Dart*;
Gentlemen, in fact, who rated
Life and love as hollow wrecks,
Formerly excogitated
Satires on the faithless sex.

Daily PHYLLIS by her fancies
Drove dejected swains to ink;

Some of them composed romances
Dealing with the ruptured link;
Others, cheated of her kisses,
(Like ARCHILOCHUS) were coarse,
Hoping the presumptive Mrs.
CORYDON would feel remorse.

Now behold the balance shifted:
CHLOE stoops to white and black;
Every day our hair is lifted
By some feminine attack;
Tartarus has no Erinnyes
More severe than "Lady Ann,"
Earning periodic guineas
For a diatribe on Man.

Muse! (the sister we require is
Erato)—oblige and say
Why beneath the veil of "Iris,"
Or the *nom de guerre* of "May,"
Woman deals in Jeremiads
Aimed at us and wholly un-
Dreamt of by the harmless Dryads
Who occurred in Stanza One.

Can it be that even maidens,
When they hit without the glove,
Use like us the cynic cadence
As a balm for blighted love?
Dare we ask if, when in wrath her
Devastating comments flow,
ARAMINTA, like the author,
Suffers from an early blow?

The Leicester Guardian has succeeded in the difficult task of making even "Society Chat" interesting. In a column with this title it informs its readers that Miss ELLEN TERRY will celebrate her jubilee by playing in the "Shakespearian comedy *A Winter's Sale*." This is an excellent title for a play which contains the well-known line "A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." We understand that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE will play *Robinson* and Miss ELLEN TERRY will take the part of *Snelgrovia*.



THE RELIGION OF EMPIRE.

SCHOOL-INSPECTOR PUNCH. "WHAT! EMPTY BENCHES!"

HEAD-MISTRESS BRITANNIA. "WELL, YOU SEE, ATTENDANCE AT THE CLASS IS OPTIONAL, AND THEY PREFER PLAYING ROUND THE PARISH PUMP."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 9.
 "I know too well what you have all come here for to see," said SAINT AUGUSTINE, looking round the thronged Assembly gathered in anticipation of introduction of Education Bill. "A reed shaken by the wind, withering and trembling in those icy blasts of sectarian difference which more than anything else nip the buds of piety and reverence."

If that actually described the expectation of the audience, it was agreeably disappointed. Position one of singular difficulty for a new Minister. Not only was he making his first appearance in charge of a measure. There had fallen to his lot the most difficult of all, a fire-brand of a kind which, at earlier epochs, had shaken, if not rent, powerful Ministries. The ordeal of an unofficial Member making his maiden speech is sufficiently severe. For a new Minister introducing his first Bill it is overpowering.

Mr. G. left it on record that when first returned to the House he never rose to take part in debate without strengthening himself by utterance of a silent prayer. The MEMBER FOR NEWARK in time got over that feeling of shyness. But the habit marks in striking manner the appalling situation. With due regard to the Conscience Clause and the hour of the afternoon, AUGUSTINE, seated on the Treasury Bench waiting



IN CHARGE OF THE BABY.

his turn, probably refrained from religious exercise. However it be, save for an added pallor to a countenance never rudely rubicund, there was no sign of embarrassment.

He began in characteristically light vein, chaffing occupants of the Treasury Bench upon whom, when he was last in the House, he was "accustomed to gaze with feelings in which amazement, amusement, and admiration struggled

for the mastery."

Unembarrassed himself, he at the outset put his audience at ease, enabling them to concentrate their attention upon the important, intricate scheme it was his task to expound. While occasionally flashing coruscations of humour in the dark crypt of provided and unprovided schools he avoided the fatal error of flippancy.

One of the most effective touches in an address an hour and a half long was the confession that on Saturday he repaired to Battersea Park to meditate its arrangement and coin some of its phrases.

"The place," he remarked, in one of his delightful

parentheses, "simply swarms with children, all animated by one desire, namely, to ascertain the time."

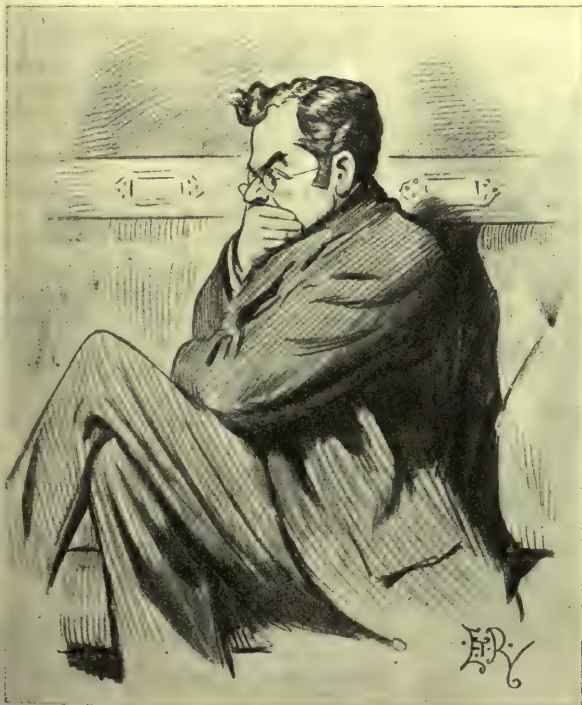
The House delighted in this picture drawn with quick, graphic touch, such as PHIL MAY was wont to use—the Minister for Education seeking out a quiet place wherein to walk and con over his speech, his meditation repeatedly broken in upon by the children whose welfare filled it, coming up with shrill enquiry, "Please, Sir, what is the right time?"

The Bill will, after fashion inherent in its kind, be battled over with that fierce animosity which marks religious controversy since the Crusades. There can be only one opinion of a speech masterful in command of its subject, perfect in lucidity, delightful in unconventionality.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in and read first time.

Tuesday night.—Members absent this afternoon ran the risk of coming back towards seven o'clock to find the whole of the business appointed up to Easter run through, and the shutters put up for the holidays. First order of day was second reading of Workmen's Compensation Bill. This seemed to promise prolonged debate. Hardly expected to see it through at morning sitting. But House in strictly business mood. No one disposed to delay the Bill, much less to throw it out. Honest endeavour to improve it could be made only in Committee. Therefore let us pass second reading without speeches unnecessary in number or in length.

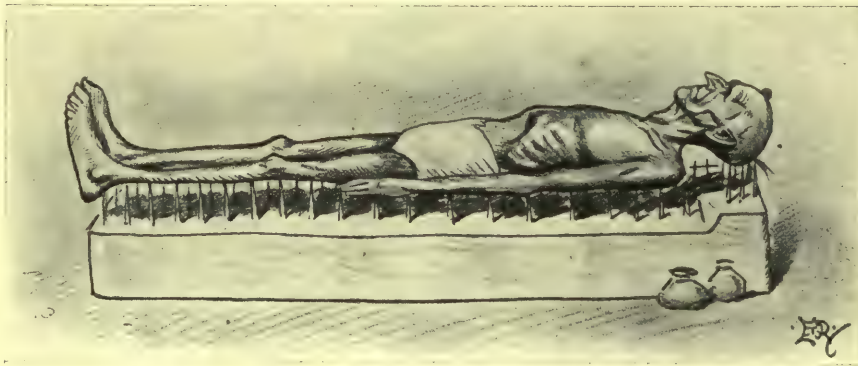
This accomplished with two hours in hand and a score of other Government Bills to deal with. Forthwith got into Committee on a Post Office Bill. The



THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

A pencil snapshot of a brilliant Minister receiving universal congratulations on a masterly, lucid, and humorous speech.

(Rt. Hon. A-g-st-ne B-r-r-ll.)



THE "FAKIR" WHO RESTS ON BAYONETS.
(Rt. Hon. J-hn M-r-l-y.)

third order was Open Spaces Bill, an accident accountable for the strange dilemma that followed. The title catching the SPEAKER's eye, created irresistible yearning for fresh air and opportunity for stretching his legs. Been in the Chair for three hours. Post Office Bill sure to take at least an hour in Committee. Why not go forth in search of Open Spaces? Hampstead Heath too far off. But Battersea Park, favoured resort of peripatetic statesmen in charge of Education and other Bills, within measurable distance.

SPEAKER not been gone five minutes before Post Office Bill was rushed through Committee.

"Question is," said the CHAIRMAN, "that I report this Bill to the House."

That meant that the SPEAKER was to be brought back to Chair. But where was the SPEAKER? Messengers went off in haste, but did not return even at leisure. CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES stood at Table waiting to make his report to the SPEAKER. "He cometh not," Mr. EMMOTT said.

Appalled silence fell over the House, broken presently by alarmed whispering. Actually the interregnum lasted only five minutes. It seemed a week. At length there was a bustle behind the SPEAKER's Chair. Silence fell as Members watched the right hon. gentleman hastily enter, his wig slightly awry, and over his flowing gown the ebullient air of Open Spaces. A hearty cheer welcomed his presence in the Chair. He, happily ignorant of the irregularity of his headdress, preserving a gravity designed to intimate that, in spite of appearances, nothing out of the way had happened.

Setting to work again, the House so rapidly ran through the remaining Orders that at half-past six there was nothing more to do but go off to dinner.

Thus passed the last Tuesday under the old Procedure Rules.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Wednesday.—House adjourned for Easter Holidays. Back again Tuesday week. Amongst Ministers who stay on to see end of first section of Session is JOHN MORLEY, looking a little graver than ever under weight of India. Not been much to fore since he undertook his strangely-mated office. That a matter of good omen. Happy is the State Department that has no annals. In his one important administrative act, settlement of the difficulty that severed CURZON and KITCHENER, he was approved in both camps.

"When I see JOHN MORLEY on Treasury



THE "PRIVATE SECRETARY" ON THE WARPATH.

"D'you know, I shall have to give the Bill a good hard knock, I really shall!"

(Mr. C. F. G. M-st-rm-n.)

Bench," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "I recall a scene in India where I came upon a fakir lying on a bed of spikes, his back protected by gauziest of garments. Here we have a scholarly recluse, above all a man of peace, his administration of a great Empire resting on a mattress of bayonet points."

Business done.—Off for the holidays.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Government wishes to be friendly with all," says Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. If not with both our friends and our enemies, then certainly with our enemies.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a recent issue, referred to some labouring men who attempted to molest Lady MARY HAMILTON at Eye, as "louts." Is there in England no law against *lèse-majesté*?

Golf caddies are now very much in the public eye. The education of some of them is certainly not all that it should be. "Here's an honour for us!" cried one of them excitedly the other day as he pointed to a paragraph in the paper headed, "King ALFONSO visits Cadiz."

The London Magazine contains an article on SHAKESPEARE, by Mr. SIDNEY LEE, entitled "The Most Popular English Author." Mr. HALL CAINE thinks the title a misleading one.

According to a certain beauty expert, "A single perfect feature constitutes beauty," and those persons who only have one very nice eye have already begun to be bumptious.

There will, we suppose, always be bargain-hunters. "How much is this little packet of pins?" asked a lady, the other day, at a shop where there was a sale. "One farthing, Madam," answered the assistant. "Oh, but that's the price when there's no sale," complained the lady, indignantly.

Shopping by post is on the increase, and thousands of pairs of boots, it is stated, are sent this way every week. Indeed, we understand that the Postmaster-General is to be asked to allow a boot to be treated as a postcard, the address being written on the sole.

An individual who claimed to be the heaviest man in Germany has just died. Still, a good many fairly heavy Germans are still extant.

For vulgar ostentation, commend us to the American smart set. Among the presents received by a recently wedded



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

(Under the new regulations, candidates for nomination for the Navy have, among other things, to appear before a Board of Examiners and answer various questions.)

Old Admiral. "WHAT ANIMALS EAT GRASS?"

[Long pause.

Old Admiral (helpfully). "WELL, COME, HORSES EAT GRASS, FOR INSTANCE, DON'T THEY?"

Candidate (with great relief). "OH, ANIMALS! I THOUGHT YOU SAID ADMIRALS!"

couple were a couple of massive gold bowls, and, when they left to spend their honeymoon in Europe, they took these with them for use in rough weather.

The gardening season is now in full swing, and we have received the following letter:—"DEAR SIR,—About a year ago our little dog *Fluffy* got hold of an old slipper of mine, and buried it in the far end of the garden. Judge of the surprise of Mrs. P. and myself this morning, when, on visiting the spot, we found a boot tree in full blossom."

FROM *The Torquay Directory*: "Advertiser would like to take a dog out (Torquay) for daily exercise."

We recommend advertiser to call at houses where bulldogs are kept loose, taking care to leave the gate open behind him. This should give the gentleman enough exercise. He can please himself as to Torquay or not.

SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES.

MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.

ACCORDING TO WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM "manners makyth man." We are not surprised to hear that this person lived in the Middle Ages.

Men are the opposite of women. On this fact is based the dissent of man, and also the dissent of woman.

Chivalry is not dead yet. The other day a man was observed to give up his seat to a lady as he was leaving his bus.

Recent political animosity has brought out the truth of the proverb "Mud will tell."

"Like as we lie," as the Roman Augurs said with a mutual smile.

The middle-aged should remember that half a loaf is better than no exercise.

Those who recommend the simple life have usually failed at the complex.

Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pleasure.

Life is the only thing worth living.

Society consists of two classes, the upper and the lower. The latter cultivates the dignity of labour, the former the labour of dignity.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

THERE is a road to earthly bliss:

The secret would you know?

Five words contain it: it is this:

Eat little, and eat slow!

Or would you that your lot should be
Celestial happiness?

'Tis but a question of degree:

Eat slower still—and less!

One Crowded Hour of Glorious Life.

"HERE in Bombay," says *The Daily Mail*, "these conditions of life are emphasised . . . Economy of means usually begins with economy of space. Nineteenth of the Hindu population live in one room." The Black Hole of Calcutta was nothing to this.

HORNY HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

A LITTLE piqued by the suggestion that they are capable of thinking only parochially, and a little stimulated by the visit of the Chinese inquirers to this country, and a good deal excited by the prospect of a long holiday, the Labour Party, it is said, are organising an expedition to the Colonies (if there are such places) during the summer recess. The tour is to be under competent supervision, but each man will be his own Columbus.

A forecast of the party's adventures has been attempted:—

EXPEDITION TO DISCOVER THE COLONIES, SUMMER, 1906.

"What can he know of Empire who only West Ham knows?"

August 11.—Visit of the whole party to the Treasury to draw their salaries in advance—£300 a year plus overtime. Treasury refuses to give anything.

Mr. THORNE offers to take off 5 per cent. for cash. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, in despair, sends round the deer-stalker among the crowd and collects eighteen and threepence. The Party move on to Mr. REDMOND's lodgings, hoping for help, but find that he has gone to Ireland, and are in despair, when a cheque comes from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with best wishes for a happy voyage. Labour rapture.

August 12. Mass meeting in Hyde Park. Farewell speeches by leaders of Labour Party—Mr. KEIR HARDIE, Mr. SHACKLETON, Mr. WILL CROOKS, Mr. WILL THORNE, Mr. PHIL SNOWDEN. Presentation of locks of hair to admirers in case the heroes fall to the unknown perils of the Colonies—giants, pygmies, lions, tigers, snakes, okapis, diplodoci, &c. "Auld Lang Syne," hands being joined all the way from the Marble Arch to West Ham pump. In the evening torchlight procession to Battersea to break Mr. BURNS's windows.

August 13.—Departure from Tilbury Docks on *The Fram*, purchased for the occasion from Dr. NANSEN and fitted for her perilous expedition with everything a Labour Member could want on a voyage of discovery—from red ties to elephant rifles.

August 14 to September 5.—Prayers for terra-firma on any terms, twenty-four-hour days even.

September 6.—Arrival at Cape Town. Surprise of Labour Members at finding houses and not mud huts. Electric light too and shops. Quite a number of white people. Panic on discovering that it belongs to England, and does not regret it. Mr. CROOKS takes notes for the improvement of Poplar, includ-

ing the erection of a miniature Table Mountain by the East India Docks Road.

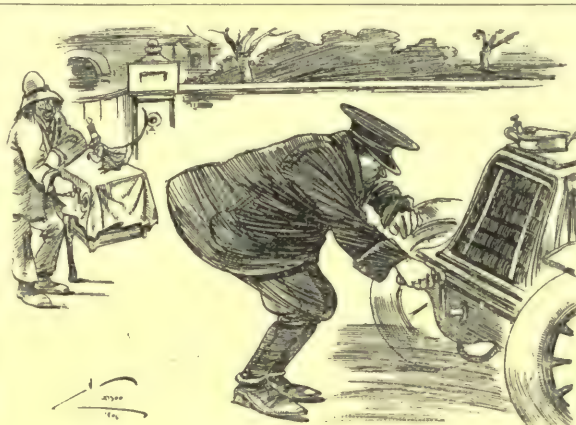
September 15.—Visit to Groote Schuur, CECIL RHODES's house, to break the windows.

September 16.—Banquet and reception at Government House. Labour Members astonished to find evening dress, French cooking, and real champagne. Expected shirt sleeves and Cape gooseberry. Mr. KEIR HARDIE proposes the health of the Governor in flattering terms, offering to do what he can for him if ever he should think of coming to England and taking life seriously.

September 17.—Second visit to Groote Schuur, to mend broken windows.

September 18.—Departure for Durban.

September 23.—Arrival at Durban. More astonishment. No signs of ill-treated black slaves. No sound of groans proceeding from lacerated Kaffirs. No



THE TWO GRINDERS; OR, SCIENCE THE SISTER OF ART.

statue of WINSTON CHURCHILL. Bewilderment of Labour Members, who wonder if this really is Natal, or if they have lost the way.

September 24.—Reception and banquet at Government House. Bewilderment of Labour Party on finding Natal people kindly and intelligent, and apparently pleased to welcome them.

September 26.—Arrival at Pietermaritzburg. Astonishment of Labour Party to find a Town Hall, churches, shops, and gardens.

September 28.—Discovery of Ladysmith by the Labour Party. Wagon Hill re-named Mount Snowden, and the Tugela, the Shackleton River.

September 30.—Excursion to the Drakenberg. Mr. WILL THORNE attacked by a baboon near the summit of Champagne Castle, and rescued by Mr. CROOKS. Hurried flight of Labour Party to the coast. On their way they encounter SIBINDI's impi in full war paint, and failing to establish their identity are detained and forced to take part

in a war dance in which Mr. KEIR HARDIE distinguishes himself by his impi-realism.

THE SISTER-SCRIBBLERS' CLUB.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—What would you say to your own BLANCHE as a literary woman? I'm simply obsessed with the idea since paying a visit to the Sister-Scribblers' Club (isn't "obsessed" rather *chic*? I picked it up at the Club). My dear, it must be quite lovely to be always discussing plots and characters, and calling out "I shall use that," whenever anything striking is said.

Lately I've got very pally with Lady GEORGE ST. AUSTIN, who writes over the signature "A Duke's Daughter-in-Law" in *The Sideglancer*. She's awfully clever, and her "Gossip" and accounts of parties and things are full of snap. Certainly she came a nasty cropper when an article

of hers appeared describing minutely a Drawing Room that had been indefinitely postponed, but she's lived that down, and makes quite a big income by her pen. Think, my dear, how *devy*, considering Bridge-debts and milliners' bills! BABS (Lady GEORGE) has been a Sister-Scribbler for a year, and the other afternoon she took me to the Club to tea. It is in Hamilton Place, and they *have* done themselves well. Their Smokeroom is deliciously comfy, and can give a stone and a beating to ours at the Camellia. There was a perfect babel in the Tea-room. All the Sister-Scribblers' tongues seemed to be "the pens of ready writers," as SHAKESPEARE says. BABS

pointed out such lots of celebrities. Quite close to us was a group who've all gone into ever so many editions, and see themselves on railway bookstalls, and know the "glory and the nothing of a name." There was Mrs. HENRY DRYSDALE, who writes those learned, semi-theological novels, that *you* can read and I can't, discussing the character of her latest hero, *Edgar Humbore*, the Church of England curate whose gradual conversion (or is it per?) to Mohammedanism takes up 200 chapters. Wonderful to say, she was one of the smartest Sister-Scribblers present, having on an unmistakable Olga Fiton frock, and a Valérie toque—while "Anno Domini" (Miss JANE PRESCOTT, for private circulation), who writes those awfully strong, lurid kind of novels, that girls are not supposed to read, and that poky people consider improper because they don't understand *Realism in Art*,—"Anno Domini," my dear, whom one would expect to be smart and *voyante*, is simply the dowdiest, quietest of mice.

in a fearful coat and skirt, and *spees!*

The Duchess of CLACKMANNAN had tea with us. She's been a Sister-Scribbler since her Miracle Play, *The Ark*, had a run of two nights at the Magnificent (those horrid critics called it drivel till they found who had written it, and then they did her justice and said she had handled the character of Noah in a masterly way).

She was simply awfully sweet. When I said I longed to qualify for admission to the S.-S. Club, by appearing in print, she told me to send something to *The Peeress*—she knows somebody who partly owns it, you know. BABS looked a bit spiteful, I thought; and then she asked the Duchess if it was true that she (the D.) was writing a *roman à clef*, in which she was going to give us all away? "No fear," said the dear Duchess; "if I use you at all, my dear, I shan't give you away, I shall sell you for a good big publisher's cheque. We're all on the make now, aren't we?"—Wasn't it smart of her?

I was introduced to the famous SYBIL VANSITTART (they say the scene of her next romance is to cover the whole solar system). I told her I simply adored her books—(so I do, though I can't quite get through them)—and that it was my ambition to be literary. She smiled a sad sweet smile—(I forgot to say that she had on a Liberty frock and a picture hat, and kept her back to the light)—and shook her head. "Don't be in a hurry to leave the beaten track," she said softly; "Fame does not spell happiness for us women. I sometimes look back to the time when I was a simple unknown girl, to whom the secrets of life and death had not yet been revealed, and sigh, 'Ah, happy girl!'" Awfully sweet of her, wasn't it? All the same, it must be great fun to be a genius and come out of the crowd.

So long, my DAPHNE,

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—I've written an account of Mrs. BOSH TRESYLLYAN's last Soap-Bubble Tea, and sent it to *The Peeress*. I flatter myself there's a good bit of snap in it.

THE LOST GRIP.

It was a joy to be alive,
When I could always see
My Haskell, from a slashing drive,
Go soaring off the tee;
When, as my lowered handicap
Fell ever nearer scratch,
I held my own with any chap
In medal-play and match.

Then fozzles never made me groan;
Then, gripping like a vice,
I swung my club; then all unknown
Were top and pull and slice:
Then all my deft approaches sped
Directly to their goal;
Then all my longest putts lay dead,
Or fell into the hole.



First Tramp. "SAYS IN THIS 'ERE PAPER AS 'OW SOME OF THEM MILLIONAIRES WORKS EIGHT AND TEN HOURS A DAY, BILL."

The Philosopher. "AH, IT'S A 'ARD WORLD FOR SOME POOR BLOKES!"

Oh! cruel Fate that bade me look,
On one ill-omened day,
Upon the pictures in the book
Of VARDON'S hints on play!
For, though I quickly laid it by,
That one unlucky dip
Into its pages made me try
The overlapping grip.

Now all my fingers are like thumbs,
My club turns round and round;
And divots, as it downward comes,
Fly upward from the ground.
My Haskell skips to right or left
A few short yards, and stops;
Or, with its surface deeply cleft,
Into a bunker drops.

And though I swear and fume and fret,
My efforts are in vain;

And what is worse, I cannot get
The old style back again.
So now with sighs and tears and frowns
I curse the diagrams
That cost me numberless half-crowns,
And ah! so many—regrettable
comments.

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

QUITE the smartest wedding of the week was that of Mr. JOSEPH BILLINGS and Miss NANCY O'HARRIGAN, celebrated at St. George's in the East on Monday last. The affair was of a most brilliant and interesting character, all the largest

families of the neighbourhood being lavishly represented. The bride, a decided brunette, with features of the *retroussé* type, was insinuatingly gowned in royal blue *mousseline d'art* with magenta *motifs* and canary-coloured *jupons*. Her *chapeau* was generously embellished with ostrich plumes, much in vogue with the other ladies of the bridal party, and her *coiffure* dressed low, especially in front. The bridegroom, who, by the way, is interested in horticulture (particularly strawberries when in season), and is popular in sub-

urban circles by reason of the magnificent *timbre* and far-reaching calibre of his voice, looked triumphantly *distingué* in a complete suit of black velveteen. Mr. O'HARRIGAN, the bride's father, appeared in the best of spirits, while Mrs. BILLINGS, senior, was voluminously gowned in purple *velours* with *appliqués* in white *bébé* ribbon. Her bonnet of violet plumes was worn a little to one side, the strings hanging untied, quite *en negligé*.

A *propos* of foot-wear, I noticed that bright tan with black patent toe-caps is still popular, though the bride was of course wearing white canvas with brown heels.

After the ceremony the bridal party left town in a vortex of confetti, moking for the "Welsh Harp," kindly lent for the occasion by its genial proprietor.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE FOOD QUESTION.

(Suggested by a perusal of Mr. Eustace Miles' diary.)

WHEN in the Miocene epoch (or age)
Homo Erectus appeared on the stage,
 Scorned his unkempt and quadrumanous kin,
 And modishly decked himself out in a skin;
 When with his axehead of Dolomite flint
 He made the impervious Mastodon sprint,
 Or, catching him napping, proceeded to nail
 A convenient tree to the Mammoth his tail;
 Food was the lodestar his labours pursued,
 All that concerned him, delectable food;
 Pabulo-psychics, extravagant cult,
 Tricky in precept but bare of result,
 Bored an intelligence dawning but dim;
 Feeding his face was what occupied him!
 Æons have passed but the Briton still leads
 As the primal exponent of Appetite's needs;
 Still with encouraging frequency obtrudes
 A fancy for muscle-and-bone-making foods.
 Frenchmen, fastidious creatures, may boast
 A penchant for elegant trifles on toast;
 Gross-feeding Teutons exploit their sublime
 Power of consuming a lot at a time;
 Such diets amuse, but they cannot compare
 For ennobling results with the Englishman's fare,
 The beef and potatoes, the pudding and beer,
 That ever formed part of his favourite cheer,
 The food that has fashioned his brain and his girth,
 And made him the lordliest creature on earth.

But lo! what heretical doctrine appears
 To shatter the idols we've worshipped for years,
 Announcing in language both loud and diffuse
 That the diet we love is no absolute use.
 O can it be so? Were it better to turn
 From the nutriment loved of our fathers and learn
 To thrive on a menu of carrots and cheese,
 And milk and bananas and sago and peas?
 Do the ethics of sustenance urge a blow-out
 On the tenuous bulk of the piffling sprout,
 Or bid us our appetites freely regale
 On the sensuous turnip, the succulent kail?

Think it not, reader; these are but the wiles
 Of one who is out of his reckoning by MILES,
 Who is but a minion, in clever disguise,
 Of the Tariff Reformers' pernicious emprise.
 His was the task to propound on the quiet
 The charms of a cheap vegetarian diet;
 Theirs the nefarious scheme to complete
 With a thumping big duty on foreign-bred meat,
 And withhold by prohibitive dues from our docks
 The refrigerate lamb and the Argentine ox!
 See in this booklet, so cunningly boomed,
 The menu to which we shall doubtless be doomed
 When the pestilent gripe of Protection is laid
 On the sturdier stuffs of which Britons are made.
 What! shall the ogre of Tariff Reform,
 Failing to capture the country by storm,
 Succeed in his aims by the innocent means
 Of early potatoes and haricot beans?
 Let no one believe it: Britannia aspires
 To exist without bulwarks, but beef she requires
 If she means her redoubtable sons to maintain
 Their permanent grip on the billowy main!

But hark! 'tis the luncheon's imperative hour:
 Hence, chill vegetarian tribe, and devour
 Your porridge and lentils: I go to partake
 Of a flagon of ale and an underdone steak! ALGOL.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If only Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS were less of a melodramatist and more of a psychologist his new book, *Mysteries of Modern London* (C. A. PEARSON) would be fascinating and valuable beyond words. But his affection for the footlights is too strong, and the value of the book gives way to lurid colouring. Yet, even as it is, Mr. SIMS makes London a very wonderful and perilous city, and since I have read it I have taken a very different view of my fellow creatures. Old gentlemen in 'buses who used to be old gentlemen and nothing more now strike an imagination heated by Mr. SIMS as sinister desperados. I doubt the sincerity of their white locks: I seem to see Nihilists or murderers beneath their benevolent smiles. I discern a blackmailer in every alley, a detective in every corner. I used to think of men as men: Mr. SIMS has taught me that they are mostly women masquerading as such in order to preserve entail. In fact, London has become, since I read this book, a kind of mixture of the Paris of EUGÈNE SUE and the Baghdad of the *Arabian Nights*. Nothing but a steady course of JANE AUSTEN can, I feel, restore the balance.

Mistress Elizabeth Carter may have been, as Miss ALICE GAUSSEN asserts, "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom" (SMITH, ELDER); but diligent reading of her memoir leaves it a matter of faith. Her biographer, to tell the truth, has not the gift, certainly does not display it, of being able to pick the plums out of the pudding of life. This is the sort of pudding that is presented: "Mrs. CARTER liked a number of large comfortable rooms, well furnished and warmed with good fires, where an intelligent circle of friends met every evening. She never dined at home unless prevented by illness from going out. The chairs and carriages of her friends were always sent to fetch her to dinner and brought her back at ten at the latest." And so on. This slice cut at random will suffice to indicate the quality of the feast of Wit and Wisdom provided.

Mr. STERLING MACKINLAY's *Antoinette Sterling* (HUTCHINSON) is quite another class of memoir. He claims for his mother that simplicity was the keynote of her character. It is faithfully reproduced in an unpretentiously told story. For more than a generation *Antoinette Sterling* literally filled a large place in the public eye. She was as popular off the concert stage as she was admired upon it. Mr. MACKINLAY, the constant companion of her later life, had the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of many famous people, and in chatty way tells many bright stories.

The Strange Case of Vincent Hume was simply this: that he could foresee things. Parkins, the "mathematical genius,"—Heaven help him!, said it was all due to the Law of Permutations and Combinations, by which everything that had happened before was bound to happen again. Thus, Vincent had happened before (some billions of years ago); and his prophecies now were merely his recollections of what he had done in the early billions. If there is anything in this, then a billion years ago Mr. DERWENT MIALl wrote *The Strange Case of Vincent Hume*, Messrs. EVERETT published it, and I reviewed it. Now I don't know if I made myself quite clear on that occasion, so I will just say again—if Mr. MIALl will let me—that his book would have been better if he had either made it pure farce, or else had cut out the "foreseeing" business altogether. As it is, we have a mixture of the supernatural, the farcical and the comedic, and we never quite know where we are. Mr. MIALl can do farce well, as the "Chrissy" and "Alfred" chapters show; and he might have made a very amusing book of this. In any case there are some quite happy touches in it—as I pointed out a billion years ago.



AFTER THE SIXTH REJECTION BY THE R.A.

The Prodigal. "WELL, DAD, HERE I AM, READY TO GO INTO THE OFFICE TO-MORROW. I'VE GIVEN UP MY STUDIO AND PUT ALL MY SKETCHES IN THE FIRE."

Fond Father. "THAT'S RIGHT, 'AROLD. GOOD LAD! YOUR 'ART'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE, AFTER ALL!"

THE BEST BEST.

A few extracts from the catalogue of the George Washington Seed Company.

PEAS.

Marvel of Mudshire.

A perfect pea. The handsomest and earliest ever raised. Height varies from 6 inches to 6 feet. Requires no staking if it only grows 6 inches.

Champion of Clodbury.

Similar to above but better looking, and three weeks earlier. Cannot be surpassed.

Eyeopener.

Unsurpassable. Possesses all the merits of the "Marvel" and "Champion" without their defects. Very chirpy on the haulm.

Sprinter. BEANS.

The runniest of all the runner family. Will cover the side of a model dwelling in a fortnight. Climbs up its own strings.

Walkup.

Won the championship belt last year. Should be sown in brickbats to restrain its luxuriant growth.

Little Tich.

Marvellous dwarf variety. Invisible in the dark. Must be gathered with the aid of field glasses or beanoculars.

Rougenoir.

BEEF.

The darkest, deepest-reddest, roundest, richest, fleshiest, firmest, finest, beautifullest beet ever unbeaten.

Mrs. Bouncer.

A great improvement on the above. Foliage often mistaken for orchids.

Pillar Box. CARROTS.

A long-drawn-out, thin, genteel type of carrot. Pleasing vermilion hue, shading off into delicate orange. Invaluable for table decoration.

Combination. TURNIPS.

Indispensable with boiled mutton.

Can be used as radishes in its early stages.

Giganticus. MARROW.

Attains prodigious proportions. War-ranted to fill two columns of *The Daily Telegraph* any day during the silly season. Fine for Harvest Festivals.

Nosegay. ONIONS.

The springiest Spring onion ever sprung. Packed in three grades, mild, medium, and full. The latter is a most affecting variety; will bring tears to the eyes of the stoniest-hearted cook.

"A FREAK OF NATURE.—Mr. —, farmer, has in his possession a foal, which first saw daylight this week, that is without eyes or any provision for eyes, the skull-bone being solid throughout."—*Lynn News.*

THAT fine journalese phrase "first saw daylight" gives a picturesqueness to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.

THE OFFICE PAIN.

(With apologies to "The Office Window" in "The Daily Chronicle.")

"DAILY COLICAL" OFFICE,
Wednesday morning.

MR. SARGENT'S pictures this year, the "Office Pain" is informed, are likely to be of peculiar interest to Rome, for the illustrious American artist has successfully lured more than one Cardinal into his famous brocaded chair, while his rapid but brilliant sketch of the sacristan of the Pro-Cathedral at Westminster is considered by connoisseurs to be beyond praise. The arrangements for her wedding unfortunately made it impossible for Princess ENA to give the required sittings, nor has the POPE or the Duke of NORFOLK sat lately, but it is doubtful if anything finer than Mr. SARGENT'S study of Monsignore X——has been seen since the world was dazzled by his Mrs. Charles Hunter.

The mention of Princess ENA may serve as an excuse to the present writer for recording a conversation recently overheard on a workmen's car. "They're makin' a bloomin' kick-up about this 'ere Princess ENA's marriage. 'Oo's the toff she's goin' to marry?"—"Oh, I dunno," replied his mate, blowing a cloud of smoke from his well-blackened clay. "I suppose 'e'll be Prince ENO some day." *Merum sal*, was the present writer's unspoken comment, as he pondered over this fruity retort.

"It may not be generally known," writes J. O'L., "that there was an 'Office Pain' long before any of the present staff of *The Daily Colical* were born, if that was possible. An enterprising sixpenny Daily that was published in London in 1708-11, and may have been one of DEFOE'S many journalistic enterprises, had two columns of paragraphs every morning entitled 'The Office Pain,' devoted largely to anecdotes and personalia. It resembled the present 'Pain' very closely, but was less severe, in that it drew the line at verse." It is very odd how often history, like the paragraphist, repeats itself. For instance the present writer distinctly remembers making the same side-splitting jokes on the Income Tax every year since 1896.

The recurrence of Primrose Day once more focuses attention on the meteoric career of that charlatan of genius, BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI. His biography of course ought to have been written by Lord ROSEBURY, if only because of his family name—*nomen, omen*. As the present writer once remarked to the late Master of Balliol at a bump supper:

"Dizzz's emblem ought not to be a primrose; it should be a Jerusalem artichoke," and Dr. JOWETT—whose christian name also was BENJAMIN—affably chirped back "Quite so, quite so." Mr. MONYPENNY, the official biographer, was a favourite pupil of Dr. JOWETT'S, as sufferers from the "Office Pain" will remember, and once sat next the present writer at a dinner given by the Quill-drivers' Club to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the invention of blotting-paper.

The "Office Pain" is, as its readers must be only too conscious, morbidly interested in the origin of phrases. Take "Rats!" for example. When did "Rats" first come to be used as an expletive signifying *Jam satis*? Various theories have been put forward, among them a very plausible one associating the term with Hamelin town in Brunswick, where the pied piper (who, as a Cockney critic once remarked to the present writer, on the knifeboard of a 'bus, really was "unpied") performed his great feat. Other authorities give this usage of the word an American parentage. It doesn't much matter; it has given the present writer a paragraph anyway.

The "Office Pain" is often asked, "Is it right to say 'Cardinal PELLEGRINI sustained a broken leg?'" No doubt the locution is somewhat bizarre, but the present writer would hesitate to condemn it as an unpardonable solecism. Personally he would prefer to say "Cardinal PELLEGRINI sustained a fracture of the right (or left) leg;" or better, "We deeply regret to learn that the venerable Cardinal PELLEGRINI recently met with a severe accident which will prevent his taking walking exercise for six weeks."

THE GENERALISER.

"Every sailor brings home a parrot."—*Vide "The Office Pain," April 20.*

THE sweeping statement to commit
Is very tempting to the Press,
But they can do too much of it,
As I witness.

For I have known one jolly Jack
Who had no bird—nor jay, nor daw,
And one who came from Sarawak
With a mac—
A. W.

Two (poor) souls with but a single skirt.

"ATTIRED," says *The Devon and Exeter Gazette*, "in a costume of navy-blue cloth coat and skirt relieved with white, and with a straw toque to match, the bride and bridegroom left by the 5.14 P.M. train for London."

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR CRICKETERS. 1906.

Time offered for paper—Six Months.

I. Do you think that cricket should be taught during working hours in public elementary schools, provided that seven-elevenths of the children's parents express a wish that such instruction should be given?

II. State any points of contrast and comparison between WILFRID and CECIL RHODES, ALEC and CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, ARNOLD (MATTHEW) and ARNOLD (Worcestershire).

III. If a pair of spectacles cost 3s. 6d., and two blobs equal a pair of spectacles, how many single eyeglasses can a monoclist like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN get for 11d.?

IV. Do you consider that the opinion of twenty-five thirty-sevenths of the spectators should overrule the decision of the umpire? And if so, what provisions would you make to insure the spectators polling early?

V. How would you distinguish KNIGHT from DAY? and do you think that there is any similarity between R. A. DUFF and PLUM WARNER?

VI. What suggestions can you make to prevent any county match from being drawn? (Answers to this question must be limited to 25,000 words.)

VII. Why haven't you written a book upon cricket? and if you have, why?

NOM DE RICHES.

PERMIT me to narrate herewith

The history of WILLIAM SMYTHE,
The only son of WILLIAM SMITH.

The point at once arises, "why th—
—E dickens . . . ?" You shall hear
the pith
(Have patience) of the tale of SMYTHE.

He was a clerk and all his kith

Were clerks: his father was a tithe-
Collector. Then his name was SMITH.

He had a friend who came from Hythe,
(Of course it may have once been Hyth)
A wealthy man, and fat, and blithe.

His riches were indeed no myth.

He made a will and died and by th—
—E will he left his wealth to SMITH.

The latter told me once "he'd writhe
Beneath a common name like SMITH."
(Remember please his name is SMYTHE.)

Extremes Meat Again.

"Two COLLIE PUPS, good breed, over distemper; also Counter, Sausage and Filling Machines, Scales and Weights."—*Derby Daily Telegraph*.



AN ELGIN MARBLE.

(Bas-relief in the manner of the Parthenon Frieze (commonly called the Elgin Marbles). Design attributed to Mr. W-nsl-n Ch-reh-tl.)





ECONOMY OF LABOUR.

Young Softroe (who is trying to pick up bargains in Polo Ponies). "NICE PONY, BUT SEEMS INCLINED TO REST THAT FORELEG, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Irish Coper. "AND WASN'T THAT PHWAT I WAS TELLIN' YE NOW! THAT 'S A LITTLE HORSE THAT 'S ALWAYS GOT A LEG TO SPARE. SURE, ISN'T THAT THE VERY WAN HE 'S BESTIN' NOW AGAINST THE TIME HE 'LL BE WANTIN' UT?"

ACTING UP TO THEIR REPUTATIONS.

[Sir TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR, the musical baronet, of late years has presented a large number of workhouses with gramophones.]—*Daily Chronicle*, April 12.]

MR. SIDNEY LEE, the eminent Shakspearologist and biographer, who is renowned for his extremely fastidious taste in literature, has presented the Library of the City of London School, of which he is a distinguished *alumnus*, with a complete set of the novels of Miss MARIE CORELLI and a copy of the *Truth, Wit, and Wisdom* of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

MR. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A., the eminent painter, whom Mr. COMSTOCK, of New York, has christened the Transatlantic

TITIAN, has generously presented the Duke of York's School in Chelsea with a magnificent collection of oleographs representing some of the most flamboyant masterpieces of the modern Italian school.

Sir EDWARD ELGAR, the famous composer, whom Sir OLIVER LODGE has felicitously called the Super-Mozart of the Midlands, has considerably handed over to the Governor of Wormwood Scrubs his priceless collection of the original scores of works by STEPHEN ADAMS, LAWRENCE KELLIE, and MONS. ISIDORE DE LARA.

THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD, M.P., the distinguished zoologist and inventor of the tall straw hat so much admired a few seasons back, has kindly presented

to the Governors of the Infant Charity School at Tring a pair of splendid zebras for the exclusive use of deserving scholars of that institution.

Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, the illustrious statistician and economist, has presented a complete set of all the publications of the Tariff Reform League to the inmates of Hanwell.

The *Newcastle Daily Journal* on the day before the Cup Final made this announcement:—"To-day the directors and a numerous party of friends, embracing many ladies, will leave the Central Station in saloons." The latest "Stop-Press" news is (oddly enough) that the party still embraces many ladies.

THE VILLAGE READING-ROOM.

"THE idea," said the Vicar, "is to keep them out of the public-house in the long winter evenings, and at the same time to help to expand their minds. Sir JOSEPH, I am privileged to announce, has already presented us with a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*."

"If that doesn't do it, nothing will," I said.

"We shall begin in a small way with one or two of the popular dailies, and—and work upwards. I may say that I am confident that we can make the thing a success. I have spoken to one or two of the men about it, and they were enthusiastic—enthusiastic. Oh, by the way, Mr. TOM, you might mention it to any of our lads you come across. They would doubtless take it better, coming from a younger man. Yes. On Monday we shall start."

On Monday, then, the reading-room was opened. As the Vicar said, they began in a small way. They began with two papers only. I shall not advertise them here, but I may remark that they are sold at what their proprietors call the purely nominal price of one ha'penny. As the admittance to the reading-room was one penny, the advantages of it may not seem obvious; but it must be remembered that the *Encyclopædia* stood in one corner, that there was always a fire burning, and that there was a jug of water on the table.

The Vicar asked me to attend on the opening evening. "You are not without influence in the village," he said, "and if the people see you reading the papers there just as one of themselves, they will feel more at home." I don't know if I have said yet that the Vicar is an ass. Anyhow it will bear repetition.

On the opening night, then, there were twenty villagers there, and the Vicar and myself. The Vicar made a little speech, and declared the room and the *Encyclopædia* open for reading. Then, quite in a friendly way, and to put the people at their ease, he sat down in the best arm-chair and opened one of the papers.

I looked round and saw that there were still one or two persons who didn't seem quite at home, so for their sakes I took the second best arm-chair and the other paper. The villagers, in little companies of five or six, shuffled uneasily and talked in whispers.

"I don't know how it is," I said in a low voice to the Vicar, "but even now they don't seem quite at their ease. It can't be because we've got all the papers, can it?"

The Vicar, who had dropped into the middle of a serial story, merely grunted.

"Let me know when you've finished," I said, "and we'll change."

After ten minutes the Vicar courteously handed me his paper, and I gave him mine. Both dailies having had in this way a good send off, and COBB the farmer still looking rather miserable, I thought it time to give the *Encyclopædia* a chance. So I walked over to its corner, and, to show that there was no compulsion as to the order in which you read the volumes, took down one from the middle.

This turned out an excellent move. Everybody tailed after me, and took out a volume. I forget how many volumes there are, but I know there were quite enough to go round. Conversation, too, became more general.

"I say, 'ARRY, what number *you* got?" I heard BILL say.

"Twenny-seven. What 'a you?"

"Sixteen."

"Ole FRED here got nine."

"Ah, that's 'is modesty. 'E always was modest was FRED."

"Think I shall change mine."

"Go on, then."

"S'pose I may as well."

"I will if you will."

"Come on, then."

Things were really getting quite home-like. I took out a cigarette, and out came twenty pipes. The Vicar was deep in another serial story. I wished that Sir JOSEPH could have seen us then . . .

"I must be off," said the Vicar at last. "Stay here a little longer, if you will, and see that the men have all they want."

As soon as he had gone I closed Vol. 32 with a snap, and stood up and stretched myself. It was the signal for a general snapping and stretching. I picked up my cap and went to the door.

"Which way ye're going, Mester Tom?" said Mr. COBB.

"I am going," I said, "to call upon one Mr. KING, a publican."

"Mester Tom be giving of a party at the 'Fox and 'Ounds,'" said COBB. "Who be goin' along o' Mester Tom?"

There was a general shout. It seemed that the Vicar was right when he said that I had a certain influence and popularity in the village.

"Come on then," I said.

I called on the Vicar next morning.

"A success beyond my wildest hopes," he said enthusiastically. "When my duties called me away from the room there were twenty men—twenty, was it not, Mr. Tom?—enjoying, so far as mortals can enjoy, the blessings of good literature."

"Well, it keeps them out of the public-house anyway," said his wife.

"Indeed, yes," said the Vicar. "On my way back to the Vicarage I looked in at the 'Red Lion,' and it was quite empty."

"The beer is better at the 'Fox and Hounds,'" I said forgetfully.

"I have no doubt I should have found the same thing there."

"Well, I just looked in," I said.

"And was it not so?"

"When I left," I said, "there was not a man there."

"I thought so. Well, I hope we shall have an even greater attendance to-night."

"I don't think you will," I said.

"And why not?"

"I can't quite explain, but somehow I think not."

Well, I was wrong. The evening came, and we had nearly forty readers. I recognised the fast bowler from a neighbouring village; the news seemed to have spread. As before, everybody sat stiffly round with a volume of the *Encyclopædia* (or part of one) on his knees; and personally I read a chapter on Aeronautics. When the Vicar left I was getting quite interested.

But Mr. COBB the farmer stood up, and forty good men and true stood up round him. And Mr. COBB made a speech.

He said: "Who be goin' along o' Mester Tom?"

There was a terrific shout of those in favour of the motion saying "Ay."

"Thanks very much," I said. "I am just going up to the Vicarage to talk to the Vicar about the reading-room. If any of you care to come I shall be most glad of your support."

I talked to the Vicar. The reading-room is managed differently now, and is an immense success. Except for Mr. KING, the publican, that is.

What to do with our Boys.

"INCREASE income in pleasant, easy way, spare time evenings, no envelope directing. Suit persons of adventurous disposition, and tactful and quiet, with the *entrée* to country gentlemen's houses. Would be required to visit in wealthy neighbourhoods. No references. Send finger-prints (in strict confidence) to Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, Jemmy Villas, Balham."

"LADY wishes to take in paying guests, ladies or gentlemen, or private apartments."

Kilburn Times.

We recommend her to take in private apartments. You hardly ever find a private apartment ringing the bell and asking in an angry voice for its boots.

THERE is a peculiar appropriateness about the following:—

"A Respectable Young Woman wants Cleaning.—Apply, 21, Cold-Bath Street, Preston."

Lancashire Daily Post.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

To assist those of his readers who are anxious to follow intelligently the progress of the Education Bill, *Mr. Punch* has put together a short examination paper. No student, he ventures to think, who arrives at satisfactory answers to his questions, should fail to appreciate an allusion, nor will the most divergent and conflicting views have power to surprise him.

1. Where did Mr. BIRRELL construct the speech with which he introduced his measure? Mention any picturesque incident by which his attention was diverted during the process.

2. Prove that the Bill (a) "is a moderate and unsectarian measure," (b) "is an outrage on Churchmen," (c) "is a wise compromise," (d) "is a tyrannical abuse of power," (e) "preserves the Christian morals of the nation," and (f) "violates the first principles of Christianity." Reconcile these views, and say in each case by whom precisely they are held.

3. Justify and confute the expressions "strangling Christianity" and "endowing Dissent" as applied to the Bill.

4. Translate "simple Bible teaching" and "undenominational religion" into Anglican terms; and give the Nonconformist equivalents for "confiscation," "Church public spirit," and "a tyrannical court."

5. Enumerate the different varieties of the Nonconformist conscience. Justify as many of these as you can.

6. "Dear Mr. BAINES:"—Who is this personage, and what historical part has he played in the controversy?

7. Annotate: "Column B," "Dear Rural Dean," "2d. limit," "Facilities," "Extended facilities," "Four-fifths schools."

8. Write (a) a post-card to Mr. BIRRELL, criticising the Bill, and suggesting satisfactory alternatives to his scheme; (b) two open letters in the styles of the Bishops of MANCHESTER and BIRMINGHAM.

9. When is an Anglican a Dissenter? when is Undenominationalism Denominationalism? and when does a Nonconformist conform?

10. Show what connection, if any, all this has with the education of children.

Education Notes.

As showing the spread of education, a country correspondent informs us that the owls in his part of the world have left off saying "Tu-whoo" on the ground that it should be "to whom."

This reminds us that much of the natural history taught in elementary schools is bound to be insectarian teaching.

AN EDUCATION BILL.—Captain WILLIAM TEACH, the Buccaneer.



"ARE THESE BUNS TO-DAY'S, BECAUSE WHAT I BOUGHT YESTERDAY WEREN'T."

A FABLE FOR EDUCATIONALISTS.

THERE lives in some outlandish place
A sadly disputatious race;
Theirs is a very curious case:

For, whatsoe'er the reason be,
It seems they never could agree
About the colour of the sea.

One section of them took the view
That it was obviously blue;
There was no doubt, they said; they *knew*.

But others said, "What do you mean?
The sea is obviously green,
As can by anyone be seen."

While yet another lot said, "Nay,
The sea is obviously grey,
So anyone of sense would say."

The rival factions came on board
My yacht, and earnestly implored
That I would end their disaccord.

Thus importuned, I answered, "Halt,
It seems to me you're all at fault.
Do you agree the sea is salt?"

"Yes," they replied, "but you forget—"
"No, wait. I haven't finished yet.
Do you agree the sea is wet?"

They did. "Well, let us start with that,
Let all your children get it pat,
It's quite enough for any brat.

When they are bigger, let them choose
Among the greens and greys and blues."
(Some interruption here, and boos.)

In vain I emptied wisdom's store:
"No colourless belief!" they swore,
And set to wrangling as before.

And still by some the ocean's seen
As blue, to others it is green,
Or grey, or various hues between.

A LIBELIOUS postcard which is being sent to members of the Trowbridge Foot Beagles runs as follows:—

"A SHOW OF PUPPIES will be held on Tuesday at the Mart, Trowbridge, at 2:30, when it is hoped you will be present."

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

JANE'S EIGHTH OR NINTH.

Mrs. Wishart to her sister, Mrs. Tylor.

DEAR EMILY,—I suppose you have heard that poor JANE is engaged again, and this time it really looks as if it might last. I heard the news from CHARLOTTE, but she says very little. She has not seen him yet. He is a curate named TREVOR SINGER, and at present is in a church at Hove. It does not sound very grand, but JANE, of course, has her £600 a year, and that should help. She will never give up her horse, I am sure. She is staying at Brighton in a boarding house, all alone, near a Mews. How like her!

Yours, MARY.

Mrs. Tylor to Mrs. Wishart.

DEAR MARY,—What you say about JANE has set us all in a flutter. We have been trying to fix the number of Mr. SINGER's predecessors. ARTHUR thinks it is seven, but I can only make six, unless, of course, you count that little architect who came about the new billiard room. But surely that was all on one side, although the same remark might, I suppose, be made about them all. Well, it is quite time she settled down, for she must be getting on. Is it thirty-seven or thirty-eight? A curate at Hove does not sound very exciting, but JANE always looked for an amenable man rather than an exciting one. Just think of that Socialist she used to lead about when we were all at Overstrand. Which reminds me that I had forgotten him when I was counting them up. He makes seven for certain—with the little architect eight, and with Mr. SINGER nine. I am dying to hear more about it all.

Yours, EMILY.

Mr. Hugh Tylor to Mrs. Tylor.

DEAR MOTHER,—Who do you think I saw on the sea wall yesterday? JANE,—with a very old parson. She was hanging on his arm just as if she were his only daughter, and I walked behind them for ever so far, and then hurried away before they turned, as I didn't want to meet them and have the bore of being introduced. Besides, I didn't want JANE to know I was here, or she would be bothering me to ride out with her beside her old rocking-horse. But I wonder who the parson is and how she got so thick with him. It's a change for her, after her poets and high-art furniture men.

Your affectionate HUGH.

Mr. Hugh Tylor to Mrs. Tylor.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot answer your questions, I am afraid, as I have not seen the parson again, although I saw JANE on horseback yesterday and was just in time to turn into a by-street. At the "Bideford," where I am, one is

rather out of the way of finding out anything about Hove curates, but his name is in the Directory all right. Why don't you try the Clergy List if you want to know more? Or write to JANE yourself. Only if you do, don't say I am at Brighton: I came here for rest. I am quite sure it was an old man—about a hundred, I should say. Certainly not a young and dashing curate.

Your affectionate HUGH.

Mrs. Tylor to her niece, Jane Rudstock.

MY DEAR JANE,—I have just heard what I hope is a true rumour—that you are engaged. I think you might have told me yourself, but no doubt you have had very little time in the midst of your new happiness. Do let me have a line and tell me all about him; what he does, where you will live, and what his age is, and so forth.

Your loving aunt, EMILY.

Miss Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Tylor.

MY DEAR AUNT EMILY,—I am sorry that I did not write to you at once. As a matter of fact I did start a letter to you a day or so ago, but while I was in the midst of it I went for a ride and saw HUGH coming towards me, but the way in which he turned his horse's head up a by-street because he did not want to be bored by meeting me, discouraged me from going on. I am not vindictive, but I am utterly daunted by any suspicion of avoidance in others. As it is, however, unfair to include you in this feeling, I tell you now very readily that the rumour is true. It is a Mr. SINGER, a curate at St. Benedict's, Hove, and we hope to be married very soon. He will stay here until he gets a living, which may happen at any moment, as he is on very good terms with both the Bishop and the Archbishop. His age is thirty-four. I could have wished that my husband were older than I, but TREVOR won't hear of this. He is totally without relations, and was a very lonely man until I met him—on the Downs above Brighton, where he helped to get a stone out of TOMMY's foot.

Your affectionate niece, JANE.

Mrs. Tylor to Mr. Hugh Tylor.

MY DEAR HUGH,—The plot thickens. JANE (who, it seems, saw you that day when you were riding, and is hurt by your treatment) tells me that her fiancé is only thirty-four. This makes the old clergyman whom you saw her embracing a very mysterious creature. Are you sure it was JANE? It is all very perplexing. You ought to call on the poor girl. She is very unhappy about your behaviour.

Your loving mother.

Mrs. Tylor to Mrs. Wishart.

DEAR MARY,—I have heard from JANE, a nice letter telling me all about Mr.

SINGER, and how happy she is. One of her delightful, spontaneous, confiding letters. She says that he is thirty-four, but the odd thing is that HUGH, who is at Brighton, saw her hanging to the arm of quite an old clergyman, in public, on the sea wall. As the dear girl says that her fiancé has no relations, this is very odd, isn't it? But she always was so odd, and made such curious friends.

Yours, EMILY.

Mrs. Rudstock to her daughter Jane Rudstock.

MY DEAREST JANE,—I am so distressed, having heard through your Aunt MARY a very odd story of your being seen on the Brighton Front in much too friendly intercourse with an old clergyman, just after your engagement to Mr. SINGER. My dear child, you must be very careful now that you are engaged. Apart altogether from Mr. SINGER's feelings, you must consider us, too. It was bad enough to go to Brighton without any chaperon but your eternal horse. Please set my mind at rest by telling me who this old clergyman was. I hope Mr. SINGER's grandfather, although I seem to remember that you said he had no relations.

Your fond Mother.

From Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Rudstock.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—As usual the whole trouble has come through Aunt MARY and Aunt EMILY. HUGH seems to have been spying about at Brighton and sending home silly letters, although he has not had the friendliness to call on me. There is nothing to explain except that TREVOR has white hair and from the back might look older than he is. If you were to trust me more it would be better for us all.

Your loving daughter, JANE.

Mrs. Rudstock to her daughter Jane.

MY DEAR CHILD,—Your letter fills me with misgivings. Don't say you are marrying an albino. You will be the first RUDSTOCK to do such a thing. Do let me know instantly that his white hair was the result of an illness, or a sudden fright. I cannot bear the thought of my daughter's husband having pink eyes.

Your distressed Mother.

Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Rudstock. (Telegram.)

TREVOR albino right enough. Took double first Oxford. Cousin Lord LAMBERHURST. First authority England on Saxon fonts. Amateur champion racquets, 1894. Longs meet you. JANE.

Mrs. Rudstock to her sister, Mrs. Wishart.

DEAR MARY,—I do wish you would learn a lesson from the past, and not exaggerate simple things. That dreadful trouble over AGNES and the Sunday School treat ought to have taught you



BROWN, WHO HAS HAD A HARD DAY SIGHT-SEEING, IN TUNIS, GOES TO A CAFÉ FOR A QUIET DRINK AND REST. RESULT!

something. All the fuss about poor JANE at Brighton is due to the simple fact that Mr. SINGER, to whom she is engaged, has prematurely white hair—is, in fact, an albino. Why he should not be I cannot see. In fact, I think albinos quite attractive, and they are notoriously cleverer than other people. He is a dear good fellow, a great scholar and athlete, and the cousin of Lord LAMBERHURST, and we are all going to be very fond of him. Please write JANE a nice letter. Yours, CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. Wishart to Mrs. Tylor.

DEAR EMILY,—It is so funny I can hardly hold the pen. JANE's choice is an albino, and that accounts for the white hair. CHARLOTTE is trying to brave it out and pretend that she could not love any son-in-law who had not white hair and pink eyes, but of course she is mortified to death at the humiliation of it. Poor JANE! How they can allow an albino to take orders I can't think, especially when the Church is

threatened on all sides as it now is; but there you are. I wish you had sent on JANE's confiding, spontaneous letter about her freak, but I suppose you had your reasons for not doing so.

Yours, MARY.

A CRY FROM KILKENNY.

[Mr. BRYCE, M.P., the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has recently visited Kilkenny in connection with a scheme to start a wool industry in that neighbourhood.]

OH, Mr. JAMES BRYCE, Sir, pray take my advice, Sir,
And think twice or thrice, Sir, before you proceed?

For a scheme so nefarious and temerarious
To alter and vary us cannot succeed.

The Skibbereen Eagle, that biped so regal,
You'll never inveigle to smile on your plan,

Which seeks on our brawling and resolute squalling
To lay a most galling and terrible ban.

This sordid intrusion would spread Revolution,

And hopeless confusion immediately raise;

'Tis hateful and heinous, this effort to wean us—

Kilkenny's pet genus—from anarchy's ways.

Kilkenny's brave kittens need no woollen mittens

Like decadent Britons or renegade Pats.

Their glory unfading was not won by trading,

A method degrading to patriot cats.

Go plant your dull toilers, with mills, looms, and boilers,

Fair Nature's despoilers, in some other place.

But drop, for they're idle, your efforts to bridle

The force fratricidal ennobling our race.

MUSICAL NOTE.—What relation is Max Darewski to "Pa"—Darewski?



THE PIEBALD SUPERSTITION.

"COME ON, BILLY! COME ON AN' WISH! WISH FOR SOMETHING! 'ERE'S A LUCKY HORSE!"

CHARIVARIA.

"I PRESUME," growls a gentleman of the Old School, "that the exceptional Bank Holiday weather which we had this year is only one more instance of pampering the Working Man."

By-the-by, although the present era has been called the Age of Pleasure, we note that hundreds of thousands of persons went for rides on motor omnibuses on Bank Holiday.

A rumour which requires confirmation is to the effect that, in return for the hospitality offered to the clergy on Good Friday by the proprietors of several Music Halls, Miss MARIE LLOYD and Mr. HARRY LAUDER may be seen at Exeter Hall in May.

Major. OSWALD H. AMES, the tallest officer in the British Army, it is announced, is retiring from the service. We think it a pity that this fact should have been allowed to leak out at a time when it is desirable that we should appear as strong as possible. It is almost inviting the KAISER to make his pounce on our little island.

Those who are unwilling to believe that British power is a thing of the past were greatly pleased to read the following paragraph in the newspapers last week:—"A British cruiser has arrived at Naples. Vesuvius is now quieter."

It has been suggested that Liberals as well as Conservatives shall join in the celebration of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's seventieth birthday. It is, we believe, a fact that the Liberals are delighted that he is getting so old.

During the last fourteen years, it is stated, there has only been one prisoner for trial at the South Molton (Devon) Quarter Sessions. This brings home to us very vividly the depopulation of our rural districts.

"Some unclean and unholy sneak," says the vicar of St. Andrew's, Earlsfield, in the parish magazine, "recently entered the church and stole some valuable lace from the altar." The sneak in question is said to be shocked at such language from a reverend gentleman.

The REGISTRAR-GENERAL's report as to marriages shows that in 1904 widows

were less fascinating than in previous years. We understand, however, that tremendous efforts are going to be made by one or two this year.

A motor-omnibus ran into Messrs. GOOSE AND HEADGEAR's last week, but the results were such as to lead one to believe that shopping by motor-omnibus will never become thoroughly popular.

The Hague Peace Conference has been adjourned once more, and there is now time for a nice little war before the Conference meets, but it must be carried out with promptness and despatch.

Judge of the pleasurable excitement in nearly every public and private school in every corner of the globe at the news that, by a fire which broke out in Barbadoes on March 25, some 188 acres of canes were destroyed.

Mr. HENRY HOLIDAY declares that the monotony in men's dress is caused by each class aping the costume of the class above it. If this be so, the imitative faculties of the costermonger, when decked out in his best trappings, would appear to be very poor.



A QUESTION OF BALANCE.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "WELL, I SHOULD LIKE TO STICK TO THE POLE IF POSSIBLE, BUT ANYHOW, I DON'T INTEND TO LEAVE THE PUNT!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTY-FIRST FRAGMENT.

1. Now Kamm-el-banraman, tha-premyah, thaportli,
 2. the wearer of kiltz, karrun-górums, and pibrochs,
 3. with the uzualad-mikstcha of spor-rans, glengariz,
 4. Clehmórz, dhuinewassulz—I never am perfectly certain
 5. of all these bloodthirsty upholst-tering details that
 6. Scotchmen
 7. walk out in—(If we must get our premyahs from
 8. barbarous districts, have our treasury-bench almost solid
 9. with Scotchmen, it's a mercy they leave all these
 10. gaelik - mementoz, these bludk-urdlin-érlumz
 11. downstairs in
 12. the cloakroom— Here goes for the
 13. verb, after more than the uzual-slâhitin-teregnum
 14. for rest and refreshment expected in
 15. tablets)
 16. appealed to the country (—I knew it was coming!)
 17. politely requested they'd give him a party,
 18. Just something to work with, . . —the larger

19. the better I need hardly men-tion,—
 20. sufficient to shew their dhîpruted-abhorrenz
 21. of phiskal-ragériz and yellow-faced helots
 22. all hanged (on the hoardings) and drawn (in the posters)
 23. and quartered in compounds.
 24. And baijin-gothch-diddit . . . he sertunli-gottem.
 25. . . . As a flood did they come,
 26. as the trippaz - tumargit, the arriztuk-laktun
 27. the milhandz-tublák-pul, the yan-kiztuparis
 28. (Where on earth they all came from I haven't a
 29. notion), they trooped to his colours in droves and
 30. battalions; replacing the Toriz all over the
 31. country, just as nitrous-monoxaidz a comical
 32. habit of calmly replacing the oxygen-innus
 33. when we go to the dentist.
 34. They covered like lókustz the groaning green benches,
 35. with nachural - kunnin they all tried
 36. to get the right side of the Spikur . . . till

37. the whole blessed building nirli-listid-tustárbad.
 38. Now Kamm-el-banraman (I said this before but it
 39. sounds oriental, besides these arkéyik-kunéifaum-Jonniz
 40. expressed themselves that way,—if they didn't they ought to,
 41. —it 'tukum-af-ortnait to finish a sentence ;)
 42. after sundri-strathspéhs on the tombs of the Toriz,
 43. having chukd-arfab-rikkh at purdir-Alphrad-milnah,
 44. did settle to business.
 45. He relieved the monotonous hours of the sittinz
 46. by krakkin - wíkjōks in his an-swers
 47. to questions, — his slaiporkih - húmür is
 48. always delightful, (—taks-theskōn as they say
 49. in the purlyuz of Stirling)
 50. They pasdresol-ushanz in favour of having
 51. a nice little income in monthly instalments,
 52. —not princely but still something fairly
 53. substantial, justabh-ittugoh
 54. on with it would pay for tramt-ikkitz,

55. *motab-ussiz-etsettrah*. They also considered

56. it might be much better to make some provision for

57. days that are rainy,—they voted it simply

58. a *ripinai-diyah* . . . (it's perfectly natural,

59. a nest that is feathered is always

60. a comfort!)

61. Then Khir-hādi the Mullah, the Mahdi

62. of Lébar, obtrusive in raiment,

63. (the *jibbah* of fustian)

64. with the tie of vermilion, the signal of

65. danger, the badge of rebellion,

66. (—In view of their somewhat original theories of what is

67. fairdealing, of what is mine own when one is a

68. mine - owner, an employer of labour,

69. to call it a *Liberty-silk* would be surely

70. a *termin-olodjik-al-wadyumak-ortumm*)

71. . . . on behalf of his rather rum-bustious

72. colleagues, of whom, in her fervour, that

73. *dhir-ledi-warikh* said, "These are my Jewels!"

74. (Each one of these pushing plebeians in bowlers

75. may well be regarded as simply the outcome

76. of *bréslit* or bangul, some brooch or tiara this

77. popular countess popped over the counter.)

78. (What on earth was I saying? Oh! now I remember)

79. on behalf of his colleagues claimed perfect

80. exemption from penal proceedings for workmen

81. who merely molested their fellows, and similar

82. trifles—Divine Right of Workmen, in fact so to speak

83. every man his own Kaiser—Well! of all the

84. [words missing]

85. Then, just before İstar when most of the members

86. were *berridin-bradshah* and taking *kükstikkitz*

87. for *Nhisan-mentoneh*, out comes Mistab-irrul

88. all pallid and touzled and lets off his sparkling sputtering

89. *krakkaz*, *eduk* - *eshun* - *al* - *skuibz* round the calves of

90. archbishops. . . . Such a singeing of *archid-iakon-al-ankulz*

91. such *horifaid-kékualkz* of prelates in panic and *dhikunz* distracted

92. has seldom delighted our friend Daktak-lifad.

93. . . . Ph-h-h-iyuh! what a rum-paz!!

94. *Episkopal-taluns* are neatly extracting dissenting

95. tail-feathers; diocesan plumage is whisking and whirling

96. all over the birdcage (talk of bats in the belfry!)

97. the one question remaining is whether the *ortumm*

98. will find any mournful sectarian *dikkiz* surviving the *skrimidj*

99. "provided"—most likely by that time they'll be "non-provided" with

100. feathers. E. T. R.

MR. PUNCH'S RACING NOTES.

IN view of the great interest taken by all classes in racing, *Mr. Punch* has recently decided to follow the example of other leading journals, and devote some space to illuminating comments and prophetic utterances upon the Sport of Kings. For this purpose he has engaged the services of one of the most eminent writers of fiction of the day, whose first (and last) contribution follows:—

Yesterday evening, through the kindness of Mr. DOPPEM, the well-known trainer, I had the pleasure of looking over the famous Katsmeet establishment, from which so many classic winners have been turned out. In company with a few choice spirits, I dined first of all with the hospitable trainer. He gave us an excellent dinner, and about ten o'clock we adjourned to the stables. Katsmeet, of course, is one of the most modern and up-to-date training quarters in existence. Mr. DOPPEM has a tremendous lot of horses at present under his charge—as far as I could see, there appeared to be two in each box. Several of the most spirited were spoilt by having six legs. I pointed this blemish out to Mr. DOPPEM, but he only laughed good-naturedly, and declared that he had sometimes seen them with eight.

The attention of the authorities should be drawn to the cruel habit in vogue amongst owners of *scratching* horses, in order to prevent them running in races for which they have been entered. Such an eminent authority on sport as the present PRIME MINISTER has referred to this custom as "a method of barbarism;" and the indignation with which the news that a popular favourite has been thus treated is invariably received by the public, is the best proof of how repugnant to our feelings such a practice is.

With regard to the accident which occurred to *Sneakaway*, while out at exercise on Newmarket Heath last week, I should like to draw attention to the dangerous custom which trainers indulge in of taking their strings out with them. Presumably, their desire is to

measure the distances which the horses gallop; but it stands to reason that if every trainer takes his own string out, as the most casual reference to the sporting papers will show to be the case, the danger of horses becoming entangled and thrown can scarcely be over-rated.

Looking down the list for the Coddington Steeplechase, one is struck immediately by the singular fact that all the most promising horses are compelled to carry the heaviest weights. We wonder whether the Stewards imagine that this is the right way to encourage racing? A glance at the recent form exhibited by the various candidates may be of assistance to our readers:—

The top weight has been assigned to that evergreen veteran Uncle Joe, whose chances, however, cannot be summarily dismissed on this account. Coddington is well-known to be one of his favourite courses; and his recent success in the General Election Stakes speaks volumes for his staying capacities.

I am not so pleased with the prospects of Prince Arthur; though his proprietor, a well-known Birmingham sportsman, will not hear a word against his favourite. He has lately developed a bad habit of eating his words; and although he is very docile and immensely popular at home, the public, I fear, are likely to fight shy for some time of this tricky candidate.

Nor have I much to say in favour of Under-Secretary, for I am no believer in entering two-year-olds for these important handicaps; although carrying no weight, they are apt to lose their heads, and cause considerable trouble. Under-Secretary is too much addicted to snapping and bucking instead of running straight; and the best advice we can offer our readers is to leave him alone, and let him fill out and grow before taking him seriously.

My own fancy turns rather towards Battersea Pet, who, since being purchased by his new proprietors, seems to have given up the vagaries that formerly caused backers to avoid him. He has been thoroughly trained in Hyde Park; and although his style is a trifle rough, and his previous performances slightly inconsistent, we must not overlook the fact that he was very highly tried by his late owners, who, without doubt, are now extremely sorry that they parted with him.

As far as speculation is concerned, the premier position is at present occupied by *Sir Henry*, who is running under the joint colours of Mr. REDMOND and Mr. HARDIE. His place at the head of affairs may be explained by his recent remarkable victories in the Leadership Handicap and the Celestial Welter. I should advise my readers, however, not to attach much



MORE SWEDISH INSTRUCTION.

Instructress (to exhausted class, who have been hopping round room for some time). "COME! COME! THAT WON'T DO AT ALL. YOU MUST LOOK CHEERFUL. KEEP SMILING—SMILING ALL THE TIME!"

importance to these successes, for many good sportsmen considered that in both cases *Sir Henry* should have been disqualified for boring (both pro- and the other kind). It is doubtful also whether he will be in the best of condition, for his trainer, H. ASQUITH, has lately discovered that *Sir Henry* is frightened of work (or should we say labour?). He is, however, thoroughly accustomed to fences, and should all the other competitors fall down, he would undoubtedly possess an excellent chance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS UNDERSTANDING.—No. The book-maker is quite right. To back a horse both ways does not mean that you get the money whether it wins or loses.

INVESTOR.—If your aunt has really left you £80, you could not do better than to start a racing stable, as you suggest. You will be well advised to begin on modest lines, keeping some capital in reserve for emergencies. Owing to the new craze for motor 'buses, many a good

nag can now be picked up in town dirt cheap. With a flier like *Pretty Polly* the property of a mere Major, it stands to reason you could probably obtain a far superior animal from a London General. If possible avoid races for which *Lally* is entered.

FORETHOUGHT.—Yes, it was a clever idea of yours to buy a return ticket for Derby last week, so as to avoid the crush at the booking-office on May 30. You would probably see better, however, if you went to Epsom.

BUS: BUZZER: —?

[Professor SKEAT has christened the motor omnibus "a buzzer."]

IN those days of locomotion, which, we're very glad to say,

We have recently decided are not quick enough for us,

The carriage of the people lumbered slowly on its way,

But was popular in spite of it as *bus*.

But in times of modern hurry, when the only thing that's vital

Is to reach our destination with the minimum of pause,

The popular conveyance makes addition to its title,

And as *buzzer* makes a bid for our applause.

First the *bus*, and now the *buzzer*, people's pennies to attract,

The progression of the title being natural and just,

But unpleasantly suggestive, when you come to face the fact

That the next denomination will be *bust*.

Turkish Baths.

(Ladies and Gentlemen.)

THE ONLY BATHS IN BUXTON.

Open between 2 P.M. and 5.30 P.M. to Visitors, not Residents.

BUT, if they really are the only baths in Buxton, the residents' need would seem to be the more pressing.

CONCERNING ONOMANCY.

THESE SORDID LARES MAY OUG
DID THE ROSES GO REAL SYAUM?
THE REAL ROSES MAY GO ISDUD.

I was trying to work out an anagram on her name, by her own express command, and I was resolved to have a thorough, genuine, sporting shot at it, even at the risk of spending the residue of my days in a padded room. Of course her name—AMY DORIS THERÈSE DOUGLAS—was the sweetest name that ever sounded in mortal ears, but, at the same time, it certainly seemed to be the most unanagrammatical.

SLAGODYIUR MADE THE ROSES.

That was my next attempt. If one imagined that Slagodyiur was a gentleman moving in Eastern mythological circles—which he might have been for all I knew—the line looked something like a quotation from OMAR KHAYYAM. On the other hand—

ROSE MADE THE SLAGOD-
YIURS

seemed to have a culinary flavour. Slagodyiurs sounded like something good to eat. Why? Another idea—

ROSE MADE THE SAGO

SIDLURY.

THE LURID SAGO MADE

ROSES Y.

YES HE EATS LURID SAGO

DROM.

So this was what AMY called Onomancy! I called it—well—several things in plain but forceful Anglo-Saxon which it is not necessary to repeat. I had

been making the experiments described above as I journeyed to the City by train, and I was thankful to give my whirling brain a little rest while I walked from the station to the office. There I made a fair start:

HE RATED MOSES IS YOU GLAD R.
YES HE GLAD I DRAT OUR MOSES
IRATE MOSES HAD YOUR D. LEGS.

I decided to leave Moses severely alone. Besides, I reminded myself, I was overlooking the great secret of Onomancy. "Onomancy," so a dictionary I consulted told me, was "divination by the letters of a name." I ought to have started with a word that might possibly have some bearing on AMY's destiny—a destiny that could scarcely be influenced by Sago, Moses, or even Slagodyiur himself.

Unfortunately I had to abandon the anagram for twenty minutes to attend to my day's work. But I was soon hard at it again, taking "heart" as a word likely to prove a good foundation for an onomantic sentence. An hour's steady work resulted in the following imbecilities:

DEAR HEART I.O.U SOME L.S.D SYG.
MY DEAR HEART IS SO LOUD GES
O SUE, MY DEAR'S HEART IS GOLD

The last line was certainly more satisfactory than its predecessors, but there was no particular reason why I should take SUE into my confidence about my dear's heart, so I decided to try once more.

'TIS YOUR D. LARGE HEAD MOSES.



Mrs. Jubb. "Oh! MISS, I BE THAT BAD——"

Inexperience. "BUT YOU'RE LOOKING VERY WELL, MRS. JUBB."

Mrs. Jubb. "Ah! MISS, I BE ONE O' THEY AS FRETS INNARDLY!"

The sudden and undesirable reappearance of the obtrusive patriarch quite unnerved me.

I read *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* for the rest of the afternoon, and found it very resting after Onomancy. By four o'clock I was a sane man, and, being restored to the full possession of my faculties, I decided to go at once to AMY's house and tell her gently, but firmly, what I thought about Onomancy. Furthermore I would inform her that, if my eligibility as a suitor depended on my proficiency in that abominable science, I desired her to put me down among the latest scratchings. I found AMY seated at a writing table which was strewn with scraps of paper, smothered with scattered letters and blots of ink.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "have you wasted a day at it too?"

"Oh, I don't think it's such a waste of time," she replied; "I think it's fascinating. Don't you?"

"Any results?" I asked.

"No—well—that is—nothing much," she answered, seeming unaccountably disturbed. "How did you get on?"

"Not particularly well. Sago and Moses and Slagodyiur kept on cropping up, and they rather got on my nerves."

"Oh, I hope you haven't bothered much about it; it didn't matter!"

"I don't mind what I do to please you!"

She bent over the table and blushed

so deeply that I thought her attention had been directed to some more unwarrantable vagaries on the part of Irate Moses.

"Try starting with Slagodyiur," I suggested. "But keep off sago."

"No!" she cried, pushing the papers away from her. "It's all silly nonsense. Let's talk about something else."

"The letters that spell your name," I insisted, "could not possibly be arranged to better advantage." I had thought this sentence out in the train, and did not intend to change the subject without—to use a vulgarity—"getting it off my chest."

At that moment the idea of my lifetime struck me.

"Give me a pen and some paper!" I cried; "quick!"

I sat down opposite her, and substituted my own surname for hers, thus:—

AMY DORIS THERÈSE BOWEN,

and then I started onomanting with this new material; and the result was as follows:—

O HEART'S DESIRE BE MY OWN.

It was a positive inspiration.

"It goes out exactly!" I said triumphantly, as I handed the paper across the table to AMY.

"Oh!" she murmured faintly. "How—strange!"

"Is there any answer?" I said, with an air of nonchalance.

She blushed very pleasantly. "I tried it that way myself this afternoon!"

"You did?" I cried exultantly. "ANY!"

"But I made it come out quite differently!" she said.

"But not better," I said. "It couldn't be better."

"Come and see!"

I went to her side, and watched her dear little hand travel slowly over the paper.

AMY OWNS HER DESIRE TO BE
AMY DORIS THERÈSE BOWEN.

"Do you know," I said quietly, "I think there's something in this Onomancy after all!"

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

[A Hampstead young lady wrote recently to King ALFONSO, congratulating him upon his engagement to Princess ENA. She has received a letter from the KING, enclosing a signed photograph, and a note in which the youthful monarch says, "She is a lovely girl, and will make a charming Queen."—*Daily Press*.]

We have been so fortunate as to come into possession of the following items of correspondence, inspired evidently by this example:—

A Putney gentleman, who wrote to the KAISER protesting gently against his telegram addressed to the Austrian Foreign Minister, has been favoured with a note which says, "Only lack of time prevented me from wiring the full text of my message for your approval." The note was accompanied by a Sixth Class of the Order of the Mailed Fist, which the happy recipient wore at the opening of the Putney Tennis Club on Easter Monday, with considerable effect.

A Dulwich lady, who wrote to Mr. JOHN BURNS congratulating him upon his fortitude and devotion displayed in opening his letters on Easter Monday, has received an autograph of the Minister at his desk, in Levée uniform, and an explanation that he feels that he must work overtime, in order to justify his acceptance of more than £500 salary per annum.

A Denmark Hill young lady, who wrote to President ROOSEVELT approving of his recent remarks upon the impropriety of inordinate wealth, has received a reply enclosing a photograph of the PRESIDENT as a Texan cowboy. Written on the back is the statement

that the cowboy is the cream of the manhood of America, and that it is only the approval of young English ladies that induces the PRESIDENT to retain his office as the WANAMAKER of Moral Regeneration.

giving him authority to contradict the slander in his spare time. We understand that the recipient has resigned his commission—7½ per cent. in dry goods—in order to fulfil this honourable task.



"No, MR. WILKES. I ain't goin' to keep FOVLS NO MORE. DON'T PAY. WHY, COUNTIN' THE MAIZE I GIVE 'EM THIS WINTER, THE EGGS—WELL, I DON'T GIT ANY, BUT IF I DID—THEY'D COST ME 'ARF A-CROWN EACH!"

A volunteer Colonel of Worthing, who wrote to Lord KITCHENER, asking him, in the name of the Service of which they were both proud, to contradict the dastardly calumnies of *The Times* correspondent, has received an autograph letter

day."—*Western Daily Press*.

The picture of a 40-h.p. Panhard rolling up its carburetters and paddling in the sea is no less charming than that of two landaus and a dog-cart playing "touch-wood" on the cliffs.

A member of the Young Authors' Club, who wrote recently to Mr. ANDREW LANG asking him if it is the case that his best work is turned out while shaving left-handedly with a safety razor, has received an autograph reply which he is totally unable to decipher.

A member of the Kilmacolm Literary Society, who wrote to Miss MARIE CORELLI pointing out certain superficial parallels between "The Heathen" and "The Super Heathen," has received an autograph letter from a well-known firm of solicitors, enclosing a beautifully engrossed writ of libel.

Samson Demosthenes.

The Cam, in its report of a Union Debate, says of Mr. PIGOU that he "picked up the gauntlet which had fallen from the lips of Mr. SAMPSON." No doubt Mr. SAMPSON's idea in speaking with a glove in his mouth is to improve his elocution; or is it the Cambridge version of "talking through one's hat?"

The Daily Mail, in the course of an article on a certain ladies' society in America, says, "This list comprises those who, while sympathetically interested in the work of the organisation, are prevented by age and other circumrd luN.fnx5!c shrdlu cmfwy shrdluurhs work."

The tact and delicacy of *The Daily Mail* is beyond all praise. We particularly like "shrdluurhs": that is just how we should have put it ourselves.

"Easter Monday, as far as weather was concerned, was an ideal day, and crowds of persons and vehicles found their way to Nailsea, and passed a pleasant

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. PERCY LUBBOCK had a happy thought when he decided to weave a biography of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING from the warp and woof supplied by her private correspondence. Her letters, published some years ago in a couple of volumes, are perhaps a trifle lengthy, too diffuse in interest, to give perennial delight. Mr. LUBBOCK has picked out the plums, and re-made the pudding in handier, on the whole, more delectable shape. He connects the extracts by a condensed, well-written story of the life of the gifted woman who married, and acknowledged the supremacy of, an infinitely greater poet. Fifty, even forty, years ago the author of *Aurora Leigh* had a wide circle of readers. She is no longer the fashion. Modernity yawns over what she fondly regarded as her masterpiece. Nevertheless, human interest in her life and work survives, and will be maintained by the book SMITH, ELDER publish under the title *Elizabeth Barrett Browning In Her Letters*. When a son was born to the twin geniuses someone said: "There were two incomprehensibles; now there are three." There was actually a fourth in the person of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING's father, comprehensible only on the ground of incipient insanity. Over-bearing, unsympathetic, colossally selfish, his shadow hung low over the life of his supersensitive child. After her runaway marriage she wrote to him many piteous letters. He kept them till by chance he learned her address; he never asked for it. Then he returned them to her unopened, without a word. Many men have been shot for an act of less deliberate brutality.

MR. E. MARSTON is the nearest approach the twentieth century provides to ISAAC WALTON. Through the last score years of a strenuous life he has cultivated the publishing trade on a little fishing. His holiday rambles far from Fleet Street have led him by the riverside where, to quote the title of his latest record, he was engaged in *Fishing for Pleasure and Catching It* (T. W. LAURIE). The angler will best appreciate the animated accounts of more or less successful casts. But one need not be a fisherman to take pleasure in the charming vignettes of hillside, moorland and streamlet to be found on every page of a book not too large to be snugly conveyed in the pocket.

That writer of pith, ARABELLA KENEALY, Is mouthed in a way that I shouldn't call mealy. This last book of hers, *An American Duchess*, (London; CHAPMAN AND HALL) has some excellent touches. The writing is good—I am heartily glad To admit this is so—but the morals are bad. The titled, hot-tempered American lady Has a tongue that is coarse, while her manners are shady. She abandons her Duke; then she marries her lover; And at last she elopes in her car with a "shower." Her husband (the second), though no one had forced him, Remarries a lady who once had divorced him, And who wins back his love, her own heart being big, By disguising herself in blue goggles and wig. Yet, although the society's only so-so, The book has much skill; it has life, it has go; And those who like mixing with high-class and haughty folk Will read it with pleasure, in spite of its naughty folk.

MR. O. H. HARDY has travelled, as many of us have travelled, in Greece and Egypt; but, beyond that, he has done what few of us could do equally well. He has written down his impressions and has published them in a little book called *Red Letter Days in Greece and Egypt* (SHERRATT AND HUGHES). Mr. HARDY has special and peculiar gifts as a writer of *Reisebilder*. First and foremost his style is excellent, a refreshment to a jaded reader; and, secondly, he has imagination and a

fine scholarly sense of historical contrasts. The route he travels is a well-worn one, but Mr. HARDY makes every yard of it pleasant. Whatever the route may be, his manner in describing it is never trite.

MR. PERCY WHITE reminds one of a Square in Bloomsbury, there is something so restful, so scholarly, so delightfully old-fashioned about his style. What cares the Bloomsbury backwater for the motor 'bus that rattles and bangs along Oxford Street; what cares Mr. WHITE for the shrieking — and the pushing —, those eminent novelists? No doubt you will reply, dear Madam, supposing that you are kind enough to follow my metaphor, that the scholarly, the restful, the old-fashioned Square (quite close to the British Museum) is also a trifle dull. And there, I must admit, you score a point. Mr. *John Strood*, which MESSRS. CONSTABLE have just published, is really a study in self-revelation, though Mr. *Strood* himself intends it to be the study of a genius, *Lawrence Rivers*. *Strood* is BOSWELL to *Rivers*: it is as if the *Life of Johnson* were called simply Mr. *Boswell*. Now it naturally takes one a little time to get used to the idea; and meanwhile there is certainly the danger of boredom. *Strood* (a sort of refined *Eliza's Husband*) is a bad biographer, but a wonderful autobiographer. At first one is annoyed that one can make so little of *Rivers*; afterwards one admires the unfailing skill with which the author lets Mr. *Strood* say a great deal, but reveal nothing. One admires, moreover, the restraint with which Mr. WHITE handles his biographer. If you come to think of it, restraint, too, is a quality of the Bloomsbury Square.

Anyone who wants a vulgar book in praise of vicious vulgarians should read *The Sphinx's Lawyer*, by FRANK DANBY (HEINEMANN). All others are counselled to avoid it.

HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?

BATTING and bowling averages being considered no longer desirable by a great number of players, who annually discover that it becomes more and more difficult to keep their name to the front, would it not be more interesting, now that the pen has to a certain extent superseded the bat, to substitute the players' literary averages, so that those who make runs may read, somewhat on the following lines?—

FIRST-CLASS AVERAGES.

	Books.	Literary.		Average number of Readers.
		Not out (yet).	Most Reviews to a Book.	
K. S. Ranjitsinhji	2	—	8,576,431	9,742
C. B. Fry	3	50	1,132,367	847
P. F. Warner	3	30	1,002,063	756
				334,021

* Whether contributions to Fry's pure concentrated Magazine, now regarded in the U.S.A. as *second-class* postal matter, should be reckoned in the first-class averages, is now engaging the attention of the M.S. Committee of the M.C.C. (Marylebone Cricket Contributors).

	Journalistic.		Periodicals Published in.	Average Periodical.
	Paragraphs.	Articles. Columns.		
G. L. Jessop	798,432	106,536	200,000	7.
Lord Hawke	0	0	0	—

Lord Hawke delivered one preface in one volume for no cash.

A LIBERAL correspondent is upset to think that the children in the public elementary schools should still be using Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER's *Citizen Reader*. We beg to re-assure him. A special school edition of *Obiter Dicta* is now, we understand, being hurried through the Press.

An Unnatural Parent.

"PONY for sale, 13 hands, warranted a good worker, used to all road nuisances and my own children, cause of selling having 2 and not enough work for 2."—*Exchange and Mart*.

URBS IN RURE.

By the courtesy of the proprietors *Mr. Punch* is enabled to present his readers with extracts from the correspondence columns of *The Week-End*, the new periodical devoted to the interests of that large and constantly increasing class who spend two days out of every seven in the country, and take with them as much London atmosphere as they can.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAPPY HUMPSHIRE!

DEAR SIR,—Life in the country has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. For example, in this part of Hampshire there is no 18-hole golf course within seven miles of my house, and play on the 9-hole course close by is restricted to week-days. Again, the London papers do not reach us until 10.30 A.M., and worse still, it is practically impossible to get any decent asparagus or up-to-date gramophone records in the neighbourhood. The result is that two chauffeurs have left me in the last two months. Yours faithfully,

E. PLUSCARDINE.

Whiteport, Hampshire.

FAIRPLAY FOR MOTORISTS.

DEAR SIR,—Why should motorists alone be obliged to give warning of their approach at cross roads and corners? The only efficient way to minimise collisions is to insist that all who use the roads should make their advent audible. Horsemen should have a bell or horn affixed to the pommel of their saddles, while pedestrians should have a similar means of signalling attached to the handles of their sticks and umbrellas. The loneliness of the open road, which so often affects the spirits of dwellers in the country, would thus be sensibly mitigated, and the burden of precaution equitably distributed between the tor-toises and the hares of modern life.

Yours faithfully,

F. I. A. T. JUSTITIA.

The Reeks, Leighton Buzzard.

INCONSIDERATE ANIMALS.

DEAR SIR,—The stupidity of animals is one of the greatest curses of a residence in the country, as I have long found out to my cost. When motoring at the rate of thirty miles an hour or upwards one can generally count on pedestrians keeping out of the middle of the road. But it is otherwise with poultry, sheep, and even young rabbits. Only yesterday I had a new Michelin tyre seriously damaged by a hedgehog, and last week my wife was struck in the face by a clumsy sparrow which, if she had not been wearing goggles, might have done her serious mischief. As it was she was



E. H. R.

HARD LINES ON THE COMPANY.

Outside Porter. "WOT'S BECOME OF OLD GEORGE?—AIN'T SEEN 'IM LATELY."*Venerable Ditto.* "OH, 'E HAD A ROW WITH THE COMPANY AND 'E'S LEFT, AND IF THEY AIN'T JOLLY CAREFUL I'LL LEAVE TOO!"

so much upset that she was unable to play Bridge for several hours.

Faithfully yours,

MAX BAMBERGER.

*Bungalow de Luxe,
Little Slamton.*

THE ERUPTER.

A CERTAIN literary gentleman, who in consideration of the intimate terms on which he now is with Vesuvius, which he recently interviewed for *The Daily Mail*, and in connection also with his intimacy with Roman Society, is henceforward to be known as Signor HOLCANO, has not only arranged to introduce a real eruption into his new play, *The Bondman*, when it is produced at Drury Lane in the autumn, but in view of the fact that he is the only English dramatist who was at Naples at the time of the

recent volcanic disturbance, and therefore the only one with first-hand knowledge of the same, is proposing to add to his business as a novelist and dramatist the profession of Erupter to others. That is to say, if any of the other writers for the stage, Mr. PINERO or Mr. SHAW, Mr. JONES or Mr. BARRIE, finds at any time that his new play is not going as it should, Signor HOLCANO will arrange a realistic eruption for him in the Second or Third Act according to requirements, and ensure success. No audience, he is convinced, can resist a volcano intelligently planned. Such an interpolation, the Signor is convinced, would have been the making of *The Heroic Stubbs*. Even *His House in Order*, he believes, would be the better for it. As he remarks, with infinite wit, "*His House in Order* may be great; but *The Bondman* will be crater."

MUSICAL SHAKSPEARE.

A SHORT time ago the Playgoers' Club instituted a competition for playwrights, with the result that "more than 250 plays were sent in, none of which were suitable for production at a West-End theatre." Commenting on this, *The Evening Standard* suggests that a play which might run a hundred nights labelled a genuine CARTON or PHILLIPS would not satisfy the requirements of a prize play by an unknown. This, no doubt, explains a paragraph in the paper to the effect that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is hall-marking SHAKSPEARE by writing a musical comedy based upon *As you Like It*. Mr. Punch begs to forestall Mr. HICKS, and to present

AS WE CERTAINLY DON'T LIKE IT.

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts, by HICKS VON RUBENSTANNER and WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[NOTE: Great care has been taken to follow the usual musical-comedy plan of making the Second Act even worse than the first.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke (living the simple life in Shepherd's Bush).
 Frederick (his brother, and tenant of his house in Park Lane).
 The melancholy James (footman to the banished Duke).
 Hackenschmidt (a wrestler).
 Oliver } (Sons of the Empire, and, therefore, brothers).
 Orlando }
 Adam and Bede (servants to Frederick).
 Touchstone (a low-comedy actor).
 Rosalind (daughter to Duke—at Park Lane for the season).
 Celia (daughter to Frederick).
 Phebe (a Shepherd's Bush girl).

SCENE—FREDERICK'S house; a wild place in the Bush.

ACT I.—Hall in Park Lane.

Chorus of Footmen, Minor (yet in their way champion) Wrestlers, Maidservants, &c. On their dispersal

Enter ADAM and BEDE.

Adam. Tell me again, BEDE, just how it is that his Grace spends his days secluded-like in Shepherd's Bush.

Bede. Why, HADAM, I told you not half an hour ago.

Adam. Never was such a memory as mine, BEDE. Tell me again, my lad.

[BEDE accordingly explains to the audience just how it is.

Exeunt. Re-enter CHORUS, who explain in bad verse that HACKENSCHMIDT has challenged all-comers, and that an unknown Colonial has accepted the offer. Enter

ORLANDO. SONG—"England, my England." Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Celia. As I live, ROSIE, there is the man!

Rosalind (to ORLANDO). Sir, are you he who would wrestle HACKENSCHMIDT?

Orlando (modestly feeling his biceps). I am.

Rosalind. The little strength I have, and I may mention that I am a Sandow girl, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

TRIO—"The Sandow Girl."

Enter HACKENSCHMIDT, looking as if he wondered what he was doing in a Park Lane hall. Exit ORLANDO, to return disguised as MADRALI. They wrestle.

Celia. I would I were invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

Rosalind (learnedly). I don't think that would be allowed, dear; it's the Græco-Roman style, you know.

Celia (vaguely). Oh, I thought it was Association.

[A shout. HACKENSCHMIDT is thrown. Exit

MADRALI hurriedly, to return as ORLANDO.

Rosalind (giving him ring from her finger). Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hands lack means—

Sans length, sans strength, sans trumps, sans everything.

Celia (aside to ROSALIND). Oh, my dear, how often have I told you that in our set we don't talk in blank verse. You must get out of that habit.

Rosalind. At home—

Celia. Oh, in Shepherd's Bush!

Rosalind (warmly). There are some very nice girls in Shepherd's Bush. You wait till you've seen PHEBE.

SONG.—"The Shepherd's Bush Girl."

Oh, have you heard of PHEBE, she lives at Shepherd's Bush? Her father was a footman—until he got the "push."

But PHEBE didn't worry—a typist she became, And HENRY is her lover: she is typing HENRY's name.

Chorus.

PHEBE,

(Whoever she be)

What matter if her eyes are blue, are brown, are green?

Under the shade of the plane-tree parm

He circles her waist with a Cockney arm—

And she's his Queen! [Etc., etc.]

Orlando (aside). She's charming! (To ROSALIND) Excuse me, Madam, but did you say you lived in Shepherd's Bush?

Rosalind. I do, Sir; though I am staying with my cousin for the season. But why?

Orlando. I am fitting out an expedition to explore the unknown tracts of the Bush. I wondered if—

[They retire to back of stage. Enter OLIVER.

SONG.—"CEL-YER, I want to steal yer."

[OLIVER hangs about till he gets his encore, and then goes out with ORLANDO.

Rosalind. CELIA, I've decided. We must go to Shepherd's Bush, back to father. After all, the season's nearly over.

Celia. My dear, in these clothes, how could I?

Rosalind (struck with a brilliant idea). Let's put on some of your brother's things, and go out with the expedition. It would be fun.

Celia. Oh, what a joke! But what will papa say?

Enter FREDERICK.

Frederick. ROSALIND, I must ask you to remove yourself to Shepherd's Bush—if possible with CELIA.

[Having thus qualified as an actor, and prepared the way for Act II., FREDERICK goes out.

Celia. There! How lucky!

[Exeunt to change their clothes; enter TOUCHSTONE to keep things going during the necessary interval.

Touchstone. I once had a jerboa, a little boy jerboa—dear little chap he was, only a Nonconformist. OSWALD—that was his name, OSWALD. He really made a very decent jerboa indeed—came in from leg a bit, too. A bit of a rascal, though. A bit of a naughty, naughty rascal with the girls . . .

[Etc., etc., until the Call-boy winks at him.

GRAND TABLEAU. ORLANDO, at the head of his Expedition, singing patriotic song, "A Little Bit of Red on the Map." ROSALIND and CELIA, who are travelling overland to Notting Hill, wave farewell from the windows.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.—A wild place in Shepherd's Bush.

Enter JAMES with one or two Lords, like Bushmen.

James (looking at his watch). 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And thereby hangs a song. [Sings it.

[Mr. Punch. Excuse me a moment, but is this Act very bad? Mr. Hicks von Rubenstanner. Very bad indeed.

Mr. Punch. Personally I fear that I shall not be able to survive it.

Mr. Hicks von Rubenstanner. Oh, two or three of us will re-write it after the first night, you know.

Mr. Punch. Then by all means let us wait for that occasion.]



L. RAVEN-HILL after SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WILL HE STRANGLE THEM?

(After the famous "Infant Hercules" by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)



Mistress. "You wish me to take your notice, Jane. This is very sudden, isn't it?"
Jane (blushing). "Oh no, Mum, I've known 'im three days!"

THE BITER BIT.

[The Dogs Bill proposes to wrest from the canine world the privilege of the first bite.]

CAN it be false and am I dreaming,
 Or is it really all too true
 That callous-hearted men are scheming
 To rob our doggies of their due?
 Is it not all a dreadful fiction,
 Whereat I hold my bated breath,
 That on his very first conviction
 My honest tyke must die the death?

The Pug and Pom. will stand aghast if
 This shameful Bill becomes the law;
 Against its tone the stately Mastiff
 Uplift an angry voice and paw.
 And not content with mute negation,
 The Collies swell the wrathful cry,
 Until their howl of indignation
 Awakes an echo from the Skye.

And you, who clamber up on my knee,
 And wag a tail devoid of care,
 Must realise, my faithful Tiny,
 That things are not as once they were.
 No more must you race up yon high hill,
 To worry sheep, your fond delight,
 The motto "*et foxterea nihil*,"
 In your case means you mustn't bite.

But stay, I see a silver lining
 Illume the blackness of the cloud,
 Why waste your time in futile whining
 When lawful bites are still allowed?
 Ere yet the verdict of the Forum
 Shall cheat you of your lawful prey,
 Make tears in breeks as once you tore 'em,
 Gather the rosebuds while you may.

Thus if, perchance, a cracked tin kettle
 The movement of your tail impedes,
 While there is time make haste and settle
 The youths who do such horrid deeds.
 Let not your canine breast be smitten
 With fears of any future woe,
 Only make sure those boys are bitten,
 Only make sure you don't let go!

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AND AFTER.

GAMES like the Olympic Games, it is rumoured, are to be instituted in Turkey. A draft programme which reaches us includes:—

1. Stadium obstacle race for persecuted peasants. Competitors to run round course through burning villages, with wives and families, pursued by tax-collectors with red-hot irons. Peasants

with more than £10 a year income to carry 5lb. penalty.

2. Feats of strength by teams of soldiers of the NIZAM, who will extract six months' back pay in advance from Minister for War in the arena in full view of the audience.

3. Tourist-baiting — Custom House officials to be let loose on foreign travellers chained to stakes in centre of ground, armed solely with backsheesh.

4. The national sport of "Conference," or word-making and word-breaking, with exhibitions of expert prevarication. Representatives of England, Germany, France, and Russia to meet the GRAND VIZIER on a raised platform and attempt to procure evacuation of the Yemen district. (Time limit—eight months.) The delegates will throw ultimatums, and the GRAND VIZIER procrastinate against all comers in the catch-as-catch-can style.

5. The County Championship in revolution, competed for by teams of Bashi-bazouks. Any team failing to establish a new Government on the revolving stage within a quarter of an hour to be disqualified.

MORAL REFLECTIONS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

I.

THESE reflections only occurred to me on the afternoon of last Saturday week, and, though I trust they are moral, I fear they are hardly scientific. Seeing that I never had any scientific training, it would be extremely odd if they were.

I had gone to the Museum with the object of enlarging my mind, and found several hundred other members of the public there with the same purpose. There was a long line of excursion brakes drawn up outside the gates, and I have an idea that some of the excursionists had come up from Newcastle or Everton for the Cup Final. Whether any of them were under the impression that this was the Crystal Palace, I cannot say . . .

In the Central Hall I paused—as I generally do whenever I visit the Museum—before a large glass case containing two models in coloured wax. One represents “The Spotted Gnat, or Mosquito;” the other “The Common, or Grey, Gnat,” and both are enlarged twenty-eight times (linear).

Comparing them (unscientifically) with their originals, who are set up alongside and make but a poor show on two cardboard discs of the diameter of a threepenny-bit, I should have thought the enlargement considerably understated, as each of the models is about as big as an average clothes brush, and very nearly as bristly. But I suppose the official figures may be taken as correct.

These Brobdingnagian insects are highly instructive; read the labels, and you learn that the Mosquito “stabs with its proboscis” (which is the size of a small stylograph) “and is capable of conveying malarial fever,” while the Grey Gnat (a lady) receives a certificate that is almost a testimonial: “Stabs with her proboscis, but does not convey malarial fever.”

With consummate art the modeller has contrived to suggest in the latter insect’s demeanour a certain smug superiority. Her head is bent in Pharisaical humility, as though she were murmuring: “Pray do not confuse Me with a class of insects whom I will not sully my proboscis by particularising! I don’t carry malaria about—like *some* persons!” Which is downright hypocrisy—because anyone who is at all acquainted with the Common Gnat knows that it would be perfectly delighted to carry malaria—if it only knew how.

I wonder whether it is quite judicious of the authorities to apotheosise the Grey Gnat in this fashion; it was surely insufferable enough before, without all this official white-washing!

I always linger in front of this case, because, sooner or later, there is sure to be at least one simple-minded sight-seer who accepts these two models as ordinary specimens of tropical insect life. And once more I am rewarded. For I hear AMANDUS remarking, with a superior air, to AMANDA, “You didn’t really expect they’d ‘ave ’em out there as big as all *that*, did yer?” To which AMANDA replies in an aggrieved accent, “Yus, I *did*!” Poor girl, *her* mind is being enlarged twenty-eight times (linear), but it is a painful process, and involves the shattering of many fond illusions! . . .

I drift on to a case designed to illustrate “Mimicry. Special Resemblance to Surroundings.” Privately I have my doubts whether, even for insects, Mimicry may not be rather a dangerous social accomplishment; whether, in short, they may not make more enemies than friends by it. What I feel I am *expected* to admire is the marvellous, if unconscious, instinct of self-preservation shown by such performances.

Well, candidly, I cannot. I would if they seemed to me to mimic *well*, but I do not think—though of course they must know their own business best—I do not think they do it quite well *enough*.

Take, for instance, the Butterfly known as “*Kallima Inachis*.” This insect attaches itself to a dry twig and endeavours to look as much like a decayed leaf as it can. But surely, except in the autumn, it would only be rendering itself more conspicuous by such a device. And at any season I can scarcely believe that it would impose for long on any bird that was not a born fool. I am no *Sherlock Holmes*—yet even *I* detected the disguise almost at a glance. And your bird, remember, is a specialist by heredity in these matters . . .

I confess that this and similar exhibits in the same case have had the deplorable effect of lowering my opinion of the entire Insect Kingdom. I will not say that I ever entertained a high regard for any of them, but at least I gave them credit, as a class, for being free from the slightest taint of Snobbishness!

Yet what do I find here? A Moth the whole object of whose existence is to be mistaken for a Butterfly! And such a shoddy “frock-coat and bowler-hat” sort of imitation, too! So obvious an outsider could never have succeeded in getting into any really good—to say nothing of smart—Butterfly set. And this is what it has come to—exposure to the scorn of the British Public as a detected impostor! Better—far better—for that Moth had it perished while still an innocent larva!

Again, there is a kind of Spider which has achieved quite a passable imitation of an Ant of the lower middle class, or else it is the plebeian adventurer Ant that is posing, to impress those who do not know it at home, as a Spider with a web and flies and everything handsome about it. I care not which. In either case it seems to me but a paltry ambition. I should have expected better things from *both* of them.

It is distressing to note that even the Animals are not free from this foible. Here, for example, is a Tree Shrew which, not content with doing its duty in its own state of life, persists in aping the manners and appearance of a Squirrel.

A lady visitor does not seem to have quite grasped this idea, for I hear her observing instructively to her companion: “Ah yes, my dear, see how closely they get to resemble the trees they live in—*wonderful*, is it not?” But the majority seem to have spotted the Shrew as the contemptible fraud he is.

The same case contains an object-lesson illustrating what is described as “Reciprocal Advantage.” So far as I can follow it, the situation is something like this: There is a Nice Butterfly (whom we will call A.) who is uncomfortably conscious of being regarded as a delicious tit-bit by every bird or lizard with any pretensions to a palate.

There is also a Nasty Butterfly (hereinafter referred to as B.) whom even the least particular lizard or bird will, after a single experience of his peculiar flavour, take uncommonly good care never to touch again.

So says A. to himself (or else Nature says it for him—I am too unscientific to know which): “If I could only make myself *look* as nasty as B. is, all the birds and lizards would let *me* alone!” Which, by patience and perseverance, A. gradually contrives to do.

Well, I will admit that this idea of A.’s is not without a showy ingenuity, even if it is wanting in true reciprocity and consideration for B.’s interests. What I fail to see is that, even from A.’s point of view, it is really such a very masterly stratagem.

The calculation evidently assumes that the inexperienced lizard (or bird) would come across B. *first*. But why is this so certain? Why should not A. be the first victim? Then, obviously, such bird (or lizard) would infer that both A. and B. were equally good eating. I may be told that any such impression would infallibly be corrected as soon as the lizard (or bird) tried to tackle B.—that it would then wipe its mouth (or bill) with surprised disgust, and a mental note to avoid both B.’s and A.’s for the future. Again, *why*? Surely it is quite as likely that the bird (or lizard) would merely look upon the *contretemps* as a regrettable incident, a rare

exception to the general rule. After all, a person who has had the ill-luck to absorb a dubious Anglo-Dutch does not necessarily forswear all natives from that moment. He may pass through an interim stage of suspicion, but eventually, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, Hope will, as it generally does, triumph over Experience. His trust in oysters will return to him.

No, Scientific Experts may extol the wisdom of this so-called Reciprocal Arrangement if they choose:—for my own part, I have the gravest doubts whether it is found to work out well in practice. Depend upon it, when any insect sets out with the idea of being too clever by half, it is tolerably certain to be itself the first it succeeds in taking in! That, at all events, is the moral I draw from the case in point . . .

There are many other equally valuable lessons and morals to be picked up in the Museum, but I have exhausted my space already, and must reserve the remainder of my reflections for a subsequent number. F. A.

THE AID OF THE "AD."

EVEN the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park has now adopted methods of publicity, in issuing picture post-cards and large coloured posters to attract the public. Mr. *Punch* expects to read the following shortly in the papers:—

Don't be Ill.

Have you a bad leg?

The London Hospital will take it off.

Is your hair falling?

The London Hospital will keep it on.

Open day and night.

Subscriptions and donations neatly landed by the Hook of (Sydney) Holland.

Don't be Uninformed.

Why grovel in ignorance when the British Museum in Bloomsbury is only a penny fare from almost anywhere?

Matchless collection of curiosities.

Thousands of Books.

Free to all.

Save your Money.

"I know a Bank."

"Where?"

"In Threadneedle Street."

"Who lives there?"

"The Old Lady."

"What does she do?"

"Takes care of your money!"

TO THE CASHIER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

April 1.

DEAR MR. NAIRNE,—Ten years ago I deposited a sum of money at your Bank. Last week, when I called, I found it still there!

Yours truly,

HENRY MIGGS.



MR. MOTHDRIIVER, THE FAMOUS, YET ABSENT-MINDED, GOLF-NATURALIST, INVARIABLY CARRIES A BUTTERFLY-NET IN HIS GOLF-BAG—FOR HE AGREES WITH MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON THAT SOME OF THE BEST ENTOMOLOGICAL SPECIMENS CAN BE CAPTURED IN THE COURSE OF PLAYING THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.

Education Note.

THE Nonconformists say that they are right, and right is might, but the Bishops think the Mitre is right. It is hard to kick against the Bishoppries.

The Tribune, in its account of the recent French riots, says that "when the first electric tramcar left the dépôt to start running, a group of 1,000 strikers stopped it and took out the horses," thus cruelly depriving it of its h.p.

More Commercial Candour.

FROM an advertisement of a Dublin Sale ("Bargains Page"):

25 pairs

Mercerised Tapestry Curtains.

23/- pair; worth 3/5.

Anyone lucky enough to snap up the whole twenty-five pairs could furnish the rest of his house with his savings.

Russia's St. George.—GEORGE BORROW.

WOE FOR WEARY WILLY.

[As a result of the recent Vagrancy Commission the tramp is threatened with imprisonment as such.]

WILLIAM, whose fatigue has lent a
Long tradition to the road,
Scorner of impedimenta
And the permanent abode,
Have you lately seen enormous
Thunderbolts about the blue?—
Legislation (they inform us)
Fairly hovers over you.

Often by the wayside hedges,
WILLIAM, we have watched you sit,
Propped against their verdant edges,
And—to all appearance—fit;
Often, musing on your avoca-
tions and the life you led,
Found you working awful havoc
With a tidy hunk of bread!

Others may be poor but honest;
WILLIAM, that is not your part,
Pride, emphatically, *non est*
Round the region of your heart;
Every open-windowed mansion
Sees your simple powers employed
Stretching to supreme expansion
Nature, who abhors a void.

Difficulties! You disdain 'em;
Prompt to act at hunger's call,
What to you is "Cave canem!"
On the glass-embattled wall?
Philosophic to the last, if
Fortune frowns, you mock her whims,
Merely severing the mastiff
From your slightly-damaged limbs.

Nought to you, unblushing scoffer,
Are the cares that cark and irk!
Nothing grieves you but the offer
Of facilities for work;
No intemperate proceeding
Bids your burly bosom ache,
Save remorse from overfeeding
On the house-wife's home-built cake.

Yet—for all the canine genus
Ultimately meet their fate,—
Yours is coming, and (between us)
WILLIAM, 'tis a trifle late;
In the future able-bodied
Patrons of the simple life
Will be resolutely quodded
Ere they dream of saying "Knife."

Never now shall dreamy bantam
Perch or coop untimely quit,
You have robbed the hen-roost *quantum*,
Gulielme, sufficit:
Never more shall larder window
Set with household stores and fruit,
(Peaches from the wall or tinned do.),
Yield you uninvited loot.

WILLIAM, to be somewhat briefer,
Since the State intends to soil
Fingers that we know had liefer
Scoop to larceny than toil,

Rumours of your sad position
All our sympathies evoke
For the pending abolition
Of an immemorial joke!

THE CALL OF THE EAST.

["WANTED.—A PRIME MINISTER for a NATIVE STATE. Salary, Rs. 2,000, besides allowance. Apply to No. 1069, *Civil and Military Gazette*. Lahore."] *Civil and Military Gazette*, April 4, 1906.]

DEAR SIR,—Noticing your advertisement for a Prime Minister in *The Civil and Military Gazette*, I beg to offer myself for the post. I have been for three years in a similar position in this country, in which time I gave, I believe, a large measure of satisfaction. The only reason for ceasing to hold the reins was that it was felt by the country that it was perhaps time for my opponents (for in England every Prime Minister has opponents) to be given a chance, but they are already repenting it. I was, however, by no means tired myself, and would readily begin again. In your reply kindly say if you have a good golf links near the Parliament House.

Believe me, yours faithfully

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in supporting my dear friend A. J. BALFOUR's application. He is apt, willing, and has had long experience. I cannot remember any Prime Minister who disagreed with me less. Take him, is my counsel, take him and keep him. He will do you credit. Believe me, yours faithfully,

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

SIR,—If your advertisement for a Prime Minister in *The Civil and Military Gazette* is genuine, and not a joke, I offer myself to fill the breach. I am thirty and unmarried; fighting weight 10½ stone; I hold office in the English Government; I have a special fondness for native States. My reason for expressing willingness to accept this post is that I am ready for a change. One can be in the same place too long. I will give you what you want: if you like peace I will do my best; but if you want war you shall have it. I could come at once. Yours faithfully,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

SIR,—I know Mr. CHURCHILL well. He is in fact, if not in name, a member of my Cabinet, but I would make an effort and spare him if you were really keen. I sometimes wonder if he has not been with us long enough. At any rate a young native State would, I think, offer him a congenial field for his undoubted abilities. Yours faithfully,

H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

SIR,—Mr. CHURCHILL has asked me for a testimonial, and I gladly give him one. He is a very remarkable young man.

In whatever new employment he undertakes I would wish him God speed.

Yours faithfully, ELGIN.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your advertisement in *The Civil and Military Gazette* for a Prime Minister, I beg to offer my services. I have not, it is true, had any actual experience in this capacity, but as you are doubtless aware, the Editor of a great London weekly such as *The Spectator* is virtually a Prime Minister; while I would remind you that my efforts not only to promote rifle ranges, but also to retain Free Trade, cheapen cottages and raise the status of the dog and cat, are all of a part with the duties of a truly humane Premier.

Awaiting your reply,

I am, your obedient servant,

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

SIR,—I can cordially recommend Mr. STRACHEY for the post of Prime Minister of a Native State. As a distant despot I think he would be distinctly enchanting to the view. Besides, in times of prolonged drought you could rely upon him to rain cats and dogs once a week.

Yours faithfully

JESSE COLLINGS.

DEAR SIR,—Having abandoned the pulpit and exhausted Drumtochty, I beg to offer myself for the post advertised in your journal. Faithfully yours,

IAN MACLAREN.

SIR,—IAN MACLAREN of old *was* a *prime* meenister and would no doubt be so again. Respectfully yours,

S. R. CROCKETT.

SIR,—I see from your advertisement in a recent issue that you require a "Premier"; and in reply I beg to inform you that I have a "Moonbeam," secondhand, but in very good condition, and which I have already ridden over 2000 miles, largely in the North of England. The tyres, bearings, &c., are of the very latest pattern, and in fact I feel sure that it would be in every way suited to you. I see you offer 2000 rupees a month, but I should prefer to sell it outright. Inspection invited any afternoon before three. I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ARCHIBALD ALLTUFT.

The Nest, Peckham.

DEAR SIR,—Disgusted with the methods adopted in the political arena at home, I had already resolved to seek employment in the Far East when I saw your advertisement. My qualifications for the post of Prime Minister are so obvious that I need not recapitulate them beyond mentioning that as chief Bannerwoman at the Albert Hall I was far more than a match for Premier BANNERMAN, and that *The Daily Chronicle*

describes me as a determined-looking woman. I have only to add that I should, if appointed, insist on continuing to wear our famous big white buttons with the motto "Votes for Women," and that my first measure would have for its aim the abolition of all policemen.

Faithfully yours,

ANNIE KENNY.

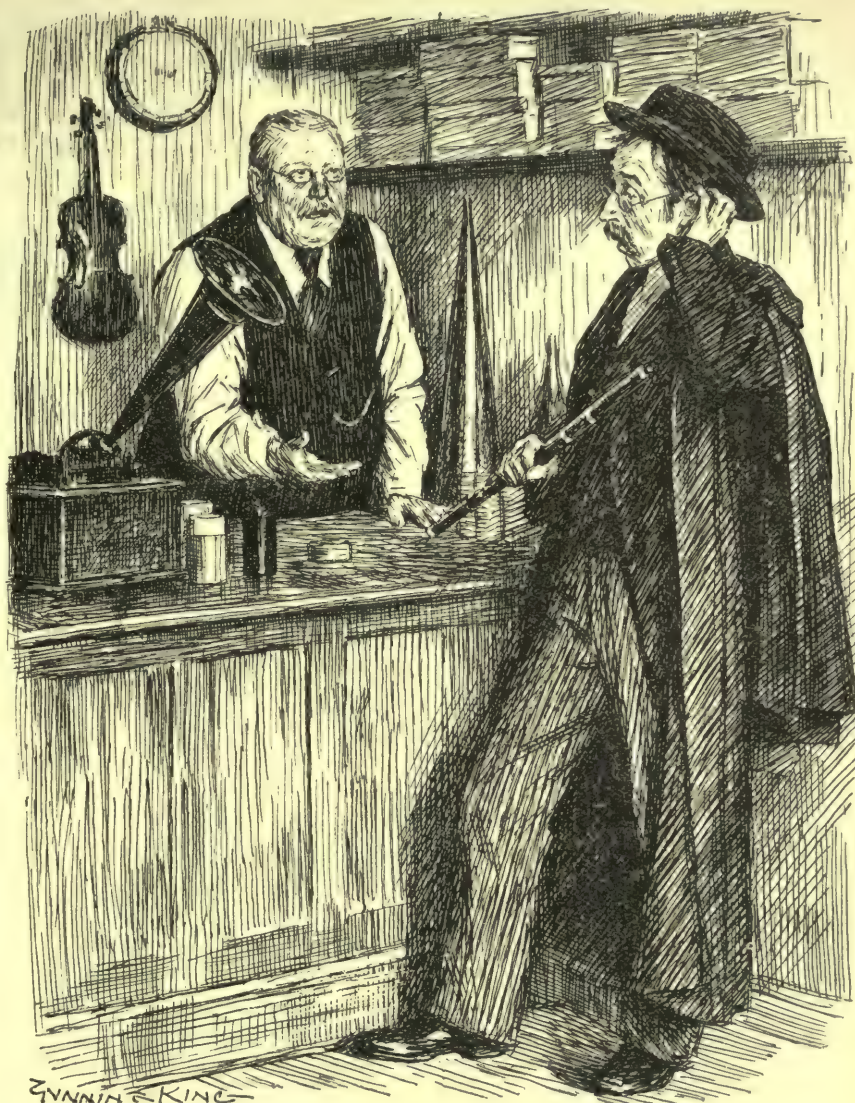
Miss BILLINGTON has great pleasure in stating her conviction that Miss ANNIE KENNY is in all respects fully qualified to hold the post of Prime Minister, or indeed any post hitherto monopolised by men. She has the eloquence of LOUISE MICHEL and the courage of forty bloodhounds.

SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT.

[In its review of "Noteworthy Families (Modern Science)," by FRANCIS GALTON and EDGAR SCHUSTER, *The Daily Chronicle* says:—"Professor GALTON's new science of Eugenics—of procreative development—promises to set us all thinking a little more about force of family ability, and less about accidental things which may or may not matter, when, in the fulness of youthful wisdom and deliberation, we choose our wives."]

DOLLY is sweet and fair,
 MABEL is fair and sweet;
 KITTY's complexion
 Is simply perfection,
 And so are dear TRIXY's feet.
 DOLLY has wavy hair,
 MABEL a magic spell;
 Adorably pretty
 Are TRIXY and KITTY,
 And DOLLY and MAY as well.
 For DOLLY I
 Would die;
 To MAY, dear thing,
 I'd cling;
 I'd crowns eschew, could I but woo
 Sweet TRIX so true, and KITTY too!
 They set desire
 On fire,
 They're all so sweet and pretty:
 I'd cross the Styx for darling TRIX,
 Or MAY, or DOLL, or KITTY.

JANE has a turned-up nose,
 Eyes of a sad sea-green,
 Also a figure
 Of terrible rigour,
 Angular, lank and lean—
 Scanty each love-lock grows;
 Dingy and dull each tress;
 Her hat is all dusty
 And fusty and musty,
 And so is her draggled dress.
 For JANE my heart
 Won't smart;
 I feel no pain
 For JANE;
 I'd bear the blow with courage,
 though
 She were to go to Jericho.



THE PHONOGRAPH CANNOT LIE.

German Dealer. "NOW, MEIN HERR! YOU'VE CHUST HEERD YOUR LOFELY BLAYING REBRODUCED TO BEEFECTIO! WON'T YOU BUY ONE?"

Amateur Flautist. "ARE YOU SURE THE THING'S ALL RIGHT?"

German Dealer. "ZERTAINLY, MEIN HERR."

Amateur Flautist. "GAD, THEN, IF THAT'S WHAT MY PLAYING IS LIKE, I'M DONE WITH THE FLUTE FOR EVER."

I would not stir
 For her,
 Nor very much regret her:
 I'd be inclined, I think, to find
 The world distinctly better.

But DOLLY's papa—who's he?
 And MABEL's and KITTY's too?
 And what are the stations
 Of TRIXY's relations?—
 Not one of them in *Who's Who!*
 JANE's father's a D.Sc.,
 Her uncle a don—no less;
 Her promising brother
 Is also another,
 As well as an F.R.S.

Then DOLLY I
 Must fly,
 And turn away
 From MAY:
 My face I'll set though KITTY fret,
 And TRIX be wet with vain regret.
 I'll woo my plain
 Old JANE—
 To miss such chance were folly—
 No! hang it, I for TRIX will try,
 Or KATE, or MAY, or DOLLY.

We beg to call the attention of Mr. DARLING (in *Peter Pan*) to the following from *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph*:

"DOG KENNEL, good condition, very large; suit gentleman."



TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

Unsympathetic Spectator (to G. R., who is doing his best to recover his seat after a blunder). "NOW THEN, GUY'NOR, IT AIN'T NO USE YOUR GOIN' ON WITHOUT THE 'ORSE!"

CHARIVARIA.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OSCAR FREDERICK ARTHUR EDMUND, Duke of WESTERBOTTEN, has been born.

The Marquis TOWNSHEND has now recovered, and cannot adequately express his thanks to the halfpenny papers which looked after his private affairs during his recent indisposition.

A Chicago man has made a bet that he will tell nothing but the truth for the space of one year. We admire him. Not many men would voluntarily sentence themselves to twelve months' hard.

A man in custody at Liscard, Cheshire, speaks a dialect which the police cannot understand. We wonder whether it is honest English.

General BADEN-POWELL has condemned sporting loafers in no uncertain voice, and says we are gradually becoming a nation of onlookers at games. The loafers in question consider this an exhibition of gross ingratitude on the part of the General, for, without them, there would have been no Mafficking.

Councillor HOSGOOD, the ex-Mayor of Hackney, has planted a tree in what is to be known as Mayor's Avenue. The custom, it has been decided, is to be continued, and if we have a hot summer and more shade becomes necessary, a new Mayor may be elected every week.

The leaders of the rowdy Suffragettes showed themselves such practised disturbers of the peace, that Mr. REDMOND spoke up for them.

King ALFONSO and Princess ENA, having investigated the inside of a submarine, have quite made up their minds where they will do the remainder of their courting should the reporters show them too much attention.

Meanwhile, by far the prettiest street decoration to be seen in Cowes is, we hear (and can believe), Princess ENA.

It is expected in the drapery trade that, owing to the San Francisco disaster, everyone in future will devote more attention to the choice of pyjamas.

Mr. WILDSMITH, of the Telegraph Department, Leeds, it is announced, has had a water-colour accepted by the Royal

Academy. But Mr. WILDSMITH must not be discouraged. It has happened to better men than he.

The Old English Dinner which took place last week is mentioned by several papers as a novelty. As a matter of fact there are many restaurants in London where one may always rely on getting old English food, although the fact is not advertised—to the casual customer's great annoyance.

The war of the rival motor omnibuses continues. The electric vehicles, it is said, will make no smell; on the other hand, the petrol vehicles, it is pointed out, make a nice smell.

We are glad to hear that Father GAPON is none the worse for having been killed.

A CORRESPONDENT in *The Daily Telegraph* suggests that on the day of the Education Bill's second reading everybody should send a postcard of protest to the PRIME MINISTER, making 10,000,000 protests in one day. Both Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. BUXTON declare that they will face the situation with equanimity.



UNDISMAYED.

SAN FRANCISCO. "I SHALL SOON BE MYSELF AGAIN."
COLUMBIA. "AND MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER!"





"Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind, thou art not so unkind as Man's Ingratitude."

MISS HATFIELD SAYS THAT SHE WILL NEVER STOP ANOTHER RUNAWAY HAT—SHE DIDN'T RECEIVE A WORD OF THANKS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 24.

—CARSON in fine form after his Easter holiday. Reminds old Members of his earlier manner when, just returned for Dublin University, finding Mr. G. Leader of House with Home Rule Bill in his pocket, he, to huge delight of Ulster men, gave the veteran Statesman a taste of what in Dublin passes for Old Bailey treatment of a disreputable witness. Storm arose to-day over inoffensive-looking measure disguised under prosaic name of Local Registration of Title (Ireland) Bill; in charge of CHERRY, making his first appearance at Table as Attorney-General for Ireland. Before it was over he fervently hoped it might be his last.

Tornado so swift, sudden, and furious that it was a little difficult to make out what it was all about. As far as mere Saxon intelligence could comprehend, the late LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND had placed in the office of Local Land Registration in the County of Cork one Mr. WRIGHT. There was a little difficulty about the matter. Mr. WRIGHT, though a sound Unionist, was not legally qualified for the post. But what of that?

"Ever hear the story about ASHBOURNE and our dear departed Lord MORRIS discussing HALSBURY's alleged tendency to put blood relations into snug offices?" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "ASHBOURNE loyally defended his colleague. '*Ceteris paribus*,' he said, 'a man having a good thing to dispose of should remember his relations.' '*Ceteris paribus* be —,' " growled honest Lord MORRIS.

Cork case was referred to Irish Law Officers, who advised that appointment of Mr. WRIGHT would, on technical grounds, be illegal. Nevertheless he was appointed. Object of Bill before House to-day was to rectify the admitted irregularity. Ulster up in arms. Slightly varying a historic couplet fashioned years ago by GRANDOLPH:

Ulster will fight
To keep in Mr. WRIGHT.

CARSON led the attack. Remembering proverbial injunction, he didn't make two bites at CHERRY. Disposed of him at a single snap.

"A dirtier piece of work has never been attempted in the House of Commons," he thundered. "A gross job, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL knows it."

At first dull Saxons listening thought this was an allusion to ASHBOURNE's appointment of Mr. WRIGHT, denounced

as illegal by his colleagues the Law Officers. CARSON, perceiving this awkward tendency, hastened to make his position clear. Sweeping the range of the Treasury Bench, he noticed absence of the CHIEF SECRETARY. This his opportunity. If in a Government of All the Virtues there is one man more blameless than the rest, it is BRYCE. That made CARSON's attack the more picturesque and effective.

With voice deepening in indignation, his frame quivering with righteous wrath, a baleful light gleaming in his shocked eyes, he thundered forth inquiry, "Where is the CHIEF SECRETARY? Why is he not present to-day?"

Answering his own question, he drew a vivid picture of the guilty Minister hiding—whether in the cellars of the Irish Office or in the purlieus of the House he did not condescend to say—ashamed of a transaction, memories of which would haunt what was left of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to his dying day.

It presently turned out that Mr. BRYCE was in Ireland winding up work undertaken during the recess. Also there was read the opinion of the Irish Law Officers in the last Government advising that Mr. WRIGHT's appointment was illegal. That certainly awkward. But

Ulster instinctively resents a job, and its honest voice found emphatic utterance from the lips of Lord ASHBOURNE's former colleague, sometime English SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

Business done.—House resumes work after the Easter holidays.

Wednesday night.—Just forty years ago a brilliant youth at Cambridge, bubbling with Greek, wrote a fragment after the manner of an old Athenian comedy. "The Ladies in Parliament," he called it. Ladies are not yet in Parliament. But they were to-night in the Gallery behind the Grille and, before sitting closed, were turned out by the police, just as if they were Irish Members.

The little incident arose in debate on Motion affirming the principle of Women's Suffrage Bill. Curious how closely proceedings followed the lines laid down by GEORGE TREVELYAN. In "The Ladies in Parliament" the Leader of the insistent women, discussing the plan of campaign, says:—

One chance remains, the last and surest course
Of injured worth:—a bold appeal to force.
Invest the lobbies; raise across the courts
A barricade of Bluebooks and Reports;
Suspend for good the Orders of the day;
To serve as hostage seize Sir THOMAS MAY;
And with one daring stroke for ever close
The fount and origin of these our woes.
Till man, who holds so light our proper charms,
Is brought to reason by material arms.

Thus throughout earlier part of sitting the outer lobby was a scene of tumult. Strong-minded females bodily seized passing Members with intent to extort pledge of voting for their Resolution. KEIR HARDIE in charge of it did not find opportunity till close upon 10 o'clock. No sign on half-empty Benches of coming storm. House as peaceful, almost as somnolent, as San Francisco on eve of earthquake.

It was SAM EVANS—who tossed the fat into the fire. HOME SECRETARY having announced that in pending division Members might go as they pleased, it seemed natural that division should forthwith take place. Under new Rules debate must close at eleven. If proceeding at that hour the Motion would be talked out. When SAM—a lately married man, too—interposed with jaunty air and evident intent of making a speech as lengthy as was necessary for

nefarious purpose, there was ominous rustling in the crowded Ladies' Gallery. Hitherto the occupants had been portentously silent. That they meant to take a turn in the proceedings was evident from the fact that they brought down their battle flag, presently to be run up at what serves as the peak of the Gallery. With a wiliness foreign to the simple nature of average woman they bided their time.

By order of relentless man they would certainly be turned out when disorder began. Towards close of sitting that wouldn't matter. They would have heard the debate and could afford to pay

Motion would be talked out. Those seated beneath the Ladies' Gallery heard ominous scratching suggestive of fingernails practising on copies of Orders of the Day. Someone behind the Grille shrilly shrieked "Divide!" The cry was taken up in varied note of discord. Ungloved fists projecting through the Grille were shaken in the direction of SAM, still on legs which, in spite of desperate effort at self-control, began to tremble. CREMER, who crowned the iniquity of opposing the Motion by announcement that he "had had two wives," came in for share of execration. Members looking up at scene of riot, beheld a white flag, bearing in black letters the legend, "Vote for Women," frantically waving over the sacred edifice of the SPEAKER'S chair.

By command of the SPEAKER the police were marshalled. Advancing at the double they charged the Ladies' Gallery, and by main force cleared it. One damsel insisted upon her right to be carried forth. So uniformed men more or less tenderly encompassed her frail form in stalwart arms, she meanwhile crying aloud for other, less substantial, woman's rights.

"There can be no stronger argument against the Motion before the House than the scene just witnessed." Thus SAM EVANS, in the enforced absence of the traditional proprietress, having the last word.

Business done.—The female suffragist descends on House of Commons; after sharp conflict is ejected.

LESS 37.

PROFESSOR MILNE, who has an earthquake-recording instrument at his home in the Isle of Wight, interviewed after the San Francisco disaster by *The Daily Express*, said: "I found the record on returning home from a round of the golf-links, and at once saw that a tremendous upheaval of the earth's crust had taken place." We are afraid that the Professor did not keep his eye on the ball.

The Journalistic Touch.

"AMONG those present, with whom his lordship shook hands very cordially, were three men, one armless."—*Daily Mail*.

"—, a deaf mute, was brought up on remand.... The prisoner did not wish to say anything, and was committed for trial."—*Oxford Chronicle*.



SAFEST AND CHEAPEST TRAVELLING IN LONDON.

New method of transit invented by our hysterical friends the Suffragettes; cheaper, quicker and more reliable than tubes or motor-buses.

the price of exclusion in the last few minutes. But SAM EVANS, unconsciously dallying under an avalanche already beginning to slide, was too much for them. He affirmed that no important section of women demanded the franchise. JAMES STUART denying this, the pent-up passion of the crowd in the Gallery burst forth. A shrill cry of "Hear! hear!" resounded through startled House.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, whetting his sword on leg of chair, sent up message that if this was repeated, "steps would be taken." For a few minutes this had mollifying effect. The reckless SAM continued. Hands of clock pointed to ten minutes to eleven. In ten minutes the



WAS SHAKSPEARE SERIOUS?

Dr. Furnivall, presiding at the Shakspeare Celebration at Clifford's Inn Hall, said that artists committed the mistake of making Shakspeare a serious individual. Shakspeare was not serious, he was always "larking," and artists should remember this. (Our artist has.)

THE TIT-BITIAN STATISTICIAN.

(Dedicated to Mr. Poffley in "The Man from Blankley's.")

If all the broccoli sent in a single week from West Cornwall to Covent Garden were placed in a line, it would be long enough to reach from Charing Cross to Mont Blanc, make a double-circle garland round its top peak, and continue thence to one mile west of Valparaiso.

If the Aurora Borealis were transplanted and stuck in the middle of Europe, it would take employment away from 1,750,439 gas-workers in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, and Turkey, with a saving of household expenditure of £12,584,256 13s. 7d. annually, while the fall in shares would bring starvation to 51,411 men, 189,666 women (married and single), and 373,538 children under 14 years of age.

The amount of blotting-paper that could be turned out of British paper mills, working two shifts a week, during 25 years, 8 months, 3 weeks, would be enough to about soak up the Pacific.

An eminent scientist has calculated that if the agricultural labourers of Great Britain would discard hobnail boots in favour of pumps, the manufacture of the latter would provide work for the whole continent of Europe bar one man. The iron thus thrown aside would suffice to make 12 armoured cruisers two-thirds the size of the *Black Prince*, with plates $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thicker.

The quantity of hair exchanged annually between lovers in the United Kingdom would suffice to stuff 999 gross hair pillows, or generate enough ammonia to fill 21,203 carboys.

If a man were to walk on his hands from London to Bournemouth, it would take him $17\frac{3}{4}$ times longer than it would take a 10lb. salmon to swim from Varstanger Fjord in Norway to Calcutta (via the Suez Canal).

The amount of porridge consumed in Scotland during the last three centuries (including 1900 up to October 1st) would form a lake $2\frac{1}{4}$ times the size of Loch Lomond and $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as deep.

Supposing a contract were made to suspend linen buttons by single strings at distances of six inches along the branches of all the palm trees in Southern India, it would take English manufacturers 9 years, 7 months, 3 weeks to supply the demand.

A month's accumulation of the mustard wasted daily in London on the edges of plates would suffice to give St. Paul's a beautiful coat of primrose paint.

Two cocoa-nut husks form an adequate life-belt. If the husks of all the cocoanuts in Southern India were brought to this country and distributed two husks

the earth's surface, would be sufficient in 1200 years, 9 months, 5 days, to dry up all the minor watercourses on Jupiter.

20,607,010 loads of hay would just be enough to block up the Thames at Blackfriars.

THOUGHTS ABOUT PARIS.

PARIS is in France. At certain times of the year, America is in Paris.

It is said that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. Tourists, on meeting some of them, are apt to fear that one day it may be their fate to meet a bad one.

The birth rate in France, low as it is, is sufficient to keep the French language alive. The language is so frequently murdered by tourists that it is computed it would be extinct in a day and a half but for the children.

To get over the language difficulty, tourists should pretend to be dumb.

A little language is a dangerous thing. A nation that does not speak English is not of necessity a fair object for ridicule.

Ignorance of the correct French accent does not invariably denote a superior person.

The traffic in Paris is controlled by one policeman and one white bâton. It is the policeman's business to write in a book the number of any *cocher* who refrains from reply to his rebuke, and to that man is offered the post of road-waterer in the Avenues. Meek men are required for this work, who may be relied upon not to use their hose in revenge upon drivers and chauffeurs who attempt to run them down.

What Paris did not think yesterday, the *Paris Daily*

Mail says to-day.

The Englishman who has formed his ideas of Frenchmen from *The Spring Chicken* is likely to find many surprises in Paris.

A beard in Paris does not necessarily denote wisdom or middle age. It is rather the proud result of the infinite pains of a vain man.

When the cafés close, the day begins.

A franc is not a shilling, and a 25-centime piece is not a franc.

No man can truly say that he has seen Paris until he has lived there a dozen years, or spent at least a quarter of an hour at the top of the Eiffel Tower.

The greatest menace to the *entente cordiale* is garlic.



BIRD FANCIES.

Young Ostriches. "OH, AUNTIE, REACH US SOME OF THOSE LOVELY BANANAS!"

per man, there would thus be provided a sufficient number of natural life-belts to enable two-thirds of the population to be swimming about in the English Channel at the same time.

Should some malicious person remove the 80,000 volumes in Coimbra Library to Madrid, it would take 667 students carrying a volume a time and walking 20 miles a day, 7 years, 5 months, 3 weeks, $2\frac{1}{2}$ days to carry them back to Coimbra.

If all the paraffin lamps made in this country in one year were brought together on Salisbury Plain and lit, the heat thus produced, emanating from

THE NEWER HISTORY.

THE Modern School of History has done much to correct the erroneous notions of kings and statesmen, once held by us so fondly. In connection with its work of reconstructing and to a large extent whitewashing the past, a series of lectures will be delivered in London during the summer by the youngest and most modern among our historians. We append a syllabus of the first three lectures of the course.

HISTORY AS SEEN UNDER MODERN LIGHTS.

LECTURE I.—*Matilda the Conqueror; or, The true story of the Norman Conquest.*

1. Norman Conquest generally regarded as the ambitious enterprise of a strong-willed Norman Duke. Erroneousness of this conception.

2. Norman Conquest now known to be an expedition undertaken to satisfy, not the virile lust of ambition, but the artistic craving of a woman.

3. MATILDA of Flanders, the artist, ever longing to create. Compelled by the restrictions of her age to shape her conceptions not in painting or in literature, but in Tapestry, the passion of her life.

4. Demand of the Artist-soul for a theme worthy to be the material of her masterpiece. The achievements of her husband the most natural source of her inspiration.

5. Discontent of MATILDA with Duke WILLIAM's local conquests, involving mere land marches. Her demand for a progress across the sea, affording scope for designs of ships, pageants of embarkation, landing, etc.

6. The great request—the conquest of England. Duke WILLIAM's reluctance to do the lawless deed.

7. Complex personality of Duke WILLIAM, the strong-willed chieftain, but also the submissive husband. The needle mightier than the sword!

8. Conquest of England and its results: the work of the Royal Needle-woman of Flanders.

LECTURE II.—*Harry the Chivalrous.*

1. Popular notion of HENRY THE EIGHTH that of an unbounded tyrant in relation to women. Injustice of this conception.

2. HENRY THE EIGHTH by nature the sensitive, solitary ascetic, devoted to the study of the New Learning, compelled by fate to play a public part as King.

3. HENRY THE EIGHTH the first to see the growing preponderance of women in our English population. Marriage at that time the only career open to women. Loneliness and lack of dignified position the inevitable lot of many feminine subjects of the KING. Consciousness of this a heavy burden on the sensitive soul of HENRY, hence his generous determination to make Royal wives of as many women as possible.

4. Execution of his wives and his subsequent re-marriages explained by two distinct motives:—

(a) Insupportable longing for the

of a simple masque to be presented before the King and Lords on their way to Parliament.

3. Masque of *The Phoenix*, soaring from a nest of fire, suggesting majesty of JAMES rising with new vigour from the ashes of Elizabethan brilliance. Faggots needed for the Masque stored in the Westminster vaults. Gunpowder prepared in order to represent the sound of a Royal salute—access to genuine artillery not being then allowed to the common people.

4. Fanciful and classical names assumed by the masquers. Capture of the actor earliest at rehearsal. His historic name CAIUS FAUSTUS. Uncouth pronunciation of the Latin tongue, hence the popular corruption GUY FAWKES.

5. Elation of King JAMES at his own ingenuity in discovering a so-called plot. No opportunity of explanation afforded to the unhappy clowns.

6. A tardy exculpation. To clear the name of GUY FAWKES now the sacred duty of the Modern Historian.



Office Boy. "WANT TO SEE THE GUV'NOR? WHAT NAME SHALL I SAY?"

Visitor. "HERR SCHWEITZSALSBURGHAUSEN."

Office Boy. "OH, I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO PRONOUNCE ALL THAT. I'M LEAVING AT THE END OF THE WEEK."

solitary life. Impulse from time to time too strong to be resisted.

(b) Impulse again restrained under the sense of renewed possibility of rescuing another woman from the curse of spinsterhood.

5. Strange injustice of posterity, whose women have condemned the conduct of HARRY the Chivalrous.

LECTURE III.—*Smoke Cleared from the Gunpowder Plot.*

1. Successful performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream* in London in the spring of 1605. Popular appreciation of the Athenian workmen's share in the festivities of *Duke Theseus*.

2. Idea thereby suggested to a band of loyal London workmen. Preparation

Mr. A. should wait until the train stops. He may then alight without breach of the regulations, and, if he has further to go, may continue his journey in another carriage. On reaching home he should take a good dose of carbolic.

Other solutions are as follows:—

Mr. A. should recline in the hat-rack, and avoid breathing.

Mr. A. should appear not to have heard the observation.

Mr. A. should arrange to have been himself bitten beforehand by an insane dog, and casually mention, in the course of conversation, that he believes he is suffering from hydrophobia. The man and boy will at once see the propriety, not only of opening the window, but of departing through it.

A PROBLEM OF CONDUCT.

Mr. A., on entering a railway carriage, puts down the window. A man, accompanied by a boy of rubicund countenance, inquires if he would mind having the window up. Mr. A. frankly admits that he would, as the day is warm. The proprietor of the red-faced boy replies, "I'm sorry, but my boy has scarlet fever, and I do not like him to sit in a draught." What is Mr. A. to do?

The prize has been awarded to—Mr. W. TOWELL,

Round Head, Rottingdean, for the following solution:—

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S *Sir Henry Irving* (FISHER UNWIN) is labelled *A Biography*. But it does not rise above the level of a compilation possible to anyone with leisure, industry, and access to the index and file of *The Times*. It is mainly composed of records of successive plays in which IRVING figured, occasionally illustrated by copies of bills of the play. The most interesting of the excerpts thus obtained are quotations from the snatches of autobiography IRVING was accustomed to introduce into after-supper speeches. These are charming by reason of their simplicity and their graphic touch. Reproduction of photographs of the great actor whilst still making his way to the front are also acceptable. When, in a final chapter, Mr. FITZGERALD attempts an appreciation of the character and position of what he calls "the eminent and amiable actor," it is regrettable to find he does not hold him in such high esteem as do some less superior persons. He is careful to explain that the honour of burial in Westminster Abbey "was really paid to the exceeding personality (*sic*) of the man, for it could not be contended that his professional merits reached the highest standard." Similar doubt besets Mr. FITZGERALD when recording the exceptional honour paid to IRVING by the Athenæum Club, to which he was elected without submitting to the ballot. "It may be doubted," says the genial biographer, "whether he would have been admitted within its august portals by the ordinary ballot." Contemplating him in his dignified heroic struggle with financial embarrassment that came with failing strength, he begs us to think of "the poor harassed creature suffering in body, filled with gnawing anxieties, hopeless for the future." Sharing IRVING's hospitality at a country inn, Mr. FITZGERALD noted "how careful was our host to seize any opportunity to increase his popularity. A young man staying at the hotel spoke to him, and IRVING answered him cordially and presently offered one of his own choice cigars." Common people knowing something of IRVING's boundless generosity would see in this little incident fresh proof of it. Mr. FITZGERALD is not to be deceived. As he remarks when recording how IRVING smilingly disregarded his advice in the matter of stage decoration, "I am afraid his taste in many directions was a little corrupt." It will be perceived that Mr. FITZGERALD has not fully or finally occupied the field. We still await the biography of an actor whose genius and personal charm made him for more than thirty years a prime favourite with the English-speaking race. The man obviously fitted to undertake the work is IRVING's long-time counsellor, friend and close companion—BRAM STOKER.

I am here alone with a book by BART KENNEDY. And it is called *A Tramp Camp*. And published by CASSELL. CASSELL is the publisher, and I am here alone with this book, *A Tramp Camp*, written by BART KENNEDY and published by CASSELL. To me it is a good thing to be alone with this book. Reading along. Reading this book of short sentences beginning with "And." (And ending suddenly at the first noun.) And as I sit here alone with this book, reading along, I ponder upon "style." Style! What a wonderful thing is style! The expression of a man's self! That, I say, is style. And I wonder to myself, as I go, reading along, is there somewhere, tramping along, tramping Fleet Street (or California) a clipped staccato Mr. KENNEDY? Stopping suddenly with one foot in the air. And jerking the tankard to his mouth. And holding it there. A man on wires. A marionette. A marionette on wires. And I feel sorry (as I go reading this *Tramp Camp* by BART KENNEDY) that a man with such tales to tell should spoil himself so. I feel sorry that a man who has had such adventures should spoil himself so. That he should become

a slave to his style. A slave! A slave to style! (And I remember that he wrote a book on slavery.) But I reflect, too, that a man is paid for writing. And paid by the line. So much for the line. A penny? Or twopence? Or —? No. Piece-work. And I reflect that it comes more. It comes more if you repeat yourself. Many times. If you repeat yourself many times it comes more. It comes — [Quite so. Ed.]

A POEM IN THE MAKING.

(The best poetry is made, not born.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Author—A man of magnificent build and striking appearance, evidently no ordinary being, and probably a genius of the first water.

The Editor—A mere person.

Auth. The air is fresh, the clouds are high, I think it will be fine.

Ed. Your job is not the weather, AUTH., the weather is not mine;

A poem, quick!

Auth. Political?

Ed. No, fool, the usual rot!

Auth. Having remarked that I am not

A fool, we'll now proceed to what

You're pleased to call the "usual rot."

Ed. For goodness' sake, you hireling AUTH., be careful with the metre,

A point on which experience shows "the more the same the neater."

Auth. "Scarce had the sunbeams crossed the mead,"—a very proper phrase

You must—

Ed. Go on!

Auth. "When from her couch herself did PHYLLIS raise;
Whom when they saw, the grazing kine did flee in hurly-
burly . . ."

Ed. "Surprised," I think you'd better add, "to see her up so early."

Auth. Who's doing this? Am I or you?

Ed. We're doing it between us.

Auth. I spy a rhyme most *à propos*, you must—

Ed. Go on!
"As Venus

Did once of old."

Ed. My foolish AUTH., where are your wits a-straying? Come, rhyme your lines with other lines and not with what I'm saying.

Rhyme "Venus" with "between us," Sir? Whatever are you doing?

Your fatal greed for rhymes, my friend, will be your certain ruin.

Auth. What, "ruin" rhyme with "doing"? Oh, of rhymelessness the height!

I may not rhyme the right lines, but I rhyme the wrong lines right.

What, "ruin," Ed., with "doing," Ed.? Say, have you any shame?

Ed. Tell me, is this my office?

Auth. I fail to follow you. Is this a new metre, and, if so, what metre? . . . I absolutely refuse to rhyme with "office."

Ed. Bother the metre and the rhyme! Is this my office?

Auth. Bother you and the office. Are you going to rhyme with my last, or are you not?

Ed. Answer my question. Is this my office, or is it yours?

Auth. Yours, I suppose.

Ed. Then get out of it.

[Exit Author.]

CHARIVARIA.

We cannot feel too grateful that it did not occur to the Labour leaders to require the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to hand over his surplus to the Trades Unions.

In the debate on the Budget Mr. BALFOUR warned the House of the dangers of the reduction of expenditure on our armed forces at the cost of that national efficiency which we have never had.

During King EDWARD's visit to Athens the Servian Minister was informed that no invitation could be sent to him for the diplomatic reception, so he went for a few days' visit to Constantinople, where, it is rumoured, a new Triple Alliance, consisting of Turkey, Servia, and Germany, was discussed. So much for those who talk of the isolation of Germany!

The Royal Commercial Traveller must be pleased. The KAISER's three youngest sons have now all secured Orders from the SULTAN.

Meanwhile the Turks have not been slow to take advantage of the epidemic of earthquakes. Two ancient pillars which marked the boundary between Turkey and Egypt at Raphia have suddenly disappeared.

The statement that two American scientists have offered to purify the atmosphere of New York for the sum of £1,000,000, leads a dear old lady to write to us asking why it is not possible to train dogs to catch the microbes.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, speaking at Ottawa last week, declared that Sir WILFRID LAURIER was one of the five greatest men in the world. He did not name the other three.

The Royal Academy has brought it on itself, and will, we fancy, meet with scant sympathy. An artist has written to a contemporary stating that, as his picture has been rejected this year, he intends never to send to the R.A. again.

An article in *The Daily Mail* declares that women are a great hindrance to traffic, which, but for them, would move half as fast again; and it is thought that they may have to be abolished.

The announcement of the impending appearance of a new halfpenny daily paper renders it not improbable that at least one existing journal may have to join the great *Majority*.

All who write books know the difficulty of finding a title which has not been used before. We think the author



Mistress (soliloquizing). "I'M AFRAID THIS HAT'S RATHER OUT OF DATE."

Maid. "OH NO, MUM. IT'S QUITE FASHIONABLE. COOK HAS JUST BOUGHT ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT!"

of "In the event of War with one or more Naval Powers, How should the Regular Forces be assisted by the Auxiliary Forces and the People of the Kingdom?" and "The best, least irksome, and least costly method of securing the male able-bodied youth of this country in the regular or auxiliary forces as existing and for expanding those forces in time of War" has succeeded; and, one day, when we are feeling well, we are going to ask for these works at a bookstall.

It is announced that the proprietors of M. A. P. hope that P. T. O. will soon go to P. O. T.

We note the appearance of a new snippet magazine called *The Scrap Book*. This is a happier title than *The Scrap Heap*.

The National Liberal Club is to receive a bequest of £30,000, to be devoted to such purposes as the Committee deem advisable. It is almost certain now that

the much-needed classes for teaching foreign members English will soon be established.

So many persons nowadays make gods of their motor-cars, that we are not surprised to read that an offer has been made to the proprietors of a Dundee church with a view to turning it into a garage.

The Underground was blocked for some hours one day last week owing to a Midland goods train running off the metals. The Midland goods train made the absurd excuse that it thought that the Underground never minded that sort of thing.

Quieta non movere.

ACCORDING to *The Westminster Gazette*, "while excavating for the foundations of new premises in Nottingham, the workmen discovered an ancient cove nearly 20 feet below the level of the railway." But poor old cove! Why couldn't they let him be?

THE SMILES THAT DIDN'T QUITE COME OFF.

ANYONE unfamiliar with the irrepressible vivacity of that charming and high-spirited actress, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, might well have assumed that some exceptionally funny episode had occurred behind the Garrick scenes before the curtain rose on *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*. She entered smiling; and with a few brief and perfunctory interludes she kept on smiling to the end. Constantly her utterance was choked with mirth. I could not find that it always arose directly out of the things she had to say, though some of them were most felicitous; she giggled impartially at good wit and bad, her own or anybody else's; and on the occasions when her words afforded a fair cause for merriment (though even so it is better policy to leave the laughter to others), the force of nature could no further go. "When she smiles, O Lor!" says little *Alfie* at the inn; and little *Alfie* was right.

I confess that I know nothing more depressing, on or off the stage, than an uncontrollable hilarity for which there is no adequate warrant. Mr. BOURCHIER, I see, does not adopt my view. He caught the infection, and giggled with what seemed to be a very honest conviction. Perhaps the play was funnier than I thought; yet I laughed promptly and spontaneously at times, though I own that I could not share the enthusiasm of the pit when the lady discovered that her ginger-beer had been tempered with gin; for through a fatal gift of prescience I had anticipated this humorous *dénouement*.

I am glad to think I was not the only one who failed to find a good reason for all this giggling. Mr. AUBREY SMITH, as the good Colonel, was most sympathetic;



Lady Clarice Howland. Miss Violet Vanbrugh.
Colonel Rayner. Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

(The artist has been fortunate in seizing one of those rare moments when the lady's smile was giving itself a rest.)

he preserved a profound stolidity throughout the play.

"You are lovely, you two," was the comment of the American *ingénue*, Aggie Coles, on a passage of ordinary dialogue. We had to take her word for it: they had said nothing "lovely"—not audibly, at least. And, if much of this assumption of mirth on the part of some of the actors was unjustified by the text, the very title of the play may also be said to have begged the question. Frankly I could not share Mr. SUTRO's confidence in the "fascination" of his protagonist, unless, indeed, he was thinking of rabbits and boa-constrictors. He had, it is true, a very attractive *verre* and impudence which nothing could



DINNER FOR ONE (TWO PORTIONS).
Mr. Vanderveldt. Mr. Arthur Bouchier.

derange. Yet, if I were a woman (which I never was), I believe I could easily have eluded the advances of this "fascinating" Mr. Vanderveldt, whose manners suggested a Transatlantic *Mephistopheles* with just a hint of the facial methods of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS. Except for his overwrought air of internal amusement he played with a very pleasant restraint, preserving the imperturbable calm of a veteran squire of dames to whom triumph has become a habit; whose gifts are too notorious to be insisted upon.

Miss NORA GREENLAW's *Marchioness of Hendingby* was an admirable piece of comedy-acting: and so, in a more farcical vein, was the *Rev. Hubert Langston* of Mr. CHARLES FRANCE.

As for the play, its First Act was a superfluity and its Fourth an anticlimax; though the incurable *aplomb* of Mr. Vanderveldt, when he reappears unabashed after the defeat of his nicely-laid schemes, relieved the bathos of a scandal which suffered deplorably by comparison with the brilliant opening of *Man and Superman*. The scheme

of the excellent Third Act, when I saw it, had lost something of its piquancy through the revelations of the reviewers. The dialogue contained a few pearls among a lot of paste, the conversation of the younger characters being, for an author of Mr. SUTRO's reputation, curiously *banal*.

DRESSES.

I have read elsewhere an appreciative account of Miss VANBRUGH's costumes, and in justice to Mr. BOURCHIER (and to myself as a Critic of Art) I feel that something ought to be said about his. In the First Act, then, he wears unobtrusively a dark brown *complet* (a little too dark, perhaps, for the height of the summer) with a *cravate* in a lighter shade of the same colour, a white shirt, and a high linen collar to distinguish himself from Mr. ALEXANDER. Brown boots gave a finishing touch to an admirable harmony. The *ensemble* suggested comfort rather than smartness, the outside pocket for the handkerchief being somewhat *démodé*. In the Second Act he wears a lounge suit of the same cut (single-breasted), but of a dark blue scheme of colour, with a high-art tie in keeping, and, for head-gear, a Panama Homburg with the black ribbon of propriety. In the Third and Fourth Acts he has no opportunity for fresh creations, except in the matter of his motor-coat, which seems to be of the material of an *aquascutum*. Its tone is khaki, and the wide lapel falls back squarely after the fashion of German officialdom. O. S.

THE MARTYR MALGRÉ LUI.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES, who, it may be remembered, was most unjustly sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for an impulsive act of self-assertion, was released from Holloway Prison last Saturday.

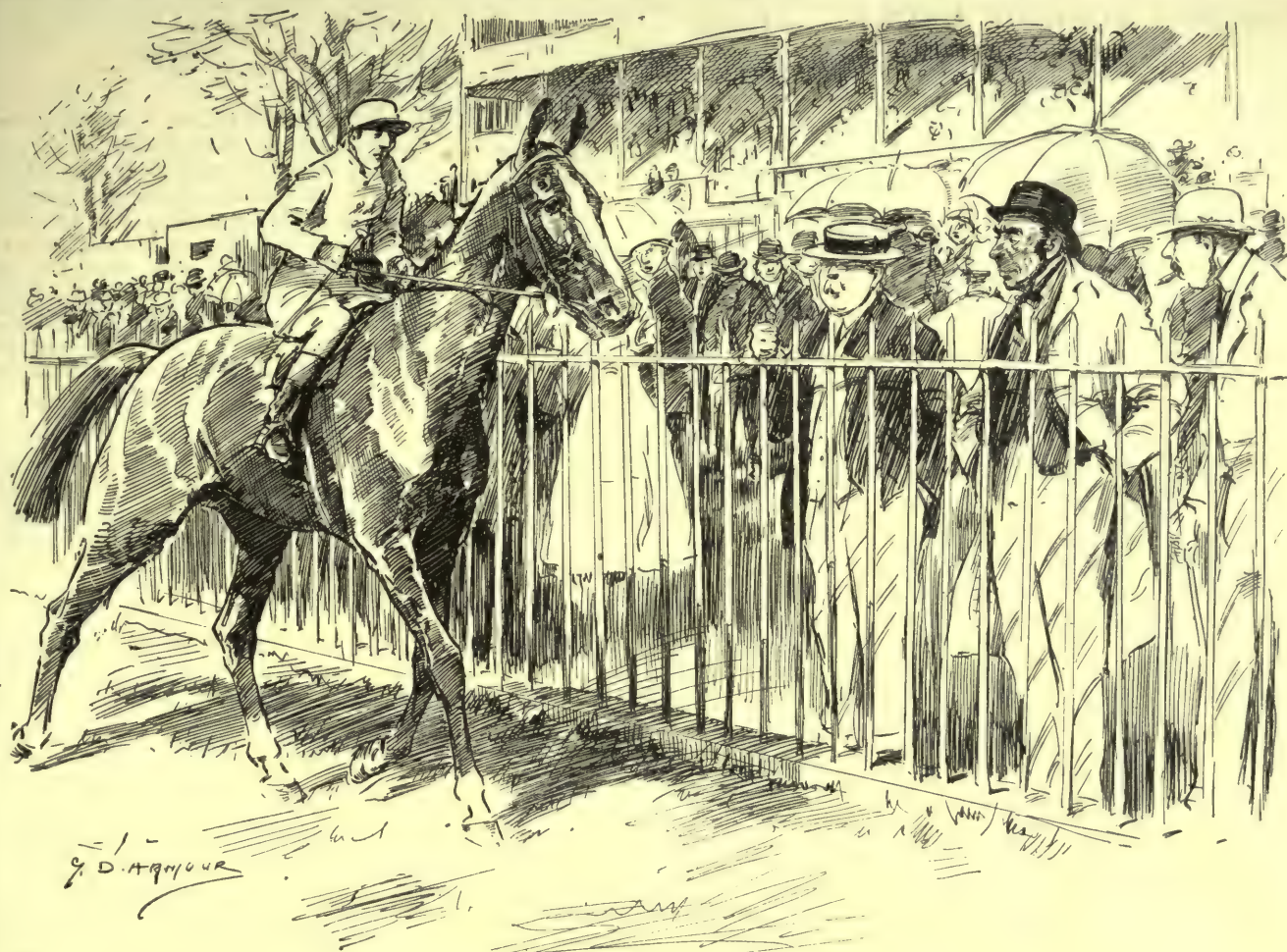
His emergence from the grim portals was at once touching and dramatic. The eminent individualist had evidently suffered severely from his incarceration. His hair is thinner and grizzled at the temples, and he has lost nearly two stone in weight. Outside the gate a crowd of notorious publicists waited with their heads reverently uncovered, and as Mr. SIKES crossed the threshold their leader, Sir POMPEY SZLUSCHER, rushed forward and with true British cordiality embraced the hero of the occasion on both cheeks. Amid salvos of cheers Mr. SIKES was then escorted to the state glass coach drawn by four cream-coloured horses which had been thoughtfully provided by Sir POMPEY, and the procession, headed by a brass band playing "See the Conquering Hero comes," moved off to the offices of *The Geyser*, where a great public reception had been



OUT OF BOUNDS.

JOHN BULL. "SHOO! SHOO!"





"BEDAD! I DON'T LIKE HIM AT ALL. HE WALKS LAME IN HIS TROT."

organised in honour of the newly liberated Martyr.

After Mr. SIKES had been ushered to the dais amid tumultuous applause, Sir POMPEY made a brief speech welcoming their illustrious guest. Speaking under the influence of obvious emotion, he said that they were met together to celebrate the restoration to liberty and public life of a great, a good, and a much calumniated citizen. Mr. SIKES might have been indiscreet—he for one would never admit it—but he had been cruelly overpunished for what he had done in a moment of expansion. Mr. SIKES's profession was the noblest in the world, for its constant aim was to readjust the inequalities of our social system, and to counteract that monstrous accumulation of riches in a few hands against which President ROOSEVELT had so eloquently protested. And Mr. SIKES was the noblest, because the most uncompromising, member of his profession. He could not trust himself to say much more, as his heart was full, but he must not sit down without informing his hearers that Mr. SIKES had undertaken to write the biography of his late wife under

the title of *Nancy, and Why I Killed Her*, the first instalment of which would appear in next Monday's issue of *The Happy Despatch*. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Mr. SIKES, whose rising was the signal for another tempest of applause, said that he never expected such a welcome, but the times had changed during his retirement, and he supposed he must move with the times. His own desire had been to lead a quiet life, but the choice had been taken out of his hands. Remunerative work was offered him, and though he was a novice at journalism he would do his best to satisfy the requirements of his employers.

The Duchess of READING, in a speech of fiery eloquence, said that Society would only be saved by men like Mr. SIKES, who had risen superior to his surroundings and, "by suffering made strong," sprang at one bound from criminality to sanctity. She earnestly hoped that he would not give up to letters what was meant for mankind, but would enter Parliament as a Socialist Member at the earliest opportunity and lead the attack on the House of Lords, the Monarchy and every form of vested

interest. As PLATO said somewhere, "*Corruptio pessimi optima*." Anyone could commit crime, or repent of it, but it was reserved for the few elect souls to emerge from the brutalising ordeal of punishment triumphant and undismayed.

At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his way to the platform and asked to be allowed to say a few words. Permission having been courteously granted by Sir POMPEY SZLUSCHER, the newcomer said that he desired to offer his sincere sympathies and condolences to Mr. SIKES. (Interruption and cries of "Why?") The kindest thing that could be done to him was to leave him alone (Shame!), or to assist him privately to make a fresh start in life. (No! No!) Instead of which he was being invested with a sham halo of martyrdom not for his own benefit, but merely to increase the income of pseudo-humanitarians. (Tumult, which only subsided on the speaker being conducted gently but firmly to the coal-shoot.)

The proceedings terminated shortly afterwards with a vote of thanks to Sir POMPEY, proposed by Mr. LEO SLEIMER and seconded by Sir TRAYNER D'O'LY.

THE TRUE STORY OF JACOB SELBY.

I.

DEAR BOB,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I'm writing a story. It's called *Jacob Selby*, and will be about 100,000 words. I know you will scoff as usual, and say that nothing will ever come of my writing, but I assure you I really am on to a good thing this time. *Jacob Selby*—why, the title alone will sell it! You will see the magic name on all the bookstalls soon, I bet you a shilling.

Yours,

TOM.

II.

JACOB SELBY,
By Thomas Meredith.

CHAPTER ONE.

When JACOB was a little boy of five his uncle took him to the grave by the hillside on a certain afternoon in May. This had always been the forbidden place to JACOB; and sometimes he had wondered, as he listened to the whispered conversation of his elders, and watched their sidelong glances at one another, whether it was here that the Wicked Man his nurse had told him of had his cave. But on this particular afternoon . . .

JACOB SELBY,
By Thomas Meredith.

CHAPTER ONE.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," said SELBY, looking coldly at the other.

"My dear JACOB, surely my meaning is plain enough! All you have to do is—"

"Quite so," answered JACOB. "And then you——" He paused meaningly.

The other gave a satisfied laugh. "I see we understand each other after all," he smiled. "*Au revoir*, then," and with a bow he was gone.

JACOB SELBY remained by the fireplace, a frown upon his handsome face. GEORGIANA, Lady MANNERS, had once wittily compared him to—

—to—

—had once compared him . . .

JACOB SELBY,
By Thomas Meredith.

CHAPTER ONE.

As I sit writing here my dear wife looks over my shoulder and begs prettily that I will pass by nothing of what happened in the apple orchard on that April morning—ah! how many years ago. Through the open window I can see our eldest boy, sturdy rascal that he is, dragging his nurse after him to play some new game or other. Memories rush thick upon me as I watch him —

— as I watch him —

— as I . . .

III.

DEAR JACK,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I am writing a play. I have not quite decided on the title yet, but, of course, that can come later. Hero, *Jacob Selby*—GEORGE ALEXANDER, I should say. Heroine—but I mustn't give the whole thing away like this.

Yours,

TOM.

IV.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The hall of Lord ARMBOURGH'S country house. Oak settle on right. Fireplace on left. Lord ARMBOURGH, a middle-aged man of forty-five, is reading the paper in arm-chair R.C.*

Enter a Footman.

Footman. Mr. SELBY, my lord.
Lord Arm borough. Ha, JACOB!
Selby. Ha, Dick, old man. I just looked in to tell you . . .

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Bond Street tea-shop. Enter Chorus of tea-girls.*

ACT I.

SCENE—*An old Roman temple. Moonlight.*
Enter JACOBUS SELBEIUS.

Selbeius. Now the pale moon——

The paling moon—(?)

. . . moon . . . palely loitering . . .

V.

DEAR BILL,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is I have nothing very great on at present. Just the usual game; odd paragraphs for odd papers.

Yours,

TOM.

VI.

A good story is going the round of the Clubs now, in connection with the appointment of that eminent but little-known Colonial, JACOB SELBY, to the post of Comptroller-in-Chief to the Guavan Hinterland. It seems that . . .

Talking of Lord MILNER, I wonder how many of my readers have heard this story of Mr. SELBY, the well-known American financier. "JACOB," as he is known "on 'Change," was . . .

A fruit-grower in Suffolk expects great things from a new plum he has just grown. It is called the "Jacob Selby Greengage," after its discoverer's uncle, who claims for it . . .

VII.

DEAR FRED,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I have had no luck at all lately. I don't think I've had a line in print for a month. However, a friend has promised to introduce me to the Editor of *Hearth Notes*. . . It sounds pretty feeble, but I suppose it's better than nothing. You know the sort of

thing. Acrostics and Trials in Tact and so forth. . . Of course I may not get it.

Yours,

TOM.

VIII.

J. S., a well-known Clubman, overhears Mrs. A. telling Miss B. that he (J. S.) once proposed to her daughter. J. S., who is an unmarried man of unblemished reputation, did not even know that Mrs. A. had a daughter, and is deeply in love with Miss B. He realises that there may be two JACOB SELBYS in the world (JACOB SELBY is his name), but at the same time does not think that such an unusual name is a common one. What should he do?

IX.

The Editor of *Hearth Notes* presents his compliments to Mr. MEREDITH, and regrets that the post for which he has applied is already filled. He does not care about Mr. MEREDITH'S "Trial in Tact."

X.

THOMAS MEREDITH, 25, describing himself as a journalist, was charged with breaking windows in Fleet Street. Accused, who when arrested gave the name of JACOB SELBY, together with a false address, was remanded for inquiries.

"Mr. — has been the sufferer by an extraordinary outrage which has been perpetrated by some persons unknown in his hen run."—*Ramsey Courier*.

Nowadays any old Bramah with money can get into the best Buff Orpington Society, and the result is a scandal of this sort.

ACCORDING to "Industrial Notes" in *The Times Engineering Supplement*, "It is the practice in New York to summarily arrest any person guilty of causing the emission of smoke into the open air." It is reported that a stranger who was seen smoking a cigar in the street was surrounded by an excited crowd and immediately lynched.

FROM an official notice of the Pembroke (Dublin) Urban District Council issued in connection with the Acts concerning popular representation:

"A man, peer, or woman, may occupy part of a house separately, although he or she is entitled to the joint use of some other part—for example, a man, peer, or woman, occupying the first-floor front room and having the joint use of a washhouse may occupy part of a house separately."

The Evening Times, in a sketch of the family of ROTHES, states that "the seventh Earl was one of CHARLES II.'s greatest friends. He carried the sword at that monarch's coronation, and always had the KING'S ear." After a while he must have become quite expert at it.

BALLOONING FOR BEGINNERS.

[Week-end balloon parties, according to *The Car*, are the latest form of country-house attraction.]

BALLOONING is evidently "in the air" just now, and since, as far as we know, there is not at present any manual of etiquette on the subject, we hasten to fill the gap with the following rules which the tyro would do well to commit to memory :—

Never leave the car while in motion—especially when at a considerable altitude. It hurts.

* *

Do not stick pins into the envelope, even if the balloon is a stationary one.

* *

Should your grappling-iron "grapple" a harmless old gentleman and lift him off his feet, do not be too angry with him; let him down gently.

* *

Take no notice of the rude gibes of passing pedestrians. You can in your position afford to look down on such mere earth-worms.

* *

Keep well on the *off* side when turning a sharp corner, and always pass other balloons (which are travelling in the same direction) on the left.

* *

Do not throw out empty bottles when passing over densely-populated urban rural districts; they will only get broken.

* *

Should you feel an escape of gas, do not try to locate it with a lighted candle. Turn the gas off at the main.

* *

When passing over a friend's estate, try and resist the temptation of dropping a sand-bag through his conservatory; somebody may be there, and besides, your friend may be a retaliator and a first-class rifle shot.

* *

Above all things do *not* try to be funny in a balloon. When you are drifting over the Channel and are short of ballast, you will soon appreciate the "gravity" of the situation.

THE DUST PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE.

[Extract from "*The Daily Mail*" of June 24, 1907.]

MR. EUSTACE MILES'S great discovery, that dust, when suspended in air charged with petrol fumes, is a powerful counter-irritant to all diseases of the respiratory and alimentary tract, has caused a complete reaction in public opinion, and the problem which confronts the nation is how to make the limited supply cope with the enormous demand. The usual



LUNCHEON HOUR CONFIDENCES.

"SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN TOOK ME OUT TO DINNER LAST NIGHT—SUCH A WELL MANNERED MAN. D'YOU KNOW, WHEN THE COFFEE CAME AND 'E'D POURED IT IN 'IS SAUCER, INSTEAD OF BLOWING ON IT LIKE A COMMON PERSON, 'E FANNED IT WITH 'IS 'AT!"

inaction is displayed in official quarters, and private enterprise leads the way in catering for public requirements. Eligible corner sites at crossroads are being eagerly snapped up by the wealthy, while the Pulveropathic Company, Ltd. (the inventor of this name has followed the best classical traditions of medical terminology) is doing wonderful business, and has issued a most attractive prospectus guaranteeing a two-inch surface on the adjoining roads, entire immunity from the water-cart nuisance, and petrol-impregnated dust-baths in visitors' own bedrooms at all hours of the day and night.

Dr. LUXN'S "Highway Motor-Omnibus Tours" (preceded by racing cars) have already achieved—a great vogue, and

seats must now be booked one month in advance; while promenades in the wake of a petrol-driven road-sweeper are growing popular in all the best centres of intellectual life.

Dust-disturbing in its various forms bids fair to become a powerful industry, and if protected by the Government would give a suitable occupation for the unemployed for six months in the year.

The popularity of the new cure has gripped the heart of the people, and it is almost pathetic when the day's toil is over to see the weary multitudes flocking from the city streets into the country highways, and standing in groups along the grey hedgerows inhaling the beneficent nimbus which hangs like a cloud over the English landscape.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WRESTLING MATCH.

(Reported by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

WHY, Mr. Editor, you selected *me* as your representative at this memorable contest for the Wrestling Championship of the World is a mystery I cannot attempt to solve. If I ever gave you an impression that I was anything of an athlete, I assure you it must have been quite involuntarily on my part. And certainly wrestling is one of the many sciences with which I do not even profess to be familiar.

So that, when I entered Olympia's Mammoth Stadium (I am afraid, Sir, that the phrase is only too likely to grate upon your editorial ear—but I cannot help it. That is what the Manager calls it, and he might have found some description which you would have liked even less. After all, it's *his* Stadium)—when I entered it, I had serious misgivings that I should be found out at once. In the Press enclosure I should be surrounded by experts and proficients to whom my ignorance would be instantly apparent.

But, on reaching my seat a few yards from the platform, after passing a cordon of officials in red scarves who rather reminded me of a Demonstration in Hyde Park, I was relieved to find that my journalistic *confrères* did not look so very formidable; they were mild spectacled gentlemen mostly, of all ages, and it struck me that in most cases their knowledge of wrestling must be purely theoretical.

It was about eight o'clock, and a gentleman on the platform in what is known as "faultless evening dress" was endeavouring to tell the audience all about two competitors for one of the preliminary bouts—which the audience apparently did not want to know, as they intimated with refreshing candour. But he got his way in the end, and the bout began. It was in the "Græco-Roman" style, which, as you are probably aware, Sir, differs in many important respects from the "Catch-as-catch-can." If you ask me in *what* respects, I am not sure that I should find it easy to tell you—but they do differ.

I asked a fellow-critic next me, and discovered that he was equally vague on the subject.

But, so far as I could observe during the evening, the Græco-Romans remain perpendicular for longer periods, while most of the "Catch-as-catch-canning" seemed to me to be done lying down on the mat in an inextricable tangle, like a pair of pink boa-constrictors.

During these preliminary bouts, which formed as it were the *hors d'œuvre* to the *pièce de résistance*, I made strenuous efforts to get my eye in, and follow the proceedings at least closely enough to discover which wrestler was getting the best of it. I cannot say that either my neighbour or I was very successful until the Master of the Ceremonies announced the result—which was never by any chance what we had anticipated. Perhaps this was because all that we could see during the greater part of the struggle was a view of what *Uncle Remus* might refer to as the "behime-ends" of the champions, and even when one behime-end was clad in cherry-coloured shorts and the other in sky-blue, they afforded little or no indication of the prowess of their respective possessors. At least I found that the "behime-end" I had connected with victory invariably turned out to belong to the vanquished. In one contest I noticed that one of the gentlemen engaged seemed to have inserted his fingers inside the other gentleman's mouth, which, however intimate they might be in their private relations, I should have thought was a liberty that would naturally be resented.

On consulting the rules I discovered that, although one party is forbidden to scratch another, or pull his ear, there is no express prohibition against either pulling his nose, or putting a hand in his mouth, which are matters left to the individual taste and discretion of the competitors.

For over an hour we watched couples of bull-necked

gladiators rolling over one another, and the spectacle, as a spectacle, seemed to me to be wanting in the element of classic beauty—it was strenuous but scarcely statuesque. Then came a wait of about a quarter of an hour, beguiled by music from the orchestra, which interval the occupants of the five-shilling seats in the Gallery employed in swarming down into the vacant two-guinea stalls, where they no doubt were cordially welcomed by the few who had paid the larger sum for a good view of the event of the evening.

At last the band, with a prophetic strain that was perhaps a little previous, struck up "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*," which changed, with as doubtful appropriateness, into "*The Red, White and Blue*," as the Terrible Turk mounted the platform. He may have felt quite cheerful and confident—but he did not look it. As he stalked to his corner, he strongly suggested some chilly bather at a French watering-place, going to take his morning dip on principle but without enthusiasm.

Shortly afterwards, to the sounds of the Russian National Anthem (I suppose, if the orchestra had known the Turkish one, they would have played *MADRALI* in to it—but surely even the "*Turkish Patrol March*" would have had more local colour than the tune they actually provided for him), HACKENSCHMIDT entered.

It struck me that he was not looking happy either. He came up in a brown dressing-gown with very much the air of a householder who rather fancies he has heard burglars in the house, and has at last made up his mind to get up and see what is going on.

After him came the Referee, a pleasant-looking, grey-haired gentleman in a dinner-jacket, who literally tripped, and all but fell, up the steps. The Gallery greeted him familiarly as "Good ole GEORGE," and "Good ole White 'Un."

The M.C. advanced and informed us that he "now made the announcement of the event of the evening, and probably the greatest event of the century" (which, at this early stage of it, seemed a rash prediction); there was a flourish of trumpets, and then the two champions shook hands with all the cordiality to be expected in the circumstances, and retired to their respective corners.

Then they advanced, and went through a process which I understand is called "manœuvring for the neck-hold," though it appeared that either would have been perfectly content to grab the other by the ankle or wrist. Occasionally this happened, and then the grabber would let go as though on calmer reflection he preferred some other limb of his antagonist.

Then, so it seemed to me, HACKENSCHMIDT must have suddenly proposed a game at bears, for he went down on all fours, while the Turk, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, hugged him tightly from behind, and "Good ole GEORGE" bent down and examined them both attentively, amidst exhortations from the Gallery (who seemed to consider this a piece of impertinent curiosity on his part) to "Get out of the light," and "Keep off the mat." As usual, I could only see the "behime ends," from which I could draw no inferences—till all at once there was a roar, and when I saw HACKENSCHMIDT being congratulated I divined (correctly) that the Terrible Turk had had the first fall.

Another interval of ten minutes with music, spent by HACKENSCHMIDT in his own dressing-room, and by the Turk, who looked a surprised and distinctly "sick" man, in sitting in his corner of the platform enjoying what appeared to be a severe jobation from his second. And presently HACKENSCHMIDT returned, and the second bout opened. Once or twice the Referee intervened—why, I could not understand, for they appeared to me to be getting on very nicely indeed. So thought the Gallery evidently, as they recommended the "White 'un" to "Go away and leave 'em alone."

Then the champions began to "play at bears" once more,



A LIKELY CUSTOMER!

Ratecatcher. "BEG PARDON, MA'AM, BUT IF YOU EVER WANT A FEW NICE LIVELY RATS FOR THAT THERE LITTLE DAWG O' YOURS TO PLAY WITH, I'M YOUR MAN!"

and this time even my limited acquaintance with the rules of the game told me that the top bear was unmistakably the Terrible Turk. Then once more something happened which I was unable to follow—but the upshot was that the unfortunate Turk was under-bear and lost the match.

His conqueror skipped from the platform amidst tremendous cheering and violent thumps on the back, while a section in the Gallery, who would no doubt describe themselves as true British sportsmen, booed the defeated champion as he slowly followed.

Shall I be exposing my lack of the true sporting instinct if I own I was glad to see that neither of the giants seemed any the worse physically for their exertions? If they had been seriously damaged, I am not sure that I should have enjoyed my evening a bit more. Anyhow, I hope not. After they had retired, the crowd stormed the platform and began carefully to examine the mat, though I don't know what they expected to find on it. One enthusiastic sportsman, however, succeeded in carrying off a little souvenir—a bottle which had been left in HACKENSCHMIDT'S corner, and which was labelled "Special Scotch."

It was not empty, but somehow I fancy he found the contents disappointing. I like to think it contained liniment.

F. A.

Carted Novices.

The Field announces "Practical Hints for Hunting Novices." We should imagine that the whole business consists in first catching your novice, and then hunting him.

SOME CLICHÉS.

MR. BASIL TOZER, in the May number of *The Author*, protests against the hackneyed similes which prevail in the majority of present-day novels, where, for instance, the young ladies have hair invariably resembling (1) a raven's wing, (2) burnished copper, (3) burnished gold, with "Cupid's bows" and "dainty shells" doing duty for other features. The matter is undoubtedly urgent, and something must be done to preserve the taste of the romance-reading public. We can but make the sporting offer of a small assortment of figures of speech to the purveyors of this class of literature. Subject to the ordinary wear and tear, they should prove serviceable for the next five publishing seasons at least. We suggest, therefore, that forthcoming heroines should be re-equipped with some of the following embellishments:—

Tresses, like (1) the pinion of a rook, (2) peroxide of hydrogen, (3) American "rolled gold."

Mouth, à la Jew's harp or Venus's fly-trap.

Teeth outlying the morbid growths in an oyster-shell.

Eyes that rival pools of ink, Reckitt's blue, Kentish cobnuts, or dog violets.

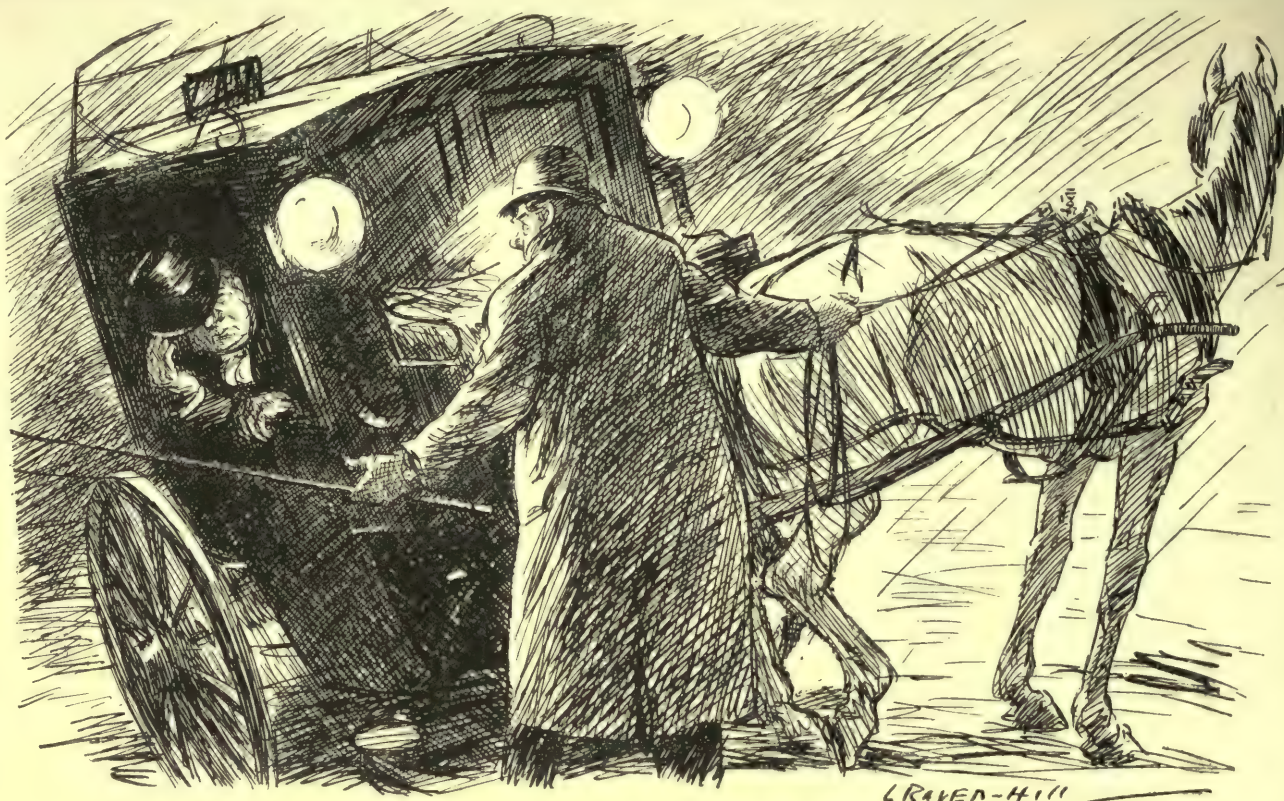
Eyebrows stippled with an artist's hand.

Ears, like (a) the half of a bivalve, (b) a periwinkle.

Forehead, smooth as celluloid or a hard-boiled egg.

Complexion, dazzling as the finest pearl-powdersalts of bismuth.

And so on with the rest of the catalogue. We hope the above are sufficient to indicate a possible manner of furbishing up some ancient formulæ, and, animated with the deepest sense of philanthropy, we reserve no copyright whatsoever.



Belated Traveller. "Wha's matter?"

Cabby. "'ERE'S A NICE GO! ONE OF THE FRONT WHEELS 'AS BIN AN' COME OFF!"

B. T. "WELL, KNOCK OFF T' OTHER, AN' MAKE THE BEASTLY THING A HANSON!"

THE LIT. PAR. MADE TOPICAL.

(With apologies to too many journalists.)

IN view of the fact that a bomb was recently found smouldering on the window sill of ex-President LOUBET's residence in the South of France, there should be a considerable demand for a work on Old Provence which Mr. DAWNLEIGH FOAM has in preparation.

The recent fire at San Francisco, which is so generally deplored, lends interest to a new book which is about to be issued by Messrs. BROWN AND YOUNGER, entitled *An Inveterate Matchmaker*.

Mr. FLOPTON WING's new novel, *Anticipation*, will be published by Mr. SHORT this week. Its appearance is very timely when we remember how we have all been looking forward to the Derby.

In connection with the interest that is being taken in the ELLEN TERRY memorial which a daily paper has set on foot, there is likely to be a run on the forthcoming art volume entitled *From Peg Woffington to Mrs. Jordan*, by Sir HENRY BIFF, which will be published by Messrs. DEKKEL AND EDGE, a limited edition at three guineas each.

The new volume of the *Cambridge History* comes out very opportunely at this moment, when Education is, so to speak, in the air.

Whatever may be the truth as to the fate of FATHER GAPON, of which so much has been written of late, there is no doubt that the mystery will quicken public interest in the new sixpenny edition of JAMES PAYN's *Lost Sir Massingberd* which is promised by Messrs. BURLEIGH AND FRY.

The first session of the Duma, now sitting in Russia, lends a topical interest to a work shortly to be published by Messrs. BLOOMER AND BLUFF. Its title is *The Two Dumas, père et fils*, and the author is the well-known essayist, Mr. ADDLESTONE EGHAM.

Publicists who are anxiously following the course of events in Natal can hardly dispense with a careful perusal of Mr. LE BOO's new romance *The Wastrel's Revenge*, in which the hero runs away from school because of his intense hatred of *Colenso's Arithmetic*. The publishers are Messrs. SKINNER AND FLINT.

The opening of the cricket season

and the revival of some of its vexed questions lends a peculiar significance to the publication by Messrs. ODD, ODDER, and ODDER of Dr. BOANERGES BIMMS' new volume of sermons, *The Narrow Wicket-gate*.

RONDEAU OF THE SPEAKER'S DINNER.

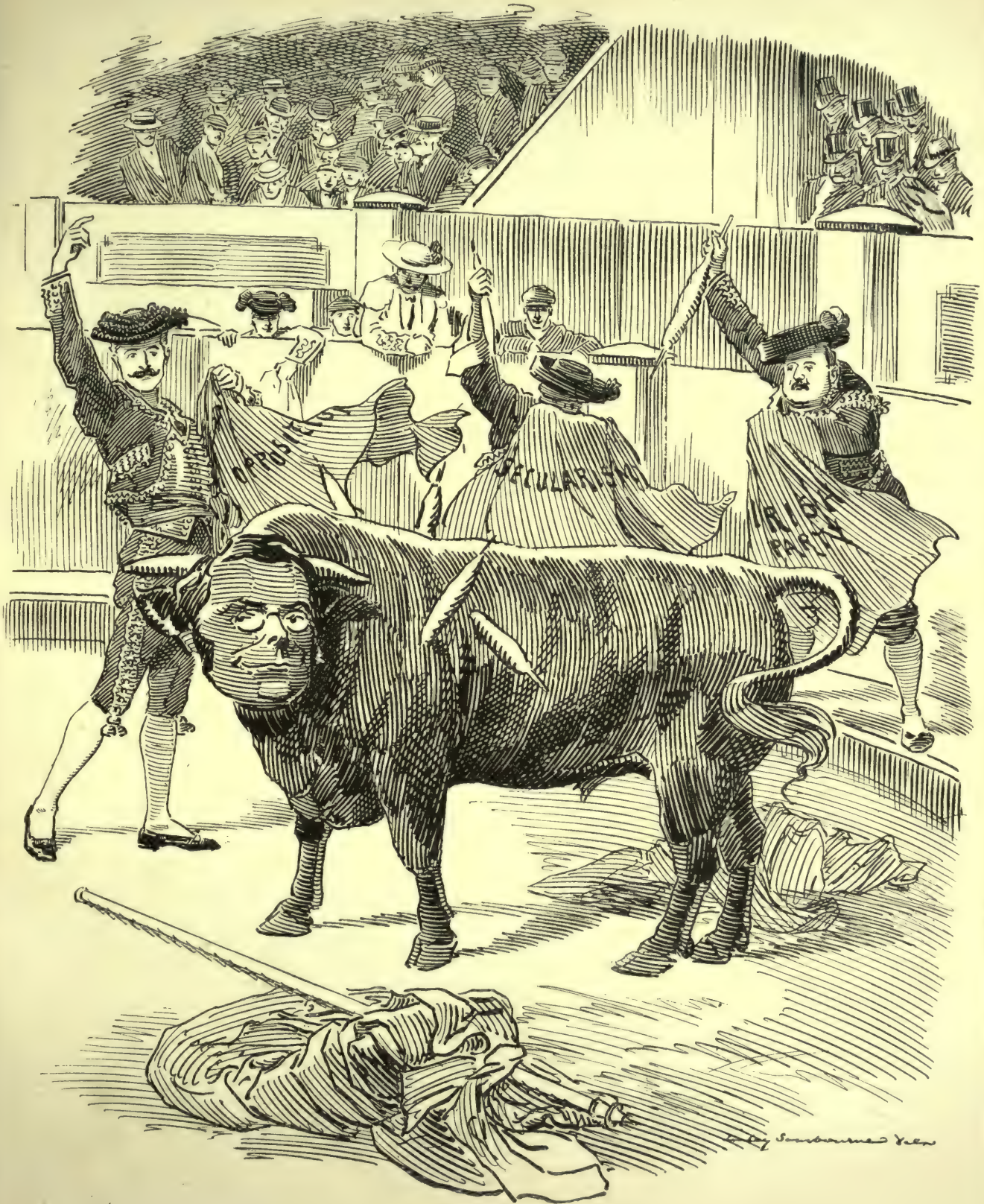
A HURRIED chop behind a screen,
Oblivious to hygiene,
I swallow in unwholesome haste,
The precious moments not to waste
When absent from the busy scene.

Rich dainties of the hot tureen,
Fish, entrée, joint, *p'tit verre* of green
Chartreuse—farewell! 'tis mine to taste
A hurried chop.

Then back to hear, with brow serene,
Wit, humour, satire, folly, spleen,
Torrents of eloquence misplaced—
Till, when Obstruction grows bare-
faced,
I give it, with the guillotine,
A hurried chop.

The Candid Family Man.

"HOUSEKEEPER, Working, Wanted for Farm in District; four Cows; two in household."—*Laurencekirk Observer*.



BULL-STICKERS BEWARE !

[Mr. BIRRELL's Education Bill came up for Second Reading on Monday.]





TYNNING-KING

Infuriated Mo'or'st (to Waggoner, who has made him stop). "WHAT THE DICKENS DID YOU MAKE US STOP FOR? YOUR HORSE IS NOT FRIGHTENED?"

Waggoner. "NAW, SHE'S NO FEAR. BUT I JUST DIDNA WANT MA NEW HAT TAE BE SPOILT WI' LUST FRAE YOUR AULD RUMBLER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.
—JOKIM seated over the clock in the Peers' Gallery, preserving that appearance of renewed youth that flushed him when he took off his coat to fight DON JOSÉ'S Fiscal heresy, listened to-night to the exposition of the 43rd Budget at whose birth he has been present. Some have been his own bantlings, born in the epoch immediately following the memorable crisis when GRANDOLPH, "forgetting GOSCHEN," left the Treasury Bench never to return. In his time has heard the magnificent orations in which Mr. G. threw a glamour over Customs and Excise duties, making almost pleasant the duty of paying an extra penny on the Income Tax. He listened to BOB LOWE's trifling with the Match Tax, irresistibly tempted by the lure of a Latin tag. LOWE had his jest ("Ex luce lucellum"), and they had his estate.

He was familiar with STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's placid speech; witnessed HICK BEACH's bloodless dissection of the body corporate of Finance; looked on whilst RITCHIE conducted his mock auction with

the Income Tax—"Will you have a penny off? Shall I make it twopence? Then it shall be threepence;" was present when HARCOURT triumphantly proclaimed the Death Duties which, as he subsequently lamented, enabled his successors to carry on the war in South Africa, to give doles to the parson, and to reduce the burden of the landowner.

With all his long experience never heard a Budget speech on model of ASQUITH'S. To say that it did not contain a classical quotation is to affirm maintenance of the modern manner which asserted itself when Mr. G. retired from the Treasury; but there were no jokes, nor any attempt at their manufacture. The MEMBER FOR SARK, whose recollections stop short of JOKIM'S only by a decade, does not recall a precedent for this humane attitude. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, his secret yet undisclosed, sways an almost servile audience. They nearly burst with laughing at the meanest ebullition of machine-made humour. CHANCELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER, being after all to a certain extent human, rarely resist the temptation. ASQUITH, above all things a business man, had a widespread lofty mass of intricate

figures to expound. Literary grace, scholarly erudition, eloquent phrases, above all little jokes, might well await another opportunity. His Budget speech will, amongst other things, be memorable for the fact that it opened without exordium, closed without peroration. Straightway he plunged into the sea of statistics and with strong, sure stroke pursued his course to the appointed haven.

For the first time in a long Parliamentary career he addressed the House for the length of two hours. As a rule forty minutes serves a man who, in whatsoever crisis, has something to say with every sentence. It is the surplussage of reiteration, the inability to come to grips with one's own or the adversary's argument, that is responsible for long speeches. Avoiding these constitutional weaknesses, ASQUITH frequently concludes his speech within the limit of time another man appropriates for preliminary observations. His first Budget speech was a model of lucidity and, notwithstanding its two hours' flow, of skilful compression.

Business done.—Budget brought in. *Tuesday night.*—The chivalrous in-

stinct that permanently underlies the manner of the House of Commons had fresh illustration to-day. Everyone regrets occasion of absence of SON AUSTEN when, yesterday, Budget was introduced. His successor at the Treasury, opening his speech, made graceful, sympathetic reference to the incident.

DON JOSÉ, on Front Opposition Bench, shared its desolation with PRINCE ARTHUR. Latter attempts to ward off sad thoughts, divert attention from too closely dwelling on circumstances of adversity, by study. Brought down with him this afternoon what looked like a Book of Devotions. Producing it from breast pocket, bent reverential eyes on its closely-printed double-column page, what time ASQUITH endeavoured to put off REDMOND *ainé* with sympathetic words carefully selected so as not to involve inconvenient pledges. It is the old question of alleged over-taxation of Ireland. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, like the late General TROCHU, has a plan. He and the CHIEF SECRETARY brood over it day and night. Next year it will be fully fashioned. Meanwhile Ireland must be content and hopeful.

Throughout this little fencing match, and for an hour later whilst others spoke, DON JOSÉ sat grimly silent. House nearly empty when he unexpectedly rose. When he sat down after three-quarters of an hour's speech every bench was filled. His business naturally was to "go for" the Government in general, ASQUITH in particular. But he could not forget the latter's reference to "my right hon. friend, the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," and made warm acknowledgment.

Homage paid to sentiment, he proceeded to business. House, wiping its aged eyes, dim with tears at the affecting incident, gasped for breath as DON JOSÉ proceeded with amazing speech. The Budget, he remarked, is humdrum, commonplace. Still, in the main, it is the Budget of the outgoing Government. A poor thing, but mine own. "We provided the surplus; we framed the Estimates." Some details are faulty, the reduction of the Tea Duty, for example. But wherein there is anything creditable in the scheme, anything conducive to welfare of the people, then it belongs to "my right hon. friend, the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," and his colleagues.

Credit was taken by ASQUITH for stern sacrifice to sound finance by insisting on overwhelmed tax-payer contributing an extra half-million to service of the debt. Pooh! DON JOSÉ "could say authoritatively that, if it had fallen to the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to deal with his own surplus, he would have made a much larger contribution than this."

Then the Coal Tax. "My right hon. friend" whilst still at the Treasury had made up his mind it must go.

Thus one by one were the props withdrawn from the swelling figure of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who awoke this morning to find his Budget applauded from both political camps. He was a pricked bladder, nothing left of him but a crumpled handful of casing. Collapse made more striking by the figure of "my right hon. friend," inflated by fond paternal breath, slowly filling out to majestic proportions.

House so taken aback by this manœuvre that for a while it sat silent. But when DON JOSÉ, changing air of banter for attitude of severest condemnation, accused ASQUITH, his colleagues, and the Liberal Party as a body, of dangling promise of Old Age Pensions as a bribe to the electorate, the spell was broken. A Homeric peal of laughter from the now crowded Ministerial benches filled the Chamber. Entering into the joke of the thing, they punctuated the rest of DON JOSÉ's speech with laughter and ironical cheers.

Business done.—Some Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Wednesday.—Everyone glad to see C.-B. back again, restored to health by Channel ozone. Has been at Dover for a fortnight, like GOLDENROD,

Rocked by breezes,
Touched with tender light,
Fed by dews,
And sung to by the sea.

The Opposition unite with faithful Ministerialists in the hearty cheer that welcomes his re-appearance from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.

Came in time to hear promising maiden speech from one of his young men. LULU, in charge of Bill limiting privilege of voting at Parliamentary elections to a single effort, sparkled with quiet humour. Speech had advantage of being delivered in musical voice with modest manner. FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS is a decided acquisition to debating power on the Treasury Bench.

Bill created consternation in Conservative ranks. Sound Constitutionals see in it another prized privilege lopped off by Radical hands. In the final Parliament of the last century sat a Member whose proud boast it was that by taking thought (and express trains) he succeeded within the space of twelve hours in voting in eleven constituencies. When this Bill is added to Statute Book he will be saved some railway fares.

"What we're coming to I really don't know," said DIXON-HARTLAND wearily. "On the very day we have this Ministry bringing in a Bill abolishing plural voting, we read in the papers of a publican putting up a notice that he will serve customers with only one drink

per diem. What with one man one vote and one man one pint, our beloved country is hurrying to the dogs."

Business done.—Justices of the Peace Bill and other measures advanced.

NEOLOGIC TERMINOLOGICS.

[In an article contributed to the second volume of "Sociological Papers," which has just appeared, Mr. STUART GLENNIE uses the words "neotechnics," "eupolitics," "demiurgics," and "archontagologic kallilogics,"]

How oft in my search after knowledge

At college,

When Greeks would appear to talk rot,
I turned for advice to your pages,

Ye sages,

Omniscient LIDDELL and SCOTT!
And seldom you failed to discover a clue
To PINDAR and PLATO and ÆSCHYLUS too;
You straightened the crookedest passage,
for you

Were still (so to speak) on the spot.

And now from the shelf of dust

Where many a year you have lain
In a cloud of smoke and fust and must
I take you down again.

Full many a riddle you've read for me,
But this is the worst of any;

For nothing that dates from your old
B.C.,

However corrupt the MS. may be,
Is half so tough

As this terrible stuff

By Mr. STUART GLENNIE.

I plunge in its abysses,

And there I find

With wondering mind

Most weird neologisms.

Yet with your aid, immortal twain,

I struggle, not, at first, in vain.

At "neotechnics" I can guess;

"Eupolitics" perchance express

A kind of meaning—more or less;

And "demiurgics," too, appear

To hint at something, though, I fear,

Precisely what, is not quite clear.

But then I find a phrase

Most unexpectedly let off on us,
That throws the startled senses in a maze—

Fantastical and most kakophonous.

Not all your learning, deathless pair,

Can tell the meaning hidden there—

Your wit, nor all your lion's share

Of sage etymologies!

Your pages eagerly I con;

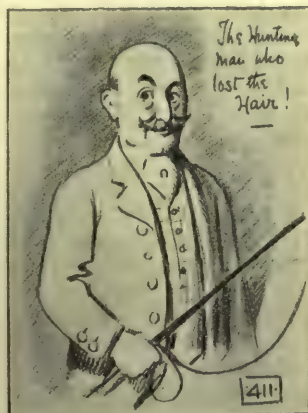
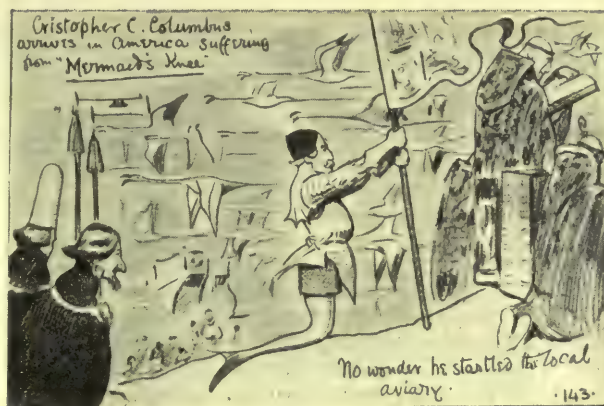
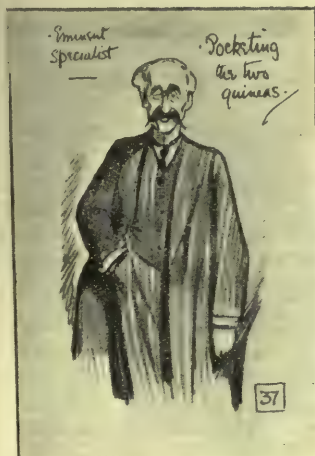
Alas, they shed small light upon

The force of—what is it?—Archontagologic kallilogics.

Ah, LIDDELL and SCOTT, you may help one
a lot

In common or garden Hellenics,
But 'twill take all your art to assist us to
start

On the Greek of these queer Stuart-glennies.



LONDON THE LURID.

(Being a respectful amplification of Mr. George R. Sims' "Mysteries of Modern London.")

INTRODUCTION.

THE time has gone by to look upon London with an unsuspicious eye. London must henceforward stand forth in its true colours as the capital of crime, the metropolis of mystery, the nexus of nepotism.

If it were realised that scores of people whose death has been accomplished by the hand of the assassin are quietly buried in London cemeteries every year without the slightest suspicion of wrong, the public would be startled. But the fact remains.

It may be stated as an axiom that no murderer is ever caught. The few murderers who are brought to the scaffold are victims of the police. Real murderers, who may be counted by thousands, always escape and settle in London.

CHAPTER I.

Dark Houses.

The strange, the weird, the romantic, may be found at every turn of the great maze of mystery which is called London. The homes of mystery and romance lie often at our very doors, unknown and unexpected. We pass a scene which the novelist or the dramatist could turn to thrilling account, and to us it suggests not even a passing thought of wonder.

Yet there is no end to the death-dealing agencies of London. Poisoned doormats that strike up through the soles of the boots. Knockers that delicately abrade the skin and communicate their fatal essences. Bell-pushes that wound through the thumb. There are some houses where no wise man ever calls.

CHAPTER IV.—Life-long Masquerades.

Most of the men you see in London are really women in disguise; most of the women, men. The members of the Lyceum Club are nearly all men.

CHAPTER X.—Summary Justice.

Private executions are by no means the uncommon things that people suppose. Many an opulent and respected City man, whose word is his bond in Lombard Street, maintains a guillotine or scaffold, or even electrocution chair, in his West End house, and keeps a private cemetery in the country. I know of one such in Kent.

CHAPTER XII.—Secret Chambers.

When the interior of a house is set upon the stage, the fourth wall is always down in order that the audience may see what is going on. In real life the dramas within the domestic interior are played with the fourth wall up. Sometimes through the windows we may catch a passing glance of domestic comedy, but when it comes to drama, care is taken that no passer-by shall have a free entertainment.

Most London houses have secret chambers; and the older houses secret passages too, communicating with graveyards. One walks along a quite ordinary and outwardly respectable and obvious street, such as Gower Street, little reeking of the dark tragedies that are going on behind the fourth wall: murder, skeletons, &c. There is one house in Gower Street that not only has a secret chamber, filled with bones, but also a

the houses have been renumbered. But many remain as they were, and Londoners pass them daily and hourly, little dreaming of the drama that once made them notorious.

What was Piccadilly before it was Piccadilly? Ah!

No house agent would dare to tell you all he knows.

Why do house agents so often retire and make room for new partners? Because their burden of dark knowledge is more than they can bear. The asylums are full of house agents.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Restaurants.

Everyone you see in a restaurant is a political refugee engaged in hatching a plot against authority. Especially the women. The waiters are all in league with them.

CHAPTER XLI.—Disappearances.

One day a man whom I knew—a prosperous suburban tradesman—went into a City office—the office of a firm with whom he had business transactions. He paid an account, and said he should come back late in the afternoon to give an order. He was going to his bank to cash a cheque.

He was seen within a few hundred yards of that bank by an acquaintance, but he never cashed the cheque, and he was never heard of again.

Where is he? Cloak-room attendant at one of the opium dens that are so common all over London? Croupier at one of the gambling hells in Kensington High Street? Where is he? And this is only one of many cases. Think of all the sailors and passengers who are missing when their ship has gone down in mid ocean! Where are they? For the sea is not so poor a melodramatist as to drown them. No, they are all somewhere, leading double lives.

CHAPTER LII.—Deceitful Shop Fronts.

How would you like to be mangled to death? Yet it is not uncommon. Who would think that those innocent-looking little laundries that one passes, where the girls are ironing and talking so brightly, are really death-traps? No one ever came through a mangle alive. In 1893, Mr. WILLIAM PESKYBORE, the inventor, was walking along Park Lane. He stopped and entered a laundry there to complain about his collars. He has never been seen since. This is only one of thousands of cases.

Umbrella shops are rarely what they



AT THE WRESTLING MATCH.

Enthusiastic Old Gent. "Go on, SONNY! STICK 'OLD OF 'IS 'EAD."

moat and portcullis. But this is not exceptional. There is a house in Cromwell Road from which no butler ever emerged alive.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Sombre Bus.

One of the most curious psychological problems that confront the criminologist is the affection for omnibuses which criminals evince. They cannot keep out of them. Never trust any one in an omnibus. London omnibuses are in reality so many Black Marias *manquées*. It would be quite safe for a Scotland Yard inspector to mount the box and drive any of them straight to Bow Street.

CHAPTER XXI.—Tragic Obliterations.

There are streets and squares and terraces in London which have been renamed in order that they may no longer be associated in the specialist's mind with the dark deeds of which they have been the scene. Sometimes, where the renaming has been a difficult one,

so common all over London? Croupier at one of the gambling hells in Kensington High Street? Where is he? And this is only one of many cases. Think of all the sailors and passengers who are missing when their ship has gone down in mid ocean! Where are they? For the sea is not so poor a melodramatist as to drown them. No, they are all somewhere, leading double lives.

seem. The umbrella is the commonest medium for the secret conveyance of nitro-glycerine and other explosives used by the anarchists who infest our city. The wise man purchasing an umbrella always takes the one offered him by the shopman. No knowing what might happen if he touched one of the others. In 1881 an umbrella shop in Leather Lane caught fire and burned out. Everyone attributed the fire to a gas explosion. *It was not gas.*

CHAPTER LVI.—*The Hiding of the Dead.*

If only the back gardens of London could tell their secrets! Oh if walls had tongues or even knew the deaf and dumb language! Many a motor-car is a tumbrel in disguise. You have seen those broughams that drive about nominally filled with drapers' patterns? What do they really contain? Ah!

CHAPTER THE LAST.—*The London Morgue.*

It is generally thought that London has no Morgue. But this is not true. Every London house is a Morgue.

ACCORDING to *The Morning Post*, the start of the Marathon Race took place at Marathon at three P.M. on May 1. "The winner," it goes on, "arrived at Athens two months ago. He ran splendidly, and finished as fresh as paint." This is, of course, easily a record, beating the previous best by two months, two hours, and fifty-eight minutes. After reading of it we do not wonder that the winner is uncertain whether his name is HERRING or SHERRING. Personally we incline to HERRING, having just read in the papers that "a plaice, which travelled 200 miles in ten weeks, has been caught off the Irish coast." There is evidently some sort of movement going on in the fish world.

"To ask the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if his attention has been called to the following:—

"Pork Butcher, young, married, requires Situation; cure, make smalls, Germans; kill if required; good references."—*Evening News.*

"To ask what steps, if any, he will take to deal with this threat to a great and friendly nation (*loud cheers*); and whether the references mentioned were from the late Government (*groans*); and if the German Government has made any representations on the subject."

WE are always glad to see our dumb fellow creatures showing a spirit of independence, and we are particularly pleased with a horse who advertises as follows in the *Bath Herald*:—

"Useful Brown Cob, 14-2. Good and reliable in any harness. Owner no further use."

THE PHILTERED CUP.

THE Covent Garden Opera Syndicate grows confident to the verge of tyranny. It opened the season's operations last Thursday with one of the most exacting of WAGNER's music-dramas; ordered us in on empty stomachs at seven o'clock; and turned the lights out so that we could not look at one another, but had to concentrate ourselves on the heavy business in hand. I don't know what we had done to deserve this, and I disapprove of being treated like a child. (King ALFONSO, I notice, agrees with me. He preferred to go to the Aldwych, where they keep the lights up.) It is not that I am afraid of the dark; and of course there is no real danger to your pockets, even though you may be sitting next to a dramatic critic; but I had bought a book of the words, and should have liked to follow the sense of it all. I am sure that WAGNER himself would



A LONG STRONG PULL AT THE PHILTERED CUP.

Isolde . . . Frau Wittich.

Tristan . . . Herr Anton Burger.

have wished me to grasp the meaning of his music; for that it always means something I am honestly convinced. And with the book of the words to help me, if I had been allowed to use it, I might, for instance, have understood, when I saw the two lovers gazing speechlessly at one another for something under five minutes, with half the width of *Isolde's* very roomy private cabin between them, that they really had plenty to say, but were waiting for the orchestra to catch up with the situation. I might further have gathered that the Cup, in which the germs of death were believed to lurk, actually contained a *philtre*, or amatory potion; whereas, from seeing it jerked about in a series of dramatic spasms and recklessly held aloft at impossible angles, I concluded that it was empty by the time it reached the gentleman's lips.

No, if the lights must be turned down somewhere, let them be turned down on the stage. Then some illusion might be preserved. As it was, if I may say it with-

out discourtesy, the somewhat opulent figures of *Tristan* and *Isolde* offered little correspondence with one's conception of a pair of relatively youthful lovers, to say nothing of the emaciation which commonly attends an ill-starred passion. What is it in the physical conditions of the Fatherland that makes it so difficult for German Opera to secure singers who shall convey some sort of impression of the heroic type in its early vigour and grace? If such vocalists are not to be had, why not select actors for the suitability of their physique and let them move through their parts in dumb pantomime while the singing is being done in the wings?

It was the boast of WAGNER that in his music-dramas he aimed at a combination of the arts in which each should have its fair share. I will not dare to advance the heresy that it is still the music (dramatic music, I admit) that comes first and the rest where they can. But I may safely say that the plastic art is left to take its own chance when an actor is chosen without due regard to the question of his ability to look the part.

Frau WITTICH, at her best in the less strenuous passages, sang admirably, and played with fine intelligence. Herr ANTON BURGER, though his appearance was not heroic, and though he never seemed quite comfortable on the blue rug that covered the garden seat, did justice to the beauty of the famous love duet and to that most exquisite of airs in which he resigns himself to death—

"Es ist das dunkel
Nächt'ge Land."

I withdrew after this, knowing that *Tristan* was a perfect vulture at the swan-song, and would take a most unconscionable time in dying; also that I was leaving things quite safe in the mobile hands of Dr. RICHTER.

SPURRED on by the example of journalistic tact that we gave the other week, *The Amateur Photographer* explains the Amateur Photographer Plaque in these words:

"The subject represents Photography seated at the feet of Art, having laid down for the moment she too must go, where, above the liar to her craft, whilst her sister points the way the camera and other appliances peep at the temple of knowledge, the sun shines."

We must confess that there was one dreadful moment in the fifth line when we were afraid the sun would never shine again.

SCENE—*Village School.*

Vicar's Wife. Now can any of you children tell me of another ark?

Bright Child. 'Ark the 'Erad Angels Sing?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If the reader turns to *Six Years at the Russian Court* (HURST AND BLACKETT) with expectation of finding tit-bits of scandal or malicious glimpses of Imperial privacy, he or she will be disappointed. Miss EAGAR was for six years governess to the Czar's children, and, moving about with them and the Court, had full opportunity of observing Imperial Majesty at close quarters. In her record she is discreet even to the point of dullness. Political questions are not even hinted at, and when here and there she discourses upon the social condition of Russia her remarks are not of the informing character that create appetite for more. The best parts of the book are those devoted to the nursery, of which, and its little occupants, we get many glimpses. The Grand Duchess OLGA, eldest of four girls, is clever and original, with a pretty turn for sketching. Education in some other directions lacks finish. When the war broke out the little Grand Duchess gave expression to the pious hope that the Russian soldiers would "kill all the Japanese, not leaving even one alive." It being explained to her that the Japanese had wives and children and a country to fight for, she thoughtfully replied, "I did not know that the Japs were people like ourselves. I thought they were only like monkeys." Grim contrast is suggested when we come across the Czar in his Winter Palace, or at Tsarskoe Selo, listening to the prattle of his children while his Empire is being battered in the Far East.

My mind is made up, Sir, by hook or by crook
To review *Richard Baldock*, a capital book.
Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, who wrote it, is known
As a writer of excellent temper and tone.
Imagine a boy (you have been one yourself,
Before you got grey and were laid on the shelf),
A jolly, high-spirited, natural boy,
With a hatred for shams and a liking for joy.
His mamma being dead, you will find you would rather
Have this lady alive than his Puritan father,
A vicar whose thoughts seem to dwell on the tomb,
And to blame boys and men for their freedom from gloom.
The book as you read it makes painfully clear
The checks that impeded young *Richard's* career.
It is published by RIVERS; I much recommend it,
And if you begin it you're certain to end it.

Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait is the theme to which AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE have addressed themselves in their new book *If Youth but knew* (SMITH, ELDER). For their type of ignorant youth the authors have chosen to present to us, in *Count Waldorff-Kielmansegg*, a pompous, self-satisfied prig, with a heart of much baser metal than the leg of the lady, his namesake with a slight difference, in TOM HOOD's rhyme. As his countertype we have a veteran fiddler, who pops up at every turn with a *répertoire* of *leit-motifs* for the youth's better admonishment, to save him from the wilful pride by which his own past was irretrievably blighted. I could have wished that the authors had set themselves the more difficult task of illustrating the two phases of their theme in a single person; but there was the need of a happy ending, and no doubt they knew their affair.

The book has neither the sustained passion of their best work, *Rose of the World*; nor the sustained artificiality proper to the life pictured in *A Bath Comedy* and *The Incomparable Bellairs*. Intrigue, escapades, a frowning castle and an *oubliette* provide the regulation elements of romance. The burlesque Westphalian Court of *not p'tit frère Jérôme* furnishes the kind of background which is so good for the display of historical colour and erudition in uniforms. The hearts of the virginal *Sidonia* and the antic fiddler—young April and reminiscent December, that have no part, either

of them, in the midsummer pomp of passion—supply the thin red blood of sentiment. It is all picturesque and pleasant enough, but fails, except for a few chapters towards the end, to hold the reader by its spell. These charming authors are incapable of producing anything that is not graceful and refined and scholarly; but one has half a suspicion that their work comes a little too easy to them—perhaps because there are two to make the labour light.

Mr. LANCELOT SPEED's illustrations have real merit. They show a very sincere sympathy with the authors' design, and have many touches of pure feeling and imagination.

LO, MESSRS. NEWNES have published at the price Of three-and-six apiece these volumes three (Their print is pleasant and their binding nice) Of BYRON's varied mass of poetry.
Thin-paper classics are they, but to me
What most appeals is this:—that they are bound
In lambskin, like the wolf who fain would be
Mistaken for a sheep, and scheming found
Sheep's clothing best to help him as he prowled around.

There is a fine breezy out-of-door atmosphere about *A Man of No Family* (HUTCHINSON). C. C. & E. M. MOTT know not only all about horses, but are equally at home on the cricket field and by the trout stream. The hero of the story, *Joe Dawkyn*, is a sort of *Mr. Smith*, "a part of whose life" was told by Mrs. WALFORD to a former generation. A commonsense, honest, straightforward man, he goes about his business just as he rides to hounds—straight, fearless, and with judgment. A brewer by trade, only one remove from the founder of his firm, and therefore not yet eligible for a Peerage, he finds himself accepted in county society, a much more exclusive set than is met with in Mayfair. Falling in love with the daughter of the *Earl of Melborough*, he does not see why he should not marry her; nor, when the question is put, does she. The *Melborough* family—the Earl, his sister, and his Countess, especially the latter—are admirably drawn. I have not before come across work by these authors. If it is a first essay in novel writing it is singularly free from amateurish touch.

Glasgow Men and Women (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has a wider interest than its name implies. The book is a selection from sketches from life by A. S. BOYD, whose pencil is not unfamiliar in the pages of *Mr. Punch*. Originally published in local journals, they form a valuable contribution to the history of the last quarter of a century. Turning over the pages of the portly volume in which they are admirably reproduced, one is struck by the havoc death has wrought among familiar friends. On a page of portraits one comes upon clever sketches of J. B. BALFOUR, who lived to be raised to the peerage and the headship of the Scotch Judicial Bench, and of Mr. ASHER, who unaccountably missed those opportunities. Another interesting feature is the *vraisemblance* of veterans of to-day as they lived and moved a score of years ago. Here, for example, hero of a great Radical demonstration at Glasgow in 1885, is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, looking remarkably like SON AUSTEN of to-day. Another plate is filled with sketches of Mr. GLAISTONE speaking about the same epoch at Hengler's Circus in Glasgow. As I happened to be present on both occasions, I can testify to the faithfulness of the portraits. The book is full of memories. Mr. BOYD has not only summoned spirits from the vasty deep, but at his bidding they have come.

The nine sons of the King of BURMA came to the school specially erected for teaching the Bible to them on elephants."—*Daily Dispatch*.

The italics are *Mr. Punch's*, and are employed to attract Mr. BIRRELL's attention to this scheme for popularising undenominational religious teaching.



Major Buffer. "LADY VI LOOKS UNCOMMONLY WELL. GOT SUCH A FRESH COMPLEXION."
Mrs. Scratcham. "YES. FRESH ONE EVERY DAY!"

THE SKYLIGHTS OF LONDON.

"There is unquestionably a tendency with many writers to exaggerate the beauties of foreign places, thereby tacitly belittling the charms of spots nearer home. The same sun, which in setting seems marvellously wonderful from the summit of Teneriffe's Peak, sinks to rest with just as wonderful roseate hues over Acton as seen from Hammersmith."

Health Resort.]

The dying light of sunset glowed
One evening on the Brompton Road ;
The very chimney-pots were kissed
To tints of pearl and amethyst ;
And, seated on a motor-bus,
I communed with my spirit thus :
How vain on distant shores to roam,
When scenes like this are found at home !
Fools count among the world's delights
A sunrise seen from Rigi's heights.
How little can such people know
Of sunrise over Pimlico !
Let fickle fashion run in quest
Of Matterhorn and Everest,
Enough for me if I can still
Breast the lone peak of Primrose Hill,
And watch below the wanton breeze
Coquetting with the Kilburn trees.
Diana's face your soul enslaves
As mirrored in Geneva's waves ?
But, tell me, have you ever seen
The moonbeams dance on Parson's
Green ?

Go, and from boredom find relief
Upon the Peak of Teneriffe ;
The patriot, who for nature yearns,
In Hampstead all he needs discerns ;
For alien charms he has no whim—
An Acton sunset does for him ;
And, if he wants a wilder view,
For trepence he can get to Kew.

THE DAILY SHAVE.

A CONTEMPORARY states that "shaving, old as it is, has till now needed one thing to raise it to the rank of an art—a literature."

We are able to state that this long-felt want will soon be supplied, and beg to announce the early publication of a new ½d. morning paper which will be called—

THE DAILY SHAVE.

If you are a self-respecting man you cannot do *without* "THE DAILY SHAVE."

If you are a strong-minded woman you will insist on your husband *having* "THE DAILY SHAVE."

"THE DAILY SHAVE" will be clean and wholesome, and many of the features will be illustrated with cuts.

The first number will contain an instalment of the thrilling serial

"METHODS OF BARBER-ISM"

by "H. C.-B."—initials, we may hint, which conceal a name. "METHODS OF BARBER-ISM" is alone worth *twice* the money (one halfpenny). Don't miss it ; it is a HAIR RAZOR !

Another attraction will be—

TIPS FOR SHAVING, by one who has had considerable experience in SHAVING FOR TIPS.

"THE DAILY SHAVE" will try to help you in every possible way ; it will make the rough places smooth ; and although belonging to no party its policy in general will be an "Imperial" one.

We have received the following flattering telegrams upon the new venture—

"For cool cheek *The Daily Shave* beats everything."

"I used to have a beard ; now I am going to take *The Daily Shave* regularly."

These are but two examples out of at least half a dozen. Originals, with names and addresses of senders, can be seen at the offices of

"THE DAILY SHAVE,"

NEW CUT, E.C.

"Paying with Words."

"FRENCH lady would exchange French conversation for one o'clock lunch, West End."

Scotsman.

OF TOP-DRESSING.

"Cui flavam religas comam?"

BETTY, I have it in my honest heart

To let you know with what a pure compassion
I see you tire your head (and deem it smart)

In the flamboyant mode approved by Fashion—
Something between
A stuffy turban and a tambourine.

Is it because few women dare defy

The other women's tyrannous dictation?
Or that you hope to melt some manly eye
And wring therefrom the sort of adoration
That innocent souls
Offer to angels in their aureoles?

If that's your object, I am not aware

Who is the guileless youth, the verdant stripling,
For whom you bind your sheaves of mellow hair
By processes of artificial rippling,
Using a frame
With borrowed fluff to overlay the same.

It cannot be for me; for middle age

Leaves me, to such allurements, cool—or coolish;
It must be someone else, less timely sage.
More simple, more impressionably foolish;
Some one (or more)

Unskilled to doubt you genuine to the core.

Yet, if you care to hear the candid truth,

From one who still preserves a sentient fraction
Of what has been a heart that through and through
Thrilled to the best capillary attraction—
I can't admire

These bulging haloes rigged on padded wire.

It's not as if your hair was in decline,

Nor do you need to have your head diminished,
Or to obscure a scalp of poor design
Which Nature roughly blocked and left unfinished;
I've always said

You had a rather nicely modelled head.

But that portentous bulk above your brow

Makes all the rest beneath seem small and petty,
Especially your brains; and anyhow—

To be sincere (you wish me, don't you, BETTY,
To be sincere?)—

Brains aren't your strongest feature, are they, dear?
O. S.

MORAL REFLECTIONS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

II.

CONTINUING my wanderings through this unrivalled collection, I came, in one of the side galleries, upon the gigantic skeleton of the "*Mastodon Americanus*." It did not impress me with any reflection of moral value, but it does tend to show that, even in the earliest periods, our American cousins did things on a more colossal scale than could be attempted by this effete and one-horse country. There is a placard describing it as "partially restored," and I cannot but think that it would be wiser if the authorities were to abandon all idea of a complete restoration. They may, for all I know, have commissioned some modern Comparative-Anatomist-Frankenstein to set it up with an outfit of flesh and blood, muscles and skin, and so forth, and electrify it into vitality—but is it worth while? Fortunately, there is still time to pause and reflect, as they have not advanced at present beyond the framework, where (I merely suggest) the restoration might well stop.

For, even as a skeleton, this Mastodon is the reverse of

attractive. Its massive bones have acquired a rusty brown hue which is extremely distressing. Perhaps it would present a handsomer appearance if the authorities would have it bleached, or at least whitewashed. Failing these remedies, I should strongly recommend them to bury it. It has been dead a great deal too long already, and besides it must have a baleful effect on all persons of a nervous or imaginative temperament beholding it for the first time. I cannot believe that if it was absolved from further attendance anybody would ever miss it much.

And, if you come to that, there are several other specimens of equally appalling nightmare-power, which, in the public interests, I think might now be allowed to retire into decent obscurity. Among these I would particularly mention the "Giant Ground Sloth or Megatherium," which rears its hideous bony head twelve feet above the level of the floor, as it claws clumsily at a tree as though in a pathetically futile quest after some non-existent gentleman from one of Mr. REED'S "Prehistoric Peeps." I should like to ask: Is this beast a fit sight for neurotic infancy? Is it not as certain as anything can be that it gets out after dark on most evenings, and looks in at many a South Kensington nursery window the moment nurse has switched off the light? I am convinced that such escapades go far to reconcile it to its present reduced condition. Then the "Giant Armadillo" (*Dinornis maximus*), resembling an enormous rocky egg, with a smaller egg serving as its repulsive head, really is a kind of outrage. Of course it is several thousands of years since such grotesques were ramping about alive and well, but *that* is no excuse for preserving them. One would so infinitely prefer to believe they had never existed at all.

No animal, I am well aware, does itself even the barest justice in skeleton form; but these creatures, at their very best, could never have been popular. Then why perpetuate these first crude and unsuccessful attempts of Nature to construct an elementary animal with no nonsense about it? Why not let bygones be bygones, instead of raking up early indiscretions which have long since been lived down? I should like the authorities to think very seriously over this suggestion—I am sure there is something in it.

Some such reflections as the above were, I fancy, passing through the mind of a youthful private in a line regiment, who, with a companion, had strolled into the room containing these monstrosities. Not that either of the pair said a word—they were far beyond *that*—but both evidently felt that the things were "not right."

Perhaps I should make an honourable exception in the case of the skeleton of "Burchell's Rhinoceros," which still retains a cheery grin full of quiet humour. In life it must have been rather a lovable beast, and was probably deeply attached to BURCHELL. If it had a fault, I should say it was a tendency to practical joking . . .

On my way to visit the "*Diplodocus Carnegii*"—whom I respect, if I do not like—I came upon a group of maidens who, with their single attendant swain, had just discovered a case in which some stuffed birds were shown receiving a visit of ceremony from a rabbit. "Ulllo! Bunnies!" exclaimed one of the girls, whereupon all were overcome with a mirth which seemed out of all proportion to the occasion—for there was only one rabbit, and even he had nothing markedly ridiculous about him that I could discover. But the sense of humour is apt to manifest itself in mysterious ways.

The swain remarked, with some pride, that he "ad nine at 'ome like 'im" (referring to the rabbit). On which a girl—rather, it struck me, from coquetry than any real desire for a rabbit—said "Gim-me one!" . . . "If I *did*," he said, "where'd you keep it?" "Ow, let it run about the 'ouse," said she, "it 'ud do fur a cat—we ain't got no cat." "But it wouldn't ketch no mice," objected the young man, who seemed inclined to be stingy with the rabbits. "That 'll be



Bernard Partridge.

A BIT OF A BREEZE.

C.-B. (*Organ Grinder, to INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY*). "AIN'T YOU A-GOIN' TO JOIN IN WITH YOUR FRIEND, MISS?"
I. L. P. "NOT ME! SHE AIN'T MY CLASS!"



MELODRAMA IN THE SUBURBS.

Elder Sister. "DO GIVE UP, NELLIE! THEY'RE ONLY ACTING."

Nellie (tearfully). "YOU LEAVE ME ALONE. I'M ENJOYING IT!"

all right," replied the young lady cheerfully, "'cos we ain't got no mice." I was unable to hear whether she obtained her rabbit or not, but perhaps the conversation may serve to prove that Museums do exercise a decidedly educational influence in some cases. None of those girls will ever again suppose a rabbit likely to prove a competent mouser . . .

The Diplodocus is undoubtedly the star of the whole collection, and seems fully aware of the fact. There is a notice-board in the Central Hall marked: "This way to the Diplodocus," an invidious distinction which, I trust, has not yet come to the Megatherium's notice. He has no board showing the way to *him*. Both beasts are, it is true, fairly obvious to a commonly observant person—but at least the Megatherium is what a dealer would describe as "genuine old," whereas the Diplodocus is merely a modern copy.

However, only a few visitors seem to realise this. I overheard one remark to his wife, "I expect it was found in fragments, like." "What! ain't it made like that?" said she. "Na-ow," said he, "'e was *born*, not *made*, 'e was. Like the Poets!"

The correct comment on a first sight of the Diplodocus is: "Shouldn't care to meet 'im about!"—and very few sight-seers omit to make it. And the sentiment, if trite, is undoubtedly sincere.

But I did hear one little girl exclaim wistfully: "Oh, I do wish he lived *now*!" from which I inferred that she must be fond of animals.

The Diplodocus measures from stem to stern, as I ascertained from one of the boards with which he is so liberally

provided (the authorities seem to be doing their very best to spoil him), exactly 84 feet, 9 inches, or, let us say, at least twenty-five yards longer than there could ever have been any reasonable necessity for him to be. Though that, no doubt, is entirely a matter of taste.

Another of his innumerable boards requests the Public: "Please not to touch this specimen"—and of course they don't. But when the original Diplodocus was in full enjoyment of life and vigour, this particular board at all events can seldom have been required. The mighty has indeed fallen.

In his present form he inspires more amusement than awe. He is seldom taken quite seriously; indeed, some appear to consider him a huge scientific hoax—an attempt on the part of the Director of the Museum, or Mr. CARNEGIE, or somebody, to "get at them." Even the Megatherium and Mastodon come, most unjustly, under the ban of this suspicion—which is, perhaps, another argument in favour of having them decently interred.

I must urge once more that such relics of a past that no sensible person would wish to recall are not only obsolete, but most uncalculated to imbue the youthful mind with that unconscious cult for the Beautiful which I have often read is so essential a factor in the training of our rising generation.

And I think these views of mine were shared to some extent by a most superior British artisan who was good enough to give me his candid opinion of the collection as a whole: "Well enough in its way, I grant yer, Guv'nor," he said, "but most of the articles are too olefashioned fer me. And what I arks you is: wheer's the *Art* in it all?" F. A.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(In the Manner of the Radical Dailies.)

Lord Boxmoor's Birthday.

CONGRATULATIONS from all sorts and conditions of men will to-day greet Lord BOXMOOR, who enters on his fiftieth year. Lord BOXMOOR has many claims to distinction, and he is certainly the only Liberal Peer in the kingdom who has twice married an American heiress, besides being a member of the National Liberal Club.

He is a Mus. Doc. (Toronto), as well as an R.S.O. (a very rare combination); he is patron of fifty-nine livings, possesses the finest cellar in Mayfair, and is owner of five country seats, three grouse-forests, four racing yachts, three sons and two daughters. His income is commonly reported to run into six figures; he is also deeply religious, and has a beautiful tenor voice.

Park Lane Palace.

During the season Crowned Heads frequently dine at Lord and Lady BLACKSPEAR's Park Lane Palace.

On such occasions the decorations are gorgeous, the cuisine unexceptionable, and the whole entertainment is arranged in the most perfect taste.

Thus at one particularly Imperial party in January the scheme of decoration was peach-trees laden with ripe fruit, forming an avenue down the passages and standing round the walls of the ball-room, while massive gold baskets, filled with bullion, depended from the parcel-gilt ceiling.

Titled Singer.

Lord HUNTERCOMBE, who is justly celebrated for his diamond pins, the name of which is legion, is naturally very proud of the vocal talents of his daughter Lady GWENDOLEN BOODLE, who has been singing at several of the most *recherché* charity concerts of late.

Lady GWENDOLEN's voice gives great promise, and is of quite exceptional range, extending, in moments of emotion, quite beyond the limits of the gamut. Her *fiancé*, Lord BLANDAMER, is also extremely musical, and is perhaps the best pianola-player in the Grenadier Guards.

Admired American Belle.

At present Mrs. VANDERCUMP is at her house in Grosvenor Square recovering from an attack of trypanosoma contracted while shooting big game on the Nandi plateau.

Miss MAMIE GUGELHEIM, her handsome daughter—Mrs. VANDERCUMP, like HENRY VIII., from whom she traces her descent, has been married six times—will be in town most of the season, although it will be quite impossible for her to

accept all the invitations which she is sure to receive.

Standing six feet in her richly embroidered silken footwear, with wonderfully well-chiselled features of the true feudal type, Miss GUGELHEIM shares with Miss BIRDIE JOSKETT and Lady BALCOMBE the reputation of being the best "two-step" dancer in London, as well as the best lady banjoist in Grosvenor Square. Miss GUGELHEIM, who is as philanthropic as she is beautiful, has never ridden in a bus, and never gives a hansom-driver less than half a sovereign.

"Die Meistersinger."

There was a huge audience at Covent Garden on Saturday for the performance of WAGNER's droll though somewhat prolix *Meistersinger*. The Duchess of READING, in emerald velvet with salmon-pink insertions, entertained a party of Anarchists in her omnibus box. The Countess of GIGGLESWICK, still in mourning for her husband who was killed in a balloon accident three weeks ago, was escorted by her uncle Lord JACK SIMMER. Among others to be seen were Colonel and Mrs. BURBURY KITE and their winsome daughter, Miss "GUTTIE" KITE, who has the reputation of having the longest eye-lashes and the shortest upper-lip in Portman Square.

SHADES IN REVOLT.

A MASS meeting of painters' ghosts was recently held in the cellar of the National Gallery to see what measures could be taken to protect the privacy of their lives from ruthless treatment by modern writers of fiction.

The Chair was taken by the ghost of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, while there were also present Messrs. GAINSBOROUGH, TURNER, WILSON, CROME, ROMNEY, OPIE, REDGRAVE, RAEURN, LESLIE, MULREADY, WILKIE, HOGARTH, and many others. CONSTABLE stood at the door.

Having in his opening remarks laid down the general proposition that a dead artist is better than a living novelist (loud cheers), and referred in no measured tones to the scandal of so long postponing the appointment of a new National Gallery Director, the CHAIRMAN called upon ROMNEY to lay his case before the meeting.

The ghost of ROMNEY, who was received with enthusiasm, thereupon rose and addressed the Meeting. He was not, he said, a vindictive spirit; he believed in a certain freedom being allowed to writers in their choice of material, but he was compelled to draw the line at some things. There had recently been brought to his notice a new novel by a popular—and possibly deservedly popular—lady novelist, the story of

which was largely the story of his own life, dressed up, and, he felt constrained to add, vulgarised, to suit the taste of the present day. He would not have minded so much had the story been frankly a biography, but it was not—it was an adaptation under a thin veneer of modernity. For example, he himself, GEORGE ROMNEY, figured under the commonplace style of JOHN FENWICK. (Cries of "Shame.") He asked what was to be done? The author being a lady, he could not take such measures as he might had the work been that of a man. But some action was needful, because although, taking it altogether, it might be said that Mrs. WARD had not transgressed very seriously in her encroachment on his privacy, what might have happened had his story fallen into other hands? The thought of the treatment which Miss CORELLI, for example, might have given it was more than he could bear. (Prolonged shudders.) Or Mr. LE QUEUX. (Sensation.) Or even, in another way, Mr. HENRY JAMES. (Panic.) He would say no more. The reception which the Meeting had given his remarks showed him that its feeling was aroused. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN, before calling on the Meeting for some practical suggestions, said that he felt no less strongly than his friend ROMNEY, although, not having himself had the kind of career that lent itself to fiction, and being deaf into the bargain (an ear-trumpet being death to romance), he could not rise quite to the same pitch of eloquence.

The ghost of GAINSBOROUGH, who followed, said that his life also had lacked picturesque details, but he sympathised very strongly with his friend ROMNEY, who had already been treated imaginatively once for all by the late Lord TENNYSON. His own grievance was less exalted, but not less painful—for it was his fate to have the name for which he had toiled for many years kept alive quite as much by a shape of hat as by his pictures.

Other speakers followed to the same effect, there being no dissentient voice but HAYDON's, who expressed himself only too willing to have his life utilised by capable novelists, as the result might be that he would in time come to be properly recognised. In his lifetime he was the victim of a cruel conspiracy—(Cries of "Chestnuts," and uproar, during which the ghost was at last induced to sit down.)

The question of punitive and deterrent measures was then considered. A long discussion took place as to whether it was wisest to haunt and terrify the authors themselves or their publishers. To haunt the authors, it was held, would perhaps be more logical, but to haunt and discourage the publishers would hit



TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

New Groom (coming in from exercise). "BEG PARDON, SIR. YOUR 'ORSE 'AS LET ME DOWN."

the offenders harder. (A voice, "Also booksellers.") It was therefore decided that, although the authors were not to be allowed to have wholly untroubled nights, the principal attack should be directed against the publishers and booksellers.

A further discussion was then held as to whether Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD and her publishers, Messrs. SMITH AND ELDER, should be informed of their misdeed, or whether they should be merely warned, and it was ultimately decided to take no steps this time, but make the punishment all the more drastic and exemplary if the offence occurred again.

A vote of thanks to the CHAIRMAN, which he failed to hear, concluded the proceedings.

A door plate in Kensington announces: "Madame G— Dresses and Laces." We rejoice in the first avowal, but, as a Past Grand Worshipful Master of the Anti-Corset League, we deprecate the other.

THE AUTOMATIC SCENT-CAR.

PUBLIC feeling has been deeply stirred by a suggestion that motorists should be compelled to drown the odour of petrol proceeding from their cars in some less offensive aroma. Why not? We have much pleasure in presenting to the world the very latest thing in automobilism. The Scentipede is a 4-syringer, rocking-h.p. roadster with vaseline engines, driven by the alternate explosions of Frangipani and Opoponax. Round the rear of the tonneau runs a perforated pipe ejecting, when the car is in motion, a continuous cascade of Sanitas. This serves the double purpose of fumigating infected areas and abating the dust nuisance, whilst it is conjectured that street arabs will find a soothing refuge under the deodorising spray. Each car contains a series of reserve tanks to meet special emergencies.

Thus the susceptibilities of highly-strung rustics and pedestrians are

gratified by the discharge of an ingenious compound, comprising the bouquets of new-mown hay, *sourire d'Avril*, and bone-manure, while on passing a string of thoroughbreds, the careful chauffeur will render these intelligent beasts thoroughly docile by a well-managed jet of Jockey Club, reserving his fountain of lavender-water and salts of lemon to quiet the apprehensions of governess-carts.

Everything in fact that human ingenuity can devise has been done to render the Scentipede grateful and comforting to other occupants of the high road, and even the horn will emit a note midway between the buzzing of a humble-bee and the melodious nocturne of a barn-door owl.

In the course of time ozone and the autocar will become interchangeable terms, and all the benefits of a week-end trip to Margate or Blackpool (to say nothing of the Trosachs) will be secured by a momentary whiff of the breezes in its wake.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE FEMININE WATCH.

IN the Chronicles of an ancient kingdom, long since decayed and obliterated from geography, it is narrated that the then King, a chieftain who made business efficiency his watchword, issued a decree providing for the erection of sun-dials in all the commercial centres, and markets, and highways and public resorts throughout the kingdom, and commanding all his adult subjects, without distinction of sex and upon severe penalties, constantly to observe these sun-dials and to make a record upon their tablets of the time so observed. "Thereupon," the Chronicler continues, "there arose a strange and perplexing situation, which soon, growing to an extraordinary and unforeseen degree, threatened to subvert the established institutions of the kingdom, and, indeed, fell not far short of bringing the kingdom itself to an end. For whereas all men cheerfully obeyed the decree, save only here and there one of the baser sort, the women on the other hand, whether moved by some natural infirmity or incited by the craft of conspirators I cannot say, from the outset resisted the decree, and in the end, banding themselves together, boldly defied it and caused grave annoyance to the officers and judges whose duty it was to enforce it. In course of time the prisons became filled with women, and the expense of building new cells rose to a sum of many millions. Nor was this the only inconvenience. After four years it was estimated that four-fifths of the women of the kingdom were incarcerated, and the Registrar-General having been unable to record either a marriage or a birth for some time past, resigned his office on the ground of an insufficiency of fees, being in addition deprived of the society of his wife and four daughters, all imprisoned as a result of disobedience to the decree. The population being thus in danger of extinction, a high feeling of patriotic dissatisfaction grew even amongst the men of the country, and eventually the decree was repealed so far as it affected women."

The scribe narrates at some length the great popular festivities that attended the repeal, but with these and with certain statistical observations I shall not trouble my readers. My purpose is rather to point out how firm and unvarying through the ages is the natural disposition of women, and how even in our own advanced horological civilisation our female element displays the same distaste for time and the instruments that mark its course as distinguished the revolutionary ladies of this ancient and forgotten kingdom.

Now it is, of course, true that with us nearly every woman has a watch, or at any rate something that passes by the name of a watch. It has a dial provided with tiny hands and inscribed with numerals so minute that a magnifying glass is necessary for their discernment. Its back is gorgeously enamelled in shining blue or green or ruby red, and encrusted with tasteful little wreaths of diamonds. It hangs, face inwards, from an enamelled and jewelled knot-brooch pinned to the gentle breast of its owner. No human being who wished to know the time would ever consult it, for either it never goes, never having been wound up, or, if in an occasional fit of temper or remembrance its wearer does wind it, it never by any chance condescends to tell the right time. I have heard a lady say, with a flush of pride, that to-day her watch is going, and I have seen her proceed at three P.M. to an appointment fixed for 1.30, while her watch, which happened at that moment to be dangling face outwards, pointed impudently to 10.15.

It appears, therefore, that the feminine watch is not a watch at all, but a fetish. Some high esoteric significance it must have, for as a time-keeper it is, as I have said, quite without value, and, as a mere ornament, it is easily surpassed by others which do not boast its scientific pretensions. Something there must be in the idea (probably mistaken)

that it conceals machinery in its innermost recesses, and that on occasion it can be presumed to tick, which makes a woman feel that by possessing it she is brought into relation with the mighty unseen forces that cause the earth to spin on its axis and bring about the sunshine and the rain. But on this subject women are reticent, or, if you venture to ask one of them why she wears a watch, she will probably reply with perfect effrontery that men wear watches and that she doesn't see why women shouldn't wear them too.

TO CONSCIENCE.

O CONSCIENCE, Conscience, you that pry unbidden
In my dark soul, from morn till dewy eve,
Seeking those details I would fain keep hidden
E'en from myself, whose pitiless *qui vive*
Guile may not baffle, nor excuse deceive,
Who, deaf to all opinions of my own,
Compel my conduct to your own good leave,
Discarnate Grundy of my moral tone,
Confound you, Conscience, can't you let a man alone?

All that I seek of profit or of pleasure
You would preposterously bid me shun—
All that I do—dear gods! what words can measure
Those after-agonies? "O Naughty One!
Repent, I tell you! This was not well done!"
And, as I know of sad experience,
There is no rest for me when *that's* begun—
You have no tact, no manners: ten years hence
You'll still be dragging out that crusted old offence.

Were you content from day to day to wake up
My waning zeal, but little need be said;
But why, oh, why deliberately rake up
The Late Lamented, why profane the dead
In their cold Past and chuck them at my head?
I ask you, is it decent, is it fair
To hoist these veterans from their wormy bed?
Better, far better, leave them as they were,
Than thrust them in a light they are not meant to bear.

And, oh my Conscience, wherefore be invidious?
These, as I knew them, were not wholly black;
They had their failings to the more fastidious,
But still, there *was* a pleasurable smack
About them somewhere—why not bring that back?
Also I know not why your choice should fall
On *me* to bear the brunt of your attack;
When some, whom it were flattery to call
Profligate, seem to have no consciences at all.

For one comparatively law-abiding
To see them, up to every merry trick,
Pleasing themselves, enjoyably backsliding
In calm indifference to the gaping Nick,
I say, it makes me positively sick.
No nagging Voice withholds them from their shame,
Nothing they reckon of your compunctionous prick;
I—I alone—must tremble at your Name:
No doubt it does me good; but dash it, play the game!

DUM-DUM.

Our Cosmopolitan Patriots.

The Tribune, objecting to the use of German uniforms by British sandwichmen, says: "Perhaps those responsible for the Act of 1894 thought that, if they protected the British uniform, respect for the uniforms of neighbouring Powers might safely be counted on to do the rest." There is a pathetic *naïveté* about this interpretation of the sentiments of the last Liberal Government.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that a little volume containing Mr. BIRRELL's replies to deputations will be published shortly under the title *Snubiter Dicta*.

The Government's Education Bill is proving a Liberal Education in itself.

A Nonconformist minister, speaking on the subject of the Education Bill last week, referred to "The MADRALI of Non-conformity wrestling with the HACKENSCHMIDT of Clericalism." We like the picture of Dr. CLIFFORD as a Terrible Turk—and so does ABDOUL HAMID.

By the by, it is not, we believe, generally known that, had war broken out between Great Britain and Turkey, it would have been found that our Government had entered into a secret treaty with HACKENSCHMIDT with a view to keeping MADRALI in check.

It is denied that the Bill for founding a Court of Criminal Appeal is to be abandoned. The Government does not so lightly break the pledges it gave to its supporters at the Election.

It is reported from Natal that assegais made in Birmingham and Germany have been sold to the rebels. The Tariff Reform League asks indignantly, why were they not all made in Birmingham?

It has transpired at the War Stores Enquiry that the contractors always found it impossible to cheat the 7th Hussars. It is now rumoured that this regiment is to be re-named The King's Own Sharpshooters.

We are undoubtedly progressing. A number of British officers visited Metz last week to study some of the battlefields of 1870. A little while ago a trip to Agincourt would have been deemed sufficient.

The writer who asserted, in *The Daily Mail*, that most ladies' clubs were disgraced by the dishonesty of their members was made to look rather foolish by a lady who wrote to say that she once left a diamond ring in the dressing-room of her Club, and it was not stolen.

We shall soon know which are the worst pictures of the year. "Pictures of 1906" is asking the Public to record their votes for what they consider the best.

Meanwhile some artists are of the opinion in regard to a certain painting bearing the motto, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out," that the Hanging



Gigantic Burglar (to diminutive householder). "IF YER DON'T LET GO THIS MINUTE, BLOW ME IF I DON'T FALL ON YER!"

Committee should have persuaded the porters to make the attempt in the instance of this canvas.

Interviewed by a representative of *The World*, a distinguished Royal Academician remarks, "Thank goodness, the Old Masters can't paint portraits to-day." Nor some of the Modern Masters, to judge by the present show at Burlington House. *The Tailor and Cutter* even goes so far as to hint that not even Mr. SARGENT's portraits are up to the standard of the Tailors' showcards.

With reference to the accident to the Headmaster of Eton, who slipped while descending some steps, and sprained his ankle, we are in a position to deny the silly and malicious rumour that Mr. LYTTELTON was sliding down the banisters at the time.

"Your PRIME MINISTER is the uncrowned King of the country," said Dr. REICH. "He does what he likes." Sir HENRY and Mr. KEIR-HARDIE smiled grimly on hearing this.

We are glad to hear from *The Birmingham Post* that a New Jersey gentleman has, after lengthy experiments, "succeeded in producing a brood of eleven chickens each having one leg longer than the other. The advantage claimed for them over other chickens is that they are, by reason of their deformity, compelled to walk in circles, and cannot, therefore, wander far afield."

We think the New Jersey gentleman has wasted his time rather. He could have got the same results, at far less inconvenience to himself, by producing a brood of chickens each having one leg shorter than the other.



OUR OPENING MATCH.

"I SAY, BILL, YOU'VE GOT THAT PAD ON THE WRONG LEG."

"YUS, I KNOW. I THOUGHT AS I WERE GOIN' IN T' OTHER END!"

TRAVELLING FACILITIES.

["The Midland Railway has provided elaborate sets of chessmen and draughts, by means of which passengers may relieve the monotony of the long journey."]

We are glad to be able to announce the following facilities for amusement afforded by the other Companies.

Thanks to the enterprise of the Great Northern a very good game of hunt the slipper may now be enjoyed by passengers on the night expresses.

Each compartment of the suburban trains on the Great Eastern is to be fitted with a gramophone to facilitate the game of musical chairs.

By arrangement with the Editor of *The Spectator* excellent miniature rifle ranges are to be erected in the corridors of the London and North Western trains, and it is hoped that the general travelling public will be thus induced to take an interest in the matter of national efficiency.

The refreshment cars of the Great Central Railway will be thrown open for marbles between meals.

Pullman Cars (fitted with collapsible seats) are now available for hockey practice on all the Brighton expresses. Shirts and shorts may be obtained at the bookstalls at Victoria. Light racks provided for lady spectators at usual fares.

The Caledonian Railway Company begs to call the attention of golfers to the substantial railings now erected round the tops of its carriages, which render driving and approach shots, with a captive golf ball, a comparatively safe and enjoyable pastime. Special insurance tickets issued to 1st class passengers only.

The Great Western hopes before the winter comes to adapt its mail-bag nets for parlour football in the Post Office carriages.

The Management of the District Railway regrets that it does not see its way to offer further facilities for the entertainment of its clients.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN: "Goodness crèche us!"

THE CULT OF THE TILT.

[There are many shapes in the Spring Millinery, but only one angle.—*Daily Paper*.]

ATTEND while I lilt
Of the impudent tilt
Achieved by the hat of the day;
From the back rising high
It eclipses one eye
In a manner audaciously gay.
Whether *toque*, *Louis Quinze* or *bergère*,
It isn't the *shape* that you wear;
But, for damsel or aunt,
It's a question of slant—
On a cluster of *ondulé* hair.

When the features are plain
Take some areophane
And bunch it well under the brim;
If sufficiently thick
It will guarantee *chic*,
Which is likely to captivate *him*.
Then assume an expression of ease,
But remember it's fatal to sneeze,
For the least little lurch
Will unsettle the perch
Of a *chapeau* at forty degrees.



DEFIANCE NOT DEFENCE.

THE GRAND TURK (to British Tar). "TOUCH BUT A SINGLE HAIR OF MY HEAD—AND I SUBMIT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 7.—Even the Whip will turn. To-night WHITELEY illustrated truth of ancient saw. Convolution chanced under foot of DON'T KEIR HARDIE. With that relentless tyranny that has, since history began, marked the action of extreme lovers of Liberty, those of the Labour Party who in the Parliamentary fight follow the oriflamme of DON'T KEIR HARDIE (it is glaring in colour and worn round the neck) insist upon having a Member of their little section on every Select Committee nominated by Ministerial Whip.

The fact that numerically, not to make more invidious distinction, they are the minority of the representatives of Labour in Parliament does not affect the case. The basis of Equality, Liberty and Fraternity is that you individually, or your sections, shall have what you want. Let the rest of the world look after itself.

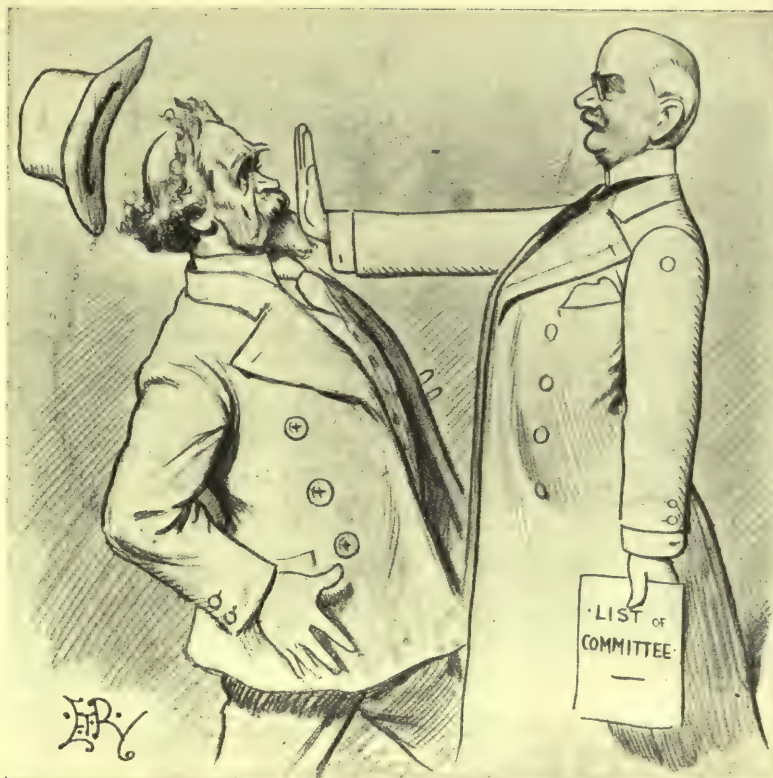
Ministerial Whip, his room picketed, attempted compromise. Fully admitted that Labour Party had right to have a representative on Committees dealing with important public questions. But the Labour Party in its eagerness to further the cause of its constituency was rent in twain. Which section was to be held as most fully representative?

DON'T KEIR HARDIE cared less than ever. What he insisted on was that his little companionship should be recognised as separate, independent, important Parliamentary force by having a Member seated on every Committee. What happened to the rest was WHITELEY'S



"WHO SAID NONCONFORMITY?!"

(Lord R-b-rt C-c-l.)



THE RIGID JANITOR; OR, NOT A "UNIVERSAL PROVIDER."

Mr. Wh-t-l-y (Chief Whip). "Out of your turn, Mr. K-r H-rd-e! No good your trying your 'peaceful persuasion' methods on me!"

look out. Wasn't he paid to do this work? Not at the full rate of the Right Hon. JOHN BURNS, it is true. JOHN BURNS—Ah! And DON'T KEIR HARDIE nervously hitched his blood-red necktie in direction of his left ear.

Thus assailed, the Whip, reflecting upon procedure adopted by his betters when in analogous position of difficulty, resolved to take a leaf out of their book. They did one of two things—either they appointed a Royal Commission, or they suggested a compromise. In this particular case a Royal Commission was, of course, out of the question. It would, indeed, cause a difficulty to break out in a fresh place. For DON'T KEIR HARDIE would certainly insist upon one of his men being placed upon the Commission to exclusion of 'orny'-anded brethren who have taken up quarters in Ministerial camp. So Whip proposed a compromise.

Whenever Select Committee was nominated a Labour Member should, he promised, be taken alternately from either section. When DON'T KEIR HARDIE benefited by earliest arrangement, which gave one of his men a seat on the Local Taxation Committee, he offered no objection. Now, when the other side were to have a turn, getting one of their men on the Housing Committee, the case is different. DON'T KEIR will have his man on this

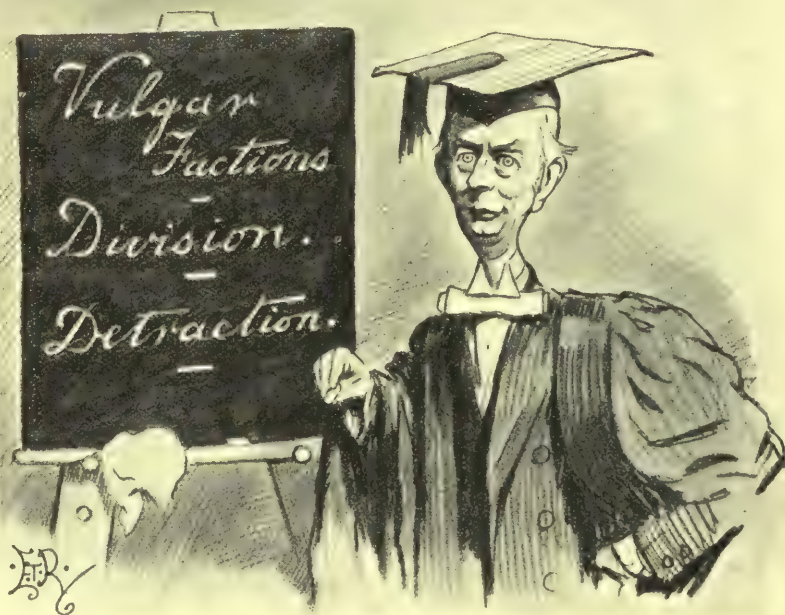
Committee also, or will waste a sitting set apart for debate on Education Bill.

Name of first Member on list submitted was opposed. Division followed. In spite of support from sympathetic Irish Members, defeated by overwhelming majority. But what of that? Committee consisted of eleven; might take division on each name. The first division occupied something over a quarter of an hour. Eleven divisions could easily be made to answer for three hours, and where would your Education Bill be then?

This too much for diplomatic usage, trained patience, of the Whip. To delight of Opposition, who watched with glee these early manifestations of rift in the lute of Ministerial Majority, WHITELEY told the Independent Labour Members to do their worst. Consenting to adjournment of debate, he defiantly bade them come and have it out at eleven P.M. to-morrow.

Business done.—Debate on Second Reading of Education Bill begun.

Tuesday.—No one looking in on House would imagine that battle has been opened on question understood to have shaken the country to its foundations. Second day of debate on Education Bill. ANSON on his legs denouncing it. Rare to find a man with such multiple, multiplex, claims to attentive



Sir Wm. Anson. "I'm afraid this is about all we're teaching the children just now!"

hearing. Was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education in last Government; was, under Providence and PRINCE ARTHUR, in charge of Education Bill of 1902. If any man knows the Educational Question *au fond* it is WILLIAM REYNELL ANSON, third Bart.

The mark of the blood-red hand a mere detail in his roll of honour. He inherited it; he won the several distinctions of Fellow of All Souls, Bencher of the Inner Temple, Fellow of Eton College, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and, finally scaling the topmost towers of Ilum, Alderman of the City of Oxford. And yet his voice, denouncing what he scathingly described as "this omnibus Bill," by way of distinguishing it from the private, episcopal brougham of 1902, was as of one crying in the wilderness. Members who, at three o'clock, had crowded in to fight, declined to remain to yawn.

Possibly the chilling disappointment of LLOYD-GEORGE's speech had something to do with the collapse that followed on the rising of Alderman ANSON. It was the first appearance of PRESIDENT OF TRADE in the controversial field. The ground peculiarly his own. Naturally expected he would defend it with the brilliant arrogance that marked him in Opposition. House crowded in anticipation. Several Bishops in Peers' Gallery, come down with intent to learn what to avoid in the way of aggressive speech. They might more effectively have made study of each other's speech and manner

when, in press or on platform, BIRRELL and his Bill are mentioned.

The spell of this dolorous debate, which yesterday enchained GEORGE WYNDHAM, leading to delivery of poorest speech ever made by him, fell upon the fiery Welshman. He cooed the Bishops gently as a sucking dove; was almost tearfully sympathetic with J. G. TALBOT, to whom in these direful days of renewed attack on the Church the grasshopper is



WINSTON AT THE NETS (QUESTION TIME).
The more bowling he gets the better he likes it.

a burden. Before he was through he became conscious of the long unwonted spectacle of sections of his audience making for the door.

When in succession there appeared at the Table the portly presence of Alderman ANSON, subtly conscious of the rustle of civic gown, the glitter of Aldermanic chain, Members fled with one accord. Debate, hopelessly wet-blanketed, was not to be revived by the eloquence of FRANCIS POWELL, the almost turbulent indignation of JOHN KENNAWAY, or the assurance that to-morrow BRYCE would renew it.

Business done.—Further debate on Education Bill. Gloomier than ever.

Friday.—Wisdom, in the person of C.-B., has been justified of her children. Without exception the new men he brought into his Ministry have proved successes. Perhaps the boldest adventure was the induction of WINSTON to the Colonial Office. With the SECRETARY OF STATE in the Lords, the UNDER SECRETARY looms large in the House of Commons. Position, especially just now with the legacy of disturbed South Africa on the hands of Ministers, one of peculiar difficulty and delicacy. WINSTON has faced it with a courage and discretion that are the mark of statesmanship.

From time to time he has been called upon to set forth in lengthened speech the policy of the Government upon a current crisis. That, though a prominent part of his duty, is by no means its fulfilment. Every day there is directed upon the UNDER SECRETARY OF THE COLONIES a fusillade of questions. Prepared in the study, pointed with personal information, polished at leisure, they frequently present dilemmas.

Nor is this all or the worst. Notice having been given, the young Minister, with the assistance of the permanent staff, has opportunity of preparing guarded reply. That forthcoming, there is flashed upon him one or more supplementary questions that must be answered right off. This ordeal is met with self-possession, readiness, felicity of phrase, and occasional flash of scathing humour that delight a House by no means free from personal hostility towards a young man who, obedient to hereditary instinct, is not careful to conciliate or retain friendship.

Business done. Discussion on Hours of Labour in Coal Mines. In the earliest hours of this new day Education Bill read a second time by 410 votes against 204. Majority more than two to one.

THE ACTIVITIES OF ROYALTY.—*The Bath Herald* makes the happy announcement that "Princess CHRISTIAN runs through Bath to-morrow at 12.38, on her way to open the Nautical School at Portishead."



Mabel. "AUNTIE, OUR SCHOOL HAS JUST JOINED THE 'GUILD OF DEFORMITY.'"

Aunt. "INDEED. THEN WHAT IS YOUR ARM DOING ON THE TABLE?"

Mabel. "OH, BUT WE DON'T START TILL MONDAY!"

ANY UNCLE TO ANY NIECE.

AND so it's *you*? That paper there
(The self-same pink that many a lover
In recent fiction hastes to tear

From out its orange-tinted cover),
With half a faintly-pencilled line,—
For "*girl both well*" is all that's in it,—
Has made me (without leave of mine)
A true-born uncle in a minute.

It is so sudden! I was taught,
In forming any new connection,
To give the matter solid thought,
And act with proper circumspection.
Not all-unconscious does one gain
The rank of husband, agent, trustee;
Must uncleships unasked-for rain
On bachelors mature and crusty?

Could one, by any chance, appeal,
And get exemption? Could one
(maybe)
Declare—but this is not, I feel,
The way to greet a new-born baby.
To *you* I turn; forgive, forgive,
And (when you're bigger) don't be
hard on
A quite well-meaning relative,
Who very humbly begs your pardon.

You'll want a name, it's safe to bet.
I wonder what the modern fad is;
They tell me JOAN is *chic*—and yet
My laundress calls her daughter
GLADYS.

Perchance, with luck (for who shall tell
The drift of parents' fond caprices?),
The witching name of CHRISTABEL
May deck the eldest of my nieces.

What still to add? Such counsels sage
As uncles lend for girlish guidance,—
Such compliments to youth from age
As make a beauteous maiden's eye
dance,—

All this, for your unfolding mind,
Just now would ring a little hollow;
So take my blessing cordial-kind
(With silver spoon and fork to follow).

And if you some day think it queer
That I should grasp this early season,
Nor wait till many a ripening year
Has made us friends,—well, here's
the reason!

I thought I'd take my chance in time,
Since it may hap (but Heaven for-
fend it!)

"That I shall be too old for" rhyme,
"When you begin to comprehend it."

HORS D'ŒUVRE.

THE new one-act play by "M. E. FRANCIS" (Mrs. BLUNDELL) at the Haymarket has the fascinating title of *Olf and the Little Maid*: fascinating because it might be anything. Personally, says the Assistant Critic, I thought it was going to be the story of a Norrway shepherd who played golf. However, when I heard the Little Maid say, "You be turrble good to I," I knew at once that I was wrong; because that is Dorset dialect, and in Norway, of course, all the shepherds talk Norwegian. "Olf" was merely ALFRED JOYCE, a farm hand—delightfully played by Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE. (May I call attention to my forthcoming play: "*Olf*—a Drama of Carmelite House," the *motif* being "The little made, and how much it is.") It is a simple little love tale that Mrs. BLUNDELL has written, and it prepares one pleasantly for the good things of *The Man from Blankley's*, which at its fiftieth performance is going as strongly as ever.

NEW TITLE FOR THE BAKER STREET AND WATERLOO TUBE.—The Zulu.

PLAYING AT BEING AMERICANS.

I wish to thank the anonymous gentleman who sent me *America Abroad—A Handbook for the American Traveller*. Price Sixpence, for his kind present; all the more because my birthday really comes in one of the cold winter months. We don't see many really classy books in our village, and the reading-room has just given me a vote of thanks for so generously handing on the immortal work. Of course, lots of our fellows will never get as far as the Carlton Hotel even, but they'll like reading about it.

It happened that LILLIAN and I were going up to London to get my hair cut. We have no hairdresser in the village, though there is a pretty decent tailor called BRIGHT. (When he came, the postmaster announced in a voice of awe that he was a real London man—from SWEETING'S. He got it from the Vicar, who meant POOLE'S.) I once asked BRIGHT why he didn't start a hair-cutting department, being practically there already with a pair of shears and any amount of tact, but he said there was no real opening for it; because half the population is over eighty, and at that age it's simply flying in the face of Providence to go to a barber's.

LILLIAN had mapped out our day pretty well, though there were times when she was in danger of forgetting the main object of our visit.

"If you want to do the Academy and a *matinée* in the same afternoon," I said, "I don't quite see when we're going to get my hair cut."

"It rather looks as though we should miss it somehow," agreed LILLIAN.

"My idea was to come out strong at the barber's while you bought hats and things."

"Oh no, I shall want you to help choose them. That's for the morning. 'Mr. "DICK" MEADOWS and his charming fiancée were among the early callers at the well-known Bond Street milliner's. Among, I may remark, the very early callers. The 8.10 train, and we must have the whole day arranged."

"Jove!" I said, suddenly, "I've got the very thing." And I brought out *America Abroad—A Handbook—*, &c. I can't give the whole title again.

"For one day only," I said, solemnly, "you and I, LILLIAN, will be Americans. Not a step will we move without consulting this *Handbook*. We will trust

ourselves to the unerring wisdom of its editor."

Kindly observe us at ten o'clock next morning, outside Charing Cross. LILLIAN had done her hair very high on top for the occasion, and I flatter myself we rather looked the thing. She carried the book, I being occupied chiefly with one *Cecilia*, a fox terrier at the end of a leash. It was LILLIAN'S idea bringing the beastly thing, and she did it on the paltry grounds that she wanted to get some things at the Army and Navy Stores, and that it would be a chance for *Cecilia* to mix a bit in society on the platform place outside. He was getting so provincial.

"Now let's start at the beginning," I said. "Page 1."

"Page 1 is the cover," said LILLIAN. "Nothing really happens till page 7, where the editor begs to thank us for much generous encouragement."

"I thought *Cecilia* was getting anxious about something."

"Charing Cross, as a street, commences at Northumberland Avenue, opposite Trafalgar Square, extends to Scotland Yard, where Whitehall begins, and reversing on the opposite side ends at Cockspur Street.' I am so glad it can reverse, though they do say it's bad form."

"Look here, we can't stand here all day, and I came up to town to get my hair cut. Can't you find a better page?"

"Certainly. Page 9. 'The art of travelling always has been and always will be an accomplishment only to be acquired by dint of great perseverance and great resolution, combined with a natural astuteness, which many find some difficulty in attaining.'"

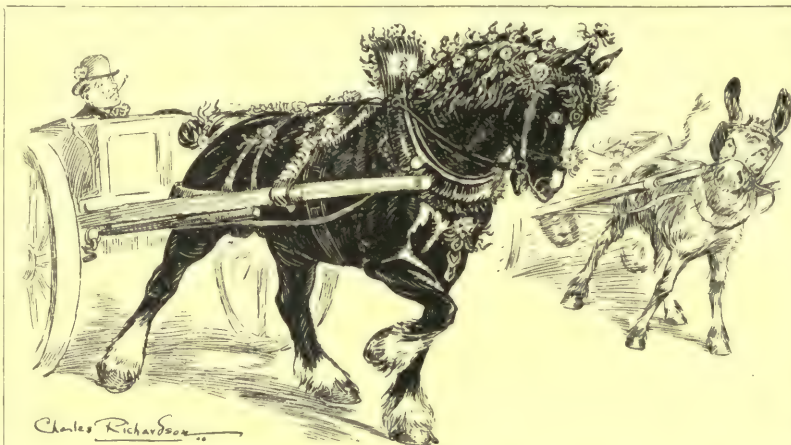
That seemed to dish us rather, because, though I am naturally astute, I

never was much in the persevering way, which is more *Cecilia*'s line. Still we weren't going to despair just because of a little thing like that; so we got into a cab ("The hansom cab is a great institution for getting about rapidly when required"—page 21) and told the man to drive around for a bit while we considered the future.

LILLIAN was all for St. Paul's, as being "the most magnificent edifice in London." The editor seemed rather keen on edifices, hav-

ing a special page for "Government Edifices," and another for "Public Edifices." He had also pointed out in a friendly way that London was "divided in twain by the Thames River," and altogether seemed quite the stylist. Then there was a pleasing reference to Sir JOHN SOANE'S Museum, which I had never heard of before, and on page 19 an announcement that "Spanish and Papal silver is, however, below par, though often found—" which looks as though Par was a bit of a sportsman at "Hunt the Slipper."

We had lunch at the Carlton. The editor didn't absolutely insist upon it, but we got the impression that he would be pained if we didn't. By that time we had seen St. Paul's Cathedral, the Entomological Museum, the Church of St. Magnus (on the editorial assurance that it was "one of WREN'S best efforts"), the Albert Memorial and Smithfield—none of which places I had wanted to see in the least. We had had trouble with *Cecilia* at every one of them, except



Vulgar Coster's Donkey (to decorated cart-horse). "WOT O, THERE! 'OO STOLE THE 'AM FRILLS?"

"We're encouraging him now like mad. Try a word of consolation with the index. That ought to help."

"Useful Hints to Travellers," page 18. Oh, listen to this, DICK: 'If you have your mind quite clear on arrival in a European city—that's not very nice, is it? It looks as though he suspected something. DICK, unwind *Cecilia*, he's getting dizzy."

"Confound *Cecilia*!" I muttered.

"Hush!" said LILLIAN, "I've just discovered something. We are standing upon a 'Historic spot not elsewhere classified.'"

"Also ran—Charing Cross."

"Yes. It is said to be named after one of the famous crosses erected by EDWARD THE FIRST in 1291—a long time ago, *Cecilia*, while you were still quite a little boy—in memory of his Queen ELEANOR. The true site is now occupied by an equestrian statue of CHARLES THE FIRST, the Cross in the railway station yard in the Strand being private property."

the Albert Memorial, and altogether I was pretty tired of being an American.

After lunch LILLIAN said, "What does the book recommend for a bad headache? Look under 'Public Edifices.'"

I turned instead to "Crossing the Atlantic."

"Sea-sickness," I read, "goes much harder with nervo-bilious people than others. A cool head and temporary abstemiousness will soon overcome it. You catch the idea, don't you?"

"I know one thing, that I'm going to be temporarily abstemious in the open air this afternoon."

"Certainly. We have here a selection of 'Suburban Resorts' that may suit you. Woolwich, Putney, Gravesend, and so on."

"Tell me the area of Hyde Park," pleaded LILLIAN; "that may make me better."

"About 850 acres. By Jove, here we are. 'Regent's Park. A charming breathing spot in the north of London.' Let's go and breathe."

We took a hansom, the hansom-cab being a "great institution for getting about rapidly when required," as I pointed out to LILLIAN -- explaining to her modestly that though the actual wording was not my own, the general idea had been with me for some years.

We spent the rest of the day breathing in Regent's Park, having a good many museums and edifices on our brains. I don't know why Americans should be supposed to want to know the heights of towers, and the cost of bridges, and the insides of Archaeological Collections, but if the editor says so that's all right. I'm not complaining. Only LILLIAN and Cecilia and I hadn't realised what it was to be Americans. The inside of the village church once on Sundays, with Cecilia waiting for us in the porch, is about our limit.

"By the way," said LILLIAN as we were having tea in Baker Street, "Cecilia never went to the Stores after all."

"And I never got my hair cut."

"Oh that's all right, because you

were being an American, but I'm bothered about Cecilia. He was so keen on getting into the best set."

"We shall have to bring him out next season instead. The train goes in twenty-five minutes."

"Help!" said LILLIAN, "we must fly."

The hansom-cab being a great institution for getting about rapidly when required, we took one.

Tuesday.—GAPON shot dead this morning as a traitor by member of revolutionary committee. Later in day attended conference of this body. Towards evening he was again shot, but this time not fatally.

Wednesday.—GAPON, who had passed the morning in Brazil, arrived at Cape-town this afternoon and proceeded to Paris by the boat express. He was shot at three times, but escaped with one death.

Thursday.—GAPON, interviewed to-day in London, denied story of being bribed to betray leaders. GAPON left later for North Berwick to meet Mr. BALFOUR in the Spring Medal semi-final.

Friday.—GAPON, who arrived to-day at Behring Straits from Biarritz, confirmed report of his death.

Saturday.—GAPON, closely guarded, departed for Siberia, but returned to St. Petersburg in time to be murdered this evening by revolutionary leaders in the Nevski Prospekt.

Monday.—GAPON, who lunched with the Bishop of Bath and Wells at the Athenæum this morning, was executed in the presence of several thousand spectators at Moscow at about four P.M.

Tuesday.—GAPON, who succeeded in effecting his escape immediately after his execution, passed through the Sahara at seven o'clock this morning, en route to take the chair at a meeting to be addressed by the Mad Mullah in Khartoum.

Interviewed, GAPON stated further movements were uncertain, but expected to address

meetings during week at Shanghai, Hamburg, and Adelaide. Asked as to his recent execution, GAPON said it was one of the most successful executions at which he had ever assisted.

Wednesday.—Report of GAPON's execution for to-day not yet to hand.

Proposed Amendment to the Education Bill.

SEC. 40, sub-sec. 3: "That this Act shall not extend to Scotland or Ireland."

"To move that the words 'England, Wales' be inserted after 'to.'"



THE AGE OF THE WHEEL.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

GAPON THE UBIQUITOUS.

Monday.—FATHER GAPON executed this morning.

Tuesday.—GAPON passed through Berlin this afternoon.

Wednesday.—GAPON, who had been closeted with the revolutionary committee in St. Petersburg for the past forty-eight hours, declines to be interviewed.

Friday.—GAPON again died to-day.

Saturday.—To-day GAPON spent quietly resting after exertions of yesterday.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MISTRESS ELIZABETH MONTAGU, born in 1720, lived to the age of eighty, numbering among friends and acquaintances many of the best-known folk of the 18th century. Her great great niece, EMILY CLIMENSON, coming into possession of her correspondence, has brought together in two handsome volumes, *Elizabeth Montagu* (JOHN MURRAY), the pick of letters passing during the earlier half of her life. The magnitude of the task will be understood when it is mentioned that the treasure trove was stored in sixty-eight boxes, each holding from 100 to 150 letters. To read them is to get vivid glimpses of life as it was lived a century and a half ago. The study is not calculated to make us envious of those who dwelt in the good old times. Though Mrs. MONTAGU lived to be four score, her prime of life was constantly overshadowed either by actual illness or apprehension of it. Smallpox was rampant, only beginning to be restrained by vaccination. Inoculation the wise then called it, submitting to banishment for periods ranging from six weeks to two months whilst the beneficent charm worked. Tunbridge Wells was in the height of its fame, vying with Bath, where Beau NASH still reigned, in drawing Society to its healing waters.

When anyone was ill, with whatsoever variety of indisposition, came the dread doctor with the abhorred lancet and bled the hapless patient. Whiles he blistered him or her. In her twentieth year Mrs. MONTAGU, having a swelled lip, straightway had a blister applied to her back. "My lip is not entirely reduced," she writes, addressing her mother as Madam, "though I have been blistered twice, once blooded, and have five times taken physic." Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, suspected of gout, "has been blooded forty ounces within this week, and they say looks as florid as ever." Which must have been disappointing to the doctors. A country apothecary, who enjoyed the local reputation of having "let the life out of the veins of eleven people," bled Mrs. MONTAGU for a headache.

Writing from Bulstrode, the Duke of PORTLAND's country place, Mrs. MONTAGU mentions that "we breakfast at nine, dine at two, drink tea at eight, and sup at ten." The morning tub, not universally used, was in 1740 actually what it was named. It resembled a wheelbarrow without legs or wheels, having two handles at each end, whereby the struggling chambermaids emptied it. These are domestic matters, trivial in themselves, but full of human interest. The correspondence frequently takes loftier flight, revivifying the personality of men and women whose names live in graver histories of the time.

Mr. HOLT SCHOOLING, statistician, would

(If asked) inform you airily, "The chance is Seven to one on getting something good

From any book by (Mrs.) M. E. FRANCIS."

And then with simple pride he'd add: "Of course it Is thirty-nine to one the background's Dorset."

And it is Dorset. Enter, R. and L.,

A maiden and a lover come "a cwortin'."

Follows a sigh, a push, a kiss and—well,

You'll find it all or something of the sort in The pleasant tales that make up *Simple Annals*.

One gets it through the ordinary channels.

P.S.—I quite forgot to let you know

The publishers are LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

In *Fenwick's Career* (SMITH, ELDER), MRS. HUMPHRY WARD makes a study of two diverse characters. The task is a hard one, but a master hand is at work. *John Fenwick* is a Westmorland man of plebeian birth, fully conscious of supreme artistic gifts. *Madame de Pastourelles*, the daughter of a Peer, is the uncomplaining though deeply suffering victim of an ill-assorted marriage. She recognises the genius

that underlies the forbidding exterior of the Westmorland painter, and her natural kindness and alluring grace fan it into lambent flame. *Fenwick*, in whose career there are obvious reminiscences of ROMNEY, leaves his wife and child to struggle on in their chill Westmorland home whilst he goes to London and justifies *Madame de Pastourelles'* estimate by speedily rising to fame. Apart from the study of character, the story is full of dramatic incidents, notably the visit of the deserted wife to her husband's studio in London, and the interview with *Fenwick* in Paris, in which *Arthur Welby*, an undeclared lover of *Madame de Pastourelles*, denounces his duplicity in hiding his marriage with a view to entrapping *Lord Findon's* daughter into a bigamist union. But, after all, the skilfully contrasted character is the thing. On the one side the dainty woman, pure-souled, unselfish, highly cultured, aristocrat to her tapered finger tips; on the other the Westmorland boor, vain, querulous, mean, jealous, arrogant, untruthful, but withal a genius.

TITLED TRUISMS.

[There is an inborn love of sport in the Saxon which helps to keep him mentally and physically one of the healthiest creatures in the world. But it is obvious that, if a man cannot indulge his ambition to excel in cricket, football, or any other form of sport without detriment to his success in the more important affairs of life, the lesser object should be sacrificed to attain the greater.]—*Lord Monksell* in "The Tatler."

AFTER the above *dictum*, which bears traces of the influence of Lord AVEBURY, we may, any day, expect the following authoritative pronouncements from other Members of the Upper Chamber:—

The question of diet is one of evergrowing importance in this luxurious age, and it is probably not less true than it was when the saying was first coined that one man's meat is another man's poison. Generalisations are always dangerous, but at least we may assert with a reasonable measure of certitude that the man who suffers from chronic dyspepsia should abstain as far as possible from lavish indulgence in the pleasures of the table.—*The Marquis of Ripon* in "The Morning Leader."

Crossing the Channel is an experience which no two people regard in exactly the same light. But amid the diversity of sentiments which are evoked by the transit, pacific or boisterous, we must never lose sight of the fundamental principle that the further we are off from England the nearer we are to France. This principle, be it further noted, is equally true in its inverted form.—*The Duke of Devonshire* in "The Edensor Parish Magazine."

If we cannot realize all our ambitions, let us at least cultivate that philosophical resignation which will enable us to be content with the attainment of a portion of them. I am not as young as I was last year and I am decidedly older than I was in 1890, but the longer I live the more completely am I convinced that not only is it impossible for us to have our cake and eat it, but that, where genuine hunger exists, half a loaf is better than no bread.—*Lord Rosslyn* in "Great Thoughts."

The habit of thrift cannot be inculcated too early in the minds of the youth of this great country. The more we save, the more we have to invest; and the more we invest, provided the security is absolutely sound, the larger will be our dividends. But even a hundred pounds, if lodged in a good bank, may prove a nest-egg for us to take our stand upon in a rainy day.—*Lord Rothschild* in "The Economist."

"HOUSE to let; six rooms; good repair; garden with fruit and rose trees; would suit motor-car."—*Middlesex Times*.

We are afraid not. Even the lowest h.p. Buzzer is so particular nowadays that nothing less than a vinery and orchid-house is good enough for him.

CHARIVARIA.

It is interesting to notice the simple way in which our Royal Princes are being brought up. They have to undergo all the hardships of ordinary little boys. Last week, for instance, they were taken to the British Museum.

The Vicar of Thames Ditton announces that during the boating season special seats will be reserved in his church for persons who wish to attend in boating costume. It remains to be seen now whether a similar concession will be made to bathers.

It is denied that the Anti-Gambling Society intends to initiate proceedings against the actors and actresses taking part in *Raffles*.

An advertisement issued by the proprietors disposes once and for all of the rumour that the new daily paper *The Majority* is to be the peculiar organ of the Labour Party. The forthcoming journal, it is stated, "will be tolerant and courteous to those with whose opinions it does not agree."

The present Government evidently hopes to cover up its sins of omission by sins of Commission.

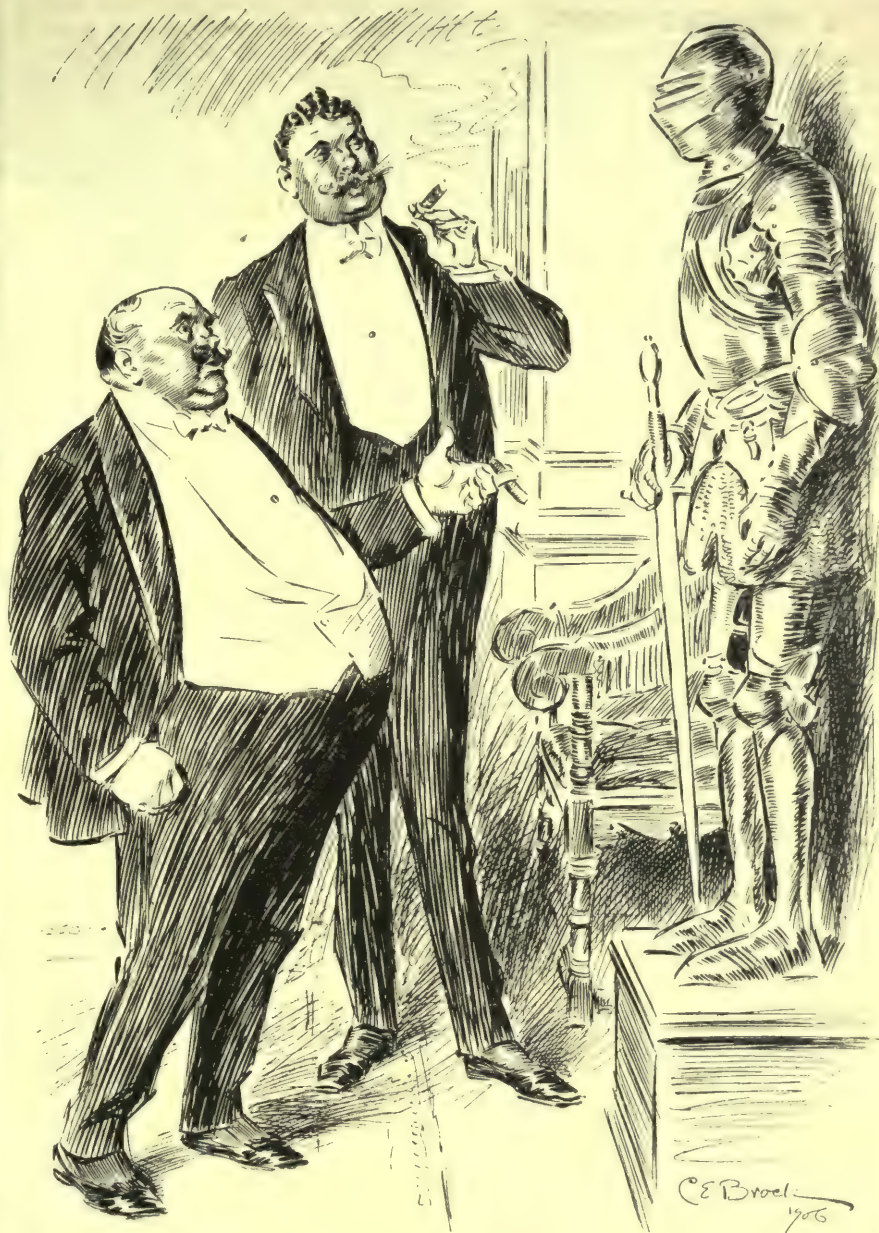
At a time when it is being suggested that all policemen are not free from guile, it seems only fair to draw attention to the fact that a constable told Mr. FLOWDEN at Marylebone Police Court on the 12th inst. that he did not think a cabman would make a charge that was not correct.

The Duchess of TECK opened, last week, an institution which has been neatly described as a Horsepital, Dogpital, and Catpital.

Nerve specialists, it is said, are now recommending a "Silence Cure" for ladies who suffer from nerves. The patients have to set apart a certain number of hours in which no word is spoken. A lady we know tried this treatment with a curious result. She herself came out in a rash, but her husband, who suffered from headaches, recovered.

The news, published in *The Daily Mail*, that Telegraph Boys are to be abolished will come as a surprise to many. "The War Office authorities," states our contemporary, "are encouraging by all the means in their power the practical instruction in shooting of the Post Office telegraph messenger boys." We shall miss the little fellows.

While scratching his nose last week,



PROGRESS.

"I MAINTAIN THAT THE RACE HAS IMPROVED IN PHYSIQUE SINCE THOSE DAYS. NOW WE COULDN'T GET INTO THAT ARMOUR!"

with the end of a loaded revolver, a Parisian gentleman accidentally pulled the trigger and blew off the tip of his proboscis. This confirms the theory as to the danger of such a proceeding which has long been held by many thoughtful persons both in this country and in France.

During the cold snap last week a huge skate was caught in the Channel.

Sir W. B. RICHMOND has been complaining of the lack of great men in the country. Surely he is mistaken. So long as our photographic papers exist,

and have to be filled every week, England will never want for great men.

Mount Detula, in Luzon, has sunk into the earth, and its place has been taken by a large lake. The local publicity bureau, with enterprise we cannot praise too highly, is now, we hear, advertising "A Constant Change of Scenery," with a view to attracting settlers.

There is no satisfying some people. Having barely escaped from San Francisco, Signor CARUSO has been bringing the house down at Covent Garden.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

THOSE great Twin Brethren, the GATTI Adelphi, must have smiled grimly last week over the ghost of Melodrama, visiting the very home of its ancient prime. Grimly, for Olympus has grown superior to its appeal; and though, in a few bright spasms of the old rapture, the gods applauded the once cherished conventions, they ultimately recognised the error of their attitude, and booted at the end like educated people, till the Safety Curtain was lowered.

Yet it did not seem that that talented writer, MRS. DE LA PASTURE, set out to make a melodrama. *The Lonely Millionaire* gave promise, at first, of being a light comedy, a gayer version of the idea in *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*. And then, just as a comic element is introduced for the relief of serious matter, so here it was melodrama that was brought in to stiffen the lighter stuff. A dangerous experiment; for the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is easy enough, but the opposite process is often fraught with excruciating difficulties. And scarcely a single actor achieved the ascent with any show of comfort, unless it was Mr. ASCHE, and his part was so simple as almost to play itself, with the help of a Lancashire brogue and a briar pipe. Not one of the other characters who were asked to shift about "from lively to severe" was happy in both styles. Miss LILY BRAYTON, as the millionaire's wilful daughter, was charming in the lighter scenes, but never very comfortable when heavy business was asked of her; and Mr. MATHESON LANG, one of those loose-limbed, restless young men who rush about and leave the scenery no peace, made up for an over-accentuation of his comedy part by a rather perfunctory performance in the "stronger" scenes, and finally resigned himself to the mere recitation of heroic platitudes.

On the other hand, Miss ANNIE SCHLETER, who was not called upon to be anything but serious, gave a very fresh and varied impersonation of the jealous wife of the Italian drawing-master in a scene which her cleverness alone saved from banality; while Miss LOTTIE VENNE, whose lines were cast within the limits of pure and unrelieved comedy, played to admiration the part of a delectable widow.

It was a personal triumph, for she owed it far less to the things she had to say than to her captivating way of saying them. Indeed the author seldom seemed to press home her opportunities for the humour which she clearly possesses. She might, for instance, with advantage have given wider scope to the character of that importunate suitor, the fatuous Lord Frederick. We saw far too little of Mr.

GAYER MACKAY, whose excellent fooling in a similar part contributed so much to the popularity of *Dr. Wake's Patient*.

Mr. CHARLES ROCK acted with a fine imperturbability as a butler with a habit of "hoverin'" which recalled one of TOOLE's characters; and Mr. BRYDONE gave a solid interpretation of the part of a pawky Scotch doctor. The stage movement in favour of pawky Scotch doctors will be recognised by those who saw *The Alabaster Staircase*, though it is only fair to MRS. DE LA PASTURE to say that she was first in the field with a previous amateur performance of the present play.

Finally, Mr. HERBERT GRIMWOOD as the drawing-master—a sort of *Lucentio* to the *Bianca* of Miss LILY BRAYTON—Italian in face and voice and gesture, but concealing, under passionate externals, the cool impudence of Semitic commercialism,



Smouldering Asches.

did some excellent things; but his appearance, which served him well enough in his more sordid passages, lent an extreme improbability to the fascination which he exercised over the guileless heart of his girl-pupil.

There was the same improbability about the relationship, somewhat tediously insisted upon, of the widow and the hero. It is no reflection on Miss LOTTIE VENNE's personal charm, unstated as it is by custom, to say that nobody was prepared to accept the allegation that *Lady Medwin* was the junior of Mr. MATHESON LANG's *Sir Charles*, who declared himself to be thirty-eight, but looked and behaved like a boy of twenty-three.

In conclusion, the cast was more than good enough for the play. For I am afraid that the *Lonely Millionaire* (and I take the author's word for it that they were in the plural, though she never showed us more than one plutocrat that had any pretensions to solitude) are likely

to justify their description; that, in fact, to borrow from the legend of a recent picture in *Punch*, they are destined from day to day to be left lonelier still. But the author, if her pluck is equal to her wit, will not allow herself to be discouraged; and I, for one, look forward to her swift triumph over certain faults which a fine intelligence should easily repair. To-morrow, then, to fresh woods and PASTURES new! O. S.

"M.P. RIAL EXCURSIONS;"

OR, EDUCATING LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

"If we send select parties of legislators to the Colonies during the recess and make parliamentary vagabonds of them instead of letting them devote their time to going about addressing public meetings, they will be much better fitted on their return for the discharge of their legislative duties. The real corrective of many of the evils of public life is the practice of scientific and enlightened vagabondage in the future. Let us all be not only social but Imperial vagabonds."—Lord Curzon at the *New Vagabonds' Dinner* on May 15.]

The Stay-at-home Politician protesteth:—

WHAT, bid us leave our Parish Pump,
Desert the local tub we thump,
Avoid our Bethel and our Borough,
Go Empire-trotting in a lump,
And give our tongues a rest that's thorough?!

Perish the thought! We do not care
To snuff the keen Colonial air,
Or, like "sundowners," hump our
"billies;"

We of the Centre must forbear
To turn Imperial "Weary Willies!"

We're not the sort to go on tramp,
Or rough it in a back-wood camp—
Our arm-chair life is much too busy!
To stretch our legs would give us
cramp,
Imperial thinking makes us dizzy!

Let others learn who like to roam
What wisdom lies across the foam;
We won't to pet beliefs say Ta-ta!
'Tis easier far to stay at home
And earn the style of "Pro-BAMBAATA!"

No, like the folks down Sussex way,
Who view adventures with dismay
And of the teaching tribe are jealous;—
"Tis what we knows, we knows,"
they say,
"And what we *don't* know, none need
tell us!" ZIG-ZAG.

EXTRACT from testimonial in *The Keighley News*:—

"But I am thankful to say, after five weeks of your Indian treatment . . . the girl can read and write with her right eye as well as with the left."

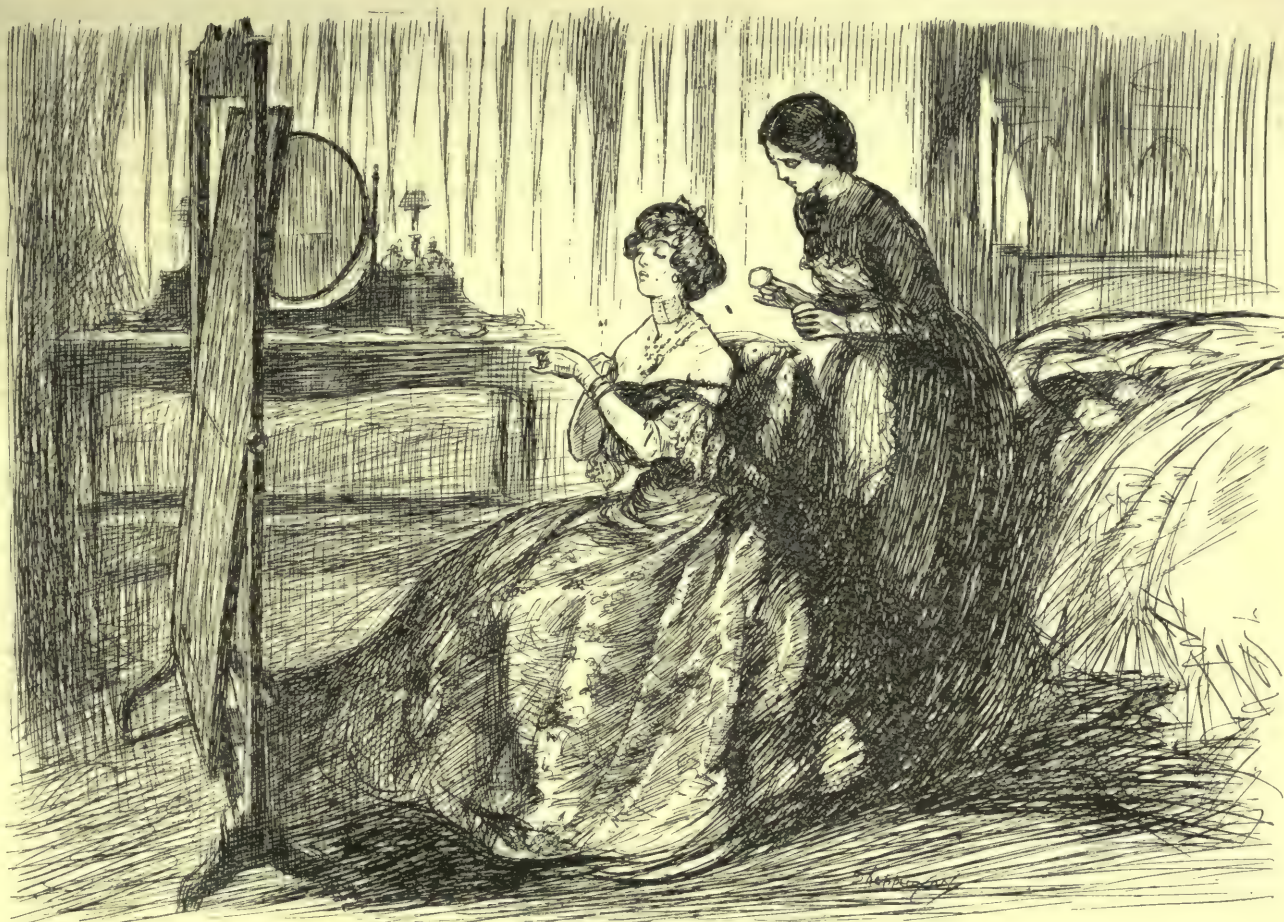
This makes the ordinary ambidextrous person look very silly.



TO SUIT ALL NEEDS.

JOHN BULL (*in a hurry*). "OH, I JUST WANTED TO ASK——"

C.-B. (*shopwalker*). "QUITE SO, SIR. WE HAVE THE VERY ARTICLE YOU REQUIRE. ROYAL COMMISSION DEPARTMENT THIS WAY, SIR."



Maid. "THERE'S A MUCH BETTER TONE IN THIS HOUSE NOW, M'M, THAN THERE USED TO BE."

Lady (indignantly). "INDEED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, CHALMERS."

Maid. "OH, M'M, I MEAN DOWNSTAIRS, OF COURSE. NOT UPSTAIRS."

SPRING IN LONDON.

AN ODE.

Now in good sooth I know that Spring is here!

The gay, the jocund Spring

(Ring-ting-a-ling)!

For see, on every hand

The signs, the signs and portents re-appear,
And all is brave, and bountiful, and bland.

Now the commodious mansions of the Great
Disdain anew their wintry grime,
And in no time

The wanton one, the plumber,
Prepares them 'gainst the summer
In dress of glassy white;
Cool, doubtless, and remarkably ornate,
Though trying to the sight.

(Saving for those that wear no vernal dress,
For whom no paint was newly wet,
Who, darkly looming in the vivid row,
Hang out pathetic signals of distress—
To wit—"To LET!
Apply to So-and so.")

See now where at the meeting of the ways
Conflicting traffics press from every side
In Spring's delicious block;
And, like a rock,

ROBERT, the cynosure of every gaze,
Stands in mid-stream, and, pale but calm,
Uprears an undisputed palm,
And dams the roaring tide.

And lo! the Park! Oh happy scene!

Green are the trees, the grass is green,
So are the chairs!

Here would we sit, and, for a fleeting span,
Let the soft breezes fan

Our brows, and breathe the Babylonian airs:—
Save for yon minion, ever crying "Pence"—
Cursed be he, I say! Come, let us hence.

Mark now the sheep—the good old London sheep!
Some round of wool, and seeming-fat,
Black as your hat,
Contented of regard, or half asleep:—
And others, shorn to half their former size,
Come forth, all coyly skinned,
To the untempered wind
In outraged nakedness, with downcast eyes.

Last of the vernal signs:
Lapped in the fretted umbrage of the trees,
Calmly oblivious of the city's hum,
See where reclines
Th' unwashen wastrel in his verminous case!

* * *
For Spring, indeed, has come!

DUM-DUM.

A CHARITY SEASON.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—This, let me inform you, is to be a Charity Season, and your BLANCHE is going to be worked half dead in the "sacred cause." When SHAKESPEARE said, "Charity suffereth long," he must have meant those who *work* for charity. I'm rather obsessed with SHAKESPEARE just now, for next week we give our amateur performance of *Hamlet* at the "Magnificent" in aid of the Seaside Home for Necessitous and Neuralgic Needlewomen. Our *Hamlet* is Lady CLARGES; and her reading of the part is that *Hamlet* was *very much* misunderstood, but *not* mad. She wants to put in one or two contralto songs, but I don't think we shall let her. She looks simply awfully sweet in her "suit of sables;" the "inky cloak" she dispenses with altogether. I do *Laertes*, and our fencing scene, I fully expect, will go with a bang. BABS wanted to double the parts of *Rosenerantz* and *Guildestern*, but it would be too much for one person, especially as they are often on at the same time. CROPPY VAVASSOR is the *Ghost*, and a very good one. He means to catch a little cold before the performance, to get his voice more sepulchral.

Then, the day after *Hamlet*, there is the Early British Bazaar, in aid of—I forget what, but something *very* deserving. We are none of us quite certain how Early Britons ought to dress. CROPPY said something about *would*: what sort of material is that? and how ought it to be made, do you think? You were always good at history. The drink bar is to be a model of Stonehenge; but as to the correct kind of drinks we are all rather in a hole. Someone suggested pottles of sack, and someone else said mead, or metheglin; but CROPPY says No; the Early Britons drank stuff called *frumenty*—I'd no idea he was so well informed. BABS and I are to lead a sort of religious dance of Druidesses. After the Bazaar's over, I shall have to put in the Opera and three parties, so there won't be much left of your BLANCHE.

Some of us have a lovely idea for helping the Fund for the Orthodox Old. We want to get 'up living pictures, all from sacred subjects, and give the show in St. Paul's Cathedral. I'm *sure* we could coax the dear Bishop to say yes;—but then there's the Dean and Chapter too, isn't there? What sort of a thing is a Chapter? Is it coaxable?

The Concert at Clackmannan House in aid of Crippled Chauffeurs went off quite nicely. The Duchess played a Nocturne and Ballade of CHOPIN in her usual brilliant style. (That spiteful little Mrs. JIMMY SHARPE says the dear Duchess *always* plays CHOPIN, because

he's so full of wrong notes that a few extra ones don't matter!) I did a coon-song and cake-walk; and BABS whistled "*Rule, Britannia*," with variations of her own—(very much her own, my dear! Between ourselves, no one else would own them.)—The BOSH TRESLYLLANS did a clog-dance; and for a professional draw we had the Baby Flautist, little Presto Piccolo. He played a tremendous thing of BOROSHI's, and was fed with a bottle between the movements. Of course it fetched 'em; but you may take it from me, my dear, that the Wonder-Child is just about played out (literally), and that the *swing of the pendulum* is going to make *extreme old age* the correct thing on the concert platform. I hear, on the *best* authority, that a violinist of ninety-five, and a pianist over a hundred, are to be the *rage* next season.

People are talking of a Lantern Fête to be given in the grounds of Ramsgate House for Lady RAMSGATE's pet charity, The Hopeless Sufferers—masks to be worn till supper-time, and nursery games to be played.

A *propos* of the RAMSGATES, poor DICKIE SANDYS is really hard hit over the DOLLY DE LACY affair—he deserted her, you know, on the very *brink* of an offer, and now he's engaged to her grandmother, POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE—I don't mean that DICKIE is doing anything so *Early Victorian* as to pine or break her heart, but she vows she'll cut both her grandmother and DOLLY.

The question arises, whether one *can* cut a grandmother? Myself, I should think she would be too tough.

A *Dios, carita* (we must all try to speak Spanish now). Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A FEATURE of the next musical season—due no doubt to the recent confident statement of Sir HERMAN WEBER as to the indefinite extension of the normal span of human life—will be the number of farewell concerts to be given by retiring infant or semi-infantile prodigies. The reaction against the rule of "too old at thirteen," which has been so rigorously enforced of late years, is already in full blast, and it is believed that the present Government are preparing a Bill under the provisions of which no instrumentalist or vocalist who has not reached the age of twenty-one will be allowed to perform in public.

Foremost in the ranks of the "farewellers" is the wonderful Lithuanian violinist TAMOSZIUS PASILINKSMINTAMS, who is at present touring in the Solomon Islands. TAMOSZIUS, who comes of a noble Lett family, was born in 1890,

and according to the accepted musical chronology of *Letts's Diaries*, is now just eight years old. He has only had one master, but that was no less polysyllabic a polyphonist than the redoubtable VALENTINAVYCZIA AUKSZCIAUSIS, under whom he rapidly mastered the most transcendental technique of his instrument, while his mother is a relative of the great Bessarabian basso TUSKAR ODOLOVITCH. In the course of the last few years he has amassed a handsome fortune, and is now thinking of devoting himself to politics or poultry farming, re-emerging at intervals of ten or more years in the musical arena under different portions of his surname.

The nomenclature of artists is a matter which is beginning to attract the attention of serious publicists, the need of immediate intervention being emphasised by a painful episode which occurred last Saturday at the Queen's Hall. A recital was being given by a talented young Pole of the name of PETRUNKÉVITCH-SVITNITCHITZKY, and during the interval a beautiful lady, well-known in London Society, suddenly burst into tears because she was utterly unable to pronounce the name of the recitalist. She was at once removed to her motor-car and is now in a nursing home recovering from a severe attack of metaphasia bombinans, in which the patient not only calls everything by its wrong name, but repeatedly emits a noise almost indistinguishable from the booming of a Burmese gong.

Several eminent musicians have been interviewed on the subject, and although their suggestions for coping with the evil differ, they are unanimous in the conviction that something must be done. Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON thinks that, as a poetic Nemesis, just as in the old days English artists had to adopt an Italian or foreign pseudonym to gain a hearing, so now all aliens, no matter how accomplished, should be forced to Anglicize their patronymics. The Lord Chief Justice, whose lovely tenor voice vibrates in the memory of all who have had the privilege of hearing him warble in the choir of St. Mary Abbot's, strongly supports the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the question. Professor PLUNKET GREENE suggests that there should be a Pole-tax on all Poles, that alien tenors should all pay an Ut-tax, and that a graduated income-tax should be levied on all foreigners without exception on the basis of the number of syllables in their surnames.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, on being consulted, replied with his usual *bonhomie*, "Let 'em all come. The more the merrier. It strengthens the larynx to have to pronounce such names as HORSSZOWSKI,

LESCHETITZKY, SEVCIK, PUSHKIN and POBIE DONOSTZEFF." On the other hand, Professor CHURTON COLLINS takes a grave view of the situation, and is, we understand, preparing an elaborate monograph entitled *The Plague of Polysyllables*. Professor COLLINS would deal drastically with the evil by a short statute providing that all foreign artists should only be licensed to perform in public on the condition of assuming a short monosyllabic alias—such as JIM, TIM, KIM or PIM—or of adopting a registered number. If they broke the law they should, in his opinion, be electrocided without trial.

Encouraging reports continue to come to hand of the new instrument recently invented by Professor HIRAM O. CHIRGWIN, who occupies the chair of Experimental Acoustics in the University of Tipperusalem (Mo.). The instrument, which is made of porcelain with a bell resembling that of a French horn and a mouthpiece identical with that of the *oboe d'amore*, is fitted with a double reed, an inner combustion chamber and seventeen pedals. It thus combines the delicacy of the harp with the pastoral magic of the horn and the impetuous pulsation of the motor-car. Its size is rather a drawback, as not more than three can be got into an ordinary omnibus, but Professor CHIRGWIN hopes in time to perfect a smaller or boudoir model. For the moment he has not definitely fixed on a name for his invention, his choice wavering between the petrolooon, the dudelhorn, and the Chirgoline.

The visit of the Chowbent Festival Choir to London has fully realised all expectations aroused by the reports of their phenomenal qualities. In point of precision, seismic sonority, and what is generally known as tympanoplectic attack they undoubtedly surpass any similar organisation, not even excepting the most famous brass bands of Lancashire and the Midlands. Tested by Professor MILNE's brontograph, one Chowbent soprano produces more disturbance of the ether waves than five of her anæmic metropolitan sisters.

RICHARD STRAUSS, according to latest advices, has just completed a new symphonic poem entitled "Abracadabra," which is dedicated to his analysts and interpreters. The work is divided into five reciprocating sections, and several passages in the full score are happily devised so as to bear a visual resemblance to a barbed-wire entanglement. Prominence is given throughout to a group of four foghorns, which represent the composer's leading interpreters, and in the finale there is an extraordinarily impressive solo for the double-bass foghorn, or contra-fogotto.



THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

Miss Anita. "DON'T YOU THINK, DEAR, IT WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT IF THE MEN WERE MADE TO LEAVE THEIR HATS DOWNSTAIRS ALONG WITH THEIR UMBRELLAS?"

A Maltese Cross, or Mongrel English.

(From "The Daily Malta Chronicle.")

"THE dancing was kept up unflagging till far on in the night—a night that robbed the day of a portion of spaces. Indeed but for the sumptuous sitting down supper, which all the same did not fail to gratify every one, the dancing floor would have sounded uninterruptedly with the musical shuffling and the rhythmical beating of the tingling feet of the glowing devotees of the science of

harmonious human glad and gladdening motion."

THE JOURNALISTIC TOUCH.—"Members of the congregation rushed to the doors, and several families fainted."

Yorkshire Evening News.

At its "Sweated Industries Exhibition," at Queen's Hall, *The Daily News* announces:

19th—Mr. L. G. C. MONEY, M.P.
"The Root of the Evil."

MORAL REFLECTIONS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

III.

Not far from the tail-end of the Diplodocus are several imposing specimens of the Turtle and Tortoise tribes, which are, I should say, the Megatherium's and Mastodon's juniors by some hundreds of centuries. I speak without authority, being no scientist, but if the officials have purchased them as antiques, I am sadly afraid they have been taken in. The style may be that of an earlier period, but I am greatly mistaken if the execution is not comparatively recent. To my eye they look suspiciously fresh and modern.

However, what chiefly struck me about them was their wonderful humanity. These Turtles and Tortoises possess that "one touch of Nature" that "makes the whole world kin" to them. I detest employing a hackneyed quotation—but they *do*. Each of them has his counterpart in this very London of ours. Examine the countenance of "The Leathery Turtle," and you cannot fail to find something strangely familiar in its features.

It was clearly a self-made Turtle, and the turtle would have to be very leathery indeed that could take *him* in. Note the shrewd twinkle in his slightly upcast eye, the humorous, but still secretive, curve of his thin lips. There lies the secret of his success. A Turtle to dine—but *not* to do business—with . . . Well, haven't you met that Turtle—differently dressed, of course—in City circles? I know him quite well. I could even mention his name, which is—but let me beware of becoming indiscreet. I doubt if he is a regular reader of *Punch*, but he *might* have an acquaintance who glances through it occasionally. And, for all I know, a City Magnate might consider it libellous were I to identify him as twin brother to a Leathery Turtle. All the same, if the jury were only given an opportunity of viewing the two together, there would be a verdict for the Defendant. Still, perhaps it is wiser not to risk it.

The "Abingdon Island Tortoise," too, I seem to have met somewhere in this metropolis, on the stage of one of the Music-halls, or in a Pantomime, I fancy. This Tortoise was evidently a popular Low Comedian, and is here preserved in the act of giving his celebrated impersonation of a Blondin Donkey. The moment chosen is that in which, on being requested to perform some trick by his trainer (a brother tortoise), he suddenly "turns nasty." But his finest effect was when, after very reluctantly kissing his exhibitor, he wiped off all traces of the caress with his fore flapper and an air of unaffected disgust which was frankly intended to be offensive. At the "Submarine Empire" several tortoises used to split their shells nightly during this particular "turn." But where be his gibes now? If some Abingdon islander of the present day could behold him in his preserved state, would he not wonder how any generation of tortoises could ever have considered him funny? That is the irony of his immortality.

There can be little doubt about what has been the "North Aldabra Tortoise's" particular walk of life. You may read it in his very attitude; in the somewhat pompous deference with which he supports himself on his curved fore-flappers; in the slightly inclined head, and the obsequious twist of his thick neck. I saw somebody the other day behind a counter who had just that manner as he murmured: "And the *next* article, Madam?"

This Tortoise is exhibited here as he appeared when engaged in pushing "a special line" of celluloid combs, and guaranteeing that they will be found "far superior to the genuine articles, which have now gone quite out of vogue." I should like to think he had no private interest in pushing these "specialities"—but you can never depend upon this species of Tortoise as strictly truthful . . .

We will now leave the Reptiles and proceed to an adjoining

gallery, which contains a series of strikingly realistic *tableaux* illustrating scenes from the Home Life of Representative British Birds. Concerning these exhibits my self-imposed duties as a Moral Reflector compel me to address a few words of earnest remonstrance to the Museum Authorities.

It is not my desire to be censorious or hypercritical; I willingly admit that the skill with which the various *dramatis personæ* have been stage-managed and provided with appropriate scenery and effects is little short of marvellous. But either the official conception of what constitutes feathered domesticity is permeated by a super-Shavian cynicism and flippancy, or else (as dramatic critics are fond of informing the author of an "up-to-date" Society Drama) they have been singularly unfortunate in the types that have come under their observation.

I do not intend to labour this point—I will merely give a few instances to prove that I am not writing at random. First, let me take a scene at "Oak Lodge, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Missel Thrush;" Mr. and Mrs. Thrush have just returned after having been out all day, on business. They are naturally anxious to find out how their offspring (who are three in number) have been conducting themselves during their parents' absence. So far, I agree, there is nothing here that the strictest moralist can object to. . . .

But observe the offspring. It is perfectly plain from their several expressions and general demeanour that they have been guilty of grave misconduct. *What*, I will not undertake to say—but *some* description of devilry.

Are they represented as overcome by shame and remorse? Are they sobbing out a confession of their peccadillos—to use the mildest term for them—on their parents' bosoms? Not they! The son and heir has jauntily stepped out on a branch to greet his parents, and is obviously lying for all—and more than—he is worth! And his juniors—what of *them*? They are sitting tight inside the nest, one attempting to avoid cross-examination by assuming an air of hopeless imbecility, while the other, with less confidence in his histrionic talent, is pretending to be fast asleep!

Their mother, I fancy, still believes in her children as a trio of half-fledged angels—but in the father's eye there is a light as of dawning suspicion.

Now *is* such a scene as this likely to impress the young as an example of filial obedience, of straightforwardness, and strict truthfulness? I would respectfully commend this question to the distinguished Director of a Museum to which such great responsibilities have been entrusted by the nation, and leave the answer to his own conscience.

Then what about another scene purporting to represent a typical Kingfisher interior? We are shown the wretched father and mother squabbling furiously in the foreground over a miserable fish, which may or may not be as fresh as one of them (I am not sure which) asserts it to be. Huddling timidly together in a corner, with their poor little bills thrust over each other's shoulders, are the Miss and Master Kingfishers, apparently squeaking in feeble chorus, "Oh, if dear Daddy and Mummy only got on a *little* better together, how *much* happier Home might be!"

There may be a Kingfisher family here and there in which such sordid scenes are not unknown. I am not sufficiently in touch with ornithological circles to say. But even so, why select the exceptions? Need our children's simple faith in the teachings of Dr. WATTS be undermined in this insidious manner?

One last example, and I have done: the *tableau* to which I must now, most reluctantly, refer, illustrates a painful crisis in the married life of another couple—Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Daw. They are still apparently in an early stage of their matrimonial career, and, for Mrs. Daw at all events, the glamour has not yet begun to fade. We see her seated on a twig immediately outside the front door of the desirable



SCENE - A London omnibus. Two ladies of somewhat mature age discussing their respective golf handicaps.

First Lady. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

Second Lady. "THREE YEARS AGO I WAS FIFTEEN, NOW I'M EIGHTEEN."

First Lady. "OH, I'VE BEEN SEVENTEEN ALL ALONG!"

Elderly Party (rather merry, who has been listening). "Ho, yuss, an' I'VE STUCK AT NINETEEN!"

tree-trunk which they have taken for the season, dreamily thinking what a fortunate bird she is to possess such a husband as dear Jack, so thoroughly domesticated, and so absolutely content to spend all his evenings quietly indoors!

And on the opposite side of the trunk, where he is secure from observation, we see "dear Jack" sneaking out of his back-door, with the evident object of making a night of it at his Club!

In a Museum in Paris, where the moral standard is of course entirely different, this might be accurate enough as a picture of life, but in this England of ours, and in an institution to which children of the tenderest years are admitted—no, I cannot think it an edifying spectacle for their innocent eyes!

It is my firm belief that the vast majority of our British Birds lead blameless and unimpeachably respectable lives, and to represent the comparatively few nests in which marriage has proved a failure as typical *ménages* amounts to a cruel and undeserved libel on the whole feathered community. They are powerless; they cannot even send a deputation to Downing Street. But perhaps some Member of Parliament who sees eye to eye with me on this subject

will bring it before the notice of the Home Secretary, or the First Commissioner of Works, or the Minister for Education, and ask whether the Government is or is not prepared to take any steps in the matter.

It is with the faint hope that this protest may have the result of arousing the national conscience that I bring these Moral Reflections to a close.

F. A.

THERE is a rumour of a possible recruit to the stage in the person of a well-known Society lady. "Psyche" in *The Gentlewoman* says: "Should the rumour prove true, one can predict large audiences at the playhouse where report says the *début* will take place—if, that is, it comes off at all." Were it not for the absence of the word "alleged" before "*début*," "rumour" and "report," we should say that "Psyche" was fairly safe from any libel action.

At a meeting of the Westbury District Council the Chairman made the important statement that "Dust raised by motor-cars killed the flies on the turnips." We hope this will encourage motorists to persevere.



MORE GRIEVANCES.

Chronic Grumbler. "NOW, THERE'S THE CHAPLAIN, 'E DON'T 'AVE ANY WORK TO DO ON THIS 'ERE SHIP; AN' THE CAPTAIN O' MARINES, 'E DON'T 'AVE ANYTHINK TO DO, AN' 'E 'AS TWO BLOOMIN' LOOTENANTS TO 'ELP 'IM DO IT!"

PROVINCIAL REFORMERS.

[Lowestoft Town Council has passed a resolution urging the necessity for rearranging the Parliamentary Session, so that it shall commence in November and end in June "in the interests of the public generally, and especially in the interests of the holiday-making public and of British holiday resorts."]

This is by no means all. News reaches us of other and similar examples of parochial protest. Thus at a Babbacombe mothers' meeting recently it was proposed, and more, seconded, that the prerogatives of the Throne be seriously

curtailed. It was held by the speakers that HIS MAJESTY had liberties and privileges which were not within the compass of the ordinary British matron, and in the interests of communism a stand should be made.

At the annual meeting of the Hove branch of the Boys' Brigade it was unanimously decided that the constitution of the Royal Academy was in need of drastic reforms. The number of full Academicians, it was decided, should be reduced to twenty.

It has been resolved by the Town

Council of Bungay that the salary of the First Lord of the Treasury is too high. Many men in Bungay are found to fill public offices without reward, and it is held that the Prime Minister should do so too.

An enthusiastic meeting was held at the Parish Room, Peperharow, on Wednesday last, to settle the Education Question. After a number of gentlemen had spoken, the purpose of the gathering was fulfilled by a resolution relegating the present measure to limbo.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

IZZET PASHA, you have to bear

The blame for Turkey's failure, ah!

Though such a fate is far from rare,

We quite agree it is not fair—

Is it? Pasha.

Clearing up a Joke.

A READER of *The Evening News* writes asking us to explain our new name "Zulu" for the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway. In reply we beg to inform him that this humorous piece of nomenclature is London's new catch-phrase, and can be heard in every bus, tram, or steamer. It is also going the round of the provincial Clubs. The idea arose as follows: The Zoo, or Zoological Gardens, is in close proximity to Regent's Park Station on the above line. Loo is the tail-end of Waterloo. Zoo-loo, without change of sound, may be facetiously written as "Zulu," which is the name of a tribe now in revolt in South Africa. The title thus happily combines a succinct aptness with extreme modernity, and is cordially recommended to our correspondent.

C. M. S. describing in *The Westminster Gazette* the habits of a kitten, says:

"When he is whiter than snow, after a grand toilet, the cook declares that 'the rascal' always at once has a roll in the coal-hole, and certainly his mistress has more than once caught him red-handed in the deed."

The kitten seems to have a tolerable eye for colour.

A GENTLEMAN writing to the daily Press on Taximeters signs himself "A Cab-Rider of over Forty Years' Standing." But surely this is a case where a man might have taken it sitting down?

"Lost on Monday night, a little black Pug; puts her tongue out; answers to Dora."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

WHEN one considers the difficulty of answering, even monosyllabically, with the tongue out, one realises the great value of Dora.



A PROUD PARENT.

BRITISH LION (to his Cub NATAL). "GO IT, YOUNG 'UN. I LIKE TO SEE YOU FIGHTING YOUR OWN BATTLES. BUT, IF YOU WANT ME, I'M HERE."



Vicar's Daughter. "I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING THE MUSIC, MRS. BOWLES?"

Old Woman. "DEARIE ME, MISS, THIS BRINGS ME BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN I USED TO SAW WOOD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, May 14. — LORD PORTSMOUTH is the soul of loyalty. Being also scrupulously veracious he would not deny, if challenged on his oath, that, had it pleased C.B. to vary the current arrangement, place him at the head of the War Office and give him HALDANE as Under Secretary, the State would not have suffered. As it is, he accepts the situation, scrupulously performs the duties pertaining to it.

All the same he wishes either that HALDANE were in the Lords, or that WEMYSS were once more in the Commons. To one middle-aged as years count, but young in office, it is embarrassing to have this man of war hanging on his flank with inconvenient questions about Home Defence and Compulsory Service in the Militia. Something ominous to-night about movement of the Ensign General of the Royal Company of Archers. As a rule shoots his arrows from the cross bench behind that on which Royalty sits. It was here that, sometime within the last century, he with dramatic sweep of argumentative arm smote the hat of his present Gracious Majesty, then PRINCE OF WALES, seated in fancied security at

the corner of the Front Bench. Had Royalty been present to-night, it might reasonably be suspected that reminiscence of that untoward incident induced the ROYAL ARCHER to change his point of attack. Howbeit he presented himself from the Front Bench above that on which ex-Ministers sit.

Early getting range of the UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR, he (of course in a Parliamentary sense) riddled him with many arrows. There was no surprise about the attack. On Friday last he put a plain question demanding straightforward answer.

"How long will it take to mobilise an army, and what would be its strength?"

The UNDER SECRETARY, having already learned the official habit of warding off inconvenient inquiry, declined to answer on the ground that it was contrary to public interest to supply the information.

"Pooh!" said the ROYAL ARCHER, deftly combing the UNDER SECRETARY'S hair with three arrows fired in swift succession, "there is not a military attaché in London who does not possess all the details. I can," he added, "supply them myself, and propose to do so on Monday."

This a pleasing variation on procedure

of an Irish Member in penultimate session of last Parliament. "Arising out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given," he said, sternly regarding the hapless Minister, "I beg to ask—." Then came the supplementary question.

WEMYSS avowedly had at finger-ends the information he sought from representative of the War Office. As the UNDER SECRETARY would not give it he should receive it. So here was the ROYAL ARCHER brimming over with answer to his own question.

Incidentally he referred to an episode in his own career, for honourable mention of which overhaul NAPIER or any other wollum of history of the Peninsular War. It happened at a critical moment. WELLINGTON had met MASSENA at Fuentes de Onoro and badly beaten him. That was good. But SOULT, hitherto indomitable, lay in the path of BERESFORD. How would the British fare in the inevitable struggle?

At this crisis WEMYSS—he was Lord ELCHO at the time—volunteered for active service. The effect was electrical, not only in this country, but with the tattered, ill-fed army under BERESFORD. They met the French at Albuera, and SOULT was shattered.

MR. HALDANE AS *Pooh Bah*.

"Speaking not as a soldier, but as a lawyer."

(Lord Robert Cecil said, "it appeared as if the Secretary of State for War had as many capacities as *Pooh Bah* in the comic opera.")

With characteristic modesty WEMYSS did not in his speech to-night directly indicate this affair. It was brought back to the mind of his hearers by the remark that some time later (it was in the first year of the present century), disgusted with the neglect of the Volunteer force by a tape-tied War Office, he finally sheathed the sword volunteered at this epoch of his country's history. Since 1900 the London Scottish have been bereft of the comradeship of their old Colonel.

Here he is to-night, apparently as young as ever, certainly as virile, demonstrating to his own perfect satisfaction that whilst Germany and France can mobilise their armies in three days, whilst little Switzerland can do it in two, the British Army exists only on paper, the Volunteers are a sham, the Militia a delusion.

After this the House proposed to get to business. On referring to the agenda there was found to be none. So noble Lords, careless of the dire straits of their country, went home to dress for dinner.

Business done.—In the Commons Plural Voting Bill read second time by 403 votes against 95.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—"The question is that 'knowingly' stand part of the clause."

Thus the Chairman of Committees to a House suddenly filled by a murmuring throng. Ten minutes ago the Chamber almost empty. Seamen's and Soldiers' False Characters Bill under discussion. HALDANE in charge; lightly at succeeding turns of debate alternately assumes rôle of lawyer or garb of soldier. In absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, DON JOSÉ, and GEORGE WYNDHAM, Commissioners for performing duties and functions of Leader of the Opposition, BALCARRES obliges.

His forces represented by some half-dozen men including ARTHUR STANLEY, who by much mouthing of the syllables, placing the emphasis on the final one, invests the familiar word "character" with unsuspected qualities. To spell it charac-tah is but feebly to indicate a peculiarity in pronunciation which by repetition cast a spell over the House. You would see men on both sides intently watching him, scenting approach to the polysyllable, unconsciously working their lips in imitation of his pronunciation, gasping the echo "ah!" when he thundered the "tah."

But that is another story. BALCARRES, thirsting for blood, insisted on taking division on question whether the Bill should insist upon false characters being knowingly given. HALDANE, abandoning for moment characters of soldier and lawyer, dropping into that of raconteur, told pretty story illustrating the difficulty. A man was enlisted upon strength of written character from a householder who said he had known him for seven years, during which time his character

had been blameless, his conduct exemplary. It turned out that these seven years had been spent in penal servitude. The writer of the letter was his brother-in-law, who, finding a bad lot once more on his hands, made fresh effort to lodge him out at the expense of the State.

Crowd at Bar missed this story. Summoned by clang of division bell they rushed in to vote. Many ignorant of name of Bill under discussion. Few, if any, knew what "knowingly" imported if inserted in the clause. The Whips would show them which way to vote, and they were there to do their duty.

"Those that are of that opinion say 'Aye,'" said the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, reciting the formula of putting the question.

There was a cry of "Aye" from men following the flag of the bold BALCARRES.

"The contrary 'No.'"

A wave of conviction swayed the crowd at the Bar. They were mainly Ministerialists, flocking in like sheep at sound of wether bell. If the remnant behind Front Opposition Bench cried "Aye" they must needs shout "No"; which they did with a vigour, unanimity and consciousness of virtue that made superfluous the knowledge as to what they fought each other for. Then they went forth to division, and by a majority of 314 against 68 it was decided that the word "knowingly" should not be added to the clause.

Thus are we governed.

Business done.—Quite a lot. At 10.25 Orders of the Day had been cleared off, and so home to bed.

CHARLES DICKENS ON THE EDUCATION DISPUTE.

"But the Bigwig family broke out into violent family quarrels concerning what it was lawful to teach to this man's children. Some of the family insisted on such a thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and others of the family insisted on such another thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and the Bigwig family, rent into factions, wrote pamphlets, held convocations, delivered charges, orations, and all varieties of discourses . . . threw dirt, exchanged pummelings and fell together by the ears in unintelligible animosity. Meanwhile this man, in his short evening snatches at his fireside, saw the demon Ignorance arise there and take his children to itself."—*Nobody's Story*.

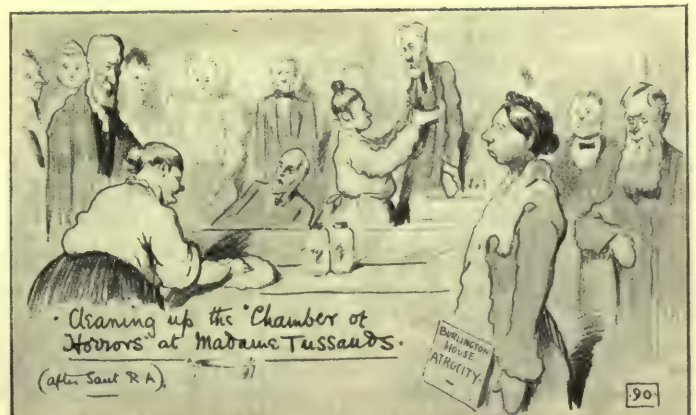
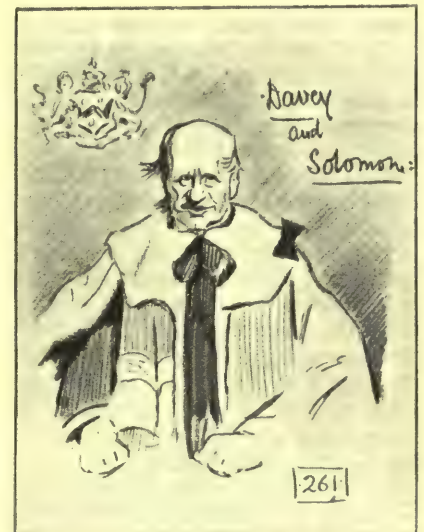
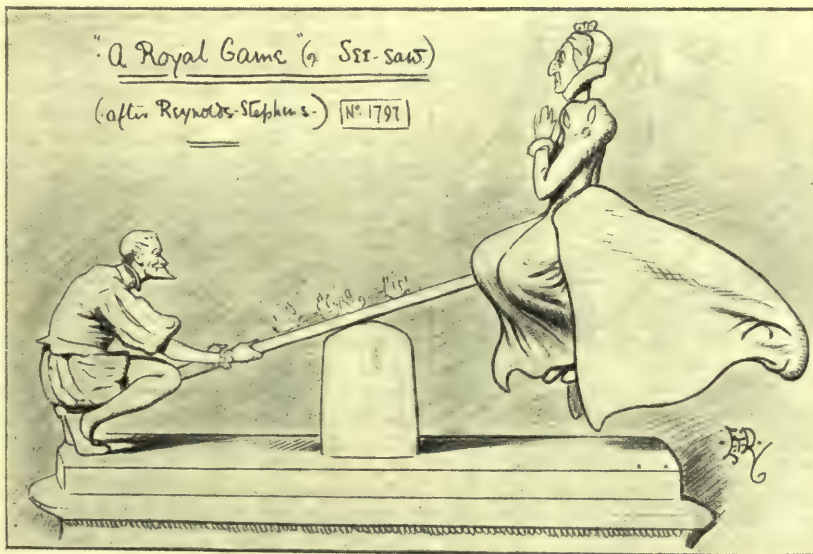
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WAS THIS WHAT HE MEANT?

(Mr. Harcourt said he "could promise Mr. Chamberlain that if he 'came over to help them' there should be no tests for a repentant teacher. . . . Surely the husks of the out-voter could not be very satisfying diet. The fatted calf of the fully-qualified resident was awaiting his return.")



MIDDLE-WEIGHT OPERA.

THE atmosphere of Covent Garden is never a very good conductor of humour; and things are even worse when the after-effects of a *Ring-Cycle* have not yet been dissipated, and another is threatened. This may partly explain the somewhat temperate enthusiasm with which *Der Barbier von Bagdad* was received. But its story is dull and even stupid; and the noble music of CORNELIUS seemed wasted on so trivial a theme, unless we were meant to regard his opera as a deliberate parody of the Grand Style; and in that case I must conclude that the hearts of the audience, still labouring under the solemn emotions generated by a course of WAGNER, were in no mood for this kind of sacrilegious badinage.

Herr KNÜPFER, as the *Barber*, dominated the scene. Magnificently bearded in the Mosaic manner, he might have stepped into this Arabian Night straight off the Sinaitic peninsula, during its temporary occupation by the Turkish Government. The profundity of his resonant basso greatly assisted the lofty dignity of bearing from which he never allowed himself to be diverted by his own *jeux d'esprit*. These were perhaps too esoteric, too full of personal and family reminiscences to thrill a public by whom the humour of Mesopotamia had probably never been regarded as of vital moment. But now and then he made a wider appeal; as when, under the impression that his client of the morning had come to an untimely end, he uttered the superbly burlesque line,

Morgens ras'ert, und abends eine Leiche!

Perhaps I ought not to refer to one rather tactless passage, in which the *Barber* remarks

"Ruchloser (profligate) Richter . . .
Doch höh're Richter richten, Richter, dich!"

I pass over the Teutonic gravity of the humour; but I protest against this libel upon the private character of the most blameless of Conductors; and I will add that, if the Syndicate knows of any "loftier Richter" than Our Only HANS, I shall be glad to make his acquaintance.

The humour assigned to Nureddin (Herr JÖRN) was of the less conscious kind. In the opening scene he presented, at least to occidental eyes, a rather ludicrous figure as he lay love-sick and prostrate on his couch, while his attendants, armed with feathers lashed to the end of long poles, did their best to reduce his temperature. On the other hand, the fun of the shaving scene was designed; and even an oriental, to whom the customary shearing of the head would suggest no hint of humour (I am glad, by the way, that the Stage-Manager stuck to the original and did not accept the gloss of the British librettist who translates "*Kopf*" as "*chin*")—even

an oriental must have enjoyed the abstractions of the *Barber*, where in the midst of his professional operations he deviates into the *Margiana* cadenza, to the ruin of his handiwork.

Unfortunately, in the next Act, when the lover, clad in a turban and rich apparel, enters to pay his vows to *Margiana*, the vision of his head as the barber left it, imperfectly bald, still remained on the retina of memory, and somewhat modified the effect of a passionate utterance in which Herr JÖRN for once allowed full play to his emotions.

Fräulein BURCHARDT was charming in appearance; and her voice, for sweetness, was a pure Turkish delight; but in her love-scene she perhaps missed the ardour and abandonment that one expects from the daughter of a Bagdad Cadi. Herr NIETAN, as the Cadi in ques-



"Hair getting rather thin on top, Sir."

Abul, the Barber . . . Herr KNÜPFER.
Nureddin . . . Herr JÖRN.

tion, would have been an ornament to any golf-links in Araby.

The chorus wrung what humour they could from their words; and their sonorous *finale* "*Salamaleikum*" (which I understand to be another kind of *rahat lakoum*)—convinced me that all must be well which ended so tunefully.

In conclusion, I cannot fairly ignore a stupendous *tour de force* on the part of the Rev. MARMADUKE E. BROWNE, who is responsible for the local libretto. In his effort to do justice to that song of *Abul* in which the original author easily found nine perfect rhymes for *Lieben*, the Rev. MARMADUKE, greatly daring, adopts "*Woman*" for his burden, for which there happens to be no rhyme-word in the English language; so he pronounces it *Woeman*, and *Wooman*, and *Wewman*, and *Wommon*; and also rhymes it in the plural with "*two men*," and "*abdomen*." I like to think that, for a single stanza, this is a record feat.

Der Vagabund und die Prinzessin, the half-gay half-sad little trifle which preceded *Der Barbier*, had at least a more human appeal. But the frame was too heavy for the picture, and the punishment of the *Princess* was too heavy for her crime. This second difficulty might have been easily avoided if the *Princess* could only have remembered the *Prince's* face for a few minutes while he went and changed his clothes and made himself into a Vagabond. I cannot account for this omission in an actress of Fräulein BURCHARDT's intelligence. Of course she may have been looking the other way when the *Prince*, in the first scene, disguised as a minstrel, recited his own love poem. But I was not in time for that episode, and I hesitate to condemn the lady unheard. *A bientôt!*

Last Thursday, for an extra couple of florins, a man might hear both MELBA and CARUSO in *La Bohème*. A glorious conjunction. And I understand that the Syndicate had given them all fresh dresses—a tactful concession, no doubt, to the feelings of Signor CARUSO, who had lost his wardrobe at San Francisco, and would have been embarrassed in his lonely spruceness. It resulted that our friends of the *Quartier* were much too smartly attired for men who had the habit of dining off bread and water on the following day.

The great tenor was in marvellous voice; and the "full-throated ease" with which he rendered "*Chi son?*" was rapturously acknowledged by a crowded and scintillating house. One might say, in the manner of the poet whose inspired couplets adorn the placards of a certain beef-extract:

You ask me why the audience clapped and
crew so?

It is because they idolise CARUSO!

Madame MELBA was perhaps not, at her absolute best; she may have caught a touch of *Mimi's* cold. I can't imagine, by the way, how *Rodolfo* could be so thoughtless in the Third Act as to let *Mimi* stay out there singing in the bitter cold with that shocking cough when she could easily have been taken indoors. And why, in the last Act, need they send for a muff to warm her poor cold hands, instead of getting her to put them under the clothes of the bed, which had obviously been put there (it doesn't figure in the same room in the First Act) on purpose that she might die comfortably.

The Bohemian fraternity (Signor SCOTTI and MM. JOURNET and GILIBERT) were in great form, but Mlle. PARKINA, to be frank, was not perfectly in the picture. The first two Acts went very briskly and naturally, and the artificiality of the rest of the opera was always redeemed by the excellence of the singing. O.S.

DIARIES OF OPERATIC HEROES.

I.—WOTAN.

FRICKA has really been very trying again to-day, and I am beginning to doubt whether she was worth the eye that I gave for her in a moment of temporary infatuation. It began at breakfast, when I told her a curious dream that I'd had about the Ring, and took the opportunity to outline the principal points of the Painful Story of my connection with that piece of jewellery. FRICKA was quite rude about it, and said that she never wished to hear the Painful Story again. She is really a most unreasonable woman, for it isn't a bad story, and I flatter myself that I tell it rather well. Besides, it's the only one I know.

Her temper was not improved when one of her rams cast a shoe, and she was obliged, in consequence, to walk up the hill to the rocky spot where I generally take my midday siesta. Of course, she was under no compulsion whatever to come, but it seems that some busybody has been telling about the conjugal difficulties of the HUNDINGS. I wish people would mind their own affairs and not go interfering with matters that don't concern them. However, the cat was out of the bag with a vengeance, and FRICKA, who is really becoming quite a Mrs. GRUNDY in her old age, was much upset about it. Of course, this little affair of SIEGMUND and SIEGLINDE is very deplorable, but HUNDING is such a boor and has treated his wife so shamefully that, to my mind, he deserved all he got. However, FRICKA's sympathies were all with the poor deserted husband, though I can't imagine what she sees in him; and she nagged at me about it for half an hour or more. The result was that I got so flustered that before I knew where I was I'd promised to fight against my own child (her stepson). Somehow I never seem to get my own way now, although I'm supposed to be the boss god up here. I really don't know what times are coming to.

As ill luck would have it, just as FRICKA was going, who should turn up but BRÜNNHILDE, and the usual words followed. It is a great pity that BRUNNY and her step-mother don't hit it off better. BRUNNY's a dear girl, and was always a good daughter to me. There isn't a better listener in the whole of my large family; so, just to let off steam, so to

speak, I sat down and told her the whole of my Painful Story. BRUNNY knows a good story when she hears one, and she followed it with every appearance of interest, though, if she has heard it once, she must have heard it a hundred times. Intelligent girl, that.

To satisfy FRICKA I had to give BRUNNY directions about her conduct in the SIEGMUND-HUNDING duel, but either I didn't make myself quite clear or else she guessed what was passing at the back of her old father's mind. Anyway, when the crucial moment arrived, she started in on the wrong side, and if I hadn't chanced to be on the spot, goodness knows what would have happened.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Binks. "PUT ON YOUR HAT, JANE, OR YOU'LL CATCH COLD."

Certainly for several weeks life with FRICKA wouldn't have been worth living.

Of course I pretended to be simply furious, and, having managed to catch BRUNNY hiding on the top of some outlandish mountain. I promptly sentenced her to a term of solitary confinement, just to assert my authority. It seems rather stiff, but BRUNNY is a wonderful sleeper—never down for breakfast unless I call her myself—and I've no doubt she'll doze away most of her sentence pretty comfortably. Anyway, there she is, and there she'll stay till Mr. Right turns up and releases her. I shall miss her terribly, however, for she was so handy about the house, and none of the others knew how to mix their old father's night-cap so well as she.

(For the next few hundred pages the diary consists almost entirely of a list of the persons to whom the writer had told his Painful Story. It is not, indeed, until twenty years later that an entry occurs with which we need concern ourselves.)

Dropped down to MIME's this afternoon to see how my grandson SIEGFRIED is getting on; from all accounts he must be a big boy now, and it is high time that he heard the Painful Story. Unfortunately, he was out. On returning to Walhalla in the evening I found FRICKA in her tantrums again, so, seeing that it was no place for me, I decided to take a turn in the woods. By good luck

I remembered that a sporting match between SIEGFRIED and the Dragon was down for decision in the morning, and thought that I could not do better than go and see it. Punctually to time, SIEGFRIED put in an appearance, with a sword made out of some old scrap steel I remember breaking up some years ago. Then the fun began, such as it was, but I must confess that I found the match a little disappointing. Of course, I would put my money on SIEGFRIED any day, but I never expected it to be quite such a walk-over. FAFNER was evidently quite out of training, and gave a very poor display. That cave of his is wretchedly damp, and he has been a perfect martyr to rheumatism of late, so that SIEGFRIED had matters all his own way.

I met him in the wood a little later, and stopped him for a friendly talk about things in general. He seems to have been very badly brought up, and I don't think I like him much. He was positively rude to me several times, and ended

up by smashing my walking-stick. I am really much annoyed about that stick as, covered as it was by notches or runes, each of which represented a separate and distinct occasion on which I have narrated my Painful Story, it was a most interesting memento. Its loss, combined with some disquieting news which I received from ERDA to-day, has quite upset me, and I am not feeling at all myself. Perhaps, however, it is only these late hours. I shall sleep it out to-morrow, and have told WALTRAUTE not to call me till ten.

The Lady's World pays a compliment awkwardly, but none the less with real feeling. "It is difficult," we read, "to find a more many-sided woman than the Countess."

THE PASSING OF THE COW.

[The *Mail*, in the course of some remarks on vegetarianism, says that the cow, as a butter-producing animal, has now been entirely superseded by the following vegetable fats: Nutter, Nucoline, Nuttene, Albene, Cocolardo, Vejsu.]

THERE may be some devoted to Nuttene,
Others who, while admitting choice is hard, owe
Their health, or so they think, to Nicolene,
With now and then a touch of Cocolardo
Vejsu remains the vegetable fat
That I most wonder at.

"Vejsu!"—regard it merely as an oath,
Conceive it, if you will, a foreign city;
Vejsu—a game, a dramatist (or both),
Was ever in the world a word so pretty?
Vejsu—some men would find a rhyme, but I
Simply refuse to try.

And what of her, calm-eyed and long of tail,
Now superseded by this kind of batter,
As truthfully narrated in the *Mail*,
Making our history a different matter?
I think of MARY, and BOY BLUE, and JACK,
And do not wish her back.

That MARY who, regardless of the tide,
And urged by fears for the ensuing butter,
Called by the banks of Dee, and calling died
With not a transitory thought for Nutter;
Would she had known (though calling as desired)
The cattle *were'n't* required!

That JACK, whose effort in the building trade
Was such that, in the end, a tattered waster,
Coming across the lonesome dairy maid,
Without so much as "By your leave," embraced her—
How innocent the story might have been,
"Bowdlerised" with Nuttene!

That Little Boy who waked to blow his horn,
Not lovingly as one whose soul is in it,
But lustily—to conjure from the corn
The cow who drifted thither ev'ry minute—
Vejsu! His case is wild with all regret;
He might be sleeping yet!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, worthy man, is writing and illustrating a history of *English Costume*, in four sections (A. AND C. BLACK). When I get to Section IV. I shall be anxiously wondering just what is meant by the slit up the back of my coat, speculating upon the difference (if any) between *foulard*, *furbelow*, and *feuilleton*. I look forward to an exciting hour with Sec. IV., but I feel bound to express here my regret that Sec. I.—Early English—ever came into my hands. In my vocabulary there are certain words which have hallowed associations, that depend for their romance upon no subtlety of derivation or definition; it is the word itself that creates the atmosphere, and once the word is explained the atmosphere goes. Take "wimple" as an example. "Wimple" has always been one of the really romantic words—until Mr. CALTHROP came along. He tears the veil of mystery away from it. A wimple, says this sacrilegious man, "is a piece of silk or white linen held to the hair in front by pins and allowed to flow over the head at the back." I suppose it is, Mr. CALTHROP, if you say so; but, begging your pardon, it used to be something much better. "Wimple" was the long white road that led to the moated castle; "wimple" was the haughty baron that owned the

castle; "wimple" was the fair EDITHA imprisoned there, it was the bold Sir GILBERT that rode up to the gate leading his lady's palfrey, it was the attack and the moon-lit escape. "Wimple" was three centuries of love and battle in six letters—and Mr. CALTHROP tells us it is a piece of silk! (Sometimes not even silk!) Take again "surcoat," "jerkin," "gorget," "hauberk," all alive with the true spirit of romance. ("By my jerkin, but I will catch thee a right merry buffet in the surcoat!") This seven-and-sixpenny volume elbows its way into a cheerful picture of slaughter with an explanation as to how exactly a surcoat is cut! Shame! Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, and you with such a romantic name yourself!

For the *gnädige* Frau Baronin VON HUTTEN
I care much more than a pin or a button.
I think I could pass a stiff exam
In her story of *What Became of Pam*.
This *Pam* was a girl who was very human,
A rare rich lovable loving woman.
Wherever she went she made a stir,
And if you'd know what became of her
You can buy the book on the usual plan
From Mr. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.
It'll do as a cure for melancholy,
For it's light and lively and very jolly.

There is a pretty touch of fraternal piety in Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's selection of the name of *Alfred* for the hero of his parliamentary novel *The Arena*. And I should like to say what a pleasant glow of satisfaction came over me as I read this work. For three hours I fairly jostled against Prime Ministers and people. In the ordinary way one regards a Prime Minister as something abstract, like GAUKRODGER; but I realise now that perhaps even Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has his doubts and troubles with the rest of us. The *motif* of the book is the struggle of the "rising young politician" between his duty to his constituency and his duty to his wife and parents. There is also a handsome Army cousin with a "gleaming smile," and there are moments when *Alfred's* wife is tempted to "follow the gleam"; but I find it difficult to believe in him, though knowing from various advertisements just what the smile was like. The book before the House is *The Arena*, by HAROLD SPENDER (published by CONSTABLE). Those in favour of it, "Aye." Contrary, "No." The "Ayes" have it.

Mr. LUCY, whose books are a pleasure to all,
And whose record is great, though his size may be small,
Has poured from his fresh inexhaustible founts
A new Parliamentary book of accounts.
Through the scenes of five years he invites you to stray,
And beguiles you with pictures by REED and PHIL MAY.
Now we ask any reader and friend where the deuce he
Can find a book brighter than this one by LUCY.
It's a volume of capital gossip and chat,
Where the style is as smart as the humour is pat.
From his perch where our Toby sits taking his notes
He listens to speeches and watches the votes,
And then he flies home, does this excellent bee,
And makes combs of honey for you and for me
The name of his last is—it's sure to have caught on—
The Balfourian Parliament (HODDER AND STOUGHTON).

FROM an advertisement of a silversmith in Gracechurch Street:

"Fine Watches. Will go for thirty hours. Short wind."

This is a remarkable performance for a watch in admittedly bad training. After thirty hours, we suppose, it gets its second wind, and then goes on for another thirty without the least distress.



Bowler. "How 's THAT?"

Umpire. "WASN'T LOOKING. BUT IF 'E DOES IT AGAIN, 'E'S OUT!"

HYMN ON TOMKINS' ACTION.

COME sing, my Muse, the Saturday supreme
(Nor tarry for another's invitation),
When that Great Man, the Captain of our Team—
Either to hurry up the declaration,
Or since he was a humorist at soul—
Put TOMKINS on to bowl.

No breath of wind disturbs the balmy air.
Our captain, calling "Woman" indiscreetly,
Padded and gloved leads out his side, and there
Disposes of the first man rather neatly.
No other catches coming right to hand,
Follows a lengthy stand.

The batsman hits the bowler where he likes,
To "off," to "on"—until at last the Great One,
Not realising that indifferent spikes
Alone defer the inevitable straight one,
Looks round the field, and sighs, and holloas "Hi!
TOMKINS, you have a try."

Mark how his exultation, ill-concealed,
Shines in his eyes as he removes his sweater,
And has "a few balls down" what time the field
Arrange themselves where they can watch him better:
Five in the deep, and three square-leg, and one
Long stop, out of the sun.

Doubtfully, just at first, he trots around—

As circles, when disturbed, the anxious plover;
Soon with long strides he glides across the ground,
Bending his head, as one who makes for cover;
Then, as we wonder if he'll bowl at all,
Stops, and lets fly the ball.

Ah me! a ball too great for little men!
Deceitfully delivered, full of "devil,"
It rose, and swerved a foot, and "hung," and then
For reasons of its own resumed the level,
Bounced twice while there, and, turning in from leg,
Made for the middle peg.

As when at Bridge one gently murmurs "Yours"—
Bored by a temporary slump in aces;
As when a Sultan tactfully restores
Boundary pillars to their proper places;
So did the batsman, playing it too late,
Retire for ninety-eight.

TAKING THEIR PLEASURES SADLY AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.—"In former years we have had periodical, and very grand, tattoos, given by the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, and there was one such, unhappily enjoyed by a very inadequate assembly."—*The Times*.

AN UP-TO-DATE INTERVIEW.

"I HAVE come," began the Interviewer, "to ascertain your views——."

"Views!" interrupted the Great Man; "and where can one obtain more charming views than amid the wonderful Swiss scenery? Yet for many years past Switzerland has been a closed book to thousands. Now, at last, thanks to the public-spirited and generous conduct of Messrs. A——, a simple fortnight's tour can be arranged at the nominal cost of a few pounds."

"Ah! quite so," said the Interviewer; "but what I really wanted to know——"

"Knowledge," broke in the Great Man, "is power; and from where do we get our knowledge if not from books? Yet in the dark ages of last year many books were out of the reach of the working man. That library, which you see in the corner, the result of many years of thought cheerfully given for the public weal by Messrs. B——, is indeed——"

"Yes, yes," cried the Interviewer, "but I did not come about that. The world is on fire to know——"

"That reminds me," said the Great Man, "what a necessary thing to a busy man is a good cigar. After a hard day's thinking I find nothing more cheerful than to take up a cigar from Messrs. C——'s famous factory, a book"—— here he consulted his cuff——"by Mrs. D——, and to warm my feet before one of Messrs. E——'s patent non-combustible gas stoves. As used in every home."

"One moment," said the Interviewer. "Will you just tell me, Yes or No, what you think of——"

"Wait," said the Great Man; "have I mentioned the Tooth-wash yet?"

"Yes," lied the Interviewer; "you said it was most refreshing, and that until Messrs. F—— had placed it within reach of the public many people had had to——"

"And the necessity once a week for recreation with G——'s golf clubs?"

"I think so," said the Interviewer.

"Just look round the room and see if there's anything I have missed."

"There's a bicycle in the corner," said the Interviewer. "Or did you buy that yourself?"

"My dear man, I buy nothing. The bicycle. Ah, yes. Ahem! The popularity of the bicycle—and when I say the bicycle I refer more particularly——"

"All right," said the Interviewer, "I've got all that down."

"Then I am at your service. You wished to ascertain my opinion on the political situation, or what?"

The Interviewer closed his notebook.

"No," he replied sadly, "I don't. But my time has not been wasted. I am

going back to write an article on the way Great Men make themselves cheap."

On the doorstep he met an International Library and a new kind of motor-car coming in.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

(By the Assistant Critic.)

Gabriel Honoré de Beauséjour (may his tribe increase!) was a man of artistic temperament; so what more natural (or more delightful, seeing that Mr. HARRY FRAGON was he) than that he should have a grand piano in his flat, and a sympathetic listener in his man Jenkins? Violet Stanford, just escaped from her convent, comes to see him; and by a great stroke of luck it turns out that she has a bit of a voice too. No false modesty about either of them; no apologies from the lady that she has left



Beauséjour . . . Mr. HARRY FRAGON.
Violet Miss MAY DE SOUSA.

her music at home. Result: an enchanted audience. Now I should like to recommend this idea to other writers of comic opera. Have a ring-master on the stage all the time, and as each new character enters let the M.C. ask him if he sings at all. It may not come off every time, of course; but the ring-master must not let himself get downhearted. "Is there *anything* you do?" he should go on. "Well—er—I can play the triangle a bit, don't you know." "My dear Sir, what luck! We have a triangle here." And so on.

But the ring-master must be a man of discretion, too. I don't know whose idea it was that Miss MAY DE SOUSA should sing "Well, how was I to know?" in the Second Act, but I refuse to believe that she likes doing it. If its author were to give it before an audience of scene-shifters and firemen, one or two might condescend to applaud. When a young girl sings it before other young girls, the case is different. Some day this may occur to those responsible for it.

Mr. DAGNALL as *Señor Terraro* did not give the impression of a Spaniard. His "My dear Sir" (which came into every sentence he spoke) was a masterpiece of British vulgarity; possibly it is a difficult thing to say with any refinement. However, he was very amusing—both with Mr. JOHNNY DANVERS and with his three retainers. Miss MABEL NELSON sang well, and did all that one expects of a *La Chiquita*—flashing eyes, and waving arm bent at the elbow, and what not.

Altogether the piece is a curious mixture of light opera and suburban pantomime. I pride myself on having noticed Mr. COSMO HAMILTON in the dialogue. His "smart topical hits" pleased a gallery that laughs at the mere mention of *The Daily Mail*, and goes into ecstasies when something moderately up to date does not escape it. But everybody should go to Terry's Theatre to see Mr. FRAGON and Miss DE SOUSA, and to hear some delightful songs.

NATIONAL PRIDE A NATIONAL DANGER.

THE issue by the Board of Education of a list of national songs has evoked strong protests in *The Daily Chronicle* on the score of the inadequacy of the selection. In particular Mr. J. SPENCER CURWEN, President of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, who advocates an eclectic view of the question, deplors the narrowing effect which must result from confining children to national songs, a policy which in his view "will perpetuate that tone of insular superiority which has done such harm in the past." This large-minded and truly patriotic attitude has commended itself to a number of correspondents, a selection from whose letters we print hereunder:—

DEAR SIR,—I entirely agree with Mr. CURWEN that we are in danger of adopting a false policy in regard to the teaching of our children, and that to confine them to national songs will perpetuate that tone of insular superiority which has done such harm in the past.

For example, I note with pain that in the selected list put forward by the Board of Education "*The Roast Beef of Old England*" occupies a prominent position. Nothing, in my opinion, could be more mischievous than this exclusive insistence on the excellence of a local form of flesh food. We are largely dependent on our Colonies, and it is of paramount necessity that we should maintain and foster friendly relations with them as with all other parts of the world. I would suggest, therefore, that the revised version of this obsolete ballad should run, "*The Iced Sheep of New Zealand*," or "*The Canned Ox of Chicago*," and that, in view of the impending visit of



CERBERUS AND HIS SOP.

MR. B-R-R-L. "I SHOULD QUITE LIKE TO GIVE YOU A CAKE OR TWO, BUT MY FRIEND HERE SAYS WE CAN GET PAST WITHOUT, AND HE'S SITTING ON THE REFRESHMENTS!"



A DEAD CERT.

Expert from the Estate (just arrived—the gardener being a distinct failure). “WHY, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, SIR, I THOROUGHLY CLEANED YOUR STOVE YESTERDAY JUST BEFORE YOU CAME—TOOK IT ALL TO PIECES—AND” (most cheerfully) “I’LL LAY A SOVEREIGN I PUT SOME OF IT BACK WRONG!”

the German Editors, there should be added an encore verse running, “*The Grilled Ham of Westphalia.*”

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
HUGO SLAZENGER.

DEAR SIR,—Why should the Board of Education go out of its way to affront that large and constantly increasing section of the community which has forsworn meat food by including that disgustingly carnivorous paean, “*The Roast Beef of Old England*” in its list? The tune, I admit, has its merits, but to my mind it sounds infinitely finer to the splendid words written by Mr. EUSTACE MILES, “*The Broad Beans of Old England*,” and “*Oh, the Old English Broad Beans.*” Yours obediently,

G. B. S.

DEAR SIR,—I rejoice to see that the list of songs put out by the Board of Education is being subjected to drastic criticism. If ever there was a time when it was desirable to allay international jealousies, it is the present. Yet I note with grief that “*Rule, Britannia, Britannia Rules the Waves*,” is amongst the selected songs. Why this studied

insult to the German Naval League? Could not the standing Committee of Arbitration at the Hague be asked to furnish a revised version of this inflammatory ballad on some such lines as these:—

“Hail, Germania! Britannia humbly craves
That peace will ever ever rule the waves?”

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
AVEBURY.

DEAR SIR,—In this era of cosmopolitan humanitarianism our first and foremost duty is to substitute for our insolently insular national anthem a hymn which will adequately voice the spirit of international confraternity. I do not say that the lines which I send are incapable of improvement, but I feel that all but the most prejudiced critics will admit their immense superiority to the version still in vogue:

Long live the gallant Manx!
Prosper their triple shanks!
Erin-go-bragh!
Heaven guard the King of SPAIN!
Long may great ROOSEVELT reign!
May no distress or pain
Harass the SHAH!

I am, Sir, Yours obediently, A. A.

DEAR SIR,—The unsoundness of the principles on which the songs in the Board of Education’s list have been selected is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the compilers have not hesitated to include such trashy and trivial ditties as “*Tom Bowling*” and “*Dulce Domum.*” How far the deliberate boycotting of genuine folk-music has been carried may be gathered when I say that not a single item has been taken from my “*Colorado Coon Songs*” or the “*Ballads of Lundy Island*,” collected by Mr. BALFOUR BLUNT.

I am, Sir, yours indignantly,
L. PEDDLINGTON, JUNR.

WE understand that during the recent dispute with Turkey the general staff at Constantinople (looking to a possible reverse in Arabia) were studying the topography of the Sinaitic Peninsula in order to discover a shorter line of retreat than that adopted by MOSES and the Israelites. The financial advisers of the SULTAN, however, pointed out the advantages that would accrue if his army were to wander about for forty years in the wilderness without pay.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that, after all, the House of Lords is not to be abolished this Session.

By a majority of 112 the Oxford Union Society last week carried the motion that the present Government neither possesses nor deserves the confidence of the country. It will be interesting to see now what the Government will do.

Everyone, we fancy, will sympathise with M. EMILE CUNY, a French anarchist, who finds himself placed suddenly in a most awkward position. After publicly denying the rights of property, he has been left a fortune.

At some field exercises near Metz, the KAISER, it is said, threw himself down on his Imperial waistcoat and crawled about behind the firing-lines in order to see whether the men were aiming correctly. The incident, we hear, is to be immortalised by a Court Painter in a picture to be entitled "*The Kaiser as Caterpillar*."

Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER is to cross the Atlantic. This will be the most important experiment yet made as to the effect of oil on troubled waters.

The report cabled from New York to the effect that an ex-Senator who had become a teetotaler had emptied the priceless contents of his cellars down a drain does not find credence in this country among the more earnest students of human nature.

An objectionable feature of many motor omnibuses is the smoke. We are therefore pleased to hear that an attempt is to be made anyhow to confine it within bounds. A feature of a new vehicle about to be placed on the road by the Vanguard Company will, it is announced, be a special compartment labelled "Smoking."

It is interesting to see Fashion moving with the times. At a recent Society function a lady appeared with an electric-blue train.

The number of aeronauts is constantly increasing. Last week two ladies made balloon ascents from Wandsworth, and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE paid a flying visit to Liverpool.

The business of the Worship Street Police Court has been transferred to more commodious premises in Old Street, Shoreditch, where patrons may rely on receiving every attention as before.

A bill to allow women to sit on local bodies has been drafted, and not a moment too soon. Many local bodies badly want sitting on.

A contemporary complains of the monotony of the average Englishman's breakfast fare. We consider the charge unjust. Think how often the breakfast egg contains a surprise.

The May Meetings are practically over, and once more we have pleasure in bearing testimony to the admirable behaviour of the clergy, of whom so many were to be seen in the Strand. There is little doubt that the clergy form one of the best conducted sections of our population.

"A waggon containing 300 quarts of milk," says a contemporary, "was upset in a street in Paris, and the milk flowed down the street like a river." A very apt simile.

A *propos* of a publication which is now appearing, entitled *Familiar Trees*, a correspondent writes to say that it is possible for a tree to be *too* familiar. Recently he was riding in Richmond Park, and a branch caught him round the neck.

ANY PREMIER TO ANY SUFFRAGETTE.

DEAR lady, while your aims
Have my sincere approval,
And while I own your grievance claims
Immediate removal;

Yet, since your cause and you
The frivolous make nought of,
And that might risk a vote or two—
It isn't to be thought of!

So, lady, it is plain
While at your claim one man shies,
Until you have a vote 'tis vain
To ask us for the franchise.

Robbery under Clubs.

AT golf the issue oft confuses,
And makes a rather strange recital;
To-day, we hear that LINGEN loses,
Yet ROBB's the winner of the title.

A MAN called BALLIET has been doing great things in *Tit Bits*. "Mounting his horse, he rode off to the spot, where he found the five claim-jumpers barricaded in a rude wooden hut. With a revolver in each hand he demanded admittance, and when the door was opened he entered the cabin, holding one revolver at the rascals' heads and another pointed at their hearts."

"IN A YEAR."

["It is when the trousseau wears out that the trouble begins."—*Truth*.]

WHEN first we were married, my MABEL
Had everything dainty and neat:
She'd black dresses, white dresses,
Blue dresses, nightdresses—
Simply adorably sweet.
She'd wonders of sealskin and sable,
She'd rows upon rows of wee shoes,
And ravishing bootsies
To wear on her tootsies—
The daintiest, fairy-like "twos."

She'd frillies superb and expensive;
She'd hats of unspeakable grace;
She'd blouses for Sundays,
And marvellous "undies"
Concocted of ribbons and lace.
Her wardrobe was vast and extensive,
And as for the milliner's bill—
The thing I had dreaded
Before we were wedded—
At first it appeared to be *nil*.

For a twelvemonth or so I was happy:
I gazed with delight on my MAY,
And my joy in her neatness
Increased with the sweetness
Of feeling I'd nothing to pay.
I wondered why others grew snappy
And raved (as I thought) to excess
When they talked to their MAGGIES
And ADAS and AGGIES
About their extravagant dress.

But after a year of illusion
My bliss was torn up by the roots:
I came to discover
That MAY had a glover
And wanted new blouses and boots.
Accounts in abundant profusion
Began now to whiten my hair;
And the more MAY invested
The more she protested
She hadn't a garment to wear.

Now breakfast consists of a wrangle
Which threatens to curdle the milk.
We're spoiling our morals
With pitiful quarrels
O'er prices of satin and silk.
Through luncheon and dinner we jangle
Of bodices, handkerchiefs, hose;
And it doesn't mend matters
That MABEL's in tatters,
And looks like a thing to scare crows.

Would you pass through a peaceful
existence,
With love and content for your share,
You'll be able to do so
As long as the trousseau
Remains in a state of repair.
So, would you keep care at a distance
And never grow cross like a beast,
The obvious course is
A tale of divorces,
And annual weddings at least.

A NOVELIST'S DAY.

[A writer in *The Globe* has recently pointed out that the man who curdles blood must first curdle his own. The life of any one who turns out three sensational novels a year must be a perfect misery to him. He can never feel safe.]

Monday.—A strenuous day. Finished Chapter Eleven of *The Blood that Dripped on the Doormat*. Rather big scene where hero is lured into cellar and bitten by trained gazeka (poisonous) belonging to villain. (Mem.: Is this too much like the cobra incident in LE QUEUX's latest?) Writing this took it out of me very much. Went for stroll along the Strand. Sinister incident opposite Exeter Hall. Man (perfect stranger) endeavoured to thrust paper into my hand. I leaped back, and, dodging under wheels of motor-bus, escaped to other side of street, where I cocked my revolver and waited. Nothing further happened. My prompt action probably threw villains off scent. Escaped that danger, however, only to run into another. As I stood there, sinister foreigner accosted me. Dark man, probably Anarchist. Asked me to direct him to "Leicester Skvare." Kept my head, fortunately. Pointed towards Charing Cross, and, while his attention was distracted, dashed across street again. (Mem.: New hat. How much?) Ghastly incident now took place. Scarcely had I arrived on opposite pavement when man again attempted to force paper on me. Took to my heels, dodging from right to left to avoid bullets. This must have baffled him, for I heard no shots. Small boy said, "Chase me!" and called me BAMBAATA. Almost certainly some Anarchist code. To throw gang off scent once more took cab. Drove to Essex Street by way of Sloane Square, Putney, and Mortlake. Gave man shilling. He said, "What the blank!" Recognised instantly that he was in the pay of these scoundrels, and sprang into four-wheeler. Told man to drive to Southampton Street *viâ* the "Angel" at Islington. Looked out of window. Sinister hansom close behind. Man with whiskers in it. (Mem.: Hon. Secretary of Anarchists?) Rapidly disguised myself with blue spectacles and a yellow toupee. Hansom drove past and disappeared. Clever, but a little obvious. Block in traffic opposite the Oval. Seized with sudden inspiration (Mem.: Genius?), opened door quietly. Was slipping out when cabman happened to look round. Unpleasantness. Gave him shilling. Man said, "What the blank!" Another of the gang! Was I never to shake off these blood-hounds? I asked myself what *Smartleigh Trackenham* (detective in *The Gore that Distilled from the Crack in the China Vase*) would have done. Took Tube. Lift-man sinister. Covered him with revolver from



Little Girl (in great alarm). "RUN, FOOTS! RUN, FOOTS! DON'T DECEIVE ME!"

inside pocket. He must have noticed this, for he made no move. Got into train. Alone in carriage. On the alert for sudden attack from conductor (a sinister man). Emerged cautiously at Bank. Changed my disguise in secluded corner of subway. Took off spectacles and put on brown beard. Policeman at Mansion House crossing, I think, Anarchist. Hid behind pillar-box, and watched Anarchists, disguised as clerks, search for me. Man asked me time. Controlled my voice and told him. My disguise so perfect that he suspected nothing. At five o'clock changed my disguise again (false nose, coloured at end, and black moustache), and sprang on to bus. Reached home, five-thirty, worn out. Went to bed after searching room and locking door. Nightmares.

* * * * *
From "Literary Notes" in the *Weekly Logroller*:—"An interesting departure from his wonted manner will be noted

in Mr. WILLIAM LE CURDLER's forthcoming volume. Though from the pen of the author of *The Black Cap*, *The Scream in the Lonely Wood*, and numerous other sensational novels familiar to our readers, *Little Willy's Governess*, which Messrs. PAPP, BOTTLEBY, AND BIBBINS promise for the early autumn, is a simple story of child-life, simply told. We have reason to believe that Mr. LE CURDLER, who is at present undergoing a rest-cure in the Engadine, intends for the future to write nothing but this type of story."

In "Charivaria" last week there was quoted a passage from *The Daily Mail* to the effect that the War Office authorities were encouraging the instruction in shooting of Messenger Boys. A Volunteer writes to protest strongly against the comment there made: that "we shall miss the little fellows."

FROM A SABINE FARM.

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet!"

PEOPLE who live in rural districts say
They
View with astonishment and even pity
City
Men who can thrive in London's central hum.
Some
Opine that everyone who does not share
Their
Feeling would live quite happily in—
Well,
I own, like them, I find the roar of Fleet
Street,
Its motor-buses, lorries, waggons, drays,
Plays
Old Harry with my nerves, till I would fain
Gain
Some country spot with space and light and air
Where
Nothing should mar the silence of the green
Scene.

Alas! I hitherto have failed to hit
It.
Soon as Aurora's blushes tinge the sky
I
Wake to the call of some vociferous hen.
Then
A dozen cocks shout cock-a-doodle-doo.
(Who
Can tell me why one's poultry always crow
So?)
The pig who wants one of his numerous meals
Squeals.
A duck, responsive, sends a ringing quack
Back.
And then a lowing comes from where the cows
Browse,
—The least offensive rustic sound I've met
Yet.
THOMAS, who's in the meadow spudding thistles,
Whistles
Gaily—and out of tune—like some absurd
Bird,
Thus waking up the dog who with his yelps
Helps
(Thank Heaven!) to drown that idiotic boy's
Noise.

Banished by cocks, pigs, boys and baa'ing sheep
Sleep
Deserts me finally by half-past five.
I've
Tried every means I know to keep the rout
Out
But hitherto without the least success.
Yes,
The pleasant country homes of England are
Far
More noisy than the noisier end of Pall
Mall.

* * * * *
Reader, I think I hear you murmur, "What
Rot!"
—But have you ever come across a neater
Metre?

"GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(By a Caddie.)

GOLFERS I divides in me own mind into three clarses; them as 'its the ball, them as skratiches it, and them as neither 'its nor skratiches the blooming ball but turns rarn'd and wants to 'it or skratich anyone as is small and 'andy. The first clars is very rare, the second is dreadfull plentiful, and the third, thank 'evins, can jeneraly be kep clear of by them as knows the ropes. Sich as meself.

Any himprovement in golfers, as a clars, is doo to the 'uge morril hinfluence of us caddies, 'oom some pretends to look down on. Much can be done, even wif the most 'ardened (and some of them golfers is dreadfull 'ardened), by firmness and hexample. "Show 'em from the fust as you 'll stand no nonsense," is allus my words when the yunger caddies gathers ararn'd me fer hadvice. Me being older than me years, as the sying is, and much looked up to. If, as I often 'ears say, there's less of langwidge and more of golf upon these 'ere links, it's doo in no small part to 'im 'oo pens these lines. 'Oo's 'onnered nime is 'ENERY WILKS.

I seldom demmeans meself to speak to the kulprits, for severil reasons which I shall not go into, but I 'ave other meffods. There's sniffing, fer instance. Much can be done by jerdishous sniffing, which can be chinged to soot all cases. Or there's a short, 'ard, dryish larf, but that ain't allus sife. As a blooming rule, I relies upon me sniff, me smile and me eye. There's few of them as can meet the last when I chuses to turn it on. Not as I objecs very strongly to a little 'onnest cussing; it's hinjustice and false haccusashun as I will not stand.

Sich are me meffods to them as needs 'em, but don't think, becos at times I'm cold like and 'ard and stern, that I cannot be jentle wif them as call fer jentleness. No blooming error! 'ENERY WILKS is the lad to 'oom old gents in need of keerfull nussing should be hintrusted by their wives and keepers. I'm not allooding now to old tigers 'oos stiple food is red pepper in 'uge quantitties, 'oo turn upon yer like blooming manniacks if yer blows yer nose quite inercet, and 'oo report yer before yer know if you're standing on yer 'ead or yer 'eels. No, I'm not allooding to old gentlemen like them! 'ENERY WILKS 'as very little use fer sich unguvverned creetures. In 'is erpinyun they should not be let abro'd without a chine. But I am allooding to them 'oos pashuns age 'as tamed, insted of blooming well hincreased, to jentle 'armless old fellers, 'oo will almost eat out of yer 'and, as the sying is, an sich a one is Mister PERCEVAL GIGGINGTON.

Over sixty 'e is, and allus kind and civvil and respeckfull, but 'e 'as no more haptitood fer golf than a jeerarf. Sometimes I thinks, musing kindly like, as 'ow the old cove 'ud be yunger if 'e took the gime less seerius. But 'ENERY WILKS 'as little to reproche 'imself about; 'e, at least, 'as done what 'e could to 'elp old Giggs. 'Is wife came down to the Club 'Ouse wif 'im larst Toosday, jest as nice an old lidy as 'e's a gent. She drew me on one side and spoke konfidentshul like, while the old man was fussing and bleeing about 'is clubs. It seems as she'd 'eard of me, and 'eard nuthing but good. Which is only right.

"'ENERY," she ses, "me 'usband 'as set 'is 'art, as you well know, on going rarn'd the course in under an 'undred and thirty strokes. It's beginning to tell on 'is 'ealth, the strine and diserpainment, and I wants it stopped. 'E's going rarn'd allone wif you now, as the course is clear, and I wants," she ses, "I wants you to see as 'e does it!" she ses.

Well, nobody, excep one ignerrant, gellous, preggerdiced skoolmaster, 'as ever dared to call 'ENERY WILKS a fool. I took 'er meaning in a moment, and I touched me cap, quiet and konfident like. "Mike yer mind easy, Mum," I ses in my korteous way. "It shall be done, this very day, if 'ENERY WILKS is spared," I ses.



CHOICE OF ENVIRONMENT.

Lady (at railway refreshment counter). "WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME A BATH BUN?"

Waitress. "WILL YOU EAT IT HERE OR IN A BAG?"

She nods and smiles and slips a bob into me 'and, and then old GIGGS finishes wurring abart 'is clubs and we makes a start. The old 'un 'ands 'is card to me to keep, and I speaks to 'im, kind like but firm.

"I'll keep the score, Sir," I ses. "Don't yer wurry abart yer strokes at all. What you've got to do is to koncentrite yer mind upon yer gime. For we're a-goin to do it to-day," I ses. 'E 'ears me wif a little sorrerful smile, and I lived up to them remarks. 'E'd arsk me at the end of an 'ole, that 'e'd fairly bitten along, 'ow many 'e'd taken, but I would never tell 'im. I jest kep 'im upon 'is legs wif kindly, jerdishous praise. Even after that 'ole where 'e'd strook me wif 'is ball from the drive, although standing well be'ind 'im, and been in each bunker twice or more, I give 'im a word of 'ope. It was niblick play and 'ope all rarnd the blooming course. And at the end, when I added up 'is card, strike me pink if 'is score weren't an 'undred and twenty-nine! And I sent 'im 'ome to 'is wife, as pleased as any child. There's some, I dessay, as would 'ave made 'is score an 'undred and nineteen or even less, but 'ENERY WILKS 'as allus known the virtew of modderation.

Non-Alcoholic Stimulants.

[In *The Daily Express* Mr. EUSTACE MILES recently stated that tea, tobacco, meat, and sauces are as much stimulants as alcohol.]

SOCIETY ladies are said to be drugging themselves secretly to an alarming extent with mutton cutlets.

A Temperance Association has been started, of which the

members pledge themselves to abstain from anchovy sauce as a beverage, and to use their influence to induce their friends to do the same.

A Division of Labour.

ABERDEEN.—For executing the carpenter, slater, plasterer, plumber, painter and glazier, blacksmith:

Carpenters ...	H— & K—	} £14,329 16s.
Slaters	M— & S—	
Plasterers ...	S— & Co.	
Plumber	J. J— . . .	
Blacksmith ...	G. T— . . .	

So runs a heart-rending notice in *The Builder*.

"House full of useful furniture; leaving Bath. Suit marrying couples."—*Bath Herald*.

It is more usual to leave the fixtures behind than the advertiser seems to think.

WE must not think that ours is the only press. In Swaziland they have a paper called *The Times*. *Reuter* sent them a telegram to say that France had demanded from China an indemnity of "sixty thousand taels." This was too much for the sub-editor, and in his next number there appeared:—

"*London, Wednesday*.—As an indemnity for the attacks of the Chinese rioters, France has demanded sixty thousand pig-tails."



FACING THE MUSIC.

["It is proposed, with a view to economy, that military bandmen in future shall become combatants."—*Daily Paper.*]

FROM A STODGER'S WINDOW.

(By a Novice in the New Literature of Reflection.)

This morning brought me a letter from my old friend A—. The letter was trifling enough in itself; it was in fact a postcard; but it served to set me thinking. Most things, it is true, do that. In the course of a fairly long and very serious life I have noticed that thought is common to all, but some of course think more to the point than others. HERBERT SPENCER, I imagine, thought more or less on organised lines; whereas any one who has had the care of boys must have observed that their thoughts are touch and go, if I may be pardoned so conversational an expression. This postcard, to return to my own matutinal reflections, was brought by the postman, a humble public servant, to whom, it always seems to me, not half the gratitude which he deserves is given. For to him falls the pleasant duty of bringing day after day, sometimes three times a day, and in London, I believe, oftener, kindly missives from absent friends; newspapers; proofs of one's work—and these are to me the best of all, for I hold that no man is so happy as he who is writing, writing,

writing books all day and most of the night, three at once, all the same but all having different titles. Were I asked to name the perfect life I should choose that.

And what do we do for the postman? Do we say "Thank you" to him? Never. But once a year, when the duty is forced upon us, we try to remember to leave half-a-crown with the parlourmaid to give him when he calls next, and very likely forget it altogether. This is very sad, this ease with which the more voluntary obligations can be forgotten. It distresses me exceedingly. There is a reference to it in one of TUPPER's best poems, when he writes, with what always seems to me to have been inspiration:

The duty that's against the grain,
How easily forgot!
But any *pleasure* merely name,
And we are on the spot.

Talking of poetry reminds me that—came in the other evening with a new book by —, and we spent a merry half-hour over it. How odd a thing is mirth! At one moment it is, and the next it isn't. One notices this so often in class. The boys will be quite orderly and diligent one moment, and some unfortunate mispronunciation or false quantity will send them into a giggle

which nothing can conquer. I remember this happening one day, I think in 1891, the ringleader being young B—, the son of a great legal luminary who has since died, poor fellow, as all men must. Not that all die as young as he,—he was only fifty-five or six, fifty-five I think, to be accurate; yes, fifty-five, for he was born in the year of the Great Exhibition.

But Death comes to all, soon or late, I have observed, and it behoves us to prepare for his approach. The untimeliness of his descent upon some of us I cannot sufficiently brood on. KEATS, for example. What poetry KEATS had up his sleeve (as we say of cards) no one will of course ever know, and it may be that his poetic output was already exhausted; but if not, we owe Death a grudge that will not easily be paid. I always feel that a boy's parents are to some extent like untimely death in that they snatch away their sons just as the schoolmaster—that is, the world, to complete the image—is beginning to get something out of them. Every clever boy who leaves school for college is a kind of KEATS—so far as the schoolmaster is concerned. It behoves us, therefore, to read all the good books we can in order to gain philosophy.

[And so on.]



FELICIDADES !

(After the well-known picture by Velasquez in the Museo del Prado, Madrid. With Mr. Punch's respectful congratulations to their Majesties of Spain.—May 31, 1906.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 21.

—House just got into Committee on the Education Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR sits forlorn on Front Bench meditating on the truth of old saw about misfortunes never coming singly. The dawning of the new year saw him hopelessly defeated at the poll. On Saturday he was beaten in the Parliamentary golf handicap at Littlestone. I am told that almost when victory was within his grasp he "foozled his tee." Don't quite know what that means; but it sounds disastrous. However it be, it has cast a gloom over a customary radiant countenance.

On the top of accumulated misfortune comes the habit recently developed by Members opposite of recalling passages from old speeches or episodes in his long leadership of the House, with pointed reference to current events. Only the other day his attention was called to appearance on Order Book of a motion which, innocent enough on the face of it, was obviously designed to block action in the matter of the D'ANGELY case, preventing an inquiring Opposition from discussing it on the motion for adjournment. Took early opportunity of calling C.-B.'s attention to the manœuvre, and sternly inquired what steps he proposed to take to restore freedom of debate in the House.

"I will look up precedents in the



THE VIRTUE OF A SHORT MEMORY.

Arthur B-l-f-r. "My dear H-d: surely *we* never sanctioned such things as 'blocking-motions' in our time?!"

Act-nd-II-d. "Eh! oh! well—h'm—no! oh no!—of course not! That is, you see,—well—" (*explodes with laughter*).

matter," said C.-B. in blandest tones, a sly twinkle in his eye as it regarded the champion of unrestrained freedom of debate.

The House, remembering how blocking motions was an organised portion of daily procedure under PRINCE ARTHUR's leadership, greeted this quiet sally with uproarious laughter. Now here is SAM EVANS, instead of being mute in gratitude for recent escape from the talons of the Furies, indulging in further inconvenient reminiscence. Question before Committee is that Clause 1 be postponed. PRINCE ARTHUR supports motion in convincing speech. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL so perturbed that in reply he mixes up his gleanings of knowledge in the school of anatomy.

"This clause," he said, "is the very spinal cord of the Bill, and the Government would be departing from fair dealing, lacking in common-sense, if they had not placed it in the forefront."

Whilst Members marvelled how they would feel if their spinal cord were, even temporarily, moved into the neighbourhood of their chest, enter SAM

EVANS with copy of *Hansard* under his arm. After furtively glancing at Ladies' Gallery, apprehensive of a projecting flag, he turned back to Report of debate on first night in Committee on Unionist Education Bill of 1902. By odd coincidence, shewing how meagre are the resources of mankind, and how, consequently, history is apt to repeat itself, it appeared that on that closely paralleled occasion proposal was made to postpone Clause 1 and was uncompromisingly resisted by PRINCE ARTHUR, in charge of the Bill. Nor was that all. He, with slight variation, lacking something of the picturesqueness of Golden-mouthed ST. AUGUSTINE's phrase, used the same illustration in support of his argument.

"Clause 1," he said four years ago, standing by the box now thumped by a Liberal Education Minister, "is the backbone of the Bill and must come to the front."

This sort of thing embarrassing to one who still preserves some of the ingenuousness of comparative youth. All very well for an old stager like



EV-NS BEFORE THE FALL.

Mr. S-m Ev-ns is here shown quoting references to backbones being put in the fore-front, and thereby confounding the ex-Prime Minister. Two minutes later a searching query from Sir Edw-rd C-rs-n extinguished him for the evening.



BETSEY PRIG AND SAIREY GAMP "HAVE WORDS."

DON JOSÉ to be suddenly confronted by ghost of a speech made in former years, destructive of the position assumed in the circumstances of the current hour. He at least has the satisfaction of recognizing the fact that nothing could be better said in the way of controverting his later attitude on a particular question. During debates on Fiscal Question in last Parliament I have heard the MEMBER FOR SARK complaining of waste of time and lack of force in speeches assailing DON JOSÉ's new departure.

"It would be much more effective," he said, "if for all reply one read aloud a speech made by DON JOSÉ on the topic during his campaign of 1885, say the one delivered at the Cobden Club Dinner on June 13 in that year. The cleverest among you can't beat that for its rapier thrusts, its sledge-hammer demolition of Protection heresies."

Different with PRINCE ARTHUR. Experience still new to him. Worst of all to find that he preceded ST. AUGUSTINE in the fantastic desire to have the backbone in the front.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday night.—There is nothing obtrusively angelic about DON JOSÉ. Nevertheless, he has a way of occasionally stepping down to the marge of placid pools and ruffling them with sudden storm. Thus it happened to-day.

Committee settled down with prospect of seven hours' hard, dull labour on Education Bill. Benches half empty. DON JOSÉ, intervening, opened speech in studiously quiet manner. Presently divagated to administer lecture on deportment addressed by old Parliamentary Hand to new Members. This not received

with that docility that would have been proper mate of the benevolence of the mentor's intention.

"You can't bully us," growled a new Member.

"No," said DON JOSÉ with ominously serene smile, "nor, on the other hand, can you bully me."

Proceeding with argument, alluded to MACNAMARA, who, he said, rested his case on sub-section 2 of Clause 10. MACNAMARA interrupted with correction. Insisted that he had put in the forefront of his case what PRINCE ARTHUR and ST. AUGUSTINE would call its backbone, namely, sub-section 6 of Clause 9.

"Oh, yes," said DON JOSÉ, "the hon. gentleman now brings to his assistance sub-section 6 of Clause 9."

MACNAMARA repeating that he had alluded to the section in the speech DON JOSÉ was dealing with, was met by emphasised repetition that he "now cited it."

All this Greek to stranger in the Gallery. Might have been left in obscurity of that language but for C.-B.'s interposition.

"Does the right hon. gentleman mean to imply," he sternly asked across the Table, "that my hon. friend is stating what is not true?"

Oh, very well. DON JOSÉ is a man of peace; nothing he dislikes more than even approach to a shindy. But if C.-B., of all men in the world, wanted to fight, let him come on.

Off went his coat in a twinkling. Danced round C.-B. with fearsome energy. C.-B., his back also up, insisted that DON JOSÉ should so modify his language as to make it clear he did not impute unverity to MACNAMARA.

"Do you know who you are talking to, Ma'am?" Mrs. Prig asked towards end of memorable scene that closed a long-cherished acquaintance.

"Aperiently," said Mrs. Gamp, surveying her with scorn from head to foot, "to Betsey Prig. Aperiently so. I know her. No one better. Go along with you."

DON JOSÉ did not quote from this classic. He chose his own language, introducing with admirable effect a rare verb. "I am," he said, "not going to be lessoned by the right hon. gentleman, whose interference I regard as entirely impertinent." As he slowly spoke in bitter tone, he unconsciously regarded C.-B. with the look that added eloquence to Mrs. Gamp's valedictory remark.

Opposition Benches crowded now. From them boomed roar of "Withdraw, withdraw!" For full minute the storm of cries rose and fell, DON JOSÉ making use of the interval to study his notes. Mr. MYER, his voice shaking with emotion, appealed to CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS to say whether it was within the range of Parliamentary language to accuse the PRIME MINISTER of being impertinent. The ripe scholar in the Chair, knowing that the word challenged originally had, and retains, a meaning that does not attach to its more common usage, declined to rule it out of order. After this nothing remained but for DON JOSÉ to continue his speech without further interruption.

Later in sitting TIM HEALY, envious of mere Saxon having a monopoly of a row, tilted at JOHN DILLON, who, he said, had been making a sidelong attack upon him. "Let me assure the hon. Member," he remarked, studiously refraining from glancing at his compatriot seated by his side, "that I do not pay the smallest attention to anything he may say either in the House or out of it."

That pretty promising in its way. But in this field, as in others when he takes them, DON JOSÉ is unrivalled.

Business done.—Debating Clause 1 of Education Bill.

Our Recompense.

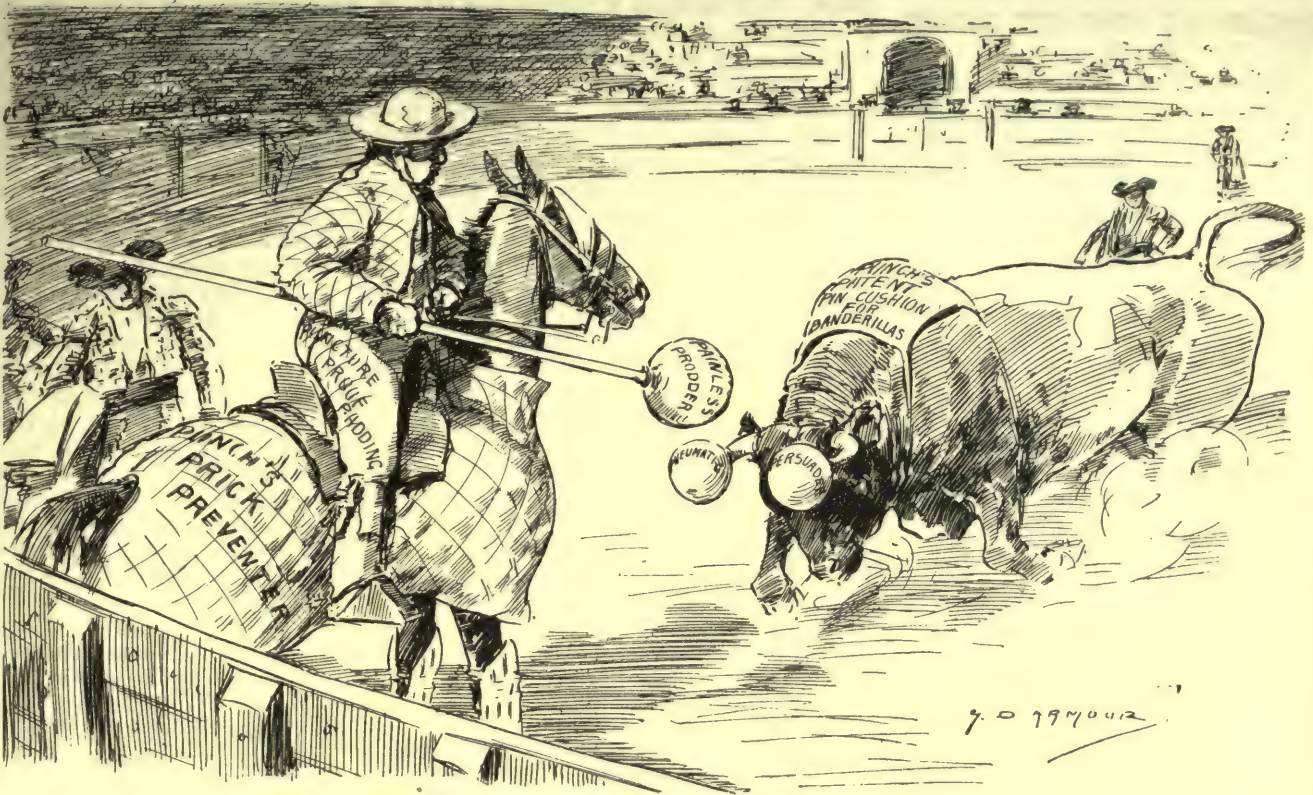
[At the banquet to Lord MILNER, on Empire Day, ladies were allowed in the gallery.]

'Tis false to say they mock our need,
And our ambitions baulk.
They let us watch them while they feed,
And listen while they talk.

Commercial Candour.

FROM a card in the window of an "artist in footwear:"

WE HOPE TO CATCH
YOUR EYE WITH
OUR NEW BOOT.



PUNCH'S PATENT PICADOR ALLEVIATOR.

IN CONSIDERATION OF THE RECENT REMARKS IN PARLIAMENT, RELATIVE TO THE BULL-FIGHT TO BE HELD DURING THE COMING WEDDING CELEBRATIONS IN SPAIN, MR. PUNCH, EVER ACTIVE IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY, BEGS TO SUGGEST TO THOSE IN AUTHORITY THE ABOVE DESIGN, PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF WHICH HE CONSIDERS WOULD GREATLY ADD TO THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SPECTATORS, AND THE COMFORT OF ALL CONCERNED, INCLUDING THE BULL.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

["The Oxford or Cambridge man whose 'Blue' is almost within reach has now to think twice before he fritters away on books the time that, wisely used, might open out to him a useful and honourable career."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE Oxford bells are chiming ten,
And at their silver call
In cap and gown a stream of men,
With note-book and with fountain-pen,
Are making for the hall.
Across the garden quad they pass,
Thrice happy mortals, into class,
I watch with wistful eye until
They vanish and the quad is still.

Fain would I follow, for within
My secret soul there lurks
A passion—call it not a sin—
For PLATO and his kith and kin,
And ARISTOTLE's works;
I revel too—ah, tell it not
In Gath nor any heathen spot—
In Latin prose, and, even worse,
I crave to write iambic verse.

But, would I join the scholars, "Stay!"
Says Prudence. "Turn again!
Fool, put your Teubner texts away,
And do not waste the golden day
In follies that are vain!
Look not with envious eyes on these,
Nor seek their life of lettered ease!

They all will be life's failures—you
May even yet become a Blue.

"And if, my son, you once achieve
This greatness, there you are!

All, so to speak, is up your sleeve,
And you are made before you leave
The willows of the Cher.

The Bench, the Bar, the Church, the
Press—

In each you may command success,
While Fate will mark you out to
rule

The youthful Upper Ten at school."

I hear her voice, and hearing know
It is the voice of Truth.

The tempting texts away I throw,
And off with cricket-bag I go

To join the strenuous youth.
With them, until the sun has set,
I practise grimly at the net,
And stop my ears when Fancy sings
Of sweet, unprofitable things.

And abstinence from study may—

Nay, must bring its reward.
When double-firsts are growing grey
In writing snippets day by day—

Snippets they once abhorred—
I at a pound a line shall tell
How FRY before my bowling fell,
How HAYWARD slogged us Oxford men—
The bat is mightier than the pen!

A BAR'S REST.

[A Paris restaurant advertises "dinners with-out music." The cuisine is refined, the wines excellent, but it bases its claim to popularity on the absence of music.]

Oho! let us fly to the Continong,
For we've heard a report from Parea—
They've forbidden the band in a restorong
To kick up its charivari!

We suffered a deal when dining out,
In fact, we may say we grew sick
When forced our very small talk to shout
By makers of prandial music.

We had to converse at last by signs,
With dumbshow for "Pass the
mustard!"

We mixed our ideas, we mixed our wines,
By the orchestra's fury flustered!

The feast of reason and flow of soul
Are vanished with *Breitmann's* "barty,"
When the fiddles and horns no more
control

Their fortissimos extra hearty.

So those that can open an easeful inn
Of our custom shall be the winners;
And where there's a truce at length to
din,

We'll banquet without the din-ners!

Zig-Zag.

DIARIES OF OPERATIC HEROES.

II.—HUNDING.

Monday.—Have really had an extremely trying day. In the first place, I went round my preserves in the afternoon and found that the drought had killed off nearly all the young dragons, and that the hunting prospects for next month are very bad. Especially annoying, as I had already arranged a house party and was hoping to get WOTAN down for a long week-end. He's a fearful old bore with his interminable yarns, and doesn't let a fellow get a word in edgeways; but one ought to keep on the right side of him, I suppose.

This was trying enough, but there was worse to come, for when I got home again I found a stranger sitting in my favourite chair, and SIEGIE looking after him. Queer customer, I thought him; no luggage with him—not even a toothbrush—and looked as if he had been running. I didn't like it at all, but, of course, being so far from an inn, I couldn't well turn him out, so offered him some supper and a shake-down.

SIEGIE is really most annoying. I've always told her that she must keep something in the house in case anyone should turn up, and yet to-night there was nothing but a little cold bear left over from yesterday. Stranger was very nice about it, I must say, and didn't make any remarks, but I watched him carefully, and saw that he didn't touch a mouthful. So upset about it that I couldn't eat myself. Supper party not one of SIEGIE's successes. Shall have to speak seriously about it to-morrow.

Though he didn't use his mouth for eating, he certainly used it for talking, and old WOTAN himself could not have got rid of more arrant nonsense in half an hour than he did. He is one of those irritating conversationalists who never will come to the point, and when I asked him what he called himself he kept telling me what he didn't call himself, as if that helped matters at all. I gathered, however, from a look in his eye, which is just like SIEGIE's when she gets her back up, and from some remarks he let fall, that he must be one of her relations, possibly that long-lost brother whom she is always ramming down my

throat. Bad lot, those WOLSUNGS, and if I've told SIEGIE once that I won't have anything to do with them I've told her a hundred times. I gave her distinctly to understand that when I married her I wasn't marrying her family, and I'll show her I'm a man of my word. I suppose his creditors are after him again, and that that's why he seemed in such a hurry. If he thinks he can sponge on me merely because I'm his brother-in-law, he's mistaken.

The fellow got so on my nerves with his rigmarole that I ended up by being rather touchy, and told him that he could sleep where he was and we'd have it out in the morning. If I remember aright, he said that he had left his sword at the cutler's to have it done up,

Tuesday.—SIEGIE's bolted with the lodger!!! Such a thing has never happened before in our family, and I shall be the laughing stock of all my friends. It came out like this. I overslept myself this morning, and woke up late with a splitting head. Of course, I sang out to SIEGIE to bring me something wet and cooling. No answer. I yelled louder. Same result. Though feeling fearfully cheap, I managed to tumble out of bed and crawl to the door of the parlour. No fire lit—no breakfast laid—no stranger—no SIEGIE—no nothing. At first I thought that she must be showing him round the stables or the preserves, just to keep him amused till I was down, so I questioned my game-keeper, but he

hadn't seen anything of them. Then I went into the woods and blew my horn for all I was worth. No answer. After an hour of this sort of thing I came to the conclusion that they must have done a bunk, as ALBERICH vulgarly puts it, so I suppose that there is nothing for me to do but to follow them.

It's a beastly nuisance, because I had a lot of other things to do, and besides, truth to tell, I don't feel quite so upset about SIEGIE as I ought. She was a nice little thing, of course, but rather too full of fancies for a household like mine, and I've often felt that our marriage has not been a real success. Moreover, I'm sorry to

see that the stranger has got hold of that sword, and I look forward to our next merry meeting with rather mixed feelings. However, I suppose the conventions must be satisfied, so I'll just get a snack of something cold, and so to battle.

(This is the last-entrée in poor HUNDING's diary.)

A Little Learning.

"THE anti-luncheon crowd to-morrow may see some memorable cricket."—*Bath Herald.*

Filial piety in the very young.

"THE wife of J. N. H.—of a loving little daughter."—*South African Paper.*

THE NEW TELEPHONE PLAY.—Brigadier 12468 Gerrard.



THE MILESTONE OF THE FUTURE.

and, though I'm not much of a duellist, I ought with my spear to be a match for a pair of bare fists any day. But what about that old sword in the tree trunk? I noticed the other day that the cement was getting a bit loose. I ought to have had it put right. I was a fool not to take it down long ago, but it is the only ornament in the house, and SIEGIE has such a lot of pretty fancies about it that, though I've no patience with such things myself, I let it stay.

SIEGIE has just given me my night-cap. Somehow it doesn't taste quite the same as usual, but I suppose it's all right. It's certainly very good, but rather more heady than the old brew. I'll have another peg; perhaps it will buck me up for that duel to-morrow. It's really a bit too powerful, and makes me feel quite drowsy. I think I'll take off my helmet and turn in.

THE SONGFISH.

Oh! have you heard the Songfish
In mellow, moonlit hours?
He's really quite the wrong fish
To chaff about his pow'rs.
He calls the moon "Astarte,"
And begs to intimate
That she's the only party
He doesn't scorn and hate.

And thus laments the Songfish,
Rocked in a sapphire sea:
"Would I were such a long fish
That I might reach to thee,
With music for our mansion
In a world of rhythmic time,
The waves in perfect scansion,
The ripples all in rhyme."

Oh! have you seen the Songfish
In iridescent state?
In scent and hue a strong fish
He pleases not the great.
He shocks the Peer and Bishop,
But, gaily, in the slums
His patrons as they dish-up,
Exclaim, "O how he hums!"

Oh! would you catch the Songfish,
Deep artifice employ;
Never without a gong fish,
It acts as a decoy.
Down where the dogwatch dangles
Your beating will be heard,
As through those dusky tangles
He warbles like a bird.

Oh! reverence the Songfish,
Consult his lightest whim,
From Harrow to Hong-Kong fish
For nothing else but him.
And if, through moral blindness,
He use an evil word,
(He'll well repay the kindness)
Pretend you have not heard.

"TICKETS, PLEASE!"

In this age of feverish competition *Mr. Punch* feels that he cannot afford to lag behind. He has devised an entirely new scheme which may be summed up in the four words

"KEEP YOUR TRAIN TICKETS!"

Hitherto people have been in the habit of thoughtlessly giving up their train tickets to men who collected them at the barriers, thinking that they were of little value. To-day it is different.

THERE IS MONEY IN THEM

(and Time as well). In future, to every one who refuses to give up his railway ticket, *Mr. Punch* can promise in nearly every case not less than

FORTY SHILLINGS OR ONE MONTH.

Think of it! Two pounds, or four weeks free from all care or anxiety, clothed, lodged and fed,—that is what



"PRIMA FACIE."

Magistrate. "THE EVIDENCE SHOWS THAT YOU THREW A STONE AT THIS MAN."

Mrs. O'Hooligan. "FAITH, THEN, THE LOOKS O' THE BASTE SHOWS BETTER 'N THAT, YER HONOUR. THEY SHOWS I 'IT 'IM!"

the short sentence above means,—there is no getting away from it!

We do not ask you to remember the numbers of the tickets, or where the train was going to, or coming from. Even if you are found to be travelling without a ticket at all you are still eligible, and stand as good a chance of the "free month" as anybody else!

Do not be misled by the polite requests of

SO-CALLED "TICKET-COLLECTORS"

(everyone is *that* nowadays), but insist on keeping your ticket—even if you have to use force. Thousands of City men travelling on the Underground every day give up the little bits of

pasteboard (for that is practically what they are) at their journey's end as a matter of course. By breaking themselves of this habit they are certain to reap one or other of the advantages of our scheme. Think what it means to the Tired Typist or the Careworn Clerk!

FORTY SHILLINGS OR A MONTH!

The month will be spent at St. Quintin's Park—which is admirably suited to its purpose, or at some other place appointed by the Judges.

To be perfectly certain of pulling off one or other of the prizes, give your real name and address when asked, and at all costs

KEEP YOUR TRAIN TICKET!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ring in the New (HUTCHINSON) is classed as a novel. It possesses some of the formulæ of that literary effort. There are, among other persons moving through the scene, a man and a woman who love each other, and in the end, after chilly avowal and pleased acceptance, they agree upon marriage. But *George Leonard* is a shadowy individuality, and *Prue*, the object of his acid devotion, is least attractive in her domestic relations with him. Wherein the book is of supreme value is its sympathetic study of the life of the honest hard-working poor of the East End of London. Mr. WHITEING knows them and their surroundings intimately, and writes of them with tender touch. The "new" he rings in is the reign of Socialism, whose advent he discerns with the creation of the Labour Party in the new Parliament. The chapters are a succession of vivid scenes in the life of the London veiled from the eyes of denizens of the West End by the space that separates them from the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. More interesting than hero or heroine is the charwoman, who touches the outskirts of both their daily lives. *Sarah*, as in a moment of inspiration Mr. WHITEING names her, takes turns of work in various more or less mean households, out of her earnings creates for herself "a 'appy 'ome" where she receives visitors with almost luxurious hospitality, habitually scorns men, and finally succumbs to the attractions of one who, unknown to her, is already encumbered with wife and child. Another grim tragedy of life in the East End is the career of "The Bloke," which the newspaper reader will recognise as a close paraphrase of a criminal record of recent date. These incidents are fragmentary. Beneath them steadily runs the purpose of showing what the Submerged Tenth think, and how they live.

DEAR MR. SNAITH,—After the flattering diagnosis which I made of your genius when it produced *Broke of Corendon* I confess that this new book of yours that Messrs. CONSTABLE have just published has, for the moment, shaken my beautiful faith in you. In *Henry Northcote* I understand that you designed to give us a study in Individualism, and you were, of course, at liberty to assist yourself to that end by making your hero a madman. But would not his perversity have been thrown into happier relief if you had allowed a few of the other characters to be human? I can scarcely find more than one (not your solicitor certainly, nor your foreman of the jury, nor your young barristers in court) that belongs to any recognisable type. And oh! the interminable dialogue, which overflows into a cab-drive all the way from Charing Cross to Norbiton, and then is not satiated. And when something actually does happen that gives one a thrill—I am thinking of the death in the garret—it results from an action which is a defiance of human experience. The kind of woman that you describe may be of the very gutter, but she will at least retain enough honour—if only professional honour—not to give her man away as this woman does.

I dare say that some critics will call your book "strong." But there is a strength of raw spirits, violent and tyrannous; and I prefer the mellow kind. Do please give us another *Broke* family and no more *Henry Northcotes*. By the way, why *Northcote*, of all names? What link is here with the memory of the blameless Sir STAFFORD?

I am, dear Mr. SNAITH

(or was once, and hope to be again very soon),

YOUR HUMBLE ADMIRER.

Mr. F. M. HUEFFER is the latest recruit to the literary pluralists, for a new book from his pen seems to be appearing almost weekly. I had only just settled down after

delivering my verdict on *The Fifth Queen* when, behold, *The Heart of the Country* (ALSTON RIVERS) emerges from nothingness with red covers and closely packed type. If all Mr. HUEFFER's books are as suggestive and intelligent as this, I shall not mind how rapid he is in their production. He has studied the countryman with diligence and understanding, and maps out the case for the rural districts with much eloquence. But he cannot deceive me into believing him to be a countryman himself. I detect ink in his veins. *The Heart* may be of the Country; but the Head is of London.

To own a Wisley or a Kew
May be too much for me or you;
But everyone can dig and hoe
And rake and weed and prune and sow
(Especially on Saturday)
A little plot, an acre say.
Now every small *jardinière*
Should straight to Mr. CURTIS fare
For his *Small Garden Beautiful*,
A volume indispensable
(At SMITH and ELDER's, seven-and-six),
To set more peas a-climbing sticks,
To fill more beds with mignonette,
To make sweet England sweeter yet.

There can be few things that are not now known about cricketers, amateur and professional; and the publication of *The Cricketer's Autograph Birthday Book* (WALTER SCOTT & Co.), compiled industriously and piously by T. BROADBENT TROWSDALE, seems to put the coping-stone on the edifice of public interest in these brawny fellows. Unless, of course, some one brings out a *Cricketer's Confession Album*, in which TUNNICLIFFE can record his favourite French author, HAYWARD his favourite flower, HIRST the picture which has influenced him most deeply, and SAMMY WOODS his favourite hymn. This probably will follow. Meanwhile the pages of Mr. TROWSDALE's volume enable one to learn that the flannelled philosophers (as Mr. KIPLING never called them) whose birthdays we are to keep to-day, May 30, are BLYTHE of Kent, MOLD of Lancashire, SELLARS of Yorkshire, and KELLY of Australia. Well, may they all receive presents—from some one!

THE MENACE OF THE GULF STREAM.

DEAR SIR,—I am no alarmist, but it has become a matter of vital importance that steps should be taken to draw the attention of the Government to the danger that menaces these shores from the deviation of the current of the Gulf Stream. According to a rough calculation I have made, the people of this country may expect to be frozen alive on or about the 27th of February, 1913, and in the name of our homes and dear ones, of whatever shade of political opinion, I demand that a Royal Commission be convened to inquire into the matter.

Pending such inquiry I would respectfully suggest that the Under-Secretary for the Colonies be immediately despatched to the scene of the disturbance—endowed with plenary powers as Governor of the Gulf Stream—and instructed to deal with the difficulty with all the trenchancy at his command; the nation, meanwhile, being prepared to support the cost of his absence for an indefinite period.

May I add, without incurring the stigma of partisanship, that it is only another example of the slovenly methods of the present Government that matters have reached this crisis. At least I have no hesitation in asserting the trouble would never have arisen with a Conservative Government in power.

Yours truly,

CHRONIC CATARRH.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES,

Or, Who was Who?

WILLIAM HARVEY (1578—1657).

It is astonishing what luck some people have.

COLUMBUS discovered America by merely sailing for some time in the right direction. America takes up some room, and could hardly be avoided by anybody going that way. But nobody happened to have been before, so COLUMBUS gets the glory.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON lay under a tree for a doze, and an apple fell on his head. What he said has not been recorded, though it may be imagined. What he did was to give out that he had discovered the Law of Gravitation. The name caught on, and SIR ISAAC NEWTON got into Parliament on the strength of it, was made Master of the Mint, knighted, and finally buried in Westminster Abbey. Pretty good that, for one small apple.

The third instance is that of WILLIAM HARVEY, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the subject of our biography.

WILLIAM HARVEY was born at Folkestone, the seaside resort, in 1578, and educated at Canterbury and Cambridge. His favourite recreation is not mentioned in the works of reference, but was very likely rounders, and this may have given him the hint of which he afterwards made such good use. He took his degree at the early age of nineteen, for he was a bright lad. At the age of twenty-four he had taken two M.D.'s, and settled as a physician in London, probably in Harley Street. Some people would call this enterprise, others impudence. He went on pocketing fees for the next twenty years, and then his chance came. People's blood had been circulating ever since the time of ADAM, but it first occurred to WILLIAM HARVEY to make a fuss about it. And the fuss told. That was WILLIAM HARVEY's luck.

He nearly spoilt his chances by the title he gave to the book in which he announced his discovery. What was wanted was a short, snappy title that would arouse interest and curiosity. WILLIAM HARVEY was far too clever for that. He called his book *Exercitatio Anatomica de motu Cordis et Sanguinis*. One would have said that a book with that on its cover wouldn't have a dog's

chance. And it wouldn't now. It would have to be called *On its Rounds*; or *When it was Red*, if it was to sell on the bookstalls. No bishop could be expected to preach about a book called *Exercitatio Anatomica*, and the rest of it.

But WILLIAM HARVEY's luck held, in spite of this mistake. The next we hear of him is as physician to CHARLES THE FIRST, and so intoxicated by his success that nothing would do for him but to be sent on an embassy to Nuremberg accompanied by the Earl of ARUNDEL, and publicly demonstrate his theory

attendance on him at the Battle of Edgehill. CHARLES THE FIRST was too polite to say he had had all he could do with of the circulation of the blood; and he lost the battle.

WILLIAM HARVEY accompanied the KING to Oxford, still prosing on about the circulation of the blood. This was a little too much. CHARLES THE FIRST got rid of him in the most graceful way. He had him elected Warden of Merton, and took good care not to accept invitations to dine at the high table of that college as long as he remained in Oxford.

The Fellows of Merton put up with WILLIAM HARVEY for four years, and then CROMWELL turned them all out. They didn't like going, but they felt there were compensations. Most of them had become vegetarians in self-defence, and could now return to a meat diet.

WILLIAM HARVEY went back to London, and "during the remainder of his life was usually the guest of one or other of his brothers." They were always a united family, the HARVEYS, and WILLIAM's brothers said that if all the other houses in London were closed to him theirs should remain open. Blood was thicker than water. "Yes," said WILLIAM, "and it circulates. I don't know whether I ever told you two fellows that when I went over to Nuremberg with my old friend ARUNDEL——." And so on. They stood that for eleven years.

In 1651 WILLIAM HARVEY tried to repeat his early success with a book called *Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium*. But it was a frost. Nobody was going to let him start off again if they knew it. The book was reviewed in the medical papers, but had no sale at the libraries.

Six years later he died, and was buried at Hempstead, near Saffron Walden. And that was the end of WILLIAM HARVEY.

Episcopal Repairs.

Mr. Punch has much pleasure in putting the two following extracts where they can see each other:—

"The Bishop of MANCHESTER yesterday dedicated St. Leonard's Church, after undergoing restoration at the cost of £10,000."—*Daily Mail*.

"Reliable Man wanted for alterations and repairs."—*Camberley News*.

Why not the Bishop, after the above costly experience in his own person?



BEFORE THE RECEPTION.

Lady of the House (instructing new Page). "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN AT A PARTY BEFORE, RIGGLES?"

Riggles. "HONLY AS A GUEST, MUM."

before the EMPEROR. It was his artfulness to call it his theory. He knew very well by this time that the blood circulated. It was a fact, not a theory. The Earl of ARUNDEL knew it, too. He had heard quite enough about it on the way over. How WILLIAM HARVEY demonstrated his theory is not recorded. Perhaps he pricked his finger. Perhaps he pricked the Earl of ARUNDEL's. It is not probable that he pricked the EMPEROR's.

Having once induced people to listen to him when he mounted his hobby, WILLIAM HARVEY stuck to them. He stuck to CHARLES THE FIRST, and was in

A CHECK AT THE WAR-GAME.

[The Reichstag at Berlin has rejected, practically in their entirety, the supplementary estimates for South-west Africa. Violent protests were provoked by a tactless speech delivered by Colonel von OELMLING, who is about to assume the chief command at the front. It is understood that the EMPEROR was informed by telegraph of what had taken place.—*The Times*.]

AMONG the changes wrought in taste and feeling
By Time that modifies our social views,
I gladly mark our happier mode of dealing
With persons who convey unpleasant news;
Already out of breath,
It was the rule to have them put to death.

To-day, though evil tidings fly yet faster
Through electricity's most artful aid,
The youthful messengers of grave disaster
Prove by their bearing they are unafraid;
They go, as they arrive,
Without reward or thanks—but still alive.

Yet would I not have lightly undertaken
That bearer's task who stood, abashed and mute,
Fronting his KAISER, all his marrow shaken
In perilous reach of yon Imperial boot,
And heard his War-Lord snort
Over the Reichstag's very rude report;—

A horrid tale of how his Emissary
(First in Command against the naughty blacks)
Spoke in his Monarch's name, and made an airy
Request for fighting bullion, sacks and sacks;
And how the rabble rout
Told him that he would have to go without.

A blow, I fear, to shatter that machinery
Which moves responsive to the Master's hand,
Since armies cannot mess on tropic scenery,
Nor a superb World-Empire well expand
If reft of beef and rum
Wherewith to fortify its mailed tum.

Yet, WILLIAM, I detect a happy omen
(Explained below) in this obnoxious gale;
Thanks to the void inside your troops' abdomen
The British Lion may relax his tail,
And stop his muffled growls,
And treat more cousinly the King of Fowls.

For I have often noticed, when a rival,
Heavy with beans, incurs a nasty fall,
One lifts an urgent prayer for his revival,
Saying "A dear, good fellow after all!"
Just so your present check
Tempt us to weep a little round your neck.

As fellow-sufferers, too, this bitter pillule
Should make our new *entente* more cordial-kind;
For, though at first it looks unlikely, still you'll
Gather my meaning when I say I find
Small difference in our lots—
Pro-Zulus here, and there pro-Hottentots! O. S.

Painting the Lily.

"WE have now a charming assortment of the latest costumes, blouses, millinery, etc., all straight from Paris, with a touch of Australian smartness added."—*Melbourne Argus*.

"HADD0 has always been the courtesy style of the hair of the Earldom of Aberdeen."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.
With some people it is Tatcho.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

["And she [the woman] is always on the war-path, looking out for insults She sulks for a week, and you suffer agonies of apprehension You lie awake at night worrying about her—and then you will find that one day, in your haste, you had forgotten to say good morning to her."—*Madame Sarah Grand*.]

MILDRED and I have been married no longer than six months.

I find I do not know her properly yet.

I only found this out recently.

I was reading *The Daily Chronicle*, and skimming the articles came across that of Madame GRAND. I read it through, and confess that I permitted a slight chuckle to escape. MILDRED asked what was causing me amusement, and I read to her the abstract which I have quoted above.

When I had finished reading I waited for her smile of approbation. Instead whereof I saw that she was frowning.

"Do you see anything funny in it?" she remarked.

"Well," said I, "it's certainly not without its humour."

"I think it's absurd," she said. "I'm surprised that you see anything to smile at in it. I suppose you believe that it's true?" This with an air of challenge.

"It may be true of some women," I remarked, diplomatically, "but it certainly is not of one that I know."

"That's right," she said, coldly; "try and shirk the consequences of your own convictions."

"I didn't say they were my convictions," I pointed out.

"Then why did you laugh at the article?" she inquired.

"One can appreciate a thing and still not agree with it," I suggested.

"Nonsense!" she said. "If you didn't think it was true you wouldn't have read it to me."

"I read it because you asked me to do so."

"I asked you to read it because you laughed, and you laughed because you thought it was true. Am I like that? Do I look for insults in whatever you say?"

"Well, even if you do look for them, I hope you never find them," I said, somewhat foolishly.

"Oh," she cried, angrily, "then they are there?"

"What are where?" I inquired carelessly.

"You know what you said. You implied that you hoped I never recognised the insults that you hurled at me."

"I did nothing of the sort," I protested. "What I said was—"

"I know perfectly well what you said," she retorted, "and I also know what you meant."

"I'm sorry I don't," I said, a trifle annoyed.

"No, of course you wouldn't, now that you understand that I see through you."

"That's rather absurd," I said. "I can't quite gather what it is you object to, but I'm sure you are entirely under a misapprehension."

"I consider it a deliberate insult," she said, in an injured tone.

"Rubbish!" I replied.

"It may be rubbish to you, but I—I—*know* now what your true feelings are." She was on the point of tears.

"I've known for some time," I said, banteringly.

"I wish I'd found out before I ever married you," she said.

"Well, I told you often enough, didn't I, darling?" I said.

"Don't be a hypocrite!" she remarked. "You know very well that—"

"That I love you!" I interjected.

"Love me!" she repeated scornfully; "and yet you go out of your way to insult me? I—I—only wish—I'd found you out before!"

It was then that I got quite annoyed.

"What rot!" I said.



Bernard Partridge.

THE BOGEY OF FREEDOM.

C.-B. (throwing open door of Compound). "MY POOR DOWN-TRODDEN BROTHER, YOU ARE NO LONGER A SLAVE—YOU ARE FREE TO GO HOME!"

THE DOWN-TRODDEN BROTHER. "OH PLEASE, SIR, ANYTHING BUT THAT! I WILL BE GOOD, IF YOU WILL ONLY LET ME STOP!"



PRECEDENCE AT BATTERSEA.

"GARN! THE TREASURER GOES IN BEFORE THE BLOOMIN' SECKERTARY!"

"Don't pretend," she sneered. "I can quite see through your miserable designs now."

I didn't answer her. I was too exasperated.

"Yes," she went on angrily, "add contemptuous silence to your other insults."

I muttered something under my breath, which she must have heard. "There is no need to swear as well," she said.

"I'll do as I please," I retorted.

"Of course I knew you wouldn't do as I pleased," she said.

"I only said it to test you, and now—I find—you absolutely don't care."

She took out her handkerchief and began to sob.

I refused to capitulate to tears, but it was trying in the extreme. At last I lost patience. "Would you mind going into the conservatory to cry?" I said. "It'd do the plants good."

The words dammed her tears. Immediately she grew calm.

"Is that meant to be clever?" she said, "because I'm sorry I fail to see the humour of it."

"My remark," I replied coldly, "was intended to remind you that tears are wasted on me."

"I quite believe it," she said; "I've heard that a woman's tears would melt a heart of stone, but——"

"Perhaps my heart is made of more adaptable material," I interrupted sentimentally.

"I don't think," she murmured reflectively.

"Don't talk slang," I said. "Use common-sense if you want to say anything. It's much better."

"I could have told you that," she replied calmly, "only I wanted to keep to subjects with which I thought you were acquainted."

That was a nasty one, I admit, but I tried to put the best face I possibly could on it. "Don't put yourself out on my account," I implored with mock politeness. "It's rather a pity to waste so much brilliance on me, isn't it?"

"It doesn't matter who I wasted it on now, since I've already wasted myself."

"I was a fool ever to have married at all," I said, angrily, striding up and down the room.

"Marriage made no difference in that respect," she said.

"Only even if you were a fool I have to pay the price of your folly."

"Oh!" I sneered, "then if you want to pay in full, you'll find yourself in the Bankruptcy Court."

"Go on," she shouted; "pile up the insults as much as you can!"

I could stand no more of it, and as she once more burst into tears, I strode from the room and slammed the door. . . . I wonder if Madame GRAND ever knew my wife.

I wonder, too, what MILDRED was insulted about. . . . Can I possibly have forgotten to pass her the toast? . . . I wonder . . . one never knows . . . perhaps . . . men are all brutes. I think I'll go back!

THE BOOK AND THE PLAY.

WHEN I heard that Mr. MICHAEL MORTON was making a play out of *The Newcomes*, and that Mr. TREE proposed to act the part of the *Colonel*, I felt much as I should feel if I had heard that Mr. MICHAEL MORTON was making a play out of my own domestic life (which, like *The Newcomes*, is fortunately quite undramatic), and that Mr. TREE proposed to act the part of my favourite uncle. For to me, as to Mr. ANDREW LANG, THACKERAY seems like a big elder brother, and *The Newcomes*, though by no means his most coherently artistic work, is perhaps of all his books the most intimately and affectionately remembered. I felt embarrassed, therefore, and—to confess it frankly—resentful, though I did not write to the papers to say so. On the other hand, I am in the habit of wishing success to Mr. TREE. I admire the sporting spirit in which he runs his theatre, his courage and activity, the many proofs he has given of a worthy ambition in his art, and the many feats of acting he has accomplished. So I waited for the rising of the curtain with feelings even more mixed than they usually are in this complicated world.

Well, my good wishes for Mr. TREE were gratified. The play had a splendid reception, and is likely to be a great success. Also Mr. TREE himself gave us an extremely clever and at times a beautiful performance. His acting, and that of some of the others, as studies of THACKERAY'S characters, formed the real interest of the evening. But one must say an analytical word or so of the play.

Englishmen are not dramatically inventive, and have generally had to annex the plots for their plays. But there really is a limit. We seem to have ended by supposing that we can dramatise everything. But everything cannot be dramatised. Even Mr. MICHAEL MORTON would hardly propose to dramatise a sonnet of ROSSETTI and invite Mr. TREE to act the part of the first eight lines. There are reasons, at his service but too long to set forth here, why the dramatisation of *The Newcomes* was not an artistic undertaking.

However, it is to be said that he was conscientiously anxious to give us as much of THACKERAY as he could. I imagine that, when he read *The Newcomes* for his purpose for the first time, he must have read it rather hastily, with an eye and a pencil for effective sentences. If they belonged to characters he had no room for in his scheme he gave them to the *Colonel*. Thus both GEORGE WARRINGTON'S "Don't you recognise the beast?" and LORD HIGHGATE'S "Is that the cane you beat your wife with?" are given to the *Colonel* in the same speech. I do

not complain of the shifting of scenes—as for example of *Lady Kew's* and *Ethel's* conversation at Baden (*à propos* of *Lord Kew*) taking place in London (*à propos* of *Lord Farintosh*)—that was necessary if there was to be a play at all; but it is a shock to find *Clive's* wine-glass-throwing exploit post-dated several years, quite incongruously, and aimed at *Farintosh* instead of *Barnes*; and *Farintosh* himself made into a brawling ruffian. If THACKERAY had lived to see



AN UPRIGHT GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree as *Colonel Newcome*.

Mr. MORTON'S *Little Stranger* and had turned it into a novel, Mr. MORTON would not have enjoyed such liberties. And if one is told to regard the play apart from the book, I reply that the request is absurd. If we should not think of the book, why should the book have been dragged in? It was not a good story, and the only reason can have been to appeal to our memories. As a play, it is simply a succession of sympathetic attitudes for the *Colonel*; the

Colonel meeting his lost love, comforting his son, denouncing *Barnes's* villainy, paralysed by the Campaigner's taunts, playing with the little Gown-boy, and finally saying "*Adsum*." And as such, it is, on the whole, sufficient.

Regarded as "illustrations" of the book the women in a general way were better than the men. They were more accurately dressed. Mr. TREE wisely went to DICKY DOYLE'S famous illustrations for his own "make-up"—and a wonderfully good "make-up" it was, remarkable in a long list of such successes—and it is a pity he did not go to the same source for the other men. They seemed to show an earlier period; and especially *Barnes* and *Farintosh* in the First Act were wrongly attired for the occasion. I think, too, that more attention should have been given to THACKERAY'S own descriptions: *Clive* should have been fair, and so should *Pen* have been—though, to be sure, for the latter accuracy the *Pendennis* volume would have had to be consulted, which perhaps was too much to expect.

MISS MARION TERRY, as *Madame de Florac*, who has a son of forty in the book, did not look forty herself and could not have been the *Colonel's* contemporary. That apart, she played as I should have expected; that is to say, not only as an accomplished artist in details, but with that sense of the theatre, and that perfect congruity with the picture which are always her rare distinctions. Mrs. TREE was a vivacious Campaigner, playing both her cajoling and nagging scenes admirably. Miss BRAITHWAITE looked her part of *Ethel* well, but did not give us *Ethel's* waywardness and petulance and essential girlishness in her manner: she was too much like a merely well-intentioned and earnest young woman. Mrs. CROWE suggested the old witch in *Lady Kew* with much effect, and it was not her fault that she had to jeer at the *Colonel* in a manner quite impossible to a gentlewoman—for which I fear THACKERAY would not have forgiven Mr. MORTON. There is little to say of any other man but the *Colonel*. Mr. LYN HARDING had the best stage chance, because F. B. is a grotesque, and Mr. NORMAN FORBES made something of *Barnes* plus a touch of melodrama. As for Mr. TREE, in his later scenes, when the *Colonel* is pathetically feeble and broken, his playing was beautiful, finely conceived and delicately done. In the earlier scenes he lacked a little, only a little, something of dignity and simplicity, and when the cares and anxieties of a first night are off his mind I know no reason why that little should not be added. In fact, he may try his hand at my favourite uncle, but I do not wish Mr. MICHAEL MORTON to write the play.

RUE.

MORE ABOUT THE NEW GAMBLING.**KEEP YOUR TUBE TICKETS!**

(IF YOU CAN.)

KEEP YOUR TUBE TICKETS!

(IF THE MAN WILL LET YOU.)

KEEP YOUR TUBE TICKETS!*The Daily Error* offers**£1,000**

to the owner of the right Tube ticket.

WHICH IS THE RIGHT ONE?

AH!**MONEY TO BURN!****KEEP YOUR THEATRE
PROGRAMMES.**

THERE IS A GOLD MINE IN EVERY ONE.

DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY.

**KEEP YOUR THEATRE
PROGRAMMES.***The Daily Expense* will publish the
lucky numbers

On JUNE 31.

WHO WILL BE THE WINNER?**KEEP YOUR DAILY ERRORS.****KEEP YOUR DAILY EXPENSES.****KEEP YOUR HAPPY DISPATCHES.**There is no knowing what they may
be worth some day.They may be useless now; but *Wait*.**KEEP THEM ALL.**Never mind how they collect dust and
fill the house:**KEEP THEM!**Particulars of their value may one day
be published.Buy all you can. Wait for other
people to drop them. Look under the
seats of railway carriages.**GET ALL YOU CAN.****KEEP THEM.****GO ON KEEPING THEM.**

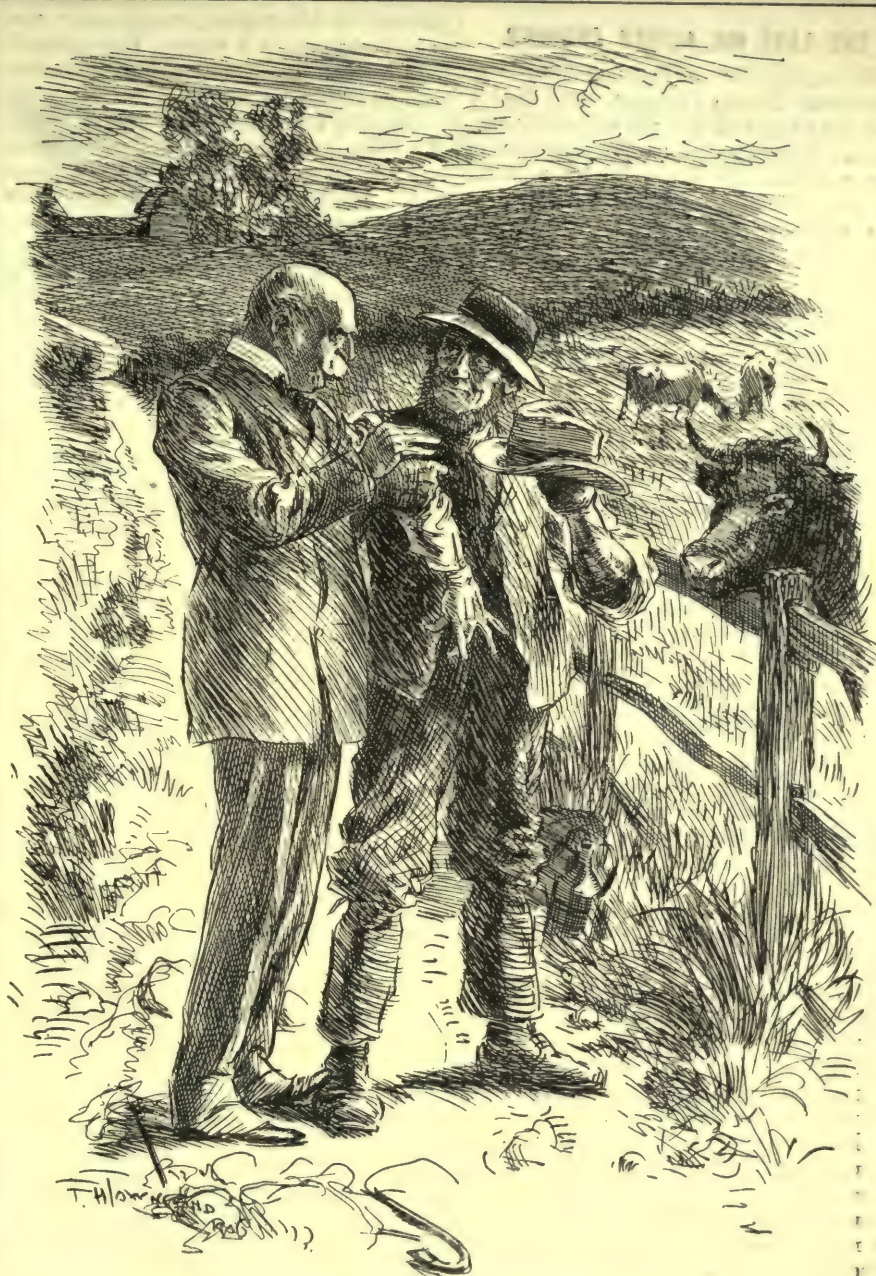
There may be money in it.

KEEP EVERYTHING.**MEN, KEEP YOUR SHAVING PAPER!****LADIES, KEEP YOUR CURL PAPERS!**Some day they may be useful in getting
people to buy a paper which otherwise
they would not.**MR. PUNCH'S OFFER.**

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

THERE WILL THEN BE GOLD IN IT.

**QUI S'EXCUSE ACCUSE.**

The Major (after lunching with the Squire, famed for his 'liqueurs'). "THANKS, VERY MUCH. IT'S REALLY AWFULLY KIND OF YOU." (Suddenly inspired) "YOU KNOW THESE BEASTLY MOTOR-BUS DRIVERS ARE SO CARELESS. THINK THE WHOLE STREET BELONGS TO THEM!"

It is mentioned in the Press as a matter of congratulation that, owing to a new process discovered by an Englishman, a big trade is now being done in tin soldiers. We could have wished that these new warriors might have been of the same mettle as the Iron Duke: but at the same time we welcome any developments that are likely to increase the popularity of the service.

An Irish paper in reporting the invention of a new hat for men describes it as being a straw hat made of felt.

EXTRACT from advertisement of a Brussels hotel:—

"There is a serious guide, belonging to the Hotel, at the entire disposition of the visitors."

Those who like to be entertained with airy badinage about the height of a cathedral, or a whimsical description of the Mayor's benefactions, must go elsewhere.

"CIGARETTE MAKER (girl) requires work; flat or round."—*Evening News*.

There is about this an almost pathetic willingness to please.

THE LATE MR. ALFRED CHUDDER.

JUDGED by the ordinary standards of greatness ALFRED CHUDDER, who died a few weeks ago at the age of eighty-one, cannot be regarded as an instance of the rule that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. His was not, in the ordinary sense at least, a useful life. He did not invent or discover anything. He had no profession or trade. He was in no respect a prophet, had no message for his generation, seeming in truth to regard passing events and the problems of contemporary life with an equanimity which almost amounted to indifference. He was not, again, the representative of an ancient family or a leader of fashion, nor were his means more than a modest competence. Except when he was born and when he died (he was never married) it is probable that his name never appeared in the newspapers. The world at large, therefore, may be excused if it knew nothing of him. Yet he was a truly remarkable man, and I, who was privileged to see something of him in his later years, am unwilling that he should pass into the great silence altogether without record.

ALFRED CHUDDER was remarkable in this, that although he was not an eminent man, he was one of the few men living who looked and spoke like one. He realized thoroughly and completely one's idea of how an eminent man should look and speak. More particularly did he strike one's eye and ear as a man aristocratically eminent. He was one of Nature's Dukes—the only one in my experience—fulfilling the golden dreams one had in childhood of what a Duke should be.

His appearance was familiar to me some years before I met him, since we lived in neighbouring streets, and I saw him frequently in my walks abroad. I never had any doubt but that he was one of the most eminent men in the country. He was tall, broad-shouldered, of a full bodily habit, and a very upright carriage. His face was large, of a reddish colour, strong-featured, clean-shaven. The second time I saw him he took off his hat to a lady, and disclosed a broad forehead and a magnificent sweep of silky white hair. He walked slowly, looking about him, conscious, as it seemed to me, that passers-by must be whispering his famous name to one another. He dressed fashionably, but always with a distinctive note—a hat broader-brimmed than the common, or the like, and affected the fresh and gay—white waistcoats and light-coloured gloves. After a time I thought he recognised me as a person he often saw (I discovered afterwards that this was the case) and that there was a slight

interest in his regard, encouraging me to go on living, as it were. This pleased me greatly, and I wondered all the more who he might be.

One day I was lunching with a friend at a Club, and the great unknown came into the room. Eagerly I put my question. The answer astonished me by the indifference with which it was given. "I always forget his name," said my friend. "Wait: yes, CHUDDER, that's it—old CHUDDER." I had never heard the name before, and my disappointment was keen. I consoled myself by accusing my own ignorance, however; doubtless with men of his own calling or pursuit CHUDDER was a household word.

Constant and searching inquiries assured me that it was not so. Mr. CHUDDER was known to a small circle of acquaintances only, and the world knew nothing of him. I put together the facts of his career as I gradually learned them.

Mr. CHUDDER was the only son of a north-country solicitor, a rich man, who sent him to Harrow and Oxford. He was hardly remarkable as a young man, was mildly proficient in games, and took a pass degree. Having a large allowance, however, he was a member of a very good set, and was noted for the care with which he dressed. On leaving Oxford he was elected into a good London Club. Shortly afterwards his father died, and it was found that unlucky speculations had dissipated his fortune. Mr. CHUDDER had barely seven hundred a year. He seems then to have decided on a scheme of life which, negative as it may appear, had a simple rhythm in it one finds soothing to contemplate.

He took two rooms in St. James's Street, and lived almost entirely in London. An occasional country visit to friends tended to be replaced in his later life by a few weeks once a year at a seaside hotel. He lived a great deal at his Club, reading the magazines and sometimes a novel, playing cards and billiards for moderate stakes, and lunching and dining temperately but with a certain exigence of the best. Sometimes he went to a theatre. That is all. He never married, and no romance is recorded of him. Comfort, regularity, and avoidance of all strain seem to have been the exclusive objects of his life. Except on questions of food and wine he seldom disclosed a conviction, or even an opinion. His services to the community cannot be reckoned high. But for my part I find something attractive in a life so like a tree's. He had been living it for fifty years, since his leaving Oxford, when I first met him.

The reader may begin to wonder, however, how it was that Mr. CHUDDER acquired his extraordinary air of greatness. I can only guess. The beginnings of it may have been at Oxford,

where his membership of a very good set may have given him a sense of superiority to other undergraduates. Living afterwards, too, a life without dependence on any man's favour, obliged to do nothing he did not wish to do, attended all day with the thoughtful deference of a good Club's servants, a feeling of mastery over life may have grown in him. I prefer to think that sheer artistic instinct made manner and the inner man conform to appearance. He must have felt that only a great man should look as he looked—that in some profound sense, apart from the accidents of life, great he really was.

Certainly the air was irresistible. A manner of easy politeness, with a slight suggestion of preoccupation, as of a man responsible in high affairs, and touched, only just touched, with a note of condescension, marked him continually. His address to cabmen, policemen, waiters, and the like, was a lesson in deportment. His "Good night, constable," kindly, cheerful, yet a little weary in tone, to the policemen in his street as he went home, was admirable, always answered with reverence and gratitude. When he crossed the road the traffic was stopped for him immediately. Personally I treated him by instinct, as soon as I made his acquaintance, with much more than the deference one shows to ordinary old men. "Working hard?" he would say to me when we met, and I, who ordinarily detest that question, always felt flattered that this great man should think my humble toil of any interest. He had never done a stroke of work in his life, but I felt somehow that he held up to me an example of noble and beneficent labour.

When he spoke of common things there was a suggestion of something ironical and almost comic in their connection with his greatness. We were walking together once when it began to rain. He looked for a moment at the rain as though amused by its impertinence, and then, "I suppose," said he, "our only resource is a humble hansom," and I, who should have taken the humbler bus, felt that for him a hansom was indeed a vehicle absurdly humble. I remember, also, that once when he lunched with me at a Club, and the only hot thing ready was roast beef, he remarked, "And an excellent thing, too," making me feel, but quite pleasantly, how great were his kindness and indulgence in eating it. His manner of mentioning eminent people was cordial, and, as it were, intimate; he did not know them, but somehow one seemed to know them through him. "That poor Duke!" he said once as we passed Devonshire House—it was in the early days of the Fiscal question—and I seemed to be behind the political

scenes at once. He had a habit of comparing their ages with his own, which somehow gave one the idea that they had been boys together.

But no anecdote or description can reproduce the greatness of Mr. CHUDDER's appearance and manner. Appearance and manner, and nothing else, unless it were the inner conviction at which I have guessed. He was not great in some eccentric field of action, like CHARLES LAMB's great borrower; his actions were lunching and dining, reading the papers and sauntering about Piccadilly. Yet to doubt his greatness, before you knew who he was, was impossible if you had any imagination or sense of fitness in things about you. And often, when I have met one of your disappointing great men, have I said within me—"Why, why can't you look and speak like ALFRED CHUDDER?"

TO BRIGHTEN CRICKET.

THE mere rivalry of bat and ball, which was good enough for every one till the last year or so, having failed any longer to command attention, the most ingenious cricketers and brainiest journalists of the day are busy devising additional attractions. Mr. *Punch*, although he has never himself found the game, when played with energy and skill, lacking in interest, has thrown open his columns to the innovators. A selection of letters follows:—

SIR,—Having lately returned from Spain, where I was much thrilled and exhilarated by a number of bull-fights, I beg to suggest that some of the shining merits of the bull-ring be introduced to Lord's and the Oval. In every match let one or more cricketers be baited and if possible killed. I would suggest that the *toreadors* be cricket-journalists, each armed with a sharp steel pen, their victim to be the first batsman who is bowled before he has hit a ball out of the ground. This would brighten cricket and do much to restore that effete pastime to favour again. I am,

Yours, &c.,

EDGAR WALLACE.

SIR,—The silence of the players is, in my opinion, the chief cause of the dullness of the game. Could it not be arranged that at the fall of each wicket, or when the field is crossing over, the players might join in a brief chorus, or folk song? The umpires, again, might signal wides, no balls and byes by special calls on a bugle. Mr. W. GLEE GRACE, who has now given up active cricket, or M. DE PACHMANN might be engaged as chief musical conductor.

Faithfully yours,

ALGERNON ASHTON.



RACY OF THE TURF.

Cabby (to Youth from the country, who has lost his head in the traffic, and is dodging from side to side). "NOW THEN, SPEARMINT! GIVE THE FIELD A CHANCE!"

SIR,—Cricket has become monotonous because we are too familiar with the style, and even the features of our leading cricketers. If they wore wigs or fancy dress, and W. G. were obliged to shave his beard, the apathy of the crowd might be at least partially dispelled.

Faithfully yours,

HENSLEY HENSON.

SIR,—I have often wondered that the excellent example of the Oval poet has never been followed. Why not have bards attached to all the County grounds to improvise lyrics and recite them during the luncheon or tea interval? We have already JAMES PHILLIPS at Lord's; why should we not secure STEPHEN PHILLIPS as well? I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

LEWIS MORRIS.

SIR,—I have a very good idea. Why not give up cricket altogether and play football all the year round? No one can complain that football is not bright, and anything it lacks itself can be supplied by the gambling spirit.

Yours, &c., L. J. MAXSE.

SIR,—Why not have fireworks? If the umpires were empowered to send

up rockets every time a man was out, the effect would be distinctly bright and pleasing. Or every player might be forced to wear an electric scarf pin.

Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

SIR,—My panacea is this. Since no one cares for bowling any more, let every batsman have half an hour in which to hit as hard as he can, irrespective of catches and other accidents; any bowler neglecting to bowl as many as five half-volleys an over to be heavily fined by his committee, or, if necessary, lynched by the public-spirited crowd.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN LONG HOPPS.

SIR,—How to brighten cricket? Forbid Mr. WARNER to wear a cap.

Yours etc., M. C. C.

SIR,—There is nothing wrong with cricket. It is the crowd that is at fault. My plan is to leave cricket where it is, but to supply the crowd with free champagne.

Yours &c.,

WILFRID LAWSON.

SIR,—There is one very simple way: play all the matches at Brighton.

Yours faithfully,

BRIGHTON HOTEL SYNDICATE.



OUR AUXILIARIES.

Sergeant. "WELL, WHAT IS IT?"

Newly-enlisted Yeoman (whose mount is a bit off his oats). "PLEASE, SERGEANT, MY 'ORSE WON'T PICK UP HIS SEED!"

ENGLAND, SLEEP ON!

["A sub-committee of the Devon Education Board have recommended that where a child shows unmistakable signs of drowsiness it should be allowed to go to sleep."—*Daily Chronicle*, May 29, 1906.]

ANXIOUS, as ever, to ascertain and diffuse expert opinion, *Mr. Punch* has been at pains to consult a number of leading authorities on this subject with the following highly interesting results.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT, the famous singer of the West Country and author, amongst other lyrics, of "*Devon, O Devon in wind and rain*," at once replied to our representative in the following spirited impromptu:—

"Six hours for a man;
For a woman, seven;
And eight for a fool—
Was considered the rule
When I went to school.
But in drowsy Devon
The minimum 's seven;
And the higher you sail
In the social scale,
The larger the numbers
Allotted to slumbers.

For myself I'm content with a modest nine,
But our Duke, so his intimates say,

Repeatedly breakfasts at 5 o'clock tea,
And dozes the rest of the day."

MR. SIDNEY LEE said that the value of sleep as an incentive to literary effort and a means to longevity was unquestionable. EPIMENIDES, the Cretan poet, who went to sleep for 57 years, attained an age, according to different authorities, of 154, 157, 229, or 289 years. SHAKESPEARE's frequent references to sleep indicated (1) a high opinion of its curative value, (2) the probability—which the play of *Macbeth* converted to something like a certainty—that SHAKESPEARE himself was troubled by insomnia. Asked whether he connected the Sleepers of Ephesus with the Baghdad Railway, MR. SIDNEY LEE maintained an attitude of polite scepticism. He thought, however, that the requirements of Devonshire school children ought not to be made the standard or norm, as the proximity of the Gulf Stream undoubtedly tended to promote a susceptibility to soporific influences from which dwellers in Norfolk were immune.

Professor CHURTON COLLINS, on being interviewed by our representative, said that the example of the great NAPOLEON, who cultivated the habit of sleeping at

all times and in all environments—hence the word "nap"—fully justified the decision of the Devonshire educational authorities. But in view of the numerous desperate characters who were now abroad he was strongly of opinion that the new Education Act should contain a mandatory clause enjoining on all teachers to instruct children in the art of sleeping with at least one eye open. He added that he deeply regretted to notice that, in the list of national songs compiled by the Board of Education, "*Pop goes the Weasel*" was conspicuous by its absence.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN cordially approved of the action of the Devonshire authorities, which he thought admitted of indefinite extension. In his opinion sleeping cars ought to be attached to all workmen's trains. At the same time it behoved us as a nation to be watchful and vigilant. Lord ROSEBERY, the great prophet of efficiency, was a notoriously light sleeper. On the whole he was indisposed to make it a party question, and would leave it to the sense of the House as a whole to determine whether legislation on the subject was necessary.



PERIL!

LIBERTY (to the Czar). "GIVE HIM HIS HEAD. IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE—AND MINE!"



LIBRARY

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, A.M., May 29.—Half-past one o'clock and a fine morning. Members, over 500 strong, just streamed out after carrying through Committee 1st Clause of Education Bill. Of crucial importance, as we have testified by giving up to it full Parliamentary week. At this moment it sinks into insignificance by comparison with the question, "Is there any chance of getting a cab?"

The excitement which seethes in Palace Yard in strong contrast with the dreariness of the long sitting. What had to be said on principle underlying 1st Clause delivered in first two sittings. What followed was necessarily of the kind of discussion genially described by CARLYLE as thrice-boiled colewort. The wearily out-talked debate lacked even the final touch of interest that sometimes hangs about a division. Everyone knew that not only was the Clause safe in its integrity; there was not any expectation of appreciable diminution of overwhelming Ministerial Majority.

Just a flicker of interest played over the massive dome that serves as brain pan for TOMMY LOUGH. Last time House was in Committee on the Bill he suddenly interposed and delivered a speech that fluttered the dovescotes below the Gangway on both sides. Suffice it to say he threw over the principle of simple Bible teaching in State-provided Elementary Schools upon which the Bill is mainly built. Deliverance hailed with rapture from Opposition Benches. GEORGE WYNDHAM rose up and called him blessed. The Non-conformist Conscience was seared as by red-hot iron. DON'T KEIR HARDIE'S very neck-tie paled. Such a declaration from a Minister—Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board to boot—must surely mean that the Government, having studied drift of debate, deemed it

expedient to retire from a main position early assumed.

Momentous utterance delivered at too late an hour for elucidation. Time only for WYNDHAM'S pæan of delight, his

Bench, agreed in the *obiter dictum* that in such case TOMMY would succeed him at the Cabinet Board, at the Education Office, and in charge of the Bill.

This happened last Wednesday night.

The newspapers duly recognised serious character of the new movement; but no authoritative, unmistakable, sign of Cabinet feeling had been manifested. True, LLOYD-GEORGE, speaking at Liverpool, scornfully referred to the chatter of irresponsible persons. But, as Colonel CARLILE inconsequently remarked last night—and the remark is here quoted with added inconsequence—"no one would trust LLOYD-GEORGE with the moral training of a litter of puppies." It was in the House of Commons, from the Treasury Bench, the declaration had been made, and from the Treasury Bench at this, the earliest opportunity, it must be approved or denounced.

All through the summer night TOMMY,

Silent as on a peak in Darien,

was the object of absorbed attention. It was noted that he sat in close, protecting, contiguity to his chief, the Education Minister. That seemed to imply that all was well. Not only was his announcement authorised, but his interposition at the critical moment was approved by his colleague in charge of the Bill.

When ST. AUGUSTINE rose early in the debate a crowded House gathered in hushed expectancy. Now all would be known. Strange to say ST. AUGUSTINE ignored existence of TOMMY LOUGH. He

alluded to THOMAS A KEMPIS; looked in for a moment on BAXTER'S *Saint's Rest*, lightly scanned *The Whole Duty of Man*; but of the subject that lay closest to the heart of the listening throng he spoke never a word.

Later, when TOMMY himself took a turn with design of crumpling up Alderman ANSON, there was recurrence of the surging wave of breathless interest. But the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education

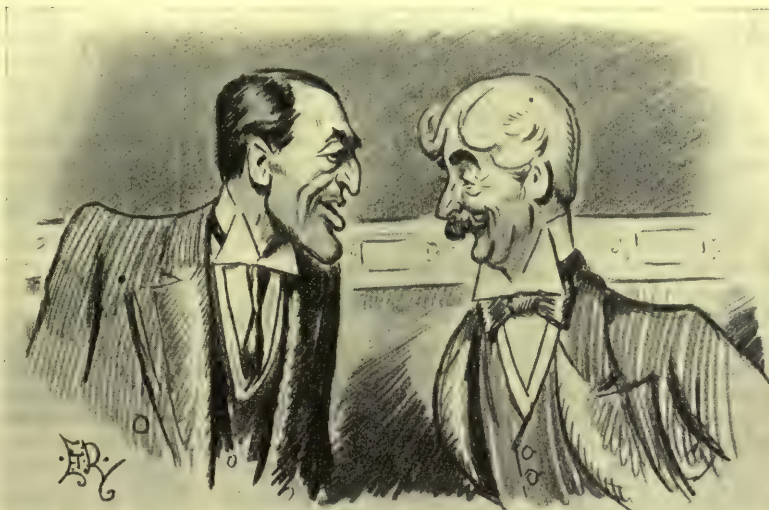


"'GIVEN AWAY'—WITH A POUND OF TEA!"
(Mr. Tommy L-g-h.)

recognition, tardy it is true, that in TOMMY LOUGH His Majesty's Ministers, by sole exception, possess a statesman of the first rank. The Parliamentary Secretary's announcement involved far-reaching possibilities. Was he the spokesman of united opinion on the part of the Cabinet? or did it mean fresh and final rupture on a vital point? If so, BIRRELL must go. WYNDHAM and CARSON, hobnobbing on the Front Opposition

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"WYNDHAM AND CARSON HOBNOBBING ON THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH."

had nothing to say on the question of "simple Bible teaching," and resumed his seat leaving the Committee more than ever perplexed.

Business done.—Clause 1 of Education Bill carried without amendment by majority of 203 in a house of 527 Members.

Wednesday.—House adjourned for Whitsun holidays. Members reluctantly go away with the Mystery of TOMMY LOUGH unsolved.

"*Edwin Drood* not in it with TOMMY," said the MEMBER FOR SARK wistfully regarding the thought-paled ance of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board.

CHARIVARIA.

Das Reich draws attention to the fact that the conclusion of an Anglo-Russian agreement would result in the complete isolation of Germany. We feel sure that this has only to be pointed out to each Power and the negotiations will be dropped at once.

Señor CASTRO has issued a proclamation in which he announces his decision permanently to retire into private life. The Venezuelan public is astounded at the announcement, and already rumours are current that there will be a popular demonstration in favour of Señor CASTRO's return to power. And, if there be no such demonstration, then Señor CASTRO may return without it.

LORD SELBORNE has visited some of the compounds, and the coolies assured him they were very happy. Such ignorance is deplorable.

All our time-honoured sports seem doomed. Within the past fortnight agitations have been started against otter-hunting and bus-racing.

A Passive Resister has been complaining of the discomforts of Wandsworth Gaol. But surely the greater the discomforts, the greater the Martyr?

It is stated that a woman who will not speak has been discovered at Chichester. We shall require more convincing proof than a mere newspaper report before we believe this.

"If one is a genius," says Mr. C. K. SHORTER, "one can do without hobbies." We hope this does not mean that Mr.

SHORTER is giving up the practice of Literary Criticism.

Hips, it has been decreed, are to be unfashionable this year, and those ladies who cannot get rid of them are crowding into nunneries until the fashion changes.

An epidemic of dog-stealing has broken out. The most aggravated instance is reported from the suburbs, where some burglars, not content with a quantity of silver and jewellery, took with the swag the valuable watch-dog as well.



LOOLOPING THE LOOLOOP.

Mr. "Lulu" H-rc-rt devotes the Recess to perfecting his scheme for getting round the Division Lobbies in the quickest possible time.

It is satisfactory to know that there are still law-abiding persons among us. A baby who started to howl on Tuesday last in a well-known London Square ceased at once upon its nurse drawing its attention to the notice: "Organs and street cries prohibited."

A lady who recently bought a dinner service consisting of 54 pieces for £1 3s. 0d. was informed by her housemaid the next day that the bargain had become still more wonderful, for it now consisted of 1125 pieces.

The following books have been struck out of the list of school prizes by the London County Council: *Hypatia* and *Cheap and Easy Cooking*.

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

THE BAYSWATER PIRATE.

WITH every prospect of more rain in the near future, the afternoon is not of the kind one would choose for a stroll; and I realise on glancing up and down the road that I am the only loiterer in sight. The children have been rung back to school; the afternoon delivery of milk has not yet begun; and Notting Hill is given over to the somewhat drowsy quiet which follows upon the bustle of the suburban luncheon-hour.

My destination lies eastward, and I am debating whether to travel by Tube, when an omnibus drawn by a pair of the most emaciated horses I have ever seen emerges from a side street. It is evident that the conductor and driver have just dined; and while I am speculating upon the remoteness of the horses' latest meal, the driver catches my eye and marks me down as his prey.

"'Ere y'are," he exclaims exuberantly: "'Obun, Benk, Loople-strit; Loople - strit, 'Obun, Benk."

Before I can dissemble my plans, the vehicle has stopped; the conductor, with the peremptory blandishments peculiar to "pirate" busmen, has extended an inviting arm, and I am inveigled on board.

We have travelled barely two hundred yards, when a sharp downpour of rain drives several pedestrians into the bus. Reinforcements are picked up at frequent intervals, until, long before we reach the Marble Arch, the "insides" number a dozen. Six stolidly face six with a reciprocal attempt—as customary as it is futile—to avoid staring at each other. The windows are

steamy, and the atmosphere grows heavy with the odour of damp waterproofs.

At the corner of the Edgware Road, where we drop two passengers, four new arrivals are allowed to enter. Whether from commiseration or from lack of moral courage, the seated passengers make no protest against the consequent overcrowding; nor does the conductor choose to sacrifice extra fares which help to compensate for the dearth of outside passengers. Prominent among the new-comers is a burly bricklayer, on whose clothes an inordinate amount of dust has been converted by the rain into a composition not unlike gritty starch. So, at all events, I judge from the sample he leaves on my trousers in passing. That he, too, has recently dined, and



DARTMOOR WAY.

Tourist (in background). "I SAY! PERCY! WE'D BETTER BE GOING NOW—UNLESS YOU CAN SEE ANYTHING STRIKING FROM WHERE YOU ARE!"

from a *menu* consisting chiefly of very inferior whiskey, is an inference that few people will be inclined to dispute.

Beside him stands a middle-aged woman, sallow and waspish, who carries a large bundle wrapped in rusty black cloth. The bricklayer, after hazily contemplating this bundle, administers a few tentative pokes, each of which leaves a fingermark surrounded by a small indentation.

"'Ere, when you've *quite* done!" remonstrates the woman fiercely.

The bricklayer receives this protest with the utmost unconcern.

"Put it darn, Missis," he remarks thickly; "put it darn an' sit on it. I can make room for yer."

"An' what d' you s'pose it would be good for afterwards, what with you proddin' it an' all? Why can't you keep your dirty 'ands to yerself?" she replies.

A shade of resentment crosses the bricklayer's face.

"Yer know, if she was *my* missis," he remarks to the other passengers, "if she was *my* missis, an' was ter jore ter me like that . . ."

"Ah," interrupts the sallow woman, "it's easy ter talk; if you was my 'usband, p'raps you'd know 'ow to be'ave!"

There is a vague feeling among the passengers that this domestic amenity would be due rather to her happy choice of a husband than to any refining influence in her example.

"After me offerin' to do 'er a kindness . . ." continues her antagonist.

"Kindness, indeed!" snorts the sallow woman.

"After me offerin' to do 'er a kindness . . ." he repeats doggedly.

"Another time you can keep it till it's asked for," exclaims the sallow woman.

"She'll 'ave ter wait a bloomin' long time afore I offer to 'elp 'er agin!" continues the bricklayer, still confiding in the passengers.

The sallow woman plainly regards this indirect mode of address as an ingenious variety of insult, and I regret to observe that a weedy little person presenting the appearance of a broken-down *chauffeur* encourages the bricklayer to unburden himself further.

"Gratitood don't cost much, matey, but it's uncommon scarce, ain't it?" he unchivalrously remarks.

"Ar!" responds the bricklayer.

"Decent consideration fer wimmin don't cost much either," retorts the sallow woman, "but it's scarcer than anything I know of."

Her glance rests upon a young man who has hitherto kept silence, and who now rises awkwardly and offers his seat.

"No, thanks, young man," she replies severely; "I can be independent, I'm glad ter say. You sit darn."

"I'm getting out shortly," remarks the young man, rather crestfallen. But the sallow woman is not disposed to forego the pleasures of martyrdom.

"You sit darn, then," she repeats; "I'll stand, same as I've 'ad ter do many a time afore!"

While the young man lingers irresolutely, there is a smothered laugh from the *chauffeur*, and I glance up to find that the bricklayer has slipped into the vacant seat, and is grinning complacently at his sympathiser.

The young man turns a deep red colour. "Here, I didn't get up for *you*," he remarks aggressively.

"That's or right, cockey; you're gettin' out direckly," retorts the bricklayer, winking at the delighted *chauffeur*.

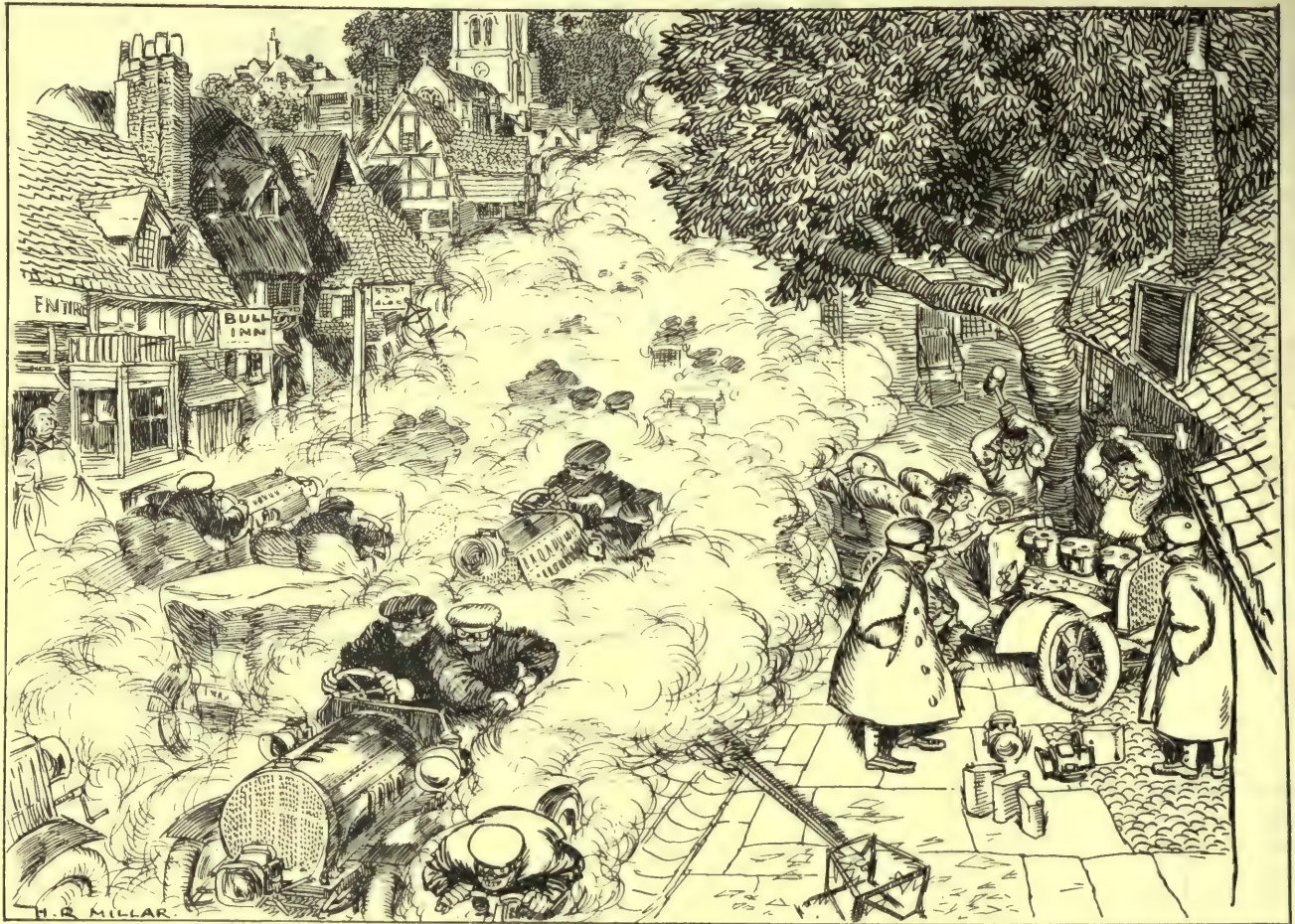
"That don't matter," pursues the young man; "I offered the seat to this lady—"

"And she don't want it. I'm ter keep my kindness till it's arst for, so I'll just keep this 'ere seat warm for a bit. If she likes to arsk civil for it, p'raps I'll see fit ter give it up to 'er. You can 'urry on out, BERTIE, or they'll be waitin' tea for yer."

The bricklayer's scheme of retribution fits into its place with so triumphant a "click," as it were, that the young man is reduced to something like exasperated impotence.

"You call yourself a man?" he asks with infinite scorn.

"I call myself a man," replies the other. "I call myself a man, and I'd like ter see the blackleg as sez I ain't. GEORGE PAWKER's my name," he adds



A QUIET SUNDAY IN OUR VILLAGE.

irrelevantly; "GEORGE PAWKE; and I want ter see the feller as says I ain't a man. Praps *you* think I ain't?"

"I don't think anything one way or the other," replies the young man cautiously; "I only ask you what *you* call *yourself*."

"Well, I've told yer, 'aven't I?" demands the bricklayer. "An' I want you ter show me the man as says I ain't a man!" he repeats.

"I can show yer the woman as says you ain't," interposes the sallow lady.

"That ain't no answer ter my question," says the bricklayer sulkily. "I don't argue with wimmin. I'm talkin' to 'im. I want 'im ter show me the man as says I ain't a man."

"As I don't know any of your mates, I can't oblige you," rejoins the young man loftily. "You'd better apply to somebody who is intimate with you."

"Ah, I'm sure!" remarks the sallow woman.

Feeling as I do that the honours so far are with the last two speakers, I am disappointed to find that the bricklayer's impending retort is interrupted by our arrival at Bond Street.

"'Ere y'are; Bond Strit," exclaims the

conductor, raising a beckoning finger to the young man. The latter, followed by the *chauffeur* and another passenger, moves with dignity to the door, and the bricklayer is left without allies.

The sallow woman takes one of the empty seats, and nurses her bundle on her knees. The bricklayer fixes it once more with a hazy stare, but refrains from further investigation; and a sullen peace, fraught with possibilities of renewed warfare, gradually descends upon us as our bony steeds plod wearily towards Oxford Circus.

Irish Heads! Irish Heads!!

Finest Irish Heads in one-cwt. Bags.

EDMUND PURKE'S Bacon Factory.

The Nationalist.

Now we know where the heads of good Nationalists go, when they lose them.

The Globe of Derby Day says: "Humorous by-play in the crowd was created by the starter cantering down upon a sheeted thoroughbred wearing a tall white hat, certainly a suggestion of Rotten Row."

How quick an English crowd is to catch these humorous effects!

"A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes."

ACCORDING to *The Daily Mail*, its special train "leaves London at 3.10 A.M. and puts *The Daily Mail* on the breakfast table at Plymouth." This may appear extraordinary to some, but we think we can explain it. A correspondence is now taking place upon the monotony of English breakfast-dishes. *The Mail*, with its usual enterprise, sends its special train down to hang about the West of England breakfast tables and take notes—on the shallow pretence of delivering papers.

Men About Town.

I.—THE CAEMAN.

THE Cabman's portion is to share
The traffic's driving strife,
Yet since his only aim is fare
He lives the hire life.

II.—THE SANDWICH-MAN.

THE Sandwich-Man instructs mankind
By means they can't ignore,
For what they learn if they're behind
They haven't learned before.

OUR MOTOR PARTY.

[It was once suggested by "Ambrosia" in *The World* that a number of friends might, joining forces, take a touring holiday in a cavalcade of motor-omnibuses. One omnibus could be fitted up, she said, for theatrical performances; another might be arranged with Bridge tables and a pianola; others would contain sleeping accommodation. Besides the pleasure derived by those taking part in the trip, remote villages would be enlivened, and charitable performances might be given.]

It seemed a delightful idea; so *quaint* and *new*. I was frightfully enthusiastic about it, and I urged GEORGE (my husband) to help me whip up a party for Whitsuntide. GEORGE said the notion was wild and might be dangerous to our healths, our pockets, and our social status. GEORGE is so slow; but fortunately he is open to argument. I took him through his objections one by one. What, I said, could possibly be more beneficial to our healths than gliding between the scented fields, rushing through the glorious air? How could our pockets suffer when we should be sharing expenses with a dozen others and *should be paying no food bills at home*? What could more firmly plant me in the social position which should be mine if only GEORGE would *play his part*, than to be the originator and successful conductor of so novel a scheme? I spoke with such spirit for nearly three hours that GEORGE could hardly get in a word of reply.

When I had stopped he said: "Well, don't blame me if anything goes wrong." As a matter of fact things did go wrong, and I do blame him very severely. If only GEORGE had . . . [Thirty-eight lines omitted.—Ed.]

I simply *slaved*. I invited fourteen others to join, including Mrs. TOOMUCH, because I detest her and wished to show her how well I could run a thing; Miss HEM, who lives next door, because she would not lend her pianola unless she was invited; Lady BAROUCHE, with whom I am most anxious to get on intimate terms, and Mr. BATTLEBY (without payment) because he is GEORGE's employer, and I thought this would be an excellent way of pushing GEORGE forward. GEORGE did not see this and was annoyed; he is so slow. Finally I wrote to GEORGE's uncle, the Vicar of SLEIGHPEY, to say that on Saturday we would give an entertainment in his garden in aid of the Organ Fund. GEORGE was most rude about this; in fact, so much did he grumble at one thing and another that I told him I really wondered he ever wanted the excursion. He threw up his arms at this and said, "Oh, my soul!" I said "GEORGE——"

[Yes, yes. Well?—Ed.]

On the Friday morning we all met at my house, and at ten o'clock the motor omnibuses arrived, and the work of packing commenced. An enormous crowd collected, and several loafers walked in in the coolest way to help to carry things. I told GEORGE to stop them, but all he did was to say, "Outside, please," to one. The man replied, "Don't you touch me, Guv'nor," so GEORGE didn't, and eventually the man was given three-and-six and took five umbrellas.

The motor-men eyed the pianola with considerable alarm, and had cause. GEORGE failed to lend a hand quickly enough when it was being placed in the car; he is so slow. It went down with a bump and went right through the floor,

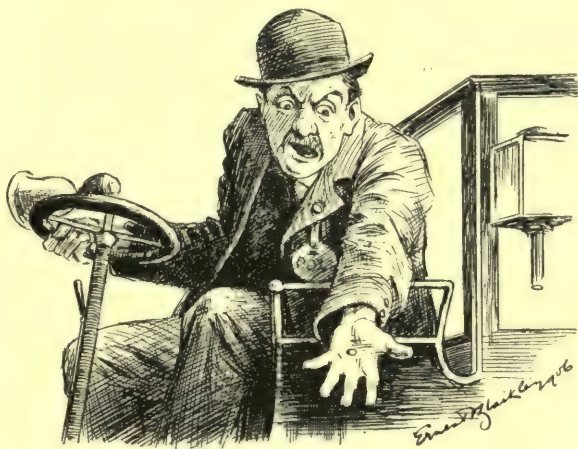
breaking the instrument, ruining the omnibus, and killing a little Skye terrier belonging to a fat woman in the crowd. Miss HEM was most unladylike. I pointed out that the mishap was a pure accident, and, though annoying, should be cheerfully accepted. She replied most rudely that the pianola would have to be cheerfully paid for. I sent GEORGE to speak to her. Meanwhile the woman with the dog stood at the gate with the corpse under her arm, and shouted "Murderers!" whenever any of our party came in sight. GEORGE gave her a sovereign, upon which she flung the corpse through the open drawing-room window and walked off. It afterwards turned out that the dog did not belong to her at all, and another sovereign had to be paid to the real owner.

At last, at two o'clock, we got off; but the run to our first halting-place was not a success. The dust was unbearable, and we were followed and surrounded the whole way by twenty-one cyclists, eight motor-cyclists, and *The Daily Mirror* staff-photographer. Lady BAROUCHE and Mr. BATTLEBY were boiling with perspiration and indignation the whole time, and went back by train that same night, taking with them GEORGE's chances of being pushed forward, and my hopes of intimacy with Lady BAROUCHE.

The evening was not a success. Not until we had selected our pitch and settled down for the night did we notice that the omnibus containing all the provisions had not arrived. Nor did it arrive till next morning, having had a break-down. We ransacked the village shop, and made a most unappetising meal off sardines and corned beef.

Not a word was spoken during that ghastly meal. When it was over I said brightly: "Well, at least the Bridge car has arrived. Who says Bridge?"

They *all* said Bridge, and said it so cheerfully that the evening seemed likely to be crowned with success after all.



[According to *The Morning Post*, motor cabs with threepenny fares for a fraction of a mile will shortly be running in London.]

THE ABOVE IS AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST RECIPIENT OF THE MINIMUM FARE.

GEORGE had forgotten to bring the cards . . .

I said to GEORGE—[You were justified; and then?—Ed.]

It must have been shortly after midnight that it started raining, and we were compelled to sit inside the whole day. Shortly after ten in the morning conversation lapsed. It was broken at three by Mrs. TOOMUCH. She said quite suddenly: "Mrs. LOVE! The position in which you have forced me to sit for nearly seven hours is intolerable; the atmosphere no longer to be endured. I demand to be driven at once to the nearest railway-station."

"Oh, I do so hope we are near one," I replied. It was not very good, but it was the best I could do at the moment.

Mrs. TOOMUCH left us a few miles later, and shortly afterwards we reached Sleighpey. Here we found the Vicarage lawn set with chairs, all filled by the time our performance was due. GEORGE and I had front seats. The other members of the party were all taking part in the performance. They changed into *Pierrot* and *Pierrette* costume in their respective omnibuses, then entered the body of our theatrical car, which was to be driven into the grounds.

I cannot technically explain what happened. The car came through the gate all right, then, while manœuvring into position, something went wrong with the steering gear. It encircled the lawn thrice at terrific speed, then dashed

through the gate and up the road. We never saw it again. But we learnt afterwards that it ran for sixty-one miles without a stop, finally halting in a lonely lane in pitch darkness. There its unfortunate occupants had to sit till the next morning, when they walked, dressed as they were, four miles to the nearest town, where they were supplied with clothes at the workhouse.

Thus garbed, they were met by GEORGE and me, who had followed by train. I at once drew back round the corner, but GEORGE foolishly cried, "There they are!" and they saw us.

When we had finished talking and they had gone off to hide in the fields till the omnibus containing their clothes arrived, I said to GEORGE—

[Well, I doubt if GEORGE wants to hear it again.—ED.]

THE EVENING RHYMES.

Mr. Punch, having noticed with pleasure the rhymed police-court reports in *The Evening News*, suggests to the writer of them that he should do the same for the other columns.

THE LEADER.

(In blank verse—to meet the occasion.)

We gather from an unofficial statement communicated to *The Daily Mail* (exclusively) that late on Tuesday night a gooseberry was seen in Regent's Park. Talking of which reminds us, by the way, that summer is indeed a-coming in, as noticed by our smart contemporary, *The Daily Mirror*, in this morning's issue . . .

TO-DAY'S CRICKET.

SURREY v. LANCASHIRE.

This interesting match was played to-day. MACLAREN, tossing with his lucky penny, put his opponents in; and, by the way, Surrey included SMITH for Lord DALMENY. There were no other changes from the side that yesterday the Essex team defied.

Before a most enthusiastic crowd HAYWARD and HOBBS proceeded to the wicket, and, after an appeal was disallowed, raised twenty on the board by careful cricket. The fielding just at first was rather slack (KERMODE and CUTTELL sharing the attack).

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Lady MARY MULBERRY comes to town to-day. At Prince's Gate, I understand, her ladyship will stay.

* * * * *

A marriage is arranged between Lord LUMM and Lady GWENDOLINE. The latter is the only daughter of JAMES, fourth Duke of DERWENTWATER.

* * * * *

To those who wish to look well-dressed: The corselet skirt is meant to show your figure at its best. Get one. (Adv.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

CONSTANTINOPLE: (*Reuter's telegram*). The SULTAN says he does not care a blow.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Owing to the difficulty of finding a new rhyme for "ASHTON" each day, this column will be done into hexameters.)

SIR,—In your leader last night, which touched on HORATIO NELSON, careless of dates and facts, you said that the hero was buried not in the Abbey itself but somewhere down in the Cloisters late on a Saturday night in 1807. Sir, it was 1805—and St. Paul's Cathedral. Please correct, and believe me,

Yours faithfully, ALGERNON ASHTON.

STOP-PRESS NEWS.

Surrey 136 for 2,

A civet cat has perished at the Zoo.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

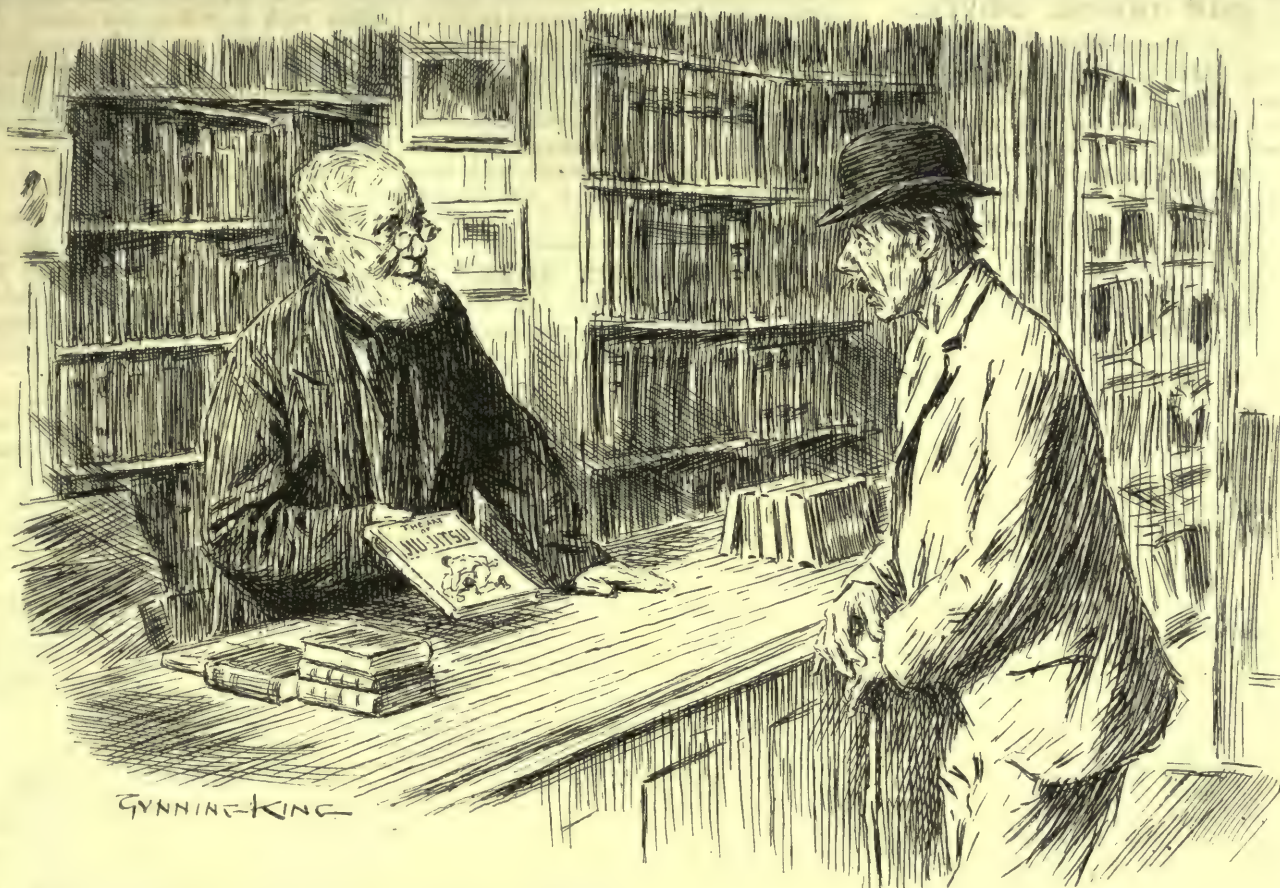
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The King's English, published at the Clarendon Press, is written by H. W. F. and F. G. F.; and on this occasion at least, I hope, by myself. But you never can tell. One or other of them is always springing out at you from behind a corner. You use a word which seems to you full of meaning, and up pops H. W. to tell you that it is Romance—"and therefore to be avoided." You leave out a comma, more for the look of the thing than for any other reason, and F. G. takes you by the button-hole and quotes *Times* leaders—to show you what you come to if you are not careful. F. G. is particularly down on the *Times* ("down," my dear F. G., is a slang word—you talk about "having a down on a man," but not in society, of course); while H. W. (I don't believe I ought to say "while" there really, you know)—while H. W. spends his time sitting on Mr. E. F. BENSON. That, at least, is how I divide their labours. In the Introduction they announce—[Editor. Do be careful. "Announce" isn't an Anglo-Saxon word. Reviewer. Neither is "beef." Editor. Who said it was? Reviewer. Nobody; only I'm sure you thought it was]—they announce that they will illustrate "by living examples, with the name of a reputable authority attached to each" all common blunders. After which they give many examples from Miss MARIE CORELLI and *The Guernsey Evening Times*. The book will, I am sure, be most useful to all young writers; but anyone who has already formed his style would be unwise to hall-mark each line with it. Thus, Mr. WALKLEY, after reading page 26—Foreign Words—and page 6—Far-fetched Words, might never tell us again that a play "did not greatly arride him." Nor would the leader-writers of the—but enough.

Having lived in pretty close connection with the Parliamentary aspect of the question, I looked with quick interest to Sir ROBERT ANDERSON's *Side Lights on the Home Rule Movement* (JOHN MURRAY). We at Westminster knew something of the crusade from the time of its start under the banner of ISAAC BUTT down to the *débâcle* in Committee Room No. 15 and after. Sir ROBERT ANDERSON worked throughout that period in the very inner track of the movement. Since 1868 up to his resignation in 1901 the Home Office looked to him for advice and guidance in relation to crime in Ireland arising out of political movements. Side lights from his torch would illumine many dark passages in the history of the last thirty years. Possibly the height of expectation is responsible for the depth of disappointment that follows on reading the book. It adds curiously little to the information of persons much less advantageously placed for securing it than was the head of the Criminal Investigation Department. Incidentally it confirms a rumour persistently current in the House of Commons in 1884, pointing to its destruction in full session by a bomb to be thrown from the Strangers' Gallery. Sir ROBERT ANDERSON relates how a Fenian was caught with bombs in his possession, awaiting opportunity to gain access to the House. The pages teem with confirmation of the familiar fact that, wherever two or three Irishmen are gathered together in conspiracy, there is the informer in the midst of them. Sir ROBERT is perhaps most effusively proud of Major LE CARON, a Fenian who for some eventful years possessed the full trust of his compatriots and drew the full pay of the police. But there was no outbreak or attempted outbreak during his term of office of which the Head of the Police was not advised by an informer. That is the main, to whom it may concern the momentous, lesson of the book.

Candour in a Unit Bookcase Catalogue.

"The interiors of all units are neatly finished, to contrast agreeably with exteriors."



Customer. "HAVE YOU 'HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED'?"

Bookseller. "No, SIR. WE HAVE RUN OUT AT PRESENT OF THE WORK YOU MENTION; BUT WE ARE SELLING THIS LITTLE BOOK BY THE HUNDRED."

EDUCATIONAL ADS.

At a dinner of the Sphinx Club on June 6, Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR, commenting upon Women's Wear, remarked that advertisements were not always written very well. For instance, the "Suez Canal Shirt" did not give an idea of freshness, and the "Banstead Blouse" sounded too near the lunatic asylum. Why not, she inquired, have instructive advertisements, as, *e.g.*, the "Education Bill Sweater?"

Why not, indeed?

We have therefore made arrangements, in conjunction with several reliably academical educationists, for the exploitation of a most informing exhibition of Feminine Apparel and etceteras at our Forthcoming Long Vacation Sale, including:—

THE FOUR-FIFTHS CLAUSE PEEK-A-BOO SHIRT-WAIST.

Suitable for Summer Girls, in Open-work Zephyr, with extra low V's, all Piped with White for Piping Hot Weather. Best American Finish—No Beginning!

THE CLIFFORD CORSET.

A Radical Improvement on the "Pas-

sive Resistance" Modèle de Martyre of Last Season. With Nonconforming and Unbending Busk, guaranteed to keep a Flat Front in all Emergencies and stiffen the most Liberal Figures.

THE SUFFRAGETTE SUSPENDERS.

Of the latest Pankhurst Type, for use in the grille or when calling on Prime Ministers. Will stand a Tug of War or an Indignation Meeting.

WINSTON HAND-WEAR.

Real Kid, Very Chick, Reversible, Washable, Extra Pointed, Elbow-length Mousquetaire, in Putty, Green, Drab, Tan, and Biscuit Shades.

THE BIRRELL BOTTINE.

Beautifully polished on the Vamp, and trimmed with Fancy Ornaments. *A propos de Bottes*, it has taken us years to perfect these Patent *Obiter Dicta*.

JUNGLE HAIR-FOOD.

The most Perfect and Instantaneous Hair-Raiser yet discovered. Made of every possible Ingredient and imported in Tins straight from Chicago. Can also be used as Top-dressing in the Flower-garden.

THE AVEBURY WRINKLE LOTION.

Easily applied, very soothing and lasting. Will smooth out care-worn lines and make Life a Perpetual Bank-holiday. ZIG-ZAG.

The Ticket Mania.

Battersea Gaol, Cell 196, A 10.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The other day I read an article in your paper recommending those in need of a rest to keep their train tickets. The suggestion took my fancy, and I put it into action last Thursday. I refused to hand over my ticket (No. W. R. 9361) to the collector, whose number was C. 237. After a long and wordy argument a policeman was called. His number was E. D. 61. He in turn procured a four-wheeler (198763) and took me to the police station. Next morning I got the thirty (30) days as promised. On arriving here I was handed another ticket. The number on this and on my suit was 83226. Mr. Punch, I am not allowed to read any papers just now, so I am writing to ask you to let me know if any of these are winning numbers.

Yours devotedly, 83226.

OUR TRAVEL DRIVE.

(With apologies all round.)

THE question of kit is always a serious one. How little to take or how much. Some travellers like to look nice and feel clean wherever they are, even in Paris at the Opera. Others do not mind, knowing only too well how little the French care for dress, and how needless it is to take pains for such a lower set of beings. A situation which illustrates the case of taking only a little luggage once arose, and came within my own ken. A man and woman, of good social standing over here, duly accustomed to change every evening, had joined one of the popular touring parties. But in their determination "not to be bothered with luggage" they had neglected to provide themselves with anything of the kind demanded by polite society for evening wear. In the due course of the itinerary they arrived in one of the capitals of Europe, and there came across some friends, through whom they were by and by invited to dine at the British Embassy. They turned up—the man in flannels, the lady in a Viyella flannel shirt. But they were, I repeat, of good social standing in England. That is the point.

That was by no means an exceptional case. In fact, most English people look upon the Continent as a place for working off old suits of clothes and condemned blouses. Since these know exactly what they want, and the others naturally pack their trunks as if they were going to a civilised English home, with walking-boots added, there is no need to say anything. On this topic, therefore, I will be silent.

We come now to destination. For it is an important matter whether you go to the Dolomites or to Dieppe, to the Alps or the Ardennes. The difference in cost is not trifling, while in route it is considerable. It is as well to decide before you start, for although of course there is no impossibility, having taken a second-class ticket to Dieppe, to have it excused to Innsbruck, one would require a considerable amount of working French to effect the transaction with success. If you prefer economy, the sea and a casino, Dieppe is perhaps better; but if you want to climb mountains in Austria it would be idle to stay there. The point, then, is to decide, and decide decisively.

Of course I have not exhausted all the resorts. There are, in addition to the Ardennes and the Alps, Dieppe and the Dolomites, many other spots. A good thing to do is to purchase a cheap atlas and a continental Bradshaw and work things out. Say you want to go to the Rhine. You look up the routes to the Rhine, which are very numerous, ranging from the direct to the indirect, *via*

New York and Antananarivo, for example, and costing a few pounds up to a fortune.

Having fixed on your route you place the cost of the fare on a piece of paper and calculate the other expenses—hotel bills, odd refreshments, picture postcards, and the like. Having reached the total add 25 per cent. as a margin, and then see if you can afford it. If you cannot, stay at home.

"THE GIANT'S ROBE."

THE success that has followed Mr. MICHAEL MORTON's re-arrangement of THACKERAY's novel leads one to anticipate similar ventures in other directions. For instance, why should not our authors re-write famous poems for the sake of those who do not care—or, for some reason or other, are unable—to read the original poetry? Mr. *Punch*, having made arrangements with a number of suitable *littérateurs*, begs to present a first instalment of the results.

I.—THE REVENGE.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

Adapted by Messrs. W. Le Queux and H. W. Wilson.

.... At this moment the special *Daily Mail* despatch boat returned to Flores, and announced that the Spanish fleet had been sighted in the N.N.E. quarter. Lord THOMAS HOWARD immediately caused the following proclamation to be placed upon the walls of Santa Cruz.

PROCLAMATION.

E. R.

Whereas My ships are out of gear.
And whereas Half my men are sick.
And whereas We are only six ships of the line.
And whereas The enemy numbers fifty-three.
Therefore I must fly.

(Signed) THOMAS HOWARD,
Lord High Admiral.

This proclamation caused a great sensation in the town; and a rush was made on *The Evening News* offices to learn if Lord THOMAS HOWARD was really determined not to give fight. Order was restored, however, by a special edition of that paper, which announced that Admiral Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE was putting out to sea in H.M.S. *Revenge*—a second-class sloop, with four guns and a full complement of 190 men. Ninety of these, however, were already disabled, and took no part in the action that subsequently transpired. In this action the Spanish fleet adopted the formation usually accepted by the Blue Water school. Half of their ships went to the right (or starboard), and half to the left (or larboard); while the *Revenge*, with unsurpassable intrepidity, ran on through the long sea lane between the two divisions.

For some time the battle raged evenly.

The *San Philip* was speedily put out of action with a well-aimed shot. The Spaniards fired too high, though one shot, which killed the boatswain and two carpenters and wounded Sir RICHARD in the side of the head, deserves special mention . . .

II.—WIDDICOMBE FAIR.

Adapted by the Editor of "Who's Who."

HAWK, HENRY.—Nephew of the celebrated THOMAS COBBLEY (q.v.). Ed.: Eton and Aberystwith University. Publications: A little book on Spiritual Apparitions. Recreations: Pushball and Chess. Club: Devonshire.

STUART, JOHN.—Nephew on his mother's side of THOMAS COBBLEY (q.v.). Ed.: Blundell's School. Publications: Actually none, but revised the preface to a little work on Spiritual Apparitions by his friend and connection, HENRY HAWK. Recreations: Breeding horses. Clubs: Marlborough and N. L. C.

COBBLEY, THOMAS.—Uncle to DANIEL WITTON, PETER DAVEY and PETER GURNEY (q.v.).

III.—ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

Adapted by Mr. E. K. Robinson.

Monday.—It is milking time, and as I sit here at my window I look out to see the cows moving off to their sheds. The cowboy whistles as he drives them in. His is a fine open-air life, and sometimes I wonder how he will turn out. Perhaps, given the opportunity, he would be, possibly not a MILTON nor yet a CROMWELL, but at least a writer of "Country Notes" in the daily press.

Tuesday.—The beetle is in full flight once more. It is a curious droning noise that he makes as he wheels his way through the still air; very different from the short whirr of the common wasp. From the ivy-mantled tower on my right I hear the hoot of the owl. Evidently somebody has wandered too near her nest. In a little while we shall have the young owlets.

Wednesday.—The swallow is come again. There is an old east county saw which says that one swallow does not make a summer; but as I passed by an old straw-thatched shed this morning I distinctly heard a faint twittering noise. Many more will follow this venturesome new-comer. The flight of the swallow is supposed to indicate the weather.

Thursday.—It is a moot question whether dogs and other animals have an after-existence. I was moved to think of this as I stood in the churchyard this morning, and read the epitaph on the grave of a young countryman of ours. For myself I hold strongly that dogs, even as ourselves and this poor youth, may look forward . . .



NOBLESSE OBLIGE !

JOSEPHINE (*the damsel in distress*). "MY LORD, TIME WAS WHEN I HELD YOU IN SCANT ESTEEM; BUT NOW I CRAVE THE HELP OF YOUR TRUSTY LANCE AGAINST YON MONSTER!" (*Aside*) "HOPE THE OLD SPORTSMAN 'LL TAKE IT ON!"
[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in a recent speech at Highbury, stated his conviction that the Education Bill would not pass. He was apparently counting on its rejection by the House of Peers.]



WILLIAM H. HARRIS

THE INCOMPLETE WOMAN.

(An unspoken apostrophe to my partner
in the dance.)

You think it so nice to be clever?

You've heard that I write for the
Press?

And you're wearied of talking for ever
Of theatres, shopping and dress?

You're charmed that at last you have
met with

A man with ideas above sports,
For the partner you danced the last set
with

Read only the cricket reports?

You've sampled the books of the season?

Your father subscribes to *The Times*?
And it's wrong to say women can't
reason?

And how do I make up my rhymes?

You think Woman's cast off her fetters?

No longer she'll stay on the shelf?
She's our equal in Art and in Letters?
You write little stories yourself?

She will, in a future not far, win
Her right to debate on the law?
And you want my opinion of DARWIN,
Of SPENCER, and IBSEN, and SHAW?

Oh, lady, I feel that I dare not
My views of such culture advance;
For at present for learning I care not;
I'd rather you knew how to dance.

MR. PUNCH'S DOLORIMETER.

THE delicate little instrument invented
by M. SERIEYX, by which the dynamic
power of physical pain is recorded, has
been somewhat differently adjusted by
Mr. Punch, in order to obtain also the
approximate measurement of moral and
mental disturbance. His experiments
have met with successful results, of which
the following are a few examples:—

<i>Cause of Disturbance.</i>	<i>Dynamic Power.</i>
1. Choking, caused by tea going wrong way during for- mal call	240 lbs.
2. Having gate shut in face by ticket-collector while train remains at platform	253 lbs.
3. Hearing character dis- cussed by blood relations	297 lbs.
4. Having MS. of poem re- turned by post with curt rejection	316 lbs.
5. Having MS. of poem handed back by Commission- aire on inquiry	325 lbs.
6. Starting response at church in clear and bell-like tones at wrong moment	330 lbs.
7. Finding smut on nose on return from smart function	334 lbs.



ONE OF NATURE'S GALLANTS.

Loafer (to fair occupant of brougham on her way to Court). "ULLO, ETHEL! ALL ALONE?"

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 8. Removing pin curl inad-
vertently with hat at <i>matinée</i> . | 340 lbs. |
| 9. Handing bus ticket by
mistake for visiting card to
liveried and powdered minion | 345 lbs. |

Men About Town.

III.—THE POSTMAN.

THE Postman makes the front door wince
With sounding double knocks;
He's learned the art of hitting since
He saw the pillar box.

IV.—THE POLICEMAN.

THE Policeman, to protect your skin,
Beats all the streets about;
So if you want his help within
You have to go without.

A CONTRAST.—CANNING called in the
New World to redress the balance of
the Old. The New World has called in
"Canning" to unhinge the equilibrium
of the Old.

CHARIVARIA.

DOCTORS CARREL and GUTHRIE, of the University of Chicago, have discovered means of transforming veins into arteries. It was in Chicago, it will be remembered, that a method of turning diseased cow into chicken paste was first perfected.

It has been denied that, since the revelations, the business of the Meat Trust has been at a standstill. We are authoritatively informed that the booking of orders from the Cannibal Islands has never been heavier than to-day.

Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR is of the opinion that his book *The Jungle* was the first to direct notice to the meat scandals. As a matter of fact, many comic papers, both British and Foreign, have for years past drawn attention to what goes into sausage machines.

A Regicide newspaper published at Belgrade, in a farewell address to the Regicide officers, urges them to "preserve the integrity of their motives for another occasion." This will surely be an even nastier preserve than any emanating from Chicago.

Public Worship is said to be on the decline. Yet Mr. ROCKEFELLER, on his voyage across the Atlantic, found no signs of this.

"Tinned Terrors" was the title of Prebendary CARLILE's Sunday evening address at St. Mary-at-Hill, and not "Tinned Terriers" as was erroneously announced.

The visit of Lancashire working-men to Paris passed off well. It is even rumoured that the *Entente* is now so strong that the party was described as *chic* and *spirituel*.

"No matter what a man is, if he takes pride in his work, he is an artist," said Mr. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., last week. We had long suspected that some of the members and associates of the Royal Academy had different views from the general public as to what constitutes an artist.

It is thought that some recent proceedings in the police court have given the death-blow to the fashion of wearing one's waistcoat under one's shirt.

Congratulations to the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, who is doing as well as can be expected after his recent death.

From the latest advertisements of the forthcoming sale of Lundy Island: "Battleships occasionally call here."

At Swansea, last week, a mouse jumped down the throat of a child who was coughing. We are glad to hear that the child is getting well. Her recovery, we understand, will be mainly due to the fact that there were no complications, such as a cat going down after the mouse.

The Lancashire Asylums Board has under consideration a proposal for the erection of villa residences for wealthy lunatics. On the other hand, freak dinners will still be confined to restaurants.

After being fourteen years on its way, a letter was recently delivered to the addressee at Hertford. The writer is now deceased, and the Spiritualists are making much of this undoubtedly authentic instance of the receipt of a message from the dead.

Good servants are becoming so difficult to obtain that we really cannot blame the American lady who disinherited her son because he married her maid.

The World's suggestion that an elocution class for politicians should be established has been attracting wide attention, and it is now even proposed that our statesmen should study statesmanship.

We are surprised that more fuss has not been made about what must easily be the most wonderful engineering feat in the world. *The Daily Graphic* draws our attention to the new Yellow River Bridge in the Far East. "It is built," says our contemporary, "entirely of steel, with no masonry whatever, and measures 1863 miles from end to end." We think our contemporary is justified in calling this, as it does in its title to the paragraph, "A Big Bridge."

The fact that every new Atlantic liner is longer than her predecessor leads a correspondent to ask whether it would not be possible to build a vessel which would reach from shore to shore, so that it would only be necessary to walk down the deck to get from the one country to the other.

A LITTLE while ago American visitors were complaining that all the first-class hotels were full. We are informed, however, that there is still a bed or two to be had at Poplar Workhouse.

ANY TREE TO ANY WOODMAN.—"Axe me no more."

MR. BIRRELL'S ARITHMETICAL ALIAS.—The common undenominator.

THE MOTOR REVOLUTION.

(A few bright notes offered gratis to the half-penny papers for insertion under the above popular heading.)

As a direct outcome of the motor habit, considerable distress is now prevailing in organ-grinding and street-singing circles. The enormous number of empty houses in towns and the paucity of pedestrians leave these musicians with practically no audience to which they can appeal.

"Yes," said a well-known Saffron Hill impresario, "the situation is serious. But," he added genially, "are we down-hearted? No! We intend to move with the times—or rather, with the *Vanguards*. In a few weeks all my barrel-organs will be mounted on motor-cars, in which the artistes will be able to pursue motors for many miles until the customary gift is extracted."

No more striking result of the leaps and bounds with which the motor trade is advancing can be found than in the greatly increased strength with which all scents and perfumes have now to be made.

"Yes," said the proprietress of a fashionable sweetstuff shop in Seven Dials, "the impregnation of the air with petrol fumes has so deadened the delicacy of the olfactory nerves that many of my customers declare they are unable to detect any trace of peppermint in my Hackenschmidt Bull's-eyes. As a result, manufacturers are increasing the strength of all essences 35 per cent."

An Edgware Road fried-fish-shop proprietor took a more gloomy view of the same circumstance. "I am dropping several pounds a week," he declared bitterly. "Many who, attracted by the delicate savour of our wares, would have been customers in the old days, now pass my premises without so much as a twitch of the nostrils."

City tailoring firms are doing largely increased business as a result of the rapidity, &c.

"Yes," said the manager of an important establishment, "the substitution of the motor for the horse has been a boon to us. Owing to the enormous increase of energy now necessary to catch a public conveyance, stout gentlemen, who formerly were a source of the greatest anxiety to us, causing, as they did, considerable loss in our 22s. 6d.-to-measure line, are now—to use a clever literary phrase—conspicuous by their absence."

Overheard in the Train.

He: Have you seen Colonel Newcome?

She: No. I hear it is very good; especially that pathetic scene at the end where he says "*Absit omen*" for the last time.

HOW TO DEPRESS CRICKET.

(Being a chapter accidentally omitted from Mr. P. F. Warner's book on the M.C.C. team in South Africa.)

CHAPTER XXI.

ONE of the most interesting matches that we played was against the Delagoa Bay Wanderers at Bleeker's Drift. I stayed with Sir TIMPLE TUNKS, K.C.B., the new Governor of the province, in his beautiful house at Hooker Point, and found everything most comfortable and my host one of the ablest men in South Africa. The rest of the team were at the new Ritz hotel, where, if you are prepared to pay three shillings for a cigar, you may be very much at home; but if not you must of course put up with what you can afford.

The match opened in the most glorious weather, which, in spite of a doubt now and then, was maintained to the very end, and was very enjoyable, although the sun occasionally interrupted the movements of the photographer. I recollect that I myself was photographed only twice during the match, which is, I think, my lowest aggregate of the tour.

Every member of our team being, in his way, a maker of history, to say nothing of runs, I do not hesitate to describe the match with that detail for which my pen is getting to be so famous. My motto is, "First play a match, then lose it, then write about it, then publish the book." We happened not to lose the present match, but the principle is the same.

Winning the toss, I went in first with FANE, the bowlers being BLOMMERS and BUDGE. As neither is likely ever to be seen in England nor heard of again, I must not omit to describe their methods

with particularity. BLOMMERS has a high delivery and a curious run. He breaks from the leg when he has luck. BUDGE is a fast bowler of medium pace with an easy action. On young CRAWFORD (who, it must be remembered, is only nineteen all through my book, as he had no birthday while we were away) joining FANE, a long stand was made, the ball being cut, glanced and driven

Among the spectators were Sir GEOFFREY WILKS, Premier of East Griqualand, and a very genial, able man, destined, I am sure, to go far. Also Lady WILKS and Lady TUNKS, and the cream of the fashion and society of those parts, all very much interested in the game (for cricket is a cult in South Africa to-day, and will after our time be more so than ever), and all anxious

to know exactly how to pronounce LEVE-SON-GOWER's name. Sir HERCULES BLADGEN also rode over for a little while. Sir HERCULES is Governor of the Durban Penitentiary, a most agreeable and able official, destined, I am sure, to go far.

After the usual interval for photography, the Delagoa Bay Wanderers began their batting with HOOKER and SMITS, both of whom, I learned in conversation between the overs, have the lowest opinion of Mr. MASSINGHAM's accuracy. So far from South Africa being in any difficulty, they assured me it booms. SMITS made 48 very pluckily; but, O RELF, RELF! why did you send him those full pitches? Suffice it to say that we won the match by an innings and 106 runs. Our men were all excellent, but I may as well go through the usual performance of praise. I myself was a little out of luck; but young CRAWFORD (who is only nineteen) was



"KEEP YOUR HEAD STILL" IS THE FIRST RULE IN GOLF, AND BINKS MEANS TO DO SO.

in many directions. At 27 SZLUMPER came on for BUDGE, but made no difference beyond accelerating the score. Other bowling changes were made, but, to cut a long story short, the innings lasted until we had put up a useful 324, of which MOON made 63, FANE 49, and young CRAWFORD 51, and BOARD a merry 34. Had CRAWFORD been more than nineteen I am convinced he would have made more runs.

in great form, and FANE and MOON and BOARD each helped the score considerably. Captain WYNARD was absent, or doubtless he would have made runs too; and the same may be said of HAIGH.

RELF disappointed rather, and DENTON was not at the top of his form. Both, however, were in good spirits after the match, as the accompanying photograph shows, in which they are wearing the costume of the Basuto Sharpshooters, a

regiment of jolly good fellows, who entertained all our pros to supper at their sergeants' mess.

I spent the next night with Sir ROBERT MOSES, one of the ablest and kindest men I have ever met, in his beautiful house, "Tugela View." No single memory of any of these talented administrators or their lovely homes will ever escape me, nor any single detail of the play throughout my interesting and epoch-making tour.

ABOUT WEEK-ENDS.

DEAREST DAPHNE, — Quite the nicest part of the London season is getting away from it every week, and the ambitious hostess who wants to come out of the crowd must do so now by means of week-ends, and not dinners, dances, and concerts.

Some people like Balloon Week-Ends. Myself, I've done with them, and consider ballooning a fraud. The rush of the ascent, which lasts about two-two's, is all the sensation you get. You've had your fun then, and there's not another thrill to be got out of it. The biggest things of this kind have been given by the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERES, those new people BABS has taken in hand. They've parted pretty freely over it, giving a souvenir set with diamonds to each of their guests who made an ascent, and lots of people have gone just to get these, for we're nothing if we're not greedy nowadays—are we, my child? BABS has been taking down parties (it was in the bond that there was always to be a Duchess, if poss.), and all went well till her party included the Duchess of DUNSTABLE, who, though twenty years older and five stone heavier than a woman ever ought to be, likes to have a try at everything. The ascent was all right; the Duchess was in a charming temper, and frisky as a kitten. But, in coming down, "somebody blundered," as MILTON says, and they were stuck in the top of a tree for more than an hour, during which it came on to rain in torrents, and BABS says the Duchess's language was almost worthy of the Duke! They had to be got down with long ladders and fire-escapes, and all sorts of horrors; and now the Duchess goes about warning everyone against ballooning that *isn't properly managed*, and saying her digestion is ruined, while the poor BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE people are covered with confusion.

The competition in hitting on something new and snappy is simply ghastly. That little Mrs. JIMMY SHARPE thought she had got a wonderful idea with her Palace of Truth Week-Ends—everyone to speak bare truth for three days. None of the nice people accepted, and

she had to fill her house with a poky crowd that spelt complete failure.

The converted cannibal chief, HULLA-BALOO, who's come here about his tribe or his island or something being taken under British protection, has been in great request as a Week-End attraction. There has been particular competition to go in to dinner with him. They say, you know, that in his time he has eaten quite a fair-sized crowd of his friends and relatives. I had the luck to be his dinner-partner once. My dear, there are thrills in that, if you like! It gave me simply delicious creeps to think that he might revert to his earlier diet, and make an *entremet* of your own BLANCHE.

On the whole, I consider that the CROPPY VAVASSORS, of all those I've tried conclusions with, take the biscuit with their "Kiddy" Week-Ends, no one supposed to be over six, one-syllable words to be used. I flatter myself I was quite in the first flight of girl-kiddies. Everyone but BABS thought my pelisse and Dutch bonnet hugely becoming, my socks were a dream, my strap-shoes the last word in baby-chausserie, and I had the most dery doll you can imagine. Of the boy-kiddies, NORTON VAVASSOR, CROPPY's brother, was easily first. The way he whipped a top, flew a kite, and did baby talk was simply immense, and his pinafores, my dear, were things of sheer joy!

I haven't mentioned before that NORTON VAVASSOR has come back to civilised life, have I? They put him into diplomacy, you know, but he came out again; and since then he's been ranching in one part of the world, and sheep-farming in another, and then prospecting for diamonds in South Africa, and now he's back again, *very much bronzed*—and nothing more. It does seem hard to get only bronze, when you try for gold and diamonds.

NORTY is quite a nice boy, and has what old-fashioned people used to call a Greek profile. Our views of life agree on many points, and we are by way of being great pals. He is piloting a Mr. JOSIAH MULTIMILL, a fearful man that he met somewhere at the back of beyond, who's made all the money that NORTY ought to have made, only things never go to the right people. He says he has taken on by no means a soft job, in teaching this *disky* person parlour tricks, and would throw it up at once if he could afford to. If you please, the creature has taken the FLUMMERYS' place near Windsor, and insists on having Week-Ends! It is no use NORTY telling him it won't do, and that he must begin with dinners and concerts in town. He simply won't listen. NORTY is to get the people every week, and is to have quite a free hand as to ex.'s. Poor boy, he was consulting me yesterday about

the MULTIMILL Week-Ends, and he said, with quite a worried look, "The old rotter will end by giving me more 'wrinkles' than I can give him." We have discussed a hundred plans for getting people to go, from having down the whole Covent Garden Opera Company to hiding presents (nothing to cost less than a hundred pounds) about the house and setting Mr. MULTIMILL's "friends" to hunt for them. Life's a funny business, my DAPHNE, isn't it?—especially its Week-Ends.

Tra-la-la, old girl,
Ever thine, BLANCHE.

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Read *The Sceptre*. English Royalties only allowed to contribute.

Look here upon this Picture, and on that.

"Young Man seeks situation as Assistant under glass; 18 months' good reference."
Camberley Gazette.

SOME of our young men are so careful of themselves nowadays. Contrast this with the spirit shown in the following advertisement from *The Builder*:—

"Landscape Gardening. Experienced young man wants laying out."

Both, it will be noted, are young, both experienced; yet one is as fearless as the other is cowardly.



AFTER THE RACES.

Little 'Arry (who has had a "bad day"—to driver of public coach). "EVER LOSE ANY MONEY BACKIN' 'ORSES, COACHIE?"

Driver. "NOT 'ALF! LOST TWENTY QUID ONCE—BACKED A PAIR OF 'ORSES AND A HOMNIBUS INTO A SHOP WINDOW IN REGENT STREET!"

THE HAPPY BACHELOR.

[“One can feel no pity for the bachelor. His field of choice is very wide, and he should be thankful for this small mercy, and do his duty as a citizen.”—*The World*.]

O HAPPY, happy bachelor! for whom kind Fate provides
So lavish a selection of potential little brides,
Both dark and fair, and plump and spare,
Of broad or narrow views,
Retiring, bold, or young or old—
I've only got to choose.

ELIZA JANE is willing; so, I'm told, is MARY ANN,
And MILLCENT would jump at any eligible man;
EILEEN and SUE, and KITTY too,
And TRIXY, MADGE, MARIE,
With NELL and POLL and NANCE and MOLL
Are waiting all for me.

But I am not attracted by the good ELIZA JANE;
Her soul may be perfection, but her face is very plain.
Unmoved I scan stout MARY ANN,
While MILLIE's locks of gold

Still fail to fire the least desire—
The others leave me cold.

The only girls who draw me have drawn other people too,
And being safely wedded they are bound to be taboo;
A thousand eyes watch every prize
As soon as she comes out;
The old and plain alone remain,
And these I'll do without.

Ah, happy, happy bachelor! for whom kind Fate provides
So lavish a selection of potential little brides;
And happier still, while maidens thrill
And wait my beck and call,
That I may wink and gloat to think
I needn't beck at all!

Horse Guards a Dead Body.

THIS startling head-line to a paragraph in *The Daily News* we read with much anxiety, fearing that once more the War Office had been caught napping. It proved to be merely another record of the fidelity of one of our dumb friends.



L. RAVENHILL

Lord Dedbroke. "THERE IS ONE GREAT TROUBLE IN YOUR COUNTRY IN MY OPINION. BLOOD DON'T COUNT, YOU KNOW."

Chicago Heiress. "NOW, DON'T YOU MAKE ANY MISTAKE. WHY, WE JUST USE THAT, AND HORNS, HOOF, BRISTLES, AND—WELL, YOU CAN BET NOTHING'S WASTED IN POPPA'S BUSINESS!"

THE SPANISH VOGUE.

THE girl stepped lightly down from the dais where the other dancers sat waiting their turns, and began to dance with a humorous affectation of timidity, as if she were uncertain of her steps. Her arms, held loosely outwards, undulated to the tentative snapping of her castanets; the expression on her face—for she danced with that too—was one of smiling, open-lipped anxiety. Her colleagues behind threw every now and then a shrill word at her, half encouragement, half reproof for her backwardness, breaking in upon the sustained lilt of the violins in the orchestra with a curious staccato effect.

"Wonderful!" murmured SMITHERS

the impressionable, as with his chin in his hands and his elbows on the table he watched the dancer's every movement. "What grace, what restraint, yet what suggestion of smouldering volcanic fire! These Latin races—"

I interrupted him to point out that his coffee was already cold.

Suddenly the time quickened, the girl's face assumed a look little short of ecstatic, and she burst all at once into the steps of a difficult *cachuca*. Her feet played round one another like summer lightning; her full Spanish skirt, tossed now this way, now that, surged and doubled upon itself like cross-seas in a narrow strait (I quote SMITHERS, *passim*). The resting dancers clapped their hands and screamed *vivas* at her.

She smiled at them, at us; most of all at some Corybantic vision she managed to suggest she saw. It was truly wonderful, that smile; one forgot that it had been learnt and assiduously practised in precisely the same way as her steps.

SMITHERS at least forgot it—if, indeed, the prosaic fact had ever been grasped by him. "Did you ever see such eyes?" he exclaimed, "or so mobile a mouth? How is it that we Northern peoples are so cold, sluggish, expressionless? This daughter of the South, with one tiny movement of her black brows, one hair's-breadth alteration of the curve of her red lips, conveys more meaning than we are able to put into whole sentences of halting Teutonic speech!"

I said something about the probable origin of both the blackness and the redness he admired so much. I had no authority for my insinuations, but I think it well to pour as much cold water as possible upon the enthusiasms of SMITHERS whenever we adventure forth together upon the slopes of Montmartre.

The girl was now throwing herself heart and soul into the bewildering intricacies of her task—if anything so apparently spontaneous and joyous may be called by so hard a name. SMITHERS was entranced. "Sub-tropical—every inch of her, by Jove!" he whispered. "It's in the blood." I did not reply; and the sub-tropical young person, springing into a triumphant posture on the last chord of the orchestra, held the picture for a moment, and then resumed her seat amidst the applause of the whole *café*.

"What colour!" continued SMITHERS, as the girl proceeded to rearrange the cluster of deep-red blossoms in her hair. "What a poster CHERET would make of her! They have it every way," he sighed, "these lucky meridional maidens!"

The girl had risen and was coming round with a plate to solicit the bounty of those whom she had pleased. She arrived at our table in due course, still smiling in her Carmen-like manner.

SMITHERS was searching his somewhat far-off memories of MAYNE REID for enough Castilian to eke out the occasion appropriately.

"Señorita," he began, as he dropped a coin of excessive amount into the plate; but the lady laughed in his face. "Thank yer very much," she said, showing her pretty teeth, "but doan' yer go pulling my leg with yer señoritas—ah coom frae Oldham!"

["LOLA MONTEZ was an Englishwoman . . . la belle OTERO is no Spaniard."

Weekly Paper.]

"Blind Painter Wanted."—Daily Chronicle.

If it is only a matter of results, the advertiser should find no difficulty in getting suited.



THESEUS ROOSEVELT AND THE MINOTAUR.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, June 7.

—Stranger in the Gallery more than ever puzzled. After infinite trouble obtained admission. Has heard and read much of the Mother of Parliaments, of its Imperial sway, its lofty eloquence, its flashes of humour, its episodes of seething passion. Here at last the scene is open to him. He is kneeling at the very shrine upon which, peradventure for years, his gaze has been devoutly fixed.

Realisation is disillusioning. About a score of gentlemen, more or less middle-aged, yawn on benches mostly empty. A stout, plump-faced gentleman, who looks like a vicar, but is, he learns, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, largely responsible for the safety of the Empire, has Treasury Bench practically to himself. In vain he searches bench on other side of Table for figures made familiar by the illustrated papers. PRINCE ARTHUR still tarries at the golf links. DON JOSÉ (no relations with Madrid) is at Highbury preparing for the General Election he has decreed for the Spring.

The observant Stranger gathers that important business is going on. There's millions in it. Funds for purchase of tramway tickets infinitesimal by comparison. £2,130,000 for remounts; a trifle under £5,000,000 for army clothing; £2,500,000 for armaments; £2,330,000 for barracks. The Stranger's mouth waters as these figures are recorded. He has borne in upon him a certain subtle sense of personal affluence. He is not the rose, but he is living by it.

What strikes him is the lordly indifference with which the rather plainly

dressed gentlemen on floor of House deal with sums too portly for the purse strings of MONTE CRISTO. Mr. COBOLD wants to know when the charwomen will take a look-in at the barracks at Malta. CARNE RASCH gives some interesting accounts of Remount dépôts in Austria.

Mr. COCHRANE laments the approaching doom of the bus horse, crushed by the Juggernaut of the motor-car. Mr. LEA, troubled about many things, sniffs at canned meat from Chicago. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS wants to know what "etceteras" mean in the vote for Miscellaneous Effective Services. "Is it," he anxiously asks, regardless of grammar, and wiping his lips in anticipation, "is it sherry and biscuits?"

Assured that "it" is not, he in sterner mood places a finger on a weak spot in the administration of Ireland. He observes in the vote for Kilmainham Hospital an item of £100, being "the master's allowance for garden expenses."

"And this," he cried, raising in horror



"It was illness that beat me, not Puleston and Lawrence."
(Sir Edw-rd Cl-rke resigns his seat for the City of London.)

unsullied hands, "is in addition to pay and allowances as Field-Marshal commanding the troops in Ireland!"

"If the Field-Marshal commanding in Ireland wants a garden," he snapped, still smarting under disappointment in matter of sherry and biscuits, "let him do as I do; let him pay for it. An individual"—happy word!—"who gets free apartments, free fuel, light for nothing and a salary counted in thousands of pounds, oughtn't to come on the nation with demand for the upkeep of his little back garden."

Mr. PICKERSGILL had a great innings. In the absence of DILKE he secured reversion of corner seat on front bench below the Gangway. Resolved that DON'T KEIR HARDIE shall not enjoy monopoly of light and colour, has bought himself a flaming red necktie. The Stranger in the Gallery, looking down with blinking eyes first at the gleam of red on the Ministerial side, then on the illumination in the neighbourhood of DON'T KEIR HARDIE, recalls the coming of the Armada, and how

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond Cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

Conscious of having redressed the balance between the confronting camps,



THE BRITISH ARMY UNDER FIRE.
(Mr. H-l-d-ne and Mr. B-ch-n-n. Army Estimates.)

Mr. PICKERSGILL surpasses himself in the deliberation of his enunciation, the particularity of his pronouns. It was a liberal education worth the struggle for a place in the Strangers' Gallery to hear him, while discussing the state of things in the Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico, speak of "him or her," "she or he," "hers or his."

Still, on the whole, it was dull, and the chiming of the eleventh hour was welcomed as signalling adjournment.

Business done.—Twenty Members vote Supply at the rate of about a million sterling each.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES,

Or, Who was Who?

II.—THOMAS CHIPPENDALE.

It has been calculated that there are eight million families in the United Kingdom, and that each of them possesses three-quarters of one Chippendale chair. Some families have more. That, for instance, of which the present biographer is the head, has broken three within the last fortnight, and has, roughly speaking, fourteen and five-eighths left. Some, of course, have fewer, and there are families, although not many, which have none at all. But, striking an average, we shall not be far off the mark in assigning three-fourths of one Chippendale chair to each of the eight million families who are engaged in carrying on our rough island story.

Now an easy sum in arithmetic, with- in the capabilities of most of those who read these lines, will reveal the fact that, in order to make up this average, there must be a total of six million Chippendale chairs in existence in these islands. This round figure of six millions lends itself easily to subdivision, and where it does not it will be made to.

Enough has already been said to show that THOMAS CHIPPENDALE was a more remarkable man than the two lines in the Biographical Dictionary to which we are indebted for our facts about him would appear to indicate. It is not known, at least the editor of our Biographical Dictionary does not know, and has not taken the trouble to find out, when he was born, but we are informed that he "flourished from 1730 to 1760." The statement may be accepted. It is, in fact, convenient to accept it, because thirty goes very well into six million, and there is no need to drag in the decimal system.

Let us get to our arithmetic again. For the thirty years during which he flourished THOMAS CHIPPENDALE made two hundred thousand chairs a year. Con- jecture must now begin to play its part, and as there is nothing to show whether he observed the Sabbath or not, he shall

be given the benefit of the doubt. This gives him $639\frac{2}{3}$ chairs a day. There- fore, supposing he worked for twelve hours a day, he must have made 53,2416 chairs an hour. Away with these re- curring decimals, and give him 1 min. 7 sec. per chair.

THOMAS CHIPPENDALE now stands re- vealed as one of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century, or indeed of any century. Why, it takes them longer than that to turn a pig into sausages at Chicago. And Chippendale chairs last; at least some of them do. Flourish! I should think he did flourish. It would be beyond the capacity of a chartered accountant to calculate the



POLICE CONSTABLE WILL CROOKS.

"He would not be a policeman under any circumstances. (Laughter.) It was not so easy as it looked . . ."

number of people who have sat down on one of THOMAS CHIPPENDALE's chairs during the last hundred-and-fifty years, without worrying about the number of cats and dogs that have been turned off them. It is sad to think that during his life THOMAS himself can hardly ever have sat down. He hadn't time. But to-day he rests on his laurels, while we rest on his chairs.

We are now in a position to clothe the dry bones of THOMAS CHIPPENDALE's biography with a few human facts. He was a man of a powerful frame. He was about twenty-five years old when he began to flourish and at the top of his strength. He left off flourishing at

fifty-five. Perhaps he died then. Per- haps he took a holiday. He deserved one. They call him a cabinet-maker, but if he made anything but chairs during those thirty years he must have done it in his sleep. Our credulity has limits, and we must refuse to believe that a man who made six million chairs in thirty years had time to make any- thing else at all, except, perhaps, his will. We know he wrote a book and published it in 1752. It was called *The Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director*, and gave directions for com- bining the calling of gentleman with that of cabinet maker in a racy style which, if he had not been so immersed in the business of making chairs, might have encouraged THOMAS CHIPPENDALE to persevere in the profession of author. It would have been interesting to have further works on deportment from his pen. But he only succeeded in getting so much as this written by dictating to his wife while he was throwing off his less elaborate chairs at the end of the day's work.

He married young, before he began to flourish. We may say that this is so with some certainty, for it would have taken him at least an hour to go through the ceremony, and he could not have spared an hour after 1730. If he had done so there would have been 53,2416 fewer Chippendale chairs in the world than we know there are. His wife saw very little of him except on Sundays. She complained that they never had a nice quiet little talk to- gether. Directly THOMAS had finished his day's work and his supper he fell asleep and snored. She had to wake him every morning at half-past six; at seven o'clock he was in his workshop, and when eight o'clock struck he was hard at work on his fifty-fourth chair.

THOMAS CHIPPENDALE was a non-drinker and a non-smoker. He couldn't have lasted so long if he hadn't been. He had porridge for breakfast, and a little weak tea. He chewed every mouthful he ate thirty-two times, but he chewed very quickly. His favourite recreation was making chairs, and flourishing.

Let us end with a little more arith- metic. A Chippendale chair has been sold within the last few years for £1,000, and you could hardly expect to buy one under a sovereign. Let us average them at £3 apiece. If these sums had been paid direct to THOMAS CHIPPENDALE he would have amassed a fortune of nearly twenty million pounds. But it is probable that his actual fortune amounted to something under this sum.

Warning to Anarchists.

THE thrower is not always so safe as the throne.



N.B.—THIS GENTLEMAN IS NOT A DEALER IN POULTRY, ETC., BUT MERELY A KINDLY DISPOSED PERSON WHO BELIEVES IN SUMMARY COMPENSATION. SHOULD HE RUN OVER A HEN, DUCK OR DOG, HE MATCHES IT AT ONCE FROM STOCK, THUS GIVING COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

LITERARY SECOND THOUGHTS.

It is announced that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR would like to rewrite his biography of Lord BEACONSFIELD, making it "more mellow in tone, quieter in its colours, and less violent than it is in parts."

Mr. O'CONNOR's example has emboldened other authors to make similar confessions. For example, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has stated her desire to take *Robert Elsmere* in hand once more, with an idea of chastening some of its high spirits, eliminating a number of the jokes, and substituting dashes for certain strong words.

Mr. MEREDITH meditates devoting the next few weeks to a thorough revision of *One of Our Conquerors*, with the purpose of correcting its transparency. After long consideration he has decided to call in the expert aid of CLAUDIUS THE OBSCURE. In the new version Victor

Radnor will stay much longer on London Bridge, and a great success is predicted in the *Skittish Weekly*, the *Bookwoman at Home* and other influential journals, for the book.

Mr. HALL CAINE has just gone into training for the task of re-writing *The Christian* with an eye to adding melodramatic interest, Mr. CAINE being afraid that its chromo-lithographic tints were too lightly laid on. In the new version *John Storm* will be known as *John Hurricane*.

Miss MARIE CORELLI is credited with the wish to revise *The Sorrows of Satan* in order to modify the age and career of *Mavis Clare*, who in the new version will be a maturer and more successful figure, holding a fitting place in the world's eye. It is understood that certain Stratford-on-Avon celebrities and Shakespeare's Birthplace Trustees may contribute features to the amended portrait of *Satan*.

A Slander on Lytham.

FROM "Wisdom while you Wait" in *The Morning Leader*:

Mr. T. C. HORSFALL, J.P.

In England there are the dullest houses to be found anywhere.—

At Lytham.

"The hand that hurled the bomb in Madrid yesterday may hurl another at Washington tomorrow."—*New York World*.

HAPPILY the fears of our contemporary have not been realised, and in any case it was, perhaps, too much to expect that even an anarchist could have covered the ground quite so expeditiously.

The Sportsman says: "DENNETT used his left arm with splendid effect.... His best ball was that slow one which went with his arm and hit the stumps three times." It sounds good enough for the ordinary batsman.

CARNATION AND CHERRY BLOSSOM

AT COVENT GARDEN.

Plus Espagnol que l'Espagne, the Syndicate gave us a bull-fight (off) on the very day of the Spanish wedding. But whoever selected Madame KIRKBY LUNN for the part of *Carmen* may have had a fine gift of irony, but was no Spaniard. Nothing will make me believe that that delightful artist was designed by Nature to undertake any such enterprise. One missed the devilry of motion, the lissome play of swinging hips, which one associates with this deplorably attractive character. Yet Madame LUNN contrived to repair her physical disabilities by sheer force of intelligence, and the splendid ease and resourcefulness of her singing. Mlle. DONALDA was perhaps rather robust for one's idea of the virginal *Micaëla*, and might have given a better suggestion of domesticity if she had been less smartly dressed; but her voice was all that could be desired. The most satisfactory figure was Madame GILBERT-LEJEUNE, in the small part of *Frasquita*. She kept on smiling as if she were really interested in things, and she sang like the very nicest kind of bird.

Of the men, I liked M. LAFFITTE, as *Don José*, in the early part where he had nothing much to do, but sang pleasantly and delivered a fine top-note; later on, when he was obliged to have fits of jealous rage, he became overstrained and jerky. I cannot say whether M. SEVEILHAC, who played *Escamillo*, was chosen for his skill as a *torero*; but I am sure he never slew a bull with his lower register, which was sadly wanting in sonorousness. M. GILBERT made a superb captain of smugglers, and was a very monster of lawless humour. As to the chorus, if the soldiers were martial the women were certainly not Sevillian. They had rather the air of ancient Romans; but they kept the play moving, and indeed I never remember to have assisted at a *Carmen* that went with a finer swing. I am not sure, by the way, that the last Act was improved by the march past of picadors and matadors, male and female, and of horses going to their death. As a humane Englishman I properly disapprove of killing horses, and think that this kind of sport should be confined to foxes, otters, hares, rabbits, deer, &c.; but if ever a job lot of horses might be regarded as better dead it was the cavalcade in question. I don't know what became of their corpses, but I am glad to think that the Covent Garden market is vegetarian.

It seems that the Opera House can fill itself to repletion whenever *Madama Butterfly* is on the wing. And with good reason, for Signor PUCCINI has set a most

appealing play to the most exquisite music, which has the rare merit of interpreting the emotions of the drama without hampering its movement. To this end he was assisted by the many little details of "business," trivial enough, but essential to a picture of Japanese manners—the setting out of drinks and sweetmeats, the raising and lowering of blinds, the arrangement of conversational mattresses, &c., &c.—which required no vocal accompaniment, and gave the orchestra time to express itself at leisure without retarding the main action. It had a still more exceptional chance in the night-long pause of silent waiting for the lover's return. It is a thousand pities, by the way, that the curtain could not have been simply dropped and raised again



Signor Caruso as Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton (U.S.A. Navy), parent of a boy who has blue eyes and golden hair, and is considered to be "the image" of his father.

for the dawn. The singers deserved a rest, perhaps, but they need not have spoiled a very perfect situation by the disillusionment which attends the taking of calls. Will no one ever convince our artists—and the best of them are here as bad as the worst—of the intolerable banality of these interjected apparitions?

It is an opera of contrasts, not only as between credulous devotion and the lighthearted infidelity that loves and sails away, but also between the poetry of Japan and the prose of the U.S.A. On the one side Mlle. DESTINN rendered every phase of changing emotion with swift sympathy and a fine restraint in extremes; from the spreading of spring blossoms for her husband's welcome to the moment of infinite paths when she resolves on death, and the light of the

spring morning is too strong for her,—*"troppa luce è di fuor, e troppa primavera."* On the other side, I am bound to say that Signor CARUSO was sufficiently prosaic in his attitudes; even to the verge of humour. I shall not lightly mislay my vision of him in the last Act, attired like a superior gendarme, and stricken with what he took to be remorse, and how he trotted away from the prospect of embarrassment, carefully remembering to snatch up his cap on the way out. Nor how, still further stricken with remorse, he trotted in again when all was over. Tragic finales—witness *La Bohème*—are not as congenial as they might be to this adorable singer.

Naturally there was not much to make merry over in so heart-moving a tale, and the task of the professional jester is here an ungracious one. Still there were touches that made for humour: there were the shadows of the garden in the First Act that kept their shape under sun and moon; there was the single riding-light in the bay that did duty for the whole American squadron; there was the thrill of recognition that ran through the audience when they found that there was one Italian word which they could translate—namely, *Whisky*; there was the pathetic reference of *Madama Butterfly* to her husband as "*B. F. Pinkerton*;" there was Signor SCOTTI, standing helplessly with hanging arms like a tailor's dummy through half the last Act; and finally, there was the brown-haired three-year-old, described as having azure eyes and golden curls, with the implication that he represented the true American type; these features, in fact, being specially mentioned in proof that he was the living image of his father, whose locks, in the person of Signor CARUSO, were as the raven's for very blackness. O. S.

The New Romance.

"HELP, help," cried MILLICENT, "we are lost! See yonder corned-beef tin!"

For a moment HAROLD shuddered. Then, pulling himself together, he advanced cautiously. Suddenly a laugh, full of relief, rang through the air.

"Oh, what is it?" cried MILLICENT.

HAROLD turned a shame-faced countenance towards her.

"Well—er—really," he began, "that is—er—the fact is, dear, it's only an ordinary bomb after all!"

"WANTED.—Iron-bound Cooper."

Evening Express.

We are not surprised that the cooper should need an iron casing. *Illi*, as the poet said, *robur et aes triplex circa pectus erat*, who first with unmelting eyes viewed the turgid deep. And beer is thicker than water.

THE SCIENCE OF BOMBOLOGY.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. SIMS.

"It is estimated that at the present moment there must be many hundreds of bombs—if not thousands—in Russia alone. They are about the size of an orange, and they were at first—until the authorities awoke to the fact—imported into Russia inside oranges, the contents of the fruit having been, of course, carefully removed. Most people who have lived any time in Russia know all about these bombs, and it is not difficult to secure an opportunity of handling them when once one is in the confidence of the possessor. For the most part they are kept under lock and key—ready for emergencies. Owing to the drastic nature of the Explosives Act in this country, great secrecy has to be observed in the manufacture of bombs. An official who has had much to do with hunting down Anarchists informed a *Daily Mail* representative that it takes place sometimes in sedate suburban villas. The shells are usually obtained from the Continent, and the filling in is quite noiseless."

Slightly perturbed by these ominous statements a representative of *Mr. Punch* called on Mr. G. R. SIMS for further information on the subject.

"Yes," said the great criminologist with a pathetic sigh as he ran his fingers through his luxuriant *chevelure*, "it is all too true. If the writer has erred at all it is on the side of understatement. One half of the world does not know how the other half lives, or to put it in other words very few people really know how their next-door neighbour lives. The strange, the weird, the romantic may be found at every turn of the great maze of mystery which is called London. A friend and *confrère* of mine had a cook-housekeeper—a middle-aged woman whose smiling good humour made her a general favourite. But no," he broke off suddenly, "it is too awful. Suffice it to say that that woman, whose smile was a mask she wore to impose on society, habitually danced the Tarantella in the back-scullery. Her name was really MARCOVITCH. She was a cousin of General KUROPATKIN, and had escaped from Siberia in a captive balloon. But the mysteries of London do not confine themselves to any one quarter or to any one class. There are mysteries in the lordly mansions of the West that make wealth a mockery and rank a disaster; and the manufacture of the nefarious weapons of anarchy is carried on with the greatest activity in the most unexpected quarters. Only the other day a Bishop was expelled from the Athenæum Club for having placed an infernal machine in the hat of a well-known member of the Royal Society. I name no names; I merely speak of what I know."



CONCLUSIVE.

Grandpa. "SO YOU THINK DREAMS COME TRUE, DO YOU?"

Norah. "OH, YES. WHY, THE OTHER NIGHT I DREAMT I'D BEEN TO THE ZOO—AND I HAD!"

"Have you ever handled a bomb?"

"Repeatedly," replied Mr. SIMS, as he gracefully adjusted the order of St. Olaf, which in the fervour of his recital had slipped under his right ear. "I may say that I have been familiar with them from the cradle. As the writer of the *Daily Mail* article observes, they are smuggled into Russia in the guise of oranges. In London, especially in the Tottenham Court Road, the favourite receptacle is a beefsteak pie in which the bomb is wrapped up in grease-proof paper. But, just as one man's meat is another man's poison, some Londoners—including myself—have grown immune to bombs and can absorb, assimilate, and even digest them with impunity. Not all Londoners, however, have such iron constitutions. For instance, a friend of mine—a bath-chair proprietor with whom in bygone years it was my privilege to be associated—had a daughter, a charming and lovely girl of eighteen. She had no love affair or trouble of any kind. One winter evening about seven o'clock her mother, a splendidly handsome matron with an aquiline profile, feeling unaccountably hungry, sent her daughter into an adjoining street to buy a beefsteak pie. The girl went out with a shilling or two in her pocket, but she never came back. From that hour to this—an interval of seventeen years—no living soul who knew that beautiful girl has ever set eyes on her again. The mother, however, is still living and as handsome as ever. A little while ago I had a letter from her, 'The mystery of my daughter's fate,' she wrote, 'is still wrapped in impenetrable mystery.'"

"Is it true that sedate suburban villas are specially affected by revolutionaries?"

"Perfectly. Wherever you see a villa, you may suspect a villain. We shudder at *Caliban* when we see him on the stage, and we tremble for *Miranda*. Talk of '*Caliban upon Setebos*'—on a City bus would be nearer the dread reality. There are dozens of *Calibans* in London, and they all inhabit suburban villas, generally semi-detached. Most curates are morphinomaniacs. Homicide is endemic among pianoforte-tuners. Churchwardens habitually carry stilettos, and the poisoning habit is nowhere so rife as amongst the Governors of the Bank of England. I knew a charming man—a spiritual peer, to be precise—who came to me in the ordinary way about a theatrical matter. He had written a pantomime—I have the book of the words to this day—and he was about to write a comic opera. But the hasty criticism of a friend annoyed him, and after shooting a rural dean, and burning down a Free Library, he fled to Tierra del Fuego and is now chief of a cannibal tribe. But he never wrote the comic opera."

With these momentous words Mr. SIMS shook us warmly by the hand, and with our curiosity titillated rather than fully appeased we parted reluctantly from the great mysteryographer of the metropolis.

The Yorkshire Evening Post announces that a salmon-trout caught at Coanwood was found to have swallowed a door-key. Taken out of a loch, we presume.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a type of humour (which for some reason or other I associate with Balham) that indulges itself by talking familiarly of "J. CÆSAR, Esq.," and putting up-to-date expressions in the mouths of ADAM and EVE. Mr. J. HENRY HARRIS, the author of *Cornish Saints and Sinners*, has the Balham touch in places. Witness his new version of *Launcelot and Guenevere*: "The King was a busy man, and when things were going on used to say to *Launcelot*, a sort of aide-de-camp in chief, 'Just you look after the Queen at the Royal Footballers this afternoon,' or 'Give her a turn at golf.' This suited *Launcelot* down to the ground, and, having a nice tenor voice, he was wont to sing, 'Meet me in the Garden.'" Now many people (and I confess I am one of them) resent this sort of thing as an intrusion; and they will regret that the illustrator, Mr. RAVEN-HILL, should have been an accessory after the fact with a picture of the Queen and *Launcelot* in a hammock smoking cigarettes. All this may seem a small matter; but I mention it because when Mr. HARRIS forgets that there is such a place as Balham he is entirely delightful; and he and Mr. RAVEN-HILL between them turn out a very fascinating book. (I would mention particularly a charming picture of "Princess OLWEN being turned into a bramble" as an example of Mr. RAVEN-HILL's art.) When Mr. JOHN LANE decided to publish this book he should have come to some arrangement with the Great Western Railway. For everyone who reads it will want to go to Cornwall, and everyone who goes to Cornwall would be wise to read it. I have just finished it, and I start for Falmouth to-morrow (probably). I think Mr. LANE should have his 10% of the third return, the dog ticket, and the ham sandwich at Bath.

ALLEN RAINE has annexed the Principality to the domain of romance. Before she took pen in hand Wales had many bards, but, as far as English readers are concerned, no story-teller. ALLEN RAINE knows Wales, its skies, its rivers, its hills, above all, its people. They are exclusively of the farming or shop-keeping class, shrewd in their business transactions, highly emotional in religious aspect. In *The Queen of Rushes* (HUTCHINSON), ALLEN RAINE does not scruple to bring on the scene in his proper name the evangelist who most lately swayed the Celtic soul. There are graphic pictures of revival services, with EVAN ROBERTS in the pulpit, waiting till the Spirit moves him to speak. (By the way, what has become of this spiritual meteor?) *Gwenifer*, stricken dumb in childhood at sight of her drowning mother, is a sweet character, artfully contrasted with the self-willed *Gildas*, whom she, for a long time without hope, secretly loves. It is a tale of the every-day life of commonplace people, the hand of genius stirring it with touch of tragedy. A flaw, slight but persistent, is the dashing of conversation with Welsh phrases. "Dear anull!" "merchi-i," and even "ach-y-fy," are doubtless pointed sayings; but reiteration induces weariness. The book is full of dainty touches of description of moorland and sea, where the apples in the orchard, the blackberries on the

hedges, the odour of the sea-breeze, add sweetness to the subtle fragrance of the crisp, fresh air.

Anthony Britten, by HERBERT MACILWAINE (CONSTABLE), is one of those irritating stories in which commonplace people think uninteresting thoughts and perform ordinary acts in the hazy atmosphere of a dream. Now and then they pop out, get their vague thinking described for them by the author in what for want of a better word I must describe as sham Meredithese, and then without rhyme or reason fall back again into the dream-darkness from which, for no discoverable purpose, they had temporarily emerged. The language of the book is pitched high, and its effect is to impress the reader with a baffled sense of the importance of incidents which have no special value of any kind. The style is in fashion, for it is not a difficult style, and in most cases it serves to disguise poverty of plot, looseness of construction, and dearth of any real human interest capable of being worked up into a genuine crisis.



Our Sergeant. "It's VERY LUCKY FOR YOU AS I AIN'T QUITE CERTAIN 'OW TO SPELL INSUBORDINATION, ELSE I'D BLOOMIN' WELL REPORT YOU FOR IT!"

The "Pope" of Holland House, edited by Lady SEYMOUR (FISHER UNWIN), is a nice fat book, tastefully produced. The "Pope" was JOHN WHISHAW, who gained the nickname by the extreme confidence with which he expressed his opinions. If we may judge by his letters, the opinions themselves were ordinary enough, and anybody else might have expressed them with equal assurance and without risk of contradiction. JOHN WHISHAW was the intimate of all the big nobs of the Whig party from the end of the eighteenth until well into the nineteenth century, but his letters are of a disappointing baldness. Still, though its contents do not specially appeal to me, I have no hesitation in repeating that this is a nice fat book.

In *Woman and the Motor Car* (APPLETON) Mrs. ARIA attempts, not unsuccessfully, to bring down motor-ing to what she supposes to be the level of a woman's intelligence. It is a skittish book, but not altogether an unattractive one. At the same time my earnest hope is that no additional woman will feel herself impelled by its perusal to take charge of the driving of a motor. There is in all our world of terrifying sights none more terrifying than a powerful car driven by a smiling, incompetent, careless lady; and at the risk of alienating the sex I hereby declare that they are all smiling, incompetent, and careless. Let them shine in their dress and continue to admire the panels and the cushioning of the car's body, but, as they value their safety and ours, let them abstain from interference with pedals, brakes and levers, and, above all, with the steering-wheel.

Theirs not to Reason Why!

UNQUESTIONING obedience is the first lesson that the naval man has to learn. A member of the crew of H.M.S. *Montagu* has been explaining the catastrophe to a representative of the Press. He says, "We left Portland in clear weather with instructions to proceed to the Bristol Channel in readiness for manœuvres and to keep in touch with *Lundy Island*." The italics are by Mr. Punch; the way in which the orders were carried out was Another's.

"INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION."

(A volume entitled "*Plato and the Criticism of Life*," by Emil Reich, has just appeared.)

For three-and-twenty centuries,
Though 'mid immortals numbered,
PLATO, submerged by sophistries,
In deep oblivion slumbered.
Professors "learnedly inane,"
Their own pet doctrines preaching,
While purporting to make him plain
Obscured his real teaching.
At last there dawned a brighter day,
When Mayfair, blocked with carriages,
Found out the true and only way
With Doctor REICH at Claridge's.

That Spanish dancing is inspired;
That temperance is narrow;
That no improvements are required
At Eton or at Harrow;
That EMMA, not Trafalgar, made
The name of NELSON glorious;
That bus-conducting is a trade
Exalting though laborious;
That Germany is overfed;
That care besets the wealthy;
That as a rule we stay in bed
Far longer than is healthy;

That heroes in their early days
Have need of endless kisses;
That BACH, though meriting high praise,
MASCAGNI's fervour misses;
That Dr. EMIL REICH foretold
The coming of MARCONI;
That LITTRÉ, overworked and old,
Grew very thin and bony;
That RAPHAEL's Platonic bent
Is mirrored in his pictures;
That some Americans resent
Our author's candid strictures—

These are the striking truths that we,
The heirs of all the ages,
Have now been privileged to see
Enshrined in PLATO's pages.
How wondrous simple in his lore
By Doctor REICH expounded!
How strange that nobody before
Such shallow waters sounded!
Oh, if the ancient adage stands—
Laudari a laudato,
What must we say when REICH expands
In eulogy of PLATO?

P.S. All who instruction need
In Dr. REICH's omniscient screed
Can purchase the whole bag of tricks
(CHAPMAN AND HALL) for ten-and-six.

MEN OF MARK

AND THE BOOKS THAT MADE THEM.

SEVERAL of the Labour members have replied to the query of the Editor of *The Review of Reviews* as to what books they found most useful in their early days. Mr. KEIR HARDIE in particular specifies "his mother's songs, and tales of his grandmother, whose father was out in the '45." We are glad to be able to supplement the enterprise of

**A FIRST ESSAY IN HOUSEKEEPING.**

Mr. Jones. "WHAT IS IT, MY PET?"

Mrs. J. "THIS RABBIT—(sob)—I'VE BEEN PLUCKING IT—(sob)—ALL THE AFTERNOON, AND IT ISN'T HALF DONE YET!"

our contemporary with the subjoined further list of eminent readers and their literary and musical stepping-stones to greatness.

Mr. JOHN BURNS: His grandmother's stories, in return for which he lectured his venerable relation on oology and nutrition. His grandfather's songs, especially "*Hickory, Dickory, Dock Strike*."

Mr. WILL CROOKS: COWPER's poems, especially "*The Poplar Field*." The early works of BURNS. *Yarrow Revisited*.

Mr. A. J. BALFOUR: His uncle's songs. "*Cicero de Schenectady*." "*Count Bunker*." Lord BRASSEY's *Annual*. The *Commentaries* of Professor DRIVER.

Sir OLIVER LODGE: *Childe Harold*, edited by Mr. BEGGIE. *Oliver Twist*. *The Song of Roland*.

Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY: *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*. The *Lives* of CATALANI and PERSIANI. CREASY's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*. TENNYSON's *Form, Riflemen, Form!* The *Natural History of Kilkenny*.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE FEMININE HANDKERCHIEF.

THIS study might perhaps begin and end with the statement that there is no such thing as a feminine handkerchief. I desire, however, in the present critical condition of the relations between men and women, as exemplified in the House of Commons and Trafalgar Square, to be perfectly and even generously fair to the sex. I declare, therefore, that every woman possesses and wields, not perhaps a handkerchief in the full masculine acceptation of the term, but a something which is supposed to play the part of a handkerchief and to serve such purposes as are ordinarily served by a handkerchief. Having thus disposed of the general question I will proceed to a definition.

The feminine handkerchief is, like all others, rectangular, and varies in size from two inches to three inches square. It is mainly composed of lace and is in part studded with embroidery representing minute leaves and flowers. From this description it will be obvious that if there is one purpose in the whole range of possibilities for which this article is not intended it is the mitigation of a cold by the blowing of a nose.

The result of inquiries made by competent investigators into this subject falls into two classes. One set holds that this queer little patch of lace is primarily intended by its owner for the decoration of rooms and passages and staircases; for innumerable examples of it are to be found about a house wherever a woman may have passed in the discharge of her beneficent housekeeping activities. One will probably be picked from the drawing-room sofa, two from the table in the hall, one from a chair in the breakfast-room, and two or three from the passage leading to the kitchen, or from the kitchen floor itself. There must be some object in this lavish distribution of samples, and it is supposed, as I say, that a vague desire for decoration is at the bottom of it.

Another school, however, believes that this scattering is in some mysterious way connected with the eternal warfare waged by woman against man. The seemingly casual handkerchiefs lying about a house are not in reality aimless. They are, it is asserted, part of a code of signals understood by all women and intended to point out meeting-places where man's overthrow may be discussed, and to suggest devices by which his humiliation may be accomplished. There is, it is true, a third explanation, that of mere light-hearted carelessness and untidiness produced by the absence or inaccessibility of the feminine pocket, but I prefer not to accept this, for it is an easy explanation, and by the canons of criticism the easy explanation must always be rejected.

When a woman goes out either for an ordinary walk or on one of her shopping adventures she generally carries her handkerchief in a little leather bag lightly suspended by a gilded chain from her belt or her hand. The contents of this bag are miscellaneous and, in relation to its apparent size, incredible. The handkerchief is always the bottom article, and I have known the bag to contain in addition a novel, a fishmonger's account book, three lead pencils (all without points), a book of addresses, a scent-bottle, a vinaigrette, a button-hook, a shoe-horn, a box of lozenges, a small brush and comb, a needle-case, a box of safety pins, a dozen telegram-forms, a purse stuffed with coppers and threepenny bits, a card-case, two rolls of ribbon, a pair of gloves, seven letters (unstamped), a child's doll, and a railway ticket. The peculiarity of this bag of Pandora is that whenever the railway ticket is wanted the handkerchief obtrudes itself, and when the handkerchief is sought the railway ticket becomes exclusively prominent.

What becomes of the Feminine Handkerchief when its period of active service is past? The question has often been asked and never satisfactorily answered. It vanishes

like the snows of yester year and goes silently into the limbo of forgotten things. One thing I know: if I had as many sovereigns as the number of handkerchiefs possessed by an average woman I should become a landed proprietor, and oppose with bitterness all suggestions for a graduated income-tax.

THE COMPLETE POTTERER.

("Life was given us to potter in."—*Vanity Fair*.)

LET JONES, if he's so minded, fly to catch the early train,
And hurry to worry and City cares again;
Let JOHNSON bolt the lightning lunch, let SMITH and BROWN
delight

To hustle and bustle through morning, noon, and night!

For me the life of idleness, the book

By the brook,

For me the pensive angle and the hook,

The rushes, the thrushes,

The lambkin on the lea—

The pleasure of leisure

For me!

JONES builds a princely palace on an acre of Park Lane;
He's in it a minute, then rushes off again;

He owns a Tudor mansion on a rolling Sussex down;

He gets there and frets there, then motors back to town.

He sighs to see Threadneedle Street, and long

For the throngs

Who deal in mining ventures or Hongkongs;

He hankers for bankers—

For nothing else he cares

But scrambling and gambling

In shares.

When I behold the lunatics who lead the strenuous life,
I pity the City with all its fevered strife;
I dream of going forth to preach the creed that I profess
And saving the raving by Leagues of Idleness.

But if I had so great a cause, I know

I should grow

More strenuous than any one, and so

I'll dangle my angle.

As for the eager gang—

Let whoso will do so

Go hang!

OUR PILLAR BOX.

(*Replies in brief.*)

Cure for sea-sickness.—The only certain cure for this terrible malady that we know of is to go for an hour's walk five minutes before the boat starts.

To clean black kids.—Proceed in exactly the same way as you would with white kids, only do not try to persuade yourself that the black will come off, because it won't. They were born like that.

Simple headache cure.—Take a pound of black pepper, and to this add a little flour, a raw egg, and a pinch of salt. Make into a paste, put into a bath towel, and tie it tightly round the neck. Leave it there till the headache goes of its own accord.

Etiquette of cards.—When leaving cards, do not thrust them under the door or throw them casually down the area, but ring the bell and hand them to the servant. The cards, of course, should contain no advertising matter.

Hygienic boots.—You have been misinformed; brown boots with separate divisions for each toe are not being worn in London this season.



STILL OUT OF IT.

FIRST CADDIE (BR-DK). "YOUNG ALF'S IN LUCK!"

SECOND CADDIE (G-R-LD B-LF-R). "YUS—AN' WHEN THERE'S OTHERS EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS 'IM!"

FIRST CADDIE. "IF NOT MORE SO!"

[The Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton has been elected to fill the vacancy in the representation of St. George's, Hanover Square.]



OUR HORSELESS RIDERS.

"GOIN' EASY, WHAT? SAME HERE. AFTER A HEAVY MORNING ON THE PIER, I ALWAYS SLACK IT IN THE AFTERNOON."

"THE GIANT'S ROBE."

IV.—MARIANA.

By LORD TENNYSON.

Adapted by Mr. Hampton.

THE MOATED GRANGE.—This famous old country house in the heart of the Fen Country To BE SOLD. We strongly recommend our clients to view this desirable residence, which only comes into the market owing to the lady who recently occupied it having been ordered south by her medical attendant. The house is in the Elizabethan style, with a thatched roof, and is surrounded by a picturesque moat. It contains seventeen commodious bedrooms, and four grand reception rooms, which have a western aspect—thus getting the full benefit of the afternoon sun. The grounds are eminently desirable, and at a small outlay could be put into excellent order. There are, besides an excellent poplar, several fruit trees of various kinds, including a notable climbing pear, which yields largely each year. A feature of the place is the number of

outhouses and sheds which could easily be turned into stables or a motor house. The country round about is flat, and excellent for motoring. There is a station and post-office within driving distance. The whole forms an excellent property for a gentleman of means who is prepared to spend a small sum in repairs, alterations, &c., and does not desire the noise and bustle of town life. Would suit Inventor. Apply, &c. . . .

V.—THE ANCIENT MARINER.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

Part I.—Adapted by the Society Editor of "The World."

One of the most picturesque weddings of the week was that which was solemnised yesterday at that rising watering-place Blanksea between the Duke of THANET and Miss DEAL (30 lines omitted.) A musical reception was held afterwards by the bride's mother, to which many well-known people had been invited. Among those who had accepted, but, for some reason or other, were unable to attend,

may be mentioned Lord BIRCHINGTON, her presumptive to the Duke

VI.—WE ARE SEVEN.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Adapted by the "Vanity Fair" Hard Case Editor.

W., an elderly gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, meets a Miss X. Miss X., who is only eight years old and occupies a humble position in the social world, is noted for her thick curly hair and fair eyes. Without waiting for an introduction, W. asks how many sisters and brothers Miss X. has. The lady replies "Seven"; at the same time mentioning that two of them live in a smart garrison town in Wales, and two are on active service abroad. W., on adding this up, makes it come to four only. Miss X., however, persists that it is seven. What should W. do?

Answer adjudged correct: Go home.

FROM a list of Government Publications: "National Debt, 1836 to 1905. Gross Liabilities. 6d."

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

II.—ON A "FAVORITE."

It is a tradition of the elders that on the approach of a vehicle with screeching axle-trees the local youth—presumably as owning lustier voices than their sires—shall intermit their occupations, and cry with one accord, "Oil! Oil!" until such time as the vehicle has passed out of ear-shot.

On the present occasion it happens that the offending vehicle (an omnibus *en route* for the "Elephant and Castle") is just ahead of mine (a "Favorite" bound for Victoria); and I can vouch that the tradition in question is observed in the minutest particular. Nor is this punctiliousness confined to any one thoroughfare. Except in so far as a sort of cumulative effect is produced by reiteration, the advice given by Chancery Lane cannot be described as either less or more cogent than that of Holborn or the Gray's Inn Road. For my part, I find the monotonous chant of "Oil! Oil!" only slightly less maddening than the shriek of the axles; and I yearn for the moment when, at the corner of Wellington Street and the Strand, the "Elephant and Castle" omnibus and the "Favorite" will go their separate ways.

Meanwhile the conductor of the former vehicle has been goaded by the "Favorite" driver into spasms of incoherent profanity, which he tries in vain to hide beneath an assumption of *nonchalance*.

At the stage where I begin to follow the conversation, the "Elephant and Castle" conductor has rounded off a scathing retort with an invitation to our driver to "come an' lay yer fat 'ead agin the axle if yer don't like the rar!"

"Why doncher tork to it with them 'onied words of yourn?" replies our driver. "They'd do a lot better than oil, yer know."

The conductor's retort is lost in a shriek of redoubled shrillness, after which a momentary respite occurs while we are "held up" in the narrowest part of Chancery Lane.

"My word! Ain't that dickey-bird of yourn bin a-whistlin' for 'is bit of sugar!" exclaims our driver. The sally is greeted with a general laugh among the outside passengers, and the unhappy conductor comes within measurable distance of apoplexy.

"I'm surprised at yer, WILLIAM," continues Jehu, taking advantage of the lull and addressing his adversary with a genially paternal air; "I thought music 'ad power to calm the savage beast. You *must* be a rank outanouter!"

I gather in a confused sort of way

that the conductor, while disclaiming any title to be regarded as an "outanouter," is resorting—somewhat inconsistently, I cannot help thinking—to the *tu quoque* method of defence. The early stages of his argument, however, are weakened by irrelevancy, and the conclusion becomes lost as our journey is continued.

"'Ere, WILLIAM," exclaims the "Favorite" driver, "d' you mind not a-windin' up that musical-box agin? We've 'eard that bloomin' tune a time or two already."

But the conductor has retreated into the omnibus, where he busies himself in collecting fares. A second block in the traffic as we turn into Fleet Street separates us until we reach the corner of Wellington Street, where our Jehu seizes an opportunity to urge the "Elephant and Castle" conductor to "switch on another tune afore we say good-bye!"

The conductor, however, is studying his way-bill with an elaborate assumption of impassiveness; and a defiant screech from the axles is the sole response accorded to our driver's request.

Then our paths diverge; and the shrieking and the cries of "Oil! Oil!" die slowly away, merging finally in the thousand-and-one noises which make up the husky roar of London traffic.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

(An extension of a "Daily Mirror" feature.)

A NECKLACE of gold.

A mutton chop, red and white.

A top hat, made of silk and all shiny.

A suit of clothes with buttons.

A bicycle.

A number of picture postcards of London and elsewhere.

A dish of tomatoes.

A safety razor.

A pot of gooseberry jam.

A photograph of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

A trousers-stretcher.

ACCORDING to *The Official Patents Journal* the Society of Chemical Industry in Basle has applied for a patent for the manufacture of new amidoaliphylamidoacidylamidonaphtholsulphonic acids. This pleasant little acid, however, has long been familiar to Mr. Punch. The really dangerous part of it is the "-phth" in the fifteenth syllable, which is invariably fatal. The third "amid," on the contrary, brings good luck to tall dark men. Mr. Punch notes with regret the omission of the cedilla under the fourth "d," since it is upon this that the acid chiefly depends for its light violet colour.

EVERYDAY DIFFICULTIES SOLVED.

(In the manner of "The World and His Wife.")

IF I am giving a dinner party, and in the middle of it the cook rushes in and gives notice, what ought I to do?—Young Wife.

Better far had the cook been given no cause to take this step. But since it happens you can but bow to destiny and suggest an adjournment to a restaurant to complete the meal.

IS it necessary for me to buy any new clothes for my wedding? I have a tail-coat I have worn only two years, and a pair of excellent white flannel trousers.—Fiancé.

It is not necessary. Almost nothing is necessary. But new clothes are usually worn.

WHAT is the correct way to address a letter to Sir Thomas Lipton?—Groceries.

To a Baronet you write on the envelope, "To Sir So-and-So, Bart." Hence you will address your letter "To Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Bart." But even if you did not it would probably get to him just the same, and that is the main thing.

DO you think a few tins of American beef a suitable wedding present to a relative?—Economist.

It depends upon how much you dislike him.

I WANT to learn Jiu-jitsu, but cannot afford to pay for the lessons. What do you advise?—Hercules.

The best way is to accept the challenge of a Japanese wrestler at a music-hall. You will soon pick up the rudiments.

I HAVE purchased a small printing press for the purpose of rapidly printing tram tickets similar to those which have won prizes; but I cannot obtain any blue cardboard of the requisite kind. Can you help me?—Financier.

Please send your name and address.

WHEN giving a dinner at a restaurant, is it good form to keep one's guests waiting to start for the theatre while one disputes the bill?—Hesitant.

It is not good form; but you would be a juggins to pay for what you had not had.

The Royal Commissioner's Motto.

"DULCE et decorum est pro patria morari."

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to *The Express* large quantities of tinned food are being destroyed "or given to poultry." This, we suppose, is how bad eggs are made.

ROBERT BROWNING's question, "What's become of WARING?" was answered in no uncertain voice last week.

What is the matter with Bishop POTTER of New York? He is making as much fuss as if we had accused him of being a Meat Potter.

The Government, it is announced, will shortly consider the advisability of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the prevalence and growth of lunacy. Many good Unionists, however, are of the opinion that the wave of insanity which recently passed over the country will be found, at the next General Election, to have spent itself.

Not a single Royal Commission was appointed last week.

It is rumoured that each of the twenty-five Chinese coolies who have applied for repatriation has received an autograph letter from Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, thanking him for an exhibition of loyalty to his friends which is none too common nowadays. It is hoped that the remaining 49,975 now feel heartily ashamed of themselves.

It has been decided that the present Naval Manœuvres shall be used as a test of the ability of the Royal Dockyards to make quick repairs. It is felt, however, that H.M.S. *Montagu*, in addition to being slightly previous, showed an excess of zeal, and overdid the idea.

The opening of the new Victoria Railway Station was not a signal success.

The hope has been expressed that the Prince of WALES will open the Indian annexe of the Zoo. In our opinion many valuable lives will be lost if anyone does anything so foolish.

The threat made by the Krupp Company to stop work on the Turkish order for military material unless £140,000 be paid at once, has once more led the SULTAN to wonder whether the KAISER loves him for himself alone.

The agitation in favour of more comfortable prisons continues. There is no doubt that the fact that they are not all that can be desired keeps many persons from using them.

Those owners of motor-cars who affect



GOLDEN MEMORIES.

"I WONDER WHY MR. POPPSTEIN SERVES WITH THREE BALLS?"
"OLD ASSOCIATIONS, I SUPPOSE."

to despise motor-bicycles will have to alter their way of thinking. No fewer than twenty-seven persons were injured in Paris last week by the explosion of one motor-bicycle.

The leading London hotels are now full of American millionaires and multimillionaires, and the former complain bitterly that the latter treat them as so much dirt.

Mr. BART KENNEDY's style has been parodied often, but never so amusingly as in a series of articles now appearing in *The Daily Mail* from the pen of Mr. BART KENNEDY.

Mr. NICO JUNGMAN has just completed an immense altar-piece in tempera. The tendency of frescoes is to perish. Those who know Mr. JUNGMAN's charming art hope it will be found that *Tempera non mutantur*.

"Why," asks *The Medical Times*, "should we tell patients what we are giving them? Depend upon it by so doing we lose our dignity as a profession." This is certainly what has happened to the Beef Trust.

THE LATEST AMERICAN POPULAR SONG:
"The Tinned Gee-gee."

NIL NISI BONUM.

(Being some personal paragraphs from the forthcoming journal "P.T.T.F." or Praise to the Face.)

"I do hope that never in these pages will there appear a word which can wound anybody."—Extract from the Editor's Manifesto.

AN IRISH PARAGON.

Tall, faultlessly proportioned, with classical features and a phenomenal chest measurement, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best dressed, the handsomest and the most undeviatingly urbane of the Irish Members. The list of his academic distinctions could not be compressed into a page of *P.T.T.F.*, but a word is due to his triumphs as an athlete. When an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin, he actually won all the events at the annual sports. He tossed the caber 127 yards, he established a new record in the hop, skip, and jump, he won the three-legged race in a common canter, and distanced all competitors in the obstacle race. Then his accomplishments as a musician are of no common order, for he is the only M.P. who can play the concertina, the piccolo, and the Welsh harp. To see Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL is to love him; to hear him sing is Paradise in petto. As Mr. GLADSTONE once remarked, "When MACNEILL warbles one of MOORE's Irish melodies, I feel I know not how."

A GENTLE GENIUS.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE was always a great social favourite, and few if any of our most eminent scientists have a greater *répertoire* of parlour tricks. I shall never forget (writes a well-known F.R.S.) the impression he made upon me at a children's Christmas party, when he conjured a large bowl of goldfish out of his right, and a brace of squirrels out of his left whisker. But his love of pastime is only equalled by his efficiency as a sportsman. Horsemanship comes first perhaps—Sir JAMES's seat on a Mexican mustang is only second to that of Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, and as a bronco-buster he was the mingled terror and envy of the most hardened *gauchos* of the pampas—but as a golfer he is, in the words of Lord HALSBURY, one of his favourite opponents, "no slouch." Yet all this strenuous addiction to sport has not impaired the kindness of his nature in the slightest degree. He often breaks out into extempore verse at breakfast, and can seldom recite poetry without shedding tears. In controversy his methods are those of BAYARD; in short, take him for all in all, he is one of those great stimulating sentimentalists who is never so completely in his element as when he is in the society of the great masters of the beautiful arts—such men as HUBERT VON

HERKOMER, EMIL FUCHS, F. E. WEATHERLY, ALGERNON ASHTON, or the great American poet VOLNEY STREAMER.

"ST. BERNARD" SHAW.

There never was a greater mistake than to suppose that BERNARD SHAW is a cynic. Thin-lipped, eagle-eyed, with a firm chin and an unflinching gaze, his physiognomy conveys a radically false impression of his real nature. Men, ay and women too, think him as hard as the Rock of Gibraltar, whereas his heart is as soft as the most quivering shape of calves-feet jelly. Indeed, I am not sure that he is not the largest-hearted, the most saintly-souled, as well as the most gifted and handsome man of my acquaintance. Of Comte d'ORSAY I can only speak by hearsay, but I have known all the brave men and the noble women of the last half century, and SHAW is the noblest and bravest of them all—not even excepting GEORGE ALEXANDER, whose prowess as a pugilist I can hardly think of without the deepest emotion.

BEERBOHM TREE'S GENEROSITY.

Mr. TREE has long been known as an actor of colossal genius. It may be a surprise to some of our readers to learn that as a heavy-weight boxer he has never met his match, and that on one occasion while touring in America he knocked out PETER JACKSON, then at the zenith of his powers, in three rounds. Even more remarkable was his rescue of an aged organ grinder who had been set upon by more than fifty brawny hooligans in the heart of Soho. In less than three minutes Mr. TREE had flogged the entire gang, and, hoisting the aged minstrel on his shoulders, carried him off to the Carlton, where he entertained him to a sumptuous repast and presented him with £10,000 to buy a new instrument.

STANDING PAR.

One of the most interesting presentations of the season has been that of Miss —, the charming daughter of —. Tall, *svelte*, with a brilliant complexion and a profusion of — hair, Miss — is one of the most popular girls in the best Mayfair set, since, apart from her large fortune, she is a beautiful dancer, a plucky motorist, rides well to hounds, and plays an excellent hand at Bridge. Though she perhaps hardly possesses the paralyzing fascination of a CLEOPATRA, who was unfortunately somewhat *passée* before I left Galway for London, she is none the less one of the most extraordinarily beautiful and sweet-natured young women of the many thousands to whom it has been my proud privilege to pay my homage of admiration.

QUOTATION FOR MR. O'CONNOR.—"Tis true 'tis T.P., 'P.T.O.'—tis true."

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES:

Or, Who was Who?

III.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

It has been said that if SHAKSPEARE and BEN JONSON had never lived BEAUMONT and FLETCHER would have been the chief ornaments of the Elizabethan age. But why blink the fact that SHAKSPEARE and BEN JONSON did live? BEAUMONT and FLETCHER never blinked it. They got SHAKSPEARE to help them. At least FLETCHER did. BEAUMONT was more particular, but he had been dead some time when it happened.

BEAUMONT was born in 1584. His father was a Justice of the Common Pleas, and is said to have been the first Judge to make jokes on the bench. BEAUMONT was sent to Oxford when he was thirteen, which was full early; but FLETCHER went to Cambridge when he was twelve, and had, as they say, the bulge on him there. They often talked over those old times afterwards, and said what fun it was playing marbles on the Senate House steps, and bowling hoops down the High, and how angry the ushers had been when they had gone to visit their old schools and smoked in the playground.

"But they couldn't touch us, you know," said BEAUMONT.

"Rather not," said FLETCHER.

FLETCHER was born in 1579. He was just as good as BEAUMONT. His father was a Dean. When, a few years after FLETCHER's birth, he was made Bishop of London, it was felt that here was a chance not to be missed. One of his sons must be brought up to write books. Think what he could do for him towards getting them talked about. The two eldest declined. JOHN, the third, liked the idea, and was packed off to Cambridge at once to get into the way of it.

But unfortunately, when FLETCHER was seventeen, his father died. He died, we are told, "either of chagrin at the Queen's displeasure on account of his second marriage, or of the immoderate use of tobacco." Yes, they got it as close as that. If there was one thing the physicians of those days prided themselves on it was their diagnosis. They were quite sure he was suffering from one of the two complaints, and the only mistake they made was in treating him for the other. Nobody regretted the slight error more than they did.

Unless it was JOHN FLETCHER. To him the loss was irreparable. Deprived at the same time of a fond father and a first-class advertising medium, he sank into poverty, and nothing more was heard of him for years. Then he met BEAUMONT, and everything was changed.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER first met at a public-house called the "Mermaid

Tavern," and struck up a violent friendship.

"You're the very man I've been wanting," said FLETCHER. "You're about the same height and figure as I am, and you've got the same taste in clothes and poetry. Let us have everything in common. It is true you have rather more than I have at present, but we'll soon alter that."

BEAUMONT was agreeable. The partnership was fixed up, and lasted for some years. They couldn't bear to be separated. They lived in the same house, wore the same clothes (not of course at the same time), and ate out of the same plate.

When they sat down to write poetry their unanimity was marvellous. FLETCHER was the better of the two at spelling, although neither of them was much at it, and he did most of the actual writing. BEAUMONT would dictate, and FLETCHER would take it down. This suited them both.

After six years BEAUMONT got a little tired of it. "Look here," he said one morning, "I think it's a little stuffy living in one another's pockets like this. Don't you?"

FLETCHER's face blanched. "I never thought to have heard words like those from my FRANCIS," he said. (BEAUMONT's name was FRANCIS.)

"Well, you've heard them now," said BEAUMONT. "I'm going to get married."

FLETCHER hid his annoyance, and was best man at the wedding. He wore one of BEAUMONT's suits for the last time. Mrs. BEAUMONT stopped it after that, and he had to buy his own. There was no actual breach between them; indeed, FLETCHER couldn't afford to quarrel with BEAUMONT, and they went on writing together for three years longer. Then BEAUMONT died.

FLETCHER was now in difficulties again; but he was a man of resource. He went to SHAKSPEARE, as has been said, and proposed a partnership. It was a cool proceeding, because SHAKSPEARE was fifteen years older than FLETCHER, and already a playwright of repute. But for some reason or other SHAKSPEARE consented, and they wrote *The Two Noble Kinsmen* together. Probably they would have gone on working in company for some time, but FLETCHER went down to stay at Stratford-on-Avon for the weekend, and appeared at breakfast on Sunday morning in one of SHAKSPEARE's doublets.

SHAKSPEARE was greatly annoyed. FLETCHER couldn't see why. "BEAUMONT never made the slightest objection," he said. "We had all things in common. It's the only way, really, to carry on a useful partnership."

"I don't care a hang what BEAUMONT



THE ABOVE CADDIE (IN THE COURSE OF HIS THIRD ROUND WITH COLONEL FOOZLE, WHO ALWAYS TAKES OUT A COLLECTION OF TWO DOZEN CLUBS, IF ONLY FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING) BEGINS TO DOUBT IF HE, THE CADDIE, REALLY BELONGS TO THE IDLE CLASSES, AS STATED IN THE PAPERS.

did," said SHAKSPEARE. "I'm not going to put up with it."

So there was an end of that partnership.

Then FLETCHER tried DEKKER, but DEKKER said he was quite contented with FORD. Their partnership might be humdrum—they didn't live in the same house and they went to different tailors; but it suited them very well, and they'd no use for a third partner. Besides, he didn't think FORD would like it. He was rather particular.

"Like what?" inquired FLETCHER, in a pointed way.

"Well, I'd rather not say," replied DEKKER. "At any rate, no thank you. Good morning."

ROWLEY was insulting. When he met FLETCHER at the "Mermaid" he would pretend to tremble. "Please take your eye off my clothes," he would say. "I assure you they're at least two sizes too small for you."

WEBSTER was just as bad. Whenever he saw FLETCHER coming he clutched hold of his trunk hose and said, "You can't have them. I've only two pairs, and the other's at the wash." FLETCHER saw that it was no good suggesting anything to him.

At last he came across MASSINGER. "Partnership?" said MASSINGER. "Why, certainly! Come along. We ought to do very well together. Let's begin at once."

FLETCHER could hardly believe his

ears; he had met with so many rebuffs since BEAUMONT's lamented death.

"You shall have a duplicate key to my wardrobe as soon as it can be made," proceeded MASSINGER. "I know you like to work in that way, and, bless you, I don't mind."

FLETCHER was quite overcome. He fell on MASSINGER's neck and the bargain was struck. They worked together amicably for some years, and then poor FLETCHER died of the plague. When MASSINGER died, fourteen years later, he gave orders that he was to be buried in the same grave. "The dear fellow would have wished it," he said. "He always liked to go shares."

Men About Town.

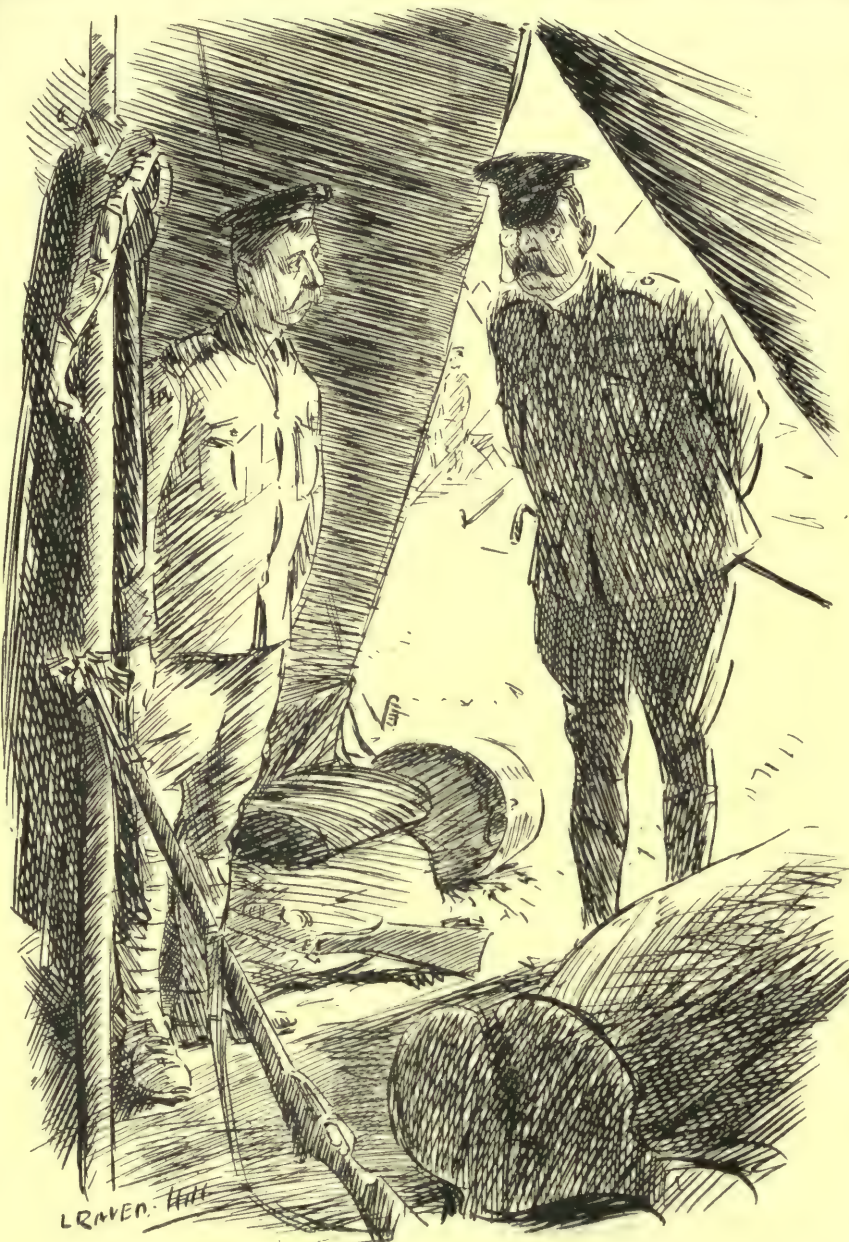
V.—THE COALMAN.

THE Coalman needs, or else he'll shirk,
Some pressure at his back,
He never will begin to work
Until he's got the sack.

VI.—THE BOOTBLACK.

THE Bootblack rubs along with zest,
Yet humbly keeps his distance;
The shining hour for him's at best
A hand to foot existence.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN CRICKET.—Write like this: "If Essex had held all their catches, their opponents' total would have been smaller."—*Daily Mail*.



SCENE—Yeomanry Camp.

TIME—Sunday Morning Inspection.

Major. "WHY ISN'T THIS TENT IN ORDER?"

Trooper. "AVEN'T 'AD TIME, SIR."

Major. "WHAT! THEN WHEN THE DEUCE WILL YOU HAVE TIME?"

Trooper. "WELL, SIR, IF YOU COULD LOOK ROUND ABOUT WEDNESDAY EVENIN'——"

[Collapse of Major.]

MAYORS' NESTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS having pointed out that the reason for the exodus of holiday makers to the Continent every summer was due largely to the want of enterprise displayed by our own resorts, *The Daily Chronicle* has thrown open its columns to the champions of the English watering-places, who are principally their chief magistrates. A few other communications on the same

subject and from similarly august municipal magnates reach *Mr. Punch*, to whom, in an epistolary sense, all roads lead.

BRIGHTON.—(BY THE MAYOR.)

Why people go to France I have never been able to understand, saving the presence of the L. B. & S. C. Railway—with whom I should be sorry to be on bad terms. But here is Brighton always ready, always, so to speak, at

your doors—healthy, bright, cheerful, full of amusement, with the sea at its feet to be bathed in or steamed over or sailed on, and plenty of attractions continually in full swing. But yet there are people who go to France and Switzerland and Italy! Frankly, I can't understand it. We may not have Alps; but we have the South Downs. We may not speak French; but *you can understand us and we can understand you!* We may not have ancient ruins; but *you can get here without being sea-sick!* We may not be very beautiful, architecturally considered; but *the return fare is only a few shillings!* If I am asked for my unbiassed vote, I say, Go to Brighton.

MARGATE.—(BY THE MAYOR.)

I don't know what it can be that people want more than Margate can give them to send them abroad, wasting their money on Frenchmen after English town councillors have expended brain and time entirely on the question of how to make them happy. What are the conditions of the perfect summer holiday? If I might venture to offer a solution to this simple self-propounded problem, I should say, The sea, sands, a pier, Ethiopian serenaders, bathing machines, Pierrots, a multitude of happy people, Punch and Judy, conjurers, organs, children in thousands, a Hall by the Sea, steamers bringing large parties all day. Here in a few words are described the chief *desiderata* (if I may use the word) of the English holiday maker. *And they are all at Margate* in profusion. Nowhere else in the world can you find them quite as we have them here. As for Boulogne, Etretat, Trouville—pooh!

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

(BY THE MARE.)

MR. SIMS's thoughtful article deserves the careful attention of all patriotic Britons. This is not merely a case where charity should begin at home, but, as the poet phrases it, "What can they know of England who none of England know?" To dilate on the merits of Weston-super-Mare would be a work of Weston supererogation, for its beauties are so patent as to leap to the eye of the most apathetic observer. The air is rich in ozone—indeed traces of ozokerit have been discovered by some expert analysts, and there are opportunities galore, as the Irish say, for fishing, tennis, golf, croquet, spillikins and similar pastimes. In climate we rival the South of France, with the additional advantage of the proximity of the Gulf Stream; our shingle is of extraordinarily fine quality, and the catering of the boarding-houses is calculated to satisfy the most fastidious appetites.



TO THE GUILLOTINE.

CITIZEN BIRRELL. "NOW THEN, NEXT BATCH, YOUR TUMBRIL STOPS THE WAY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 11.
 "Now, dear boy," said the American Ambassador, affectionately laying his arm on shoulder of the PRESIDENT'S son-in-law, of late arrived at Dorchester House, "you've been pretty steadily on the go since your wedding day. What you want is a quiet time, if only for an hour or two. Tell you what—we'll go down to the House of Commons."

PRESIDENT'S son-in-law puzzled. Gathers from newspapers that the political camps just now are drawn up in battle array, fighting over question that stirs the heart's blood of the people. Has heard it whispered that so profound is the agitation even Bishops have been drawn into what, if uttered by laymen, would be regarded as bad language. To repair to the scene of controversy did not appear on the face of it precisely the thing for one in search of a quiet moment to do.

It turned out that, as usual, the American Ambassador knew what he was talking about. Seated in Diplomatic Gallery, the visitors looked down on a scene whose placidity was unruffled. It chanced that Alderman ANSON was on his legs moving amendment to Clause 2. As Minister of Education in the late Government, the Alderman's place is in the van of battle. 'Tis he whose martial bearing should inspire the Opposition to an attack, in which numbers would be overthrown by the dauntless courage of the few. To tell the truth, there is nothing bloodthirsty either in the appearance or the speech of the Alderman.

His low voice, his equable manner, his air of general benevolence, suggest blessing rather than banning the Bill.

Once, for a moment, the stagnant waters of this Dead Sea of debate were stirred by passing breeze. SEELY (Major) showed sign of recurrence to attitude familiar when, in the last Parliament, he sat on the very Bench he now occupies, nominally then as now a Ministerialist. Threw out suggestion that the line taken on Clause 2 by Opposition was not so hopelessly wrong as ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL described it. Suggested they should be met half-way. The Nonconformist conscience rudely awakened. Cries of dissent breaking forth below Gangway woke up the PRESIDENT'S son-in-law just as the earlier spell of the place had quietly closed his eyes.

Right hon. gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench instantly alert. Suf-



"I never leave the House, Mr. Speaker!"

(Mr. Alph-s Cl-ph-s M-rt-n.)

fered grievous disappointment at hand of TOMMY LOUGH on eve of adjournment for Whitsun holidays. He, breaking out of bounds, had been promptly recaptured. But he was a Minister, properly subjected to discipline. Different with SEELY, whom in happier days they used to howl at.

There were tears in WALTER LONG'S honest eyes, a tremor in his manly voice when he promptly rose, descanted on the force of the Major's argument, implored ST. AUGUSTINE to listen to the words of one whose perfect acquaintance with this or any other question, whose shrewd observation, sound judgment, unerring instinct, compelled respect and should command attention. When WALLACE, K.C., speaking from behind Treasury Bench, followed on same lines, hope ran high in the sparsely scattered tents of the Opposition. Here surely was the beginning of schism in the serried ranks before them.

PRINCE ARTHUR adroitly attempted to work on feelings of House by presenting himself to it in the character of a ratepayer. The move was a trifle inconsequential. But there was about it that touch of nature that makes householders kin. In the last Parliament, of which for a long time he was both idol and autocrat, PRINCE ARTHUR would never have



AMERICAN "ROYALTY" IN THE GALLERY.

Senator Longworth (son-in-law of King Theodore, U.S.A.) and the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

admitted the common infirmity of paying rates. In subtle form the homely reference indicated the revolutionary change effected within the year. Humbled at the poll, the ex-PREMIER was now little more than a ratepayer, with the possibility of becoming a passive resister if Alderman ANSON'S amendment to Clause 2 were ruthlessly rejected by a tyrannical Ministry.

As admitted, the circumstance of PRINCE ARTHUR being a ratepayer had no direct bearing on the drift of debate. It was nevertheless effective to the extent that in the division taken at close of two hours' discussion the majority was run down to 180. An hour later it rose to the normal range of 293. Which shows afresh how transient is the influence of personal sympathy even when evoked by the master mind.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Still harping on Second Clause of Education Bill. SEELY (Major) growing in favour with his old friends opposite. Moved Amendment that occupied some hours of sitting. Finally drew concession from ST. AUGUSTINE welcomed by Irish Members, sniffed at by DON JOSÉ. Still there it was. Yesterday, Ministers pressed on same point said they would ne'er consent. To-day they consented.

Rumbled revolt on Radical Benches. LUPTON of Lincolnshire gives it to be understood that it was not for this he turned HARRY CHAPLIN out of Sleaford.

"Yesterday," he mournfully lamented, "between three and four hundred dumb mouths voted for the Bill, and this is their reward!"

Metaphor a little mixed. What LUPTON struggles to explain is that Ministerialists, anxious for the progress of the Bill, remain mute whilst others talked. The talkers had got their way; the faithfully mute were betrayed. Lincolnshire, he announced, would rather lose the Bill altogether than have it in the modified form into which it was passing.

Evidently in these circumstances and at this rate Bill won't be through by Christmas. Recognising the fact, sudden resolution taken by C.-B. to shelve it till Monday, when, the guillotine being set up, heads of speeches will be mercilessly cut off.

Business done.—Committee on Education Bill suspended.

Wednesday.—When business was resumed after Whitsun holidays Members found inner Lobby dominated by a colossal figure jealously shrouded from head to foot in what looked like white grave-clothes. It stood on guard by the central door leading forth from the Lobby, mutely keeping watch and ward with the Government Whips there on duty.

In reply to whispered inquiry it was made known that this was the counterfeit presentment of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD

veil falling in presence of a group of Old Parliamentary Hands, including PRINCE ARTHUR, who, during his Leadership of the House of Commons, found his most redoubtable adversary in the statesman whose worth he to-day recognised and extolled in felicitous terms of genuine warmth.

Business done.—Labourers (Ireland) Bill considered.

Friday night.—A phrase of Parliamentary Procedure, hallowed by the dust of ages, has disappeared. Up to the resumption of Sittings after Whitsuntide it was the custom of SPEAKER or CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, when Division was coming, to cry aloud "Strangers must withdraw."

In the beginning the injunction was extended to all strangers in and under the galleries over the clock. Gradually concession was made limiting its address to strangers on the Benches below the Gallery. At the signal these were trundled forth, conducted across the Members' Lobby by the police, and left in the central hall till the Division was over. These seats under the Gallery, being on a level of the floor of the House and few in number, are prized possession reserved for distinguished visitors. The balance was redressed by their ignominious shooting forth just when interest culminated in a Division.

Under new regulations affecting Divisions, strangers under the Gallery are permitted to remain. Accordingly the decree, "Strangers must withdraw," utterance of which has precluded through centuries Divisions that have changed the face of history, is heard no more from the Chair. Now and henceforth "Clear the Lobby" is the Parliamentary equivalent of the "Up, Guards, and at 'em" with which WELLINGTON did not

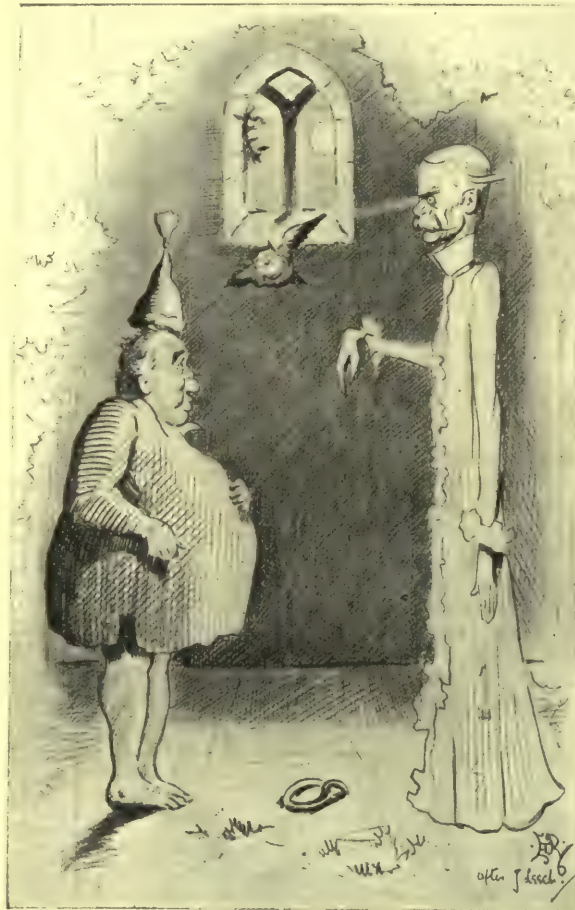
signal the crisis of the battle of Waterloo.

Business done.—Public Trustee Bill discussed.

ACCORDING to a report subsequently denied,

"The man in charge of *Spear-mint* was injured in the head, but it was not found necessary to detain the horse."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Suspicion at first rested upon a chestnut cob, wearing a dirty collar, who was seen in the vicinity.



A "DUMB MOUTH."

The Ghostly Professor, Member for the Ingoldsby (Legend)
Division of Lincolnshire.

(Professor L-pt-n said, "between 300 and 400 dumb mouths voted for the Bill.")

revisiting a long-familiar place. Hitherto the statues of dead-and-gone statesmen have been relegated to the Outer Lobby. The latest unveiled was that of Mr. G., who found himself in company with the silent presence of GRANVILLE, STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, men with whom through a long life he worked or fought. Under direction of his son, in these days FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, the SQUIRE looks down on a scene through which for full thirty years his massive figure moved and towered.

To-day the drapery was removed, the



Extract from Letter:—"THE MEN HAD BROKEN EVERY BOTTLE AND TIN THAT THEY COULD LAY THEIR HANDS ON WITH AN AIR-GUN THAT ARCHIE HAD BROUGHT. SO WHEN THEY WENT AWAY TO SEE IF THE CARS WERE ALL RIGHT FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY, WE GIRLS THOUGHT WE WOULD HAVE A SHOT. WE POTTED AWAY FOR SOME TIME AT A BOTTLE THAT MARJORIE (WHO IS A BIT SHORT-SIGHTED, YOU KNOW) HAD FOUND AMONG SOME CUSHIONS, AND IT WAS ONLY WHEN THE MEN APPEARED THAT I HIT IT!—IT TURNED OUT TO BE A FULL ONE, WHICH THE MEN HAD PUT AWAY FOR FINAL REFRESHERS, AND INSTEAD OF COMPLIMENTING ME ON MY GOOD SHOOTING, THEY WERE QUITE STUFFY ABOUT IT."

HOW TO DEAL WITH A DOG FIGHT.

THERE are several ways of dealing with a dog fight, some of which are better than others. If either of the dogs is a bull-terrier, an excellent plan is to turn down the nearest side street and pretend not to see it; but this plan is not recommended if you are the owner of the dog which is being killed, or if you happen to be accompanied by your future wife, as it is conceivable that it might lower you in her estimation. Indeed she may even be so foolish as to imagine that you are afraid of the brutes!

Take the more heroic line, and decide to do your duty. Advance to the scene of carnage with medium-sized, firm steps. In the hope that the dogs will separate of their own accord, it will be as well to pause here and make a few casual remarks to the crowd before proceeding further. Ask in a loud and confident tone whether the owners are known; how long the fight has been

in progress; whether there is no policeman in the neighbourhood; what the deuce you boys want; and any other questions of the same sort which may occur to you at the time.

If the dogs refuse to take advantage of the opportunity thus given them to escape, adopt a peremptory tone towards the mob, which should yet be tinged with consideration for their low estate. Remove your gloves languidly, and press them without emotion into the lady's hand, at the same time giving quiet but reassuring replies to the fears which she expresses for your safety. Nevertheless, do not fail to drop unmistakable hints that the danger is doubtless great, although you personally pay no heed to it.

When you again advance to the scene of combat in order to separate the dogs, you have the choice of several methods, most of which are so well known that they need not be recounted here. Being a bright intelligent person of quick perception, and possessing as you do an unrivalled insight into the character of men and dogs, you will of course

perceive at once which method it will be best to adopt.

Now separate the dogs.

Having thus easily and coolly stopped the fight, put your hands in your pockets and retire from the ring with a smile on your face. Take little or no notice of the compliments, if any, paid you by the crowd, but go straight to the lady, claim your gloves from her, and at once begin to prattle calmly and in an unimpassioned manner about exterior things of no importance, as though you considered your achievement no more meritorious than alighting from a train,—no matter what your own private thoughts on the subject may be.

Stroll away from the battlefield by her side.

By attending closely to these accurate and minute instructions as to procedure and deportment, you will experience no difficulty in putting an end to the fiercest struggle which ever dogs did wage; and your calm and nonchalant bearing in the face of extreme peril cannot fail to make a most profound and lasting impression on the lady.

"TO NOROWAY O'ER THE FAEM."

IF WAGNER could only have remained at his so-called worst, or worst but one, what a career he might have had! He might even have been enthroned along with BIZET and GOUNOD in the popular bosom. But he was ambitious; he had an insatiable fancy for improving himself, and others; with results upon which I am not just now disposed to dwell.

In spite of the inhuman phantasy of its plot, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the work of WAGNER's early days when he knew no better, contains melody on melody of an unforgettable charm, of a tenderness almost domestic in its human appeal. And you can see what unaffected pleasure he took in them; how he never tired of repeating them again and again just for joy of their sweetness. Yet already the menace of his future greatness hangs over him. We trace it in the terrific pause (foreshadowing *Tristan's* most superb triumphs in this kind) during which the action of the drama is hung up while *Senta* and the *Dutchman* stare point-blank at one another on their first meeting. And when they had so much to say!—she, the bride (already promised by her father) who was to save the wanderer from the infernal nuisance of these seven-year trips at sea; and he, standing beneath his own portrait, the hero himself, the realisation of her love-dreams. And there they stick and stare interminably, without exchanging the smallest civilities. It is true that his appearance may have been a bit of a shock to her; for the portrait, ugly as it was, told a flattering tale, and the *Dutchman*, by an excusable confusion of ideas, had got himself up as the *Wandering Jew*. I could quite understand, by the look of him, how it was that he always failed to secure a really faithful wife during his periodical descents upon terra firma. All this may account for *Senta's* reticence, but does not explain his.

Indeed, I found him, all through the opera, lacking in initiative and agility. For a man with his reputation as a Flier, he stood about too much; and in the rare intervals when he set himself in motion he started stiffly and continued with evident reluctance.

It began with his landing in the First Act. You would have thought that after a spell of seven compulsory years at sea he would have been glad to stretch his legs on shore; yet, after throwing off a carefully-prepared synopsis of the situation, he leans fixedly against a rock, paying not the smallest attention to a mariner on another ship (barely fifteen yards away), who challenges him through a speaking-trumpet. However, this may be explained by some flaw in the acoustic properties of the stage; for I noticed that the *Steersman* himself had

slept all through the *Dutchman's* solo, which he sang quite loud.

The career of the *Flying Dutchman* is too removed from common experience to touch the emotions very deeply, but there is something very heart-breaking in the final and quite prosaic statement that falls from his lips at the moment of embarkation:—

Den fliegenden Holländer nennt man mich!
(I am known as the *Flying Dutchman*!) Here was the skipper who had had the *Dutchman's* portrait painted, frame and all, on his wall, and knew it by heart; here were all these spinning women who had sat under it and thrown up their work every afternoon for years on the same old excuse—that they wanted to hear the ballad of his woes sung just this once more; here was *Erik*, who had seen



"THE REALISATION OF HER LOVE-DREAMS."

HERR VAN ROOY . . . *The Flying Dutchman*.
FRL. DESTINN . . . *Senta*.

him in a bad dream the night before last; here was *Senta*, who had thought and dreamed of nothing else for years, and now, with open eyes and a very perfect acquaintance with his past, was prepared to share his fate and be his *Flying Dutch*; and then he has the face to tell her before them all, "Thou knowest me not, nor thinkest who I am!" and to spring his name on them as a surprise! No wonder *Senta* felt hurt and threw herself off the landing-stage (not a cliff, as the "Argument" says) in pure chagrin.

I gather from the musical critics that Herr VAN ROOY, *comme tous les Rois*, can do no wrong. Yet I thought that he addressed himself too much and too directly to the audience (even as I write I seem to be looking down his throat), and in the landing-stage soliloquy he was almost pedantic in his effort to enunciate every word distinctly and forcefully, as if he were conscious of the presence of a

reporter at the back of the gallery. I cannot believe that the ideal *Flying Dutchman* would ever address the elements with so conscientious a precision.

After seeing "Mlle." DESTINN as *Madama Butterfly* I confess to being disappointed with "Frl." DESTINN in the part of *Senta*. Certainly she was happier as a Frenchwoman singing Italian in a Japanese opera, than as a German singing German in a Norwegian music-drama. Her voice was always a delight, and she sang the famous Ballad with equal sweetness and strength; but her acting was restrained almost to the point of mere negation. Perhaps she was put off by her shining blue bodice, which was most unbecoming; or else the spectacle of her hero as a kind of Admiral Bogey unnerved her. Whatever the cause she was not her best self, and the acting of Frl. VON MILDENBURG as *Elizabeth* was still fresh in the memory of the audience. One had seen what subtlety of expression could be conveyed by the delicate play of eyes and hands in a part not more emotional than that of *Senta*. Still I preferred the immobility of Frl. DESTINN to the demonstrative excesses of Herr BURGSTALLER as *Erik*. In the Second Act, with the simplicity of its domestic interior, his melodramatic gestures were well outside the canvas.

Herr KNÜFFER, who played *Daland*, was at home with himself as a jolly jolly mariner, with his weather eye open for an eligible son-in-law. But he had a duller time than on the previous evening in *Tannhäuser*, when, as the *Landgrave*, himself a figure out of pantomime with a blue velvet skirt and a crown on the back of his head, he must have got a lot of quiet fun out of the quaint guests that assisted at his concert.

Herr NIETAN's voice, as the *Steersman*, was perhaps a little thin in the lovely "Lieber Südwind" air; but he naturally didn't want to wake the rest of the crew. The *Spinnenlied* went deliciously; and the whole company may regard it as a high compliment that this opera should have been selected for Dr. RICHTER's farewell appearance on Saturday last.

Everybody's love goes with him to Bayreuth. O. S.

Latest Bully-tins from Chicago.

WHAT'S read in the book comes out in the Press.

All's beef that ends beef.

Many a knuckle makes a nickel.

Pto-mainy cooks spoil the broth.

Chemicals colour a multitude of tins.

FROM an advertisement:

"On Thursday next, sale of antique furniture, china, etc., the property of Mr. —, deceased, and of Mr. —, who have removed from their respective residences for the sake of the sale."



Village Constable (to Villager who has been knocked down by passing motor cyclist). "YOU DIDN'T SEE THE NUMBER, BUT COULD YOU SWEAR TO THE MAN?"
Villager. "I DID; BUT I DON'T THINK 'E 'EARD ME."

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

(Deduced from the Writings of our
Féu'lletonists.)

THERE is a murdered Baron in every country-house library.

A colonel (British) is a melancholy man with a Past; but when he smiles his rare smile the young widow may begin to hope.

A colonel (foreign) is a worthless adventurer.

A solicitor is a fatherly, white-haired man, who makes a decent income by sorting out changelings. He subsists chiefly on hasty cold collations, served in the libraries of noble clients.

To qualify for hospital work in the East End a newly-married lady of title needs only (a) believe on rather shadowy evidence that her husband loves another, (b) attire herself in simple mourning, and (c) pack a few necessaries in a small black bag. N.B. Some authorities have it that she should in addition leave her rings on her dressing-table, with the exception of a plain gold band hung by

a string from her neck; but this qualification is probably optional.

Brain fever (a complaint unknown to your doctor or mine, but the usual accompaniment of domestic trouble in the mansions of the great) will invariably baffle the skill of an ordinary practitioner; but a medical baronet, arriving by special train, can cure it by coughing dryly and endorsing the treatment prescribed by local talent.

A lachrymose wife is better (for the circulation of a daily paper) than a rose-bud garden of healthy-minded girls.

A villain, if of good family, will eventually die a hero's death in Africa (or wherever copper-coloured people happen to be giving trouble at the time of his tardy repentance).

A peer (newly married) is an unfortunate but faultlessly dressed individual who spends six months in the year hunting for his wife with the aid of incompetent detectives.

The proletariat consists solely of French maids and policemen.

Canned Candour.

PRESERVED MEATS IN GLASSES.

Every Glass is guaranteed absolutely pure, clean and wholesome.

WE EAT THEM OURSELVES!

That's the best recommendation we can give of their purity.

An Experiment in six-syllable Rhyme.

(Being an observation by "ERB" to the driver of his *char-à-banc*; with an aside to his friend HENRY.)

WAS the night misty, charioteer?

Tis why we kissed each HARRIET here.

* * *

(Drop on my distich, HARRY, a tear.)

("La Granja, where King ALFONSO and his bride can, at last, say their '*Enfin seuls!*' was built . . . by PHILIP THE FIFTH . . . It stands still, pretty much as it stood then, in the midst of a picturesque and arid desolation."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.)

In these days of earthquakes and bombs it is something to know that a palace really does stand still.



MR. CHEVALIER, ON HIS RETURN TO THE "LEGITIMATE," SAYS FAREWELL TO HIS OLD ASSOCIATES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN his article on MACREADY, one of four that make up *Monographs* (JOHN MURRAY), SIR THEODORE MARTIN incidentally mentions that his first meeting with the actor was "early in the spring of 1846." 'Tis sixty years ago and more, and even at that remote period the author was in his 30th year. He is, in truth, only twelve months younger than Waterloo, and during all those years has warmed both hands before the fire of life. Happy circumstances brought him into personal contact with most of the people who during the last seven decades have won and held front places on the varied stages of Literature, the Drama, Art and Politics. Forty years ago, THEODORE MARTIN was a contributor to *The Quarterly Review*. From its pages he disinters articles on DAVID GARRICK, MACREADY and BARON STOCKMAR, supplemented by one on RACHEL, which appeared in *Blackwood* at the comparatively recent date 1882. They are not exactly literature, and if there was about the time of their birth anything in the nature of a glow it has meanwhile faded. But they are clearly-written narratives of the principal events in the career of each, recalling figures which to the present generation are antique. Sir THEODORE rescued from the letters of the Hogarthian critic LICHTENBERG a vivid pen-and-ink sketch of GARRICK on the stage. It is well worth preserving. We are reminded that HELEN FAUCIT, who subsequently became Lady MARTIN, made her first footing on the stage under MACREADY's management. On February 15, 1838, she played *Pauline* in *The Lady of Lyons*. Sir THEODORE bitterly comments on the morbid egotism of MACREADY who took all credit to himself, "as if the *Pauline* of the young actress to whom the first success of the play and its ultimate hold on the stage were mainly due had been of no account." The article on STOCKMAR is notable for quotation of what, as far as I remember, is the worst line purporting to be verse ever written by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN's predecessors on the pathway of Parnassus. In a poetic epistle addressed to STOCKMAR he is hailed as

"Friend, round whose dim eyes hypochondria's snakefolds so closely
Coil, that thy spirit is vexed dreaming of blindness to be."

STOCKMAR did not long survive this.

Readers of Mr. BELLOC's *Path to Rome* will remember that, whenever the author came to a dull bit of road, he used to tell them a little story—in order to keep them interested until the scenery brightened. Mr. D. C. CALTHROP takes up the idea in his latest book, *King Peter* (Duckworth & Co.).

The story opens with *Peter's* birth, the idea having occurred to Mr. CALTHROP to give a chapter to each year of his life. Now a hero cannot have many adventures until he is of an age to wield a sword or fall in love; accordingly people tell *Peter* stories while he grows up. In this way the fourth and fifth, the ninth and twelfth years are past. Very pleasant stories they are too; in *Peter's* kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, they knew how to tell a tale. *Peter's* own adventures, when he comes to them, are conceived in the right romantic spirit. I need only mention that he would walk with the "seneschal" in a "houppelande," for you to see the sort of fellow he was. (Much magic in the word seneschal.) Altogether this is a delightful book.

The Enemy in our Midst dilates

On our peril from strangers within our gates,
And the author, Mr. WALTER WOOD,
Rubs it in—for his country's good.
He sees, with lurid prophetic eyes,
London teeming with German spies,
Ready to mass at a word, and hand
Britain forthwith to the Fatherland.
The word is given, the aliens drill,
Guns are planted on Primrose Hill,
And London awakens in blank dismay
To find there's the very deuce to pay.
But, though he gives it his country hot,
Mr. WOOD is a patriot;
He's not the man to permit the foe
To get the best of it; Heavens, no!
The fleet arrives, and it's three times three
For the Union Jack and the KING's Navee:
And feats of strategy (somewhat loose
In the matter of detail) pay the deuce.
N.B.—There's some love to relieve the killings.
LONG is the publisher; price, six shillings.

For downright pleasantness—a fresh, simple charm and youthful enthusiasm—I recommend *The Traveller's Joy*, by ERNEST FREDERIC PIERCE. Never has Mr. ARROWSMITH's symbol of a small Cupid forging the heads of his deadly missiles, which is placed on the title-page of all the books issued from the Bristol Press, appeared with more appropriateness; for *The Traveller's Joy* is a love-story in the old-fashioned sense of the term, and I have never read a better. One is in the happiest company all the time—as one should be in an inn so named. May it be mine some day to find a shelter there too, and some of Mr. PIERCE's pretty people under the same roof!



GREEN PARK—MIDDAY.

"MUMMY, WHAT A LOT OF SICK PEOPLE! DO YOU THINK THEY ALL HAD TINNED MEAT FOR BREAKFAST?"

THE PAUPER'S PARADISE.

["Recent revelations point to Poplar as the pauper's paradise."—*Daily Paper*.]

I USED to be haunted : a phantom of dread
Would hover o' nights round my terrified bed—
The phantom of Age with a banking account
That had dwindled away to a minus amount.

Then bitter would rise the regrets in my heart
That I'd ever been lured by the sirens of Art
To dally with letters and fool away time
In the idle pursuit of the frivolous rhyme.

Why, why had my footsteps been suffered to stray
From the land of red tape and of regular pay,
With annual increments, pensions that flow
To elderly parties of sixty or so?

But glorious news has been brought to my ear—
Away with you, sorrow! avault, craven fear!
The phantom that filled me of old with affright
Has now been transformed into one of delight.

I hear there's a haven of plenty at hand,
Where the pauper may feast on the fat of the land,
And whoso would enter its generous gates
Has nothing to do but to go on the rates.

No hectoring Bumbles are there to confound
The pauper—it's rather the other way round;

For there he is king, and he's able to boo
The master, the cook, and the guardians too.

Is he ragged? They hasten to bring him new suits
And soft undergarments and beautiful boots.
Is he hungry? They give him the best of good cheer—
Beef—not from Chicago—and barrels of beer.

As for work, he is only expected to take
A turn now and then, just for exercise' sake;
Or, should he be fond of the fashions, a chap
May drive round the park in a smart little trap.

Then, Penury, welcome! Old Age, speed me fast
To the pleasantest place where one's lines can be cast;
And help me, dame Fortune, to struggle to port
By hook or by CROOKS to this Poplar resort.

"Miss ——'s trousseau was of great beauty, being of cream satin embroidered in silver shamrocks and oak leaves."

Irish Daily Telegraph.

There is precedent for this. Duke BAILEY, it will be remembered, had golden boots and silver underclothing, while

"Duke HUMPKRY, as I understand,
Though mentally acuter,
His boots were only silver, and
His underclothing pewter."

REFLECTIONS ON THE TURF

regarded as England's great source of "joy in widest commonality spread" (WORDSWORTH).

ENGLAND, I hear your health is simply rotten,

That you have lost your old prehensile clutch
On popular ideals, and forgotten

Those common faiths of which a single touch,
Sharp as a pin,

Was warranted to keep the nation kin.

They tell me how a gulf as deep as Ocean

Divides us, class from class, and kind from kind;

That as a race we cease to share emotion,

Nor can you simultaneously find

The self-same flutter
Of pulses in a palace and a gutter.

I'll not believe it. I refuse to credit

That view of England's vitals gone amiss;

I say—and other optimists who edit

The Sporting Press will bear me out in this—

One thing remains

That fires the universal heart and brains.

It is THE TURF! Ah! There you have a passion

Which all, without respect of caste, may blow

Their time, their talents, and their ready cash on,

Conscious of myriad types, for weal or woe,

Sharing their lot,

According as the Favourite wins or not.

Yon Arab imp that, having staked his dinner,

Borrows a *Star* to find he's won a bob—

Not MIDAS, with a "monkey" on the winner,

Feels in his fatted heart a livelier throb!

He and the boy

Thrill with an indistinguishable joy!

Is it not odd that hitherto no poet

Has thought to mention how, with lord and serf,

Whether they plunge thereon, or rest below it,

There is no equaliser like the Turf?

Whatso our claim,

The Starting Price is one, and Death the same.

O. S.

THE REFORMATION OF SOCIETY.

[While appreciating the fearlessness of the JOHN KNOX *de nos jours*, Mr. Punch still clings to the belief that the class which he attacks is more dull and stupid than vicious.]

DEAREST DAPHNE,—With strawberries and cream, roses, *mousseline-de-soie*, and garden-parties, comes the yearly effort to reform us and make us better boys and girls. This year the effort seems to be an unusually *earnest* and *stirring* one. NORTY VAVASSOR went to hear one of the sermons, and tells me it was "worthy of JOHN KNOX." He evidently meant that for praise, but, as I've never heard the Rev. Mr. KNOX preach, I can't be certain on the point. I've not been able to go to hear any of the sermons yet, but what I've read about them makes me feel (I wouldn't own it to any one but you, my DAPHNE) quite a little bit *serious*. And then, of course, one can't help admiring anyone who stands up and speaks his mind without fear or favour. But do we quite *quite* deserve all that is said of us? For instance, that there is "nothing real about us except our sins?" As for not being "real," I've always understood that ours is the only class that dares to be real and natural. We leave affectation and pretence to *ces autres* (those strange, outlying tribes, who are all "ladies" and "gentlemen," and "reverse" when they value.) As to "sins," of course I've nothing to say on that subject. Except in church and sermons, it's a word that *isn't used*.

Du reste, there are some of us, who, so far from taking the preacher's words to heart or trying to *profit* by his warnings, are quite *pleased* that their little peccadillos should be condemned from the pulpit. Yesterday, as I was coming out of OLGA FITON'S (oh, my ownest friend, if you could have seen the Ascot frocks she created for your BLANCHE!—especially the "emotional" one for Cup Day, a riot of rose-coloured chiffon, white ribbons, and white lace, meaning "I am joyous, for I have backed winners"), TRIXIE, Lady LARKINGTON, who was whizzing past on her motor-cycle (Captain MASHEM, as usual, in the trailer), slowed down when she caught sight of me and screamed out, "BLANCHE, dearest, have you heard the news? My little Free-and-Easies in Hill Street have been *pointedly* referred to in the last Reformation Sermon. Isn't it lovely? I feel two inches taller. I've had such heaps of congrats. by 'phone and wire—haven't I, BABY?"—this to Captain MASHEM. She wound up with "To be *photographed* is good, to be *paragraphed* is better, but when you've arrived at being *preached about*, my dear girl, you've got right there!" and she was off again.

I hear that Lady THISTLEDOWN, who happened by some chance to be in town the other Sunday, went to church and heard a Reformation Sermon, in which an unmistakable allusion was made to the Thistledown and Hurlingham case. Poor little woman, she turned quite faint (she's been a bit dotty and given to fainting ever since the *cruel* ordeal she went through last autumn in the Law Courts) and had to go out and be revived in the porch. We were all so sorry for her, when we heard of it. She was at the Bosh TRE-SYLLYANS' last night, looking distractingly sweet, but rather pensive and fragile. Everyone was congratulating her on her approaching marriage to TOMMY HURLINGHAM.

BABS is particularly hurt at our being told that we "have no sense of religion," working as hard as we do for Charity. She says it's enough to make anyone vow never to act in another Charity Play, or sing at a Charity Concert, or sell at a Charity Bazaar. She also says, with regard to the preacher having predicted, with sorrow, that any little shortcomings which some of us may occasionally be guilty of "will percolate through the classes right down to the masses," that "from his point of view that prospect ought to be all right, and should lead to what he would call our *conversion*, for it's quite certain that when our manners and customs come to be adopted by Brixton and Clapham we shall have done with them for ever."

This is what BABS says, but I'm beginning to think that she is just a bit frivolous and superficial, my dear, and has an illogical mind.

Adieu, ma toute chérie,

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

P.S.—Of course, it *does* seem sad that "the West End Churches are empty." But is it *all* our fault? Sunday is such an *impossible* day for church. About the *fullest* day of the seven. And besides, we're hardly any of us in town. If the services could be changed to a more convenient day, say Tuesday, when we're all back from Week-ending, I'm sure we'd simply *roll up*, especially if a Reformation Sermon were on the programme.

WE are sure that the writer of the following passage quite meant to be loyal, but he got his words wrong:

"There was only one thing lacking to make the Ascot meeting of 1906 one of the most brilliant in its brilliant history. This was the absence of the QUEEN."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

In the Social column of *The Drogheda Argus* men will be sorry to read that "Flower hats are to be fashionable, and some say that the corset shirt has come to stay." In fact it has come to stays.



Bernard Partridge.

“FATED TO BE FREE.”

C.B. “I’M AFRAID YOU DIDN’T QUITE CATCH MY MEANING, JOHN. WHEN I SAID YOU MIGHT BE FREE IF YOU LIKED, I MEANT THAT YOU’VE JOLLY WELL GOT TO BE!”

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER's telegram congratulating us on the death of BAMBAATA has miscarried.

Our Government has explained to the German Government that in the projected *Entente* with Russia German interests are not aimed at. Fortunately, however, as a nation we are poor marksmen.

The first period of the Naval Manœuvres has definitely proved that Great Britain can meet a sudden and unexpected emergency with celerity and success. Our preparations, however, are of course not directed against the anticipated attack of any definite foe, and there is therefore no occasion why Venezuela, for instance, should take umbrage.

One of the Labour Members stated last week that when he was returned at the head of the poll he was kissed by many ladies. Thank Heaven, whatever else may be said about our women-folk, it can never be said that they lack the courage of their tastes.

"The ladies were, of course, very much in evidence during ASQUITH week," says a careless contemporary.

Motorists are still expressing their indignation at a recent disgraceful incident when one of their number, because he could not pay a fine at once, was taken to prison, and forced to don ugly convict garb in the place of his becoming goggles and motor coat.

And the fuss made by the Kensington Borough authorities because so many lamp-posts have been knocked down by motor vehicles is declared to be most unjust. If the authorities choose to place the lamp-posts so near to the motor-track they must take the risk.

The statement in a contemporary: "The general angling season has begun, and coarse fishermen are flocking to all the southern rivers," has given great offence. Anglers declare that their language will compare favourably with that of golfers or any other body of sportsmen.

It is rumoured that Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR, the author of *The Jungle*, is at work on a new novel on the subject of the War Stores Scandals, and that the name of the book is to be *The Bungle*.

The Professors at the Cornell Medical School are puzzled over the case of a patient who changes colour whenever

the atmospheric conditions alter. It is thought possible that he may have partaken of Potted Chicken made from chameleons.

In consequence of medical strictures a new form of stocking-suspender for children is about to be placed on the market. After being fastened to the stockings, it passes twice round the waist, once over the shoulders, once round each arm, twice round the neck, and once over the head, and the strain is thus fairly distributed.

It seems only fair to caution ladies that the article by Dr. ELMER GATES in *The Annals of Psychological Science* on the Transparency of Bodies does not treat of the Peekaboo blouse.

The experiment of stocking London parks with butterflies has proved a failure owing to the opposition of the sparrows, who object to over-crowding, and therefore destroyed the caterpillars. In any event the proposal that each butterfly should wear a brass necklet to show the park to which it belonged would have been difficult to carry out.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary to suggest that, if vessels containing drinking water be placed in a garden, birds will not take the fruit, as it is very often thirst that causes them to do so. It is, however, important, we understand, that plainly-written notices be attached to the fruit trees pointing out where the other refreshment may be obtained, and explaining that there is no option in the matter.

We fancy that after what has happened to a Mr. KRAUS, of Buda-Pesth, thefts of crocodiles will become less common. Mr. KRAUS broke into a Circus at night-time to steal a crocodile, but when, in consequence of Mr. KRAUS's squeals, assistance came, it was found that the crocodile was stealing Mr. KRAUS.

A gentleman last week accidentally trod on the toe of a bull-dog. The bull-dog then bit the gentleman's leg. Upon the gentleman remonstrating, the bull-dog explained that he held a theory that human beings cannot feel pain, and he referred the gentleman to Mr. E. K. ROBINSON.

Hostesses continue to experience difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of dancing men, and the trouble is apparently not confined to London. "The Hops in Kent: Serious Outlook," is the title of an article in *The Tribune*.

THE DOG'S NEW CALLING.

The Daily Mail, never at a loss to improve the shining hour, bases a leading article on a recent murder in a rural neighbourhood, and concludes with the following novel suggestion:—

"In many houses the women and children are left by themselves during the day owing to the husband's absence in the City, and there are consequently great possibilities for a bold thief, while the chance of detection and punishment is rather smaller than in the town. . . . The expediency of maintaining a dog for protection has been urged by many of our correspondents, and certainly these faithful friends of man will generally secure immunity from the worst type of tramp, who dreads a dog more even than he fears the police. But the dog should be of some strength and size, able to bite as well as to bark. Perhaps the Airedale, from his well-known courage and fidelity, is the best breed for house protection, though the bull-terrier runs him close."

Here at last we find adumbrated the true *métier* of the dog, and one more debt is added to the long roll which we owe to the enterprise and sapience of the young seers of Carmelite Street. The dog is a protector—a leading article says so. We had all, of course, misunderstood him for so long. We had been looking upon him merely as one who won cups on the field of Waterloo; who pursued rabbits and foxes and stags; who led blind men through the streets, and ran behind carriages, and killed rats and worried cats. But now we know better. The dog is to be used to guard the house.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark, some poet of the future maybe will sing, when the dog's new calling is firmly enough established.

Raising the Wind.

FROM a contemporary:—"A telegram received from Helston states that a German sailor has been handed over to the Navy authorities on a charge of stealing the *Breeze*."

In a leaderette in the *Hull Times* the writer, after dwelling on the cheap foods freely imported into this country, and bemoaning certain forms of red tape that hamper the English farmer, ends up: "Are we straining at gnats and swallowing camels?" We shouldn't be a bit surprised.

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR HAIR RESTORER. —"WOOLLEY again to the fore."—*Cricket Headline*.



Young Innocent. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, DID I TREAD ON YOUR FOOT THAT TIME?"
Sweet Girl (very sweetly). "OH, NO, NOT THAT TIME!"

SEPTIC HINTS.

By a Sceptic.

["It is often difficult to avoid circumstances which involve a septic touch. What assurance is there of the cleanliness of the glass at refreshment bars; of the knife and fork at the *café*? What filth may linger in the chinks of the coin of the realm; what objectionable dirt may be left on the door handle?"—*The Lancet*.]

AFTER the repeated shocks which our respected contemporary has lately been dealing to the nerves of its readers, we think it necessary to draw up a few simple hygienic memoranda for public and domestic guidance.

ON RISING IN THE MORNING.

1. Don't take the water in, unless you are sure it has been distilled, treated with barium chloride and permanganate of potassium, and redistilled over $KHSO_4$ to fix any ammonia. If the housemaid does not possess this elementary chemical knowledge, decline to wash at all, and have an air-bath.

2. Use a new tooth-brush, or else have a fresh set of false teeth, each day—whichever you think is less dangerous.

3. Do your hair with your fingers—brushes and combs are simply deadly bacillus-traps.

4. Keep your soap, sponge and shaving tackle under an air-pump, to choke off the microbes.

5. Stop in bed.

ON TAKING BREAKFAST.

1. Don't read your letters or newspapers until they have been baked, saturated with a disinfectant, and put through the mangle. The Postmaster-General is most careless in these respects. Bills and circulars should be promptly sent into unlimited quarantine.

2. Refrain from eating any bacon, fish, kidneys, &c., over which the Public Analyst has not held an inquest, or eggs that have not been sat upon by the Coroner.

3. Keep your mouth closed throughout the meal.

ON GOING TO BUSINESS.

1. Refuse all change that may be offered you by booking-clerks or ticket-collectors; if you do not care to lose such sums, insist on having newly-minted coins handed you, wrapped up in sterilised cotton-wool.

2. Don't open any carriage doors yourself, but send for a properly certificated Hospital Nurse to perform this risky operation.

3. If you *must* go to a refreshment bar, take your own filter, glass ware and crockery with you, also assorted repartees to any comments made by the barmaid.

4. Stay, if possible, at home.

ON LUNCHING AT A CAFÉ.

1. Demand an interview with the proprietor and inquire if he has a clean bill of health.

2. Request to be shewn over the kitchen (using, of course, an aseptic respirator), and satisfy yourself that nothing tinned is to be found in the establishment.

3. Having thus filled up the luncheon hour, if necessary at various eating-houses, postpone your repast until your return to your own aseptic dinner-table, by which time you will have lost such appetite as you may have had.

ON TAKING A HOLIDAY.

1. See that the district you select is thoroughly deodorised, deterged, and denuded of germs against your arrival.

2. Travel thither by balloon, having previously sent your obituary notice to the papers, and

3. Drop into the sea. If this doesn't cure you of any septic tendencies, you fear nothing ever will. ZIG-ZAG.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 18.

—A painful scene unexpectedly ruffled the feelings of crowded House gathered in anticipation of fight over Closure Resolution. Few Members more respected than JAMES ALFRED JACOBY. Honoured at home, he is a Member of the Town Council of Nottingham; has been High Sheriff of the County. His modest mien, his obliging nature, his intimate acquaintance with lace manufacture, have endeared him to four Parliaments.

When under the weight of other State cares MARK LOCKWOOD resigned the Chairmanship of the Kitchen Committee, the House with one accord turned to the Member for Mid-Derbyshire. It was conceded that he lacked the war-bronzed countenance of the gallant Colonel. Nor would he be anywhere in it in a competition for a prize for wearing hat at furthest angle at back of head without danger of losing it. These are, however, trifles which really have nothing to do with the administration of the Kitchen Department. They are mannerisms which a strong personality has associated with an honourable office. But they are not inseparable from its successful administration.

JAMES ALFRED came into office at a critical epoch. The old order had changed, giving place to new. The aristocrat had been *chassé* from Westminster by the democrat. The old 7s. 6d. dinner was no longer marketable. What was wanted is known in the season at Margate, Southend-on-Sea, and other fashionable resorts as "A Bob a Nob;" *Anglicè*, a shilling a head per meal. To that problem the new Chairman of the Kitchen Committee set himself with a tireless devotion, an intelligent appreciation of the situation, and an ability to command it, unsurpassed in combination. The shilling dinner provided for hon. Members is a masterpiece of liberality, a mystery of ingenuity.

There is the rub. How can it be done at the price? Recent disclosures about

Chicago packing sheds, shaking two hemispheres with apprehension, have quickened unworthy suspicion. Last week was darkened by rumour that something had happened. Dire discovery, it was said, had been made.

chicken, flaunting the label of one of the great packing houses of Chicago.

He met the charge with simple dignity. Did not deny the existence of the incriminating compound. But how it was dumped on the premises he knew

no more than did King GEORGE how the apple got into the dumpling. He might mention that the delicacy had been served, not at the table of Ministers or private Members, but upstairs, in the dining-room of the Press Gallery. House obviously relieved at this information. A reporter more or less carried off by corrosive chicken, though a regrettable incident, was not irreparable. Still, the contiguity was unpleasant. It was, as ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS once acutely remarked, "opening the door to the thin end of the wedge." If Chicago canned chicken were permitted to flutter through the Press Gallery dining-room, it might come home to roost where Members sat at meat.

In voice trembling with honest emotion JAMES ALFRED protested that the Kitchen Committee "purchased only the best joints," and of them dispensed solely the primest cuts. Promising that strict enquiry should be made into the circumstances, he was released on his own recognisances.

Business done.—Agreed to closure Education Bill so as to get it through somewhere about mid-July.

Tuesday night.—House sat till half-past two this morning wrangling over Closure Rules. Confession made at Table that in succession of Divisions strange things happened. Member for East Kerry described how, hearing the Division bell clang, and believing it summoned to settlement of question of Closure, he voted in the "No" Lobby. After he passed the Tellers, discovered that he had assisted in negating a favourite amendment relating to Part IV. of Education Bill.

Not a moment to be lost. Under new regulations a Member of impartial mind may—as LOULOU pointed out when recommending his new scheme to favour of House—vote in both Lobbies in succession. If prejudice hold him enchained he may vote twice in



"JAMES ALFRED."

(Mr. J-c-by, Chairman of the Kitchen Committee.)

To-day the storm burst. JAMES ALFRED was brought up at Bar of House, formally charged with being a party to purveying, on behalf of the Kitchen Committee, a tin purporting to contain

recognisances.



MR. CH-NN-NG AS THE "PRIVATE SECRETARY."

"Do you know I'm taking quite a dislike to you!"

the same Lobby. Remembering this, Mr. MURPHY girded up his loins, got round to the "Aye" Lobby, and had his vote there recorded.

The worst of it was that the secret would be out on circulation of the Division List in the morning.

One potato may be like another, but it happens that we have only one MURPHY in the present House, and, being scarce, we could not afford to have him dispersing himself over two Lobbies. Thing to do was to take Teller into his confidence, get him to strike his name out of "No" List.

Teller awkwardly obdurate.

"What I have told, I have told," he said, grimly.

Mr. MURPHY is Chairman of the local Gaelic Athletic Club. In contributing biographical notes to one of the Parliamentary compilations, he proudly records that he "has beaten a Member of the Central Executive of the Garrick Athletic Association." Should he add to renown by hustling the obdurate Teller? On reflection, concluded he had better not. What passed in East Kerry for little fraternal pleasantries would at Westminster be regarded as assault and battery. Walking home in the roseate flush of the break of a June day, he concluded nothing left for him but to make clean breast of affair as soon as SPEAKER took the Chair at afternoon sitting.

This pretty well to begin with. But resources of Ireland are illimitable. Honours of the day should not exclusively crown East Kerry—not if West Cavan could help it. Perturbed Mr. MURPHY had barely resumed his seat when up got Mr. KENNEDY.

"I desire to say, Mr. SPEAKER," ob-



ONE OF THE "SEVEN."
(Lord M-rp-th.)



"HOW WE TREAT OUR HEROES."

A Great Parliamentarian. "Is that intended for me? What an exceedingly quaint little person!!"

served the Member for West Cavan, pride in his port, exultation in his eye, "that I also voted in both Lobbies about half-past two o'clock this morning."

Evidently something must be done. Epidemic of this new form of cross-voting threatened. SPEAKER, hastily interposing, gave directions that names of the two Members should be preserved for the meditation of posterity in the particular Division List with which on reflection each desired to be associated.

Business done.—With sympathetic assistance of guillotine, Clause 2 added to Education Bill.

Friday night.—Influenced by far-reaching tradition, House of Commons is capable of maintaining appearance of studious gravity in circumstances however absurd. Dick Swiveller's friend the Marchioness, "making believe" when she had no lemon peel wherewith to flavour her home-made beverage, would be no match for hon. Members in analogous circumstances. But, really, the attempt at pitched battle round the Ministerial proposal to closure Education Bill too much for their trained patience.

In obedience to summons from Whips,

came down on Monday in numbers that for the first hour of sitting gave House animated appearance. But when C.-B. read a statement showing how, whilst it was wrong to erect the guillotine in Committee on the Education Bill of 1902, it was not only correct but patriotic to set it up in Committee of the Education Bill of 1906; when PRINCE ARTHUR, following, worked himself into outburst of almost genuine passion in the course of demonstrating beyond contradiction that, whereas in 1902 no statesman who had the best interests of the country at heart could sleep in his bed o' nights till he had closed Opposition to the Education Bill, such a step taken in the year of grace 1906 in respect of another Education Bill was a dark unholy deed, branding the brow of the Minister responsible for it with indelible mark of guilt—these things done, Members on both sides, yawning, strolled forth. Did not return till the Division bell clanged, when, as we have seen, two of them attempted to put things straight by voting twice in divergent Lobbies.

As MEMBER FOR SARK says, admitting the principle that it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose, all practical

purposes would have been served and business accelerated had C.-B. recited with the very few verbal alterations necessary PRINCE ARTHUR's speech on moving Closure Resolutions four years ago, PRINCE ARTHUR responding by reading from *Hansard* C.-B.'s indignant denunciation of the course then adopted. *Box* and *Cox* being thus both satisfied, the curtain might have fallen on the farce and the real play begun.

But they manage these things better at Westminster.

Business done.—See Parliamentary report in morning papers.

A MIRACLE OPERA.

THE idea of *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame* imposes itself as a novelty by force of a certain grotesque pathos in its incongruity. Yet there is nothing novel in the dedication of just any form of art as an act of worship. It is older than the dances of the Mænads, than the cymbals of the Corybantes; it is as old as religion itself. And when *Jean*, the jongleur-turned-monk, sings his secular folk-song and dances his heathen breakdown in honour of the Virgin, there is nothing more grotesque in this than, for instance, in the rude and tawdry tributes of the painter's art which disfigure so many Roman Churches, or—to take a closer parallel—in the employment, for Christian decoration, of such pagan motives of sculpture as are satirised by Browning in his poem *The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's*.

The opera calls itself a "Miracle in Three Acts." The alleged Miracle (which only occurred in one Act, the last) consisted in the movement of the statue of the Madonna, which stoops to bless her devotee; but the real miracle was that the statue kept still as long as it did. Its immobility, with whatever mechanical assistance, reflected the highest credit on the unnamed lady who played the part. This feminine element (the only one apart from the chorus) lent to the play a certain quality of romance; natural enough when one recalls the mediæval confusion between amatory and devout sentiment in the worship of the Madonna.

I suppose poor *Jean's* death was a necessity if he was to have a halo of electric light, but it seemed rather perfunctory. I have never seen a decently constructed man die from nervous exhaustion with so little excuse.

The motive of the play was too thin to be spread over three Acts. Perhaps the middle one was required to show how the various arts might be called into the service of religion, and so to lead up to *Jean's* unique performance,

but it had to be spread out with stodgy dissertations on the respective merits of sculpture, painting and music. It ended, however, with a most delightful recitation by M. GILBERT, as *Father Boniface*, Master of the Allied Art of Cookery, who gave the legend of the Rose and the Sage (the vegetable, not the Champion of Bouverie Street) with the utmost felicity of voice and manner. *Boniface* by name, and *Boniface* by nature—never has the physical rotundity of this charming singer of *chansons* had ampler scope in any rôle or under any title.

As far as M. MASSENET, the composer, is concerned, the opera probably owed its existence to the opportunities which its theme afforded for the adaptation of early folk-songs and church music. And



M. GILBERT . . . *Boniface*.
M. LAFFITTE . . . *Jean le Jongleur*.

a good enough reason, too, if better ones were wanting; but the work must still fall under the head of Little, and not Grand, Opera. O. S.

"A MEMBER of the Playboozers' Club" sends the following interesting item of green-room gossip. It seems that Mr. BERNARD SHAW hit upon the idea of his new play when he was one day watching the dentist scene in his own drama *You Never Can Tell*. That is how *Shaw Achers* came to be written.

Small Boy (reading money article in paper). Pa, what does "slump in Can. Pacs." mean?

Pa. It means, my boy, that there is a falling off in the demand for Canned Packers.

MOTTO FOR THE PUBLIC, SUGGESTED BY THE BEEF TRUST.—"To the pure all things are pure."

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE CHEAP SLEEP CURE.

(BY OLD FULSOME.)

LIKE the gifted author of *The Shingles of Pain*, whose sapiencies adorn *The Outlook*, I do not advise anyone to sleep out-of-doors in a town, for the cast-iron rules of a sophisticated civilisation interpose insuperable obstacles. But, in the country, as RABELAIS says, *c'est une autre paire de bottines*; nay more, it is one of the cheapest and healthiest luxuries imaginable. It is the simple life in *excelsis*. Out of doors all that the sleeper requires is space, solitude, turf, and a little eminence where there is a view. The best place of all is on an edge of land where you have nothing immediately in front of you but the air or the sea; and there is no better place for sleeping out than the grassy sloping verge of some great cliff, at the foot of which waves are breaking.

* * * * *

Having discovered such a spot, say at Beachy or the Great Orme's Head, you may then (after bestowing suitable largesse on the coast-guards) proceed to spread your bed upon it in this wise. Place on the ground a large green waterproof sheet eight feet square (the black-and-white check pattern commonly used for sponge-bags must be rigorously avoided, as it tends to promote insomnia). Then lay along one half of it a portable cork mattress, six feet long by three feet six wide, and spread on this thick woollen blankets, supplemented, according to the season, by eider-down quilts, bear-skins, or chinchilla rugs, as many as you please, for I wish especially to insist on the cheapness of a couch in the open-air. The top one must be folded double and the flap turned down so that you can lie between its folds. Then place your pillow—stuffed with hops and other carefully selected herbs of a narcotic quality—at the top end of the mattress, and lay on the top of the folded blanket whatever other blankets, eider-down quilts, chinchilla, beaver, or bear-skin rugs may be necessary to keep you warm, and then fold the unoccupied half of the green waterproof sheet over the whole bed, and tuck its lower end underneath itself. You have then got a couchlet which will be impervious to dew or rain. But other considerations remain to be faced.

(1) A hot-water bottle being indispensable during most English summers, it is advisable to have a small gas stove—supplied from the nearest meter—within reach of your bed, in order to heat the water and incidentally, on occasion, serve as a beacon fire to belated mariners. The initial cost of the installation need not come to more than £50, for, as I cannot too often point out,

cheapness is one of the great charms of the *al-fresco* couch; but it is advisable to remove the stove every morning, and, of course, to replace it at night, a job requiring not more than two able-bodied porters, unless of course some suitable hiding-place or *cache* can be devised in the face of the cliff. The operation of letting down a heavy stove over the edge is rather dangerous, and on one occasion, when sleeping out at the cliffs of Moher in Co. Clare, owing to the snapping of a steel hawser I lost a fine incandescent Crossley 18 h.-p. internal-combustion stove which it was impossible to replace under a week.

(2) If you sleep on a bed like this, with your head exposed, it is as well to wear some kind of a silk or a talc helmet, or hatlet, that will come down well over the back of the neck and keep away the draughts and other insects. This has also the additional and æsthetic advantage of causing the sleeper-out to bear a partial resemblance to Mr. HOLBEIN the famous Channel swimmer.

(3) All people are not able to sleep out-of-doors in the strong light of the early morning. There are some to whom darkness is an essential condition of sound slumber. For them something a little more elaborate, but still wonderfully simple, can easily and cheaply be arranged. Personally I recommend a canopy of black waterproofed silk or aquascutaneous satin, stretched on a framework of aluminium, supported by four Venetian masts. This will keep off rain and dew, and provide you with the necessary degree of darkness.

(4) On sultry nights it is dangerous to dispense with a punkah. This may be worked either by a punkah-wallah imported at a ridiculously low cost for the purpose; or, better still, by a small engine driven by your gas stove.

(5) One must not count upon a complete immunity from the embarrassing attentions of the four-footed creation. To guard, therefore, against the disconcerting curiosity of cows, donkeys, horses and goats—goats are often to be found in the neighbourhood of cliffs—your bed should be enclosed on three sides in a zareba or palisade of about twenty yards square, the fourth side being the face of the cliff. Split oak palings with barbed-wire entanglements are the best protection; but some sleepers prefer steel railings, which, when connected with an electric battery, enable one to administer a shock to any animal which rubs itself against them. The lowing of cattle and the shrieking of sea-fowl are at times a serious trouble to light sleepers, but strychnine, if judiciously scattered in the neighbourhood of the zareba, has a strangely pacifying effect.



Lock-keeper (hearing a squeaky rowlock, and looking out for a tip). "SHALL I PUT SOME GREASE ON YOUR SCULL, SIR?"

"GREASE ON MY SCULL? NO, THANKS. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING."

(6) If your bed is, as I have suggested, laid on a slope, there is always a danger in stormy weather of the entire thing — *die ganze Cabudel* as HEINE says — slithering over the cliff. I have also known cases of sleepers-out who were addicted to walking in their sleep, and one dear friend of mine disappeared at the Skelligs owing to this charming but perilous habit. As a protection against such a catastrophe, I have myself found it wisest either (a) to sleep in a suit of pyjamas so constructed—at not more than £5 5s. the suit—as to act as a parachute in case of my suddenly falling from a great height; or (b) to have my bed securely attached

by a stout cable to a captive balloon, which can be hired for say £100 a week.

In conclusion I can only repeat that not only is sleeping-out one of the cheapest luxuries in the world, but that waking-up, under the conditions I have described—with silk hatlet, green waterproof, &c.—is an experience of such sacred and ecstatic solemnity as completely beggars the resources of my vocabulary. I would add also that it lends a spice to the adventure if you are awakened by a cuckoo. In case of sleeplessness try Mother Seagull's Syrup.

Do as I have told you in my nervous English, and ever after bless the name of Old Fulsome.



EUREKA!

Isaacstein (late of Whitechapel, showing old friend over bathroom in new house). "WHAT AM I GOIN' TO DO WITH IT? VELL, YOU SEE, I'VE ALWAYS RATHER WANTED A PLACE WHERE I COULD KEEP GOLDFISH!"

TALKS WITH WORDS.

I.—"LOVE."

I FOUND her in the garden.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Quieter," she replied. "The spring, as usual, has been pretty bad, but I am getting over it now."

"They work you hard then?" I asked.

"Yes. No rest at all. All the poets do what they like with me, and I get so tired. They don't seem to be able to get on without me, especially the young ones."

"It was better in the old times?" I suggested.

"Oh yes! because then they wrote blank verse, and I was not tied down to old companions; but nowadays, when they all rhyme and call themselves lyrical, I am hopelessly tied to words I am sick and tired of. 'Dove,' for example, and 'above,' and, when the poet is not so serious, 'glove.' But think of the fatigue of it! To spend all one's days arm-in-arm or hand-in-hand with these words!"

I sympathised, but had the grace to confess I also had been guilty.

"You don't look as if you would do it again," she answered—rather cruelly, I thought.

"But it's not 'dove' and 'glove' and 'above,'" she continued, "that I dislike most. It's the others."

"The others?"

"Yes; those, although boring, are all right; tiring, perhaps, but well bred, perfectly bred. It's the impostors I can't stand, the parvenus: 'move' and 'grove' and 'prove.' I have to take their arms quite as often as the others, and it hurts me horribly."

"Poor thing!" I murmured.

"Not only on week-days," she went on, "but on Sundays too. I hardly ever go to church without 'move' or 'prove' to make me uncomfortable."

I sympathised with more confidence, for I have never written a hymn.

"But I must not be too hopeless," she continued, "for it's better than it used to be. Would you believe it, in the sixties and seventies I was often made to join hands with such outsiders as 'of' and 'whereof!' But that's gone out now."

"Still, after so much experience, aren't you growing hardened?" I asked—"philosophic?"

"I ought to be, I suppose," she said, "but it's not easy. I still dread the Spring, and I never hear a man groan but I shudder. 'Here's another poet,' I say to myself: 'now for it.'"

I secretly hoped I had not groaned.

"Yet it's no good minding or worrying," she continued. "For there's no way out of it. Except one," she added.

"And that is?" I asked.

"Only if someone would invent a few new rhymes. Couldn't that be done? You have an English Academy now, I hear. Couldn't they do it? I do so want a fresh partner now and then."

And promising to try to help her, I withdrew.

II.—"TRUTH" AND ANOTHER.

She came towards me rather dubiously, as though not sure of her reception.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"TRUTH," she said.

I apologised for not having realised it.

"Never mind," she said, wearily, "hardly anyone knows me. I'm always having to explain who I am, and lots of people don't understand then."

A little later I met her, as I thought, again.

"Well, I shan't make any mistake this time," I said. "How are you, Miss TRUTH?"

"You are misinformed," she replied, coldly; "my name is LIBEL."

"But you're exactly like TRUTH," I exclaimed—"exactly!"

"Hush!" she said.



AUTUMN GAME PROSPECTS.

[Parliament will reassemble in October, when the Lords will deal with the Education Bill.]



Gentleman (to Irish Ostler, who has brought out their horses). "THAT'S MY HORSE."

Ostler. "YES, SORR, OI KNOW THAT; BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHICH OF THE TWO WAS THE OTHER GINTLEMAN'S, SORR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hector Bracondale, the hero of Mrs. GLYN's new novel *Beyond the Rocks*—"a love story" (DUCKWORTH)—was rather a fellow. He had been educated at Eton and Oxford, served for some time in the 4th Life Guards, had been an attaché at St. Petersburg, went in for big-game hunting, thrashed a man within an inch of his life with a heavy hunting-crop, and in his spare moments was called "*Mon cher Bracondale*" by the pretty American widow. If you had wanted to write to him in the proper style you would have addressed the envelope: "The Lord Bracondale, Bracondale Chase, Bracondale." It will be noted that Mrs. GLYN strikes out a line of her own. The ordinary Peer, educated at Giggleswick and Liverpool, an ex-Volunteer and a chaser of the butterfly on the Sussex Downs, is not for her. *Hector* was in love with *Theodora*, who was the wife of *Josiah Brown* the Australian millionaire. (Some people have the gift of names.) It is merely a question when *Josiah* dies. As a matter of history I may say that it occurs on p. 316. Kind friends, please accept this the only intimation. I nearly forgot poor, foolish, handsome, light-hearted, well-groomed, debonair *Captain Fitzgerald*—another retired Guardsman. He was *Theodora's* father; and, when the pretty widow (she who talked about "*Mon cher Bracondale*") invited him to dinner, he "acceded to her request with his usual polished ease." None of your off-hand "Don't mind if I do" about him; something in French, probably. This reminds me that there is a nice

French word on each page—simple, yet not *bourgeois*. Mr. C. K. SHORTER calls Mrs. GLYN "our leading novelist of modern manners." Myself I do not like the modern manner, and I prefer my "love stories" some other way. Statisticians and such people, however, would do well to read it—in conjunction with *The King's English*, that was recently reviewed in these columns.

In *The Uphill Road* (Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL.)

Miss E. C. RUTHVEN has much to say
Of the charm of Nice, and she tells it all
In a wholly distinguished, delightful way.

But local colour won't make a book,
And the author, in writing this, forgot,
Or at least was inclined to overlook
That somewhat essential thing, the plot.

There's a girl who vows that she'll never wed;
She falls in love, and she keeps her vow—
That's all—but she's worried you off your head
Before you get at the why and how.

And round her hover a varied crowd,
All truthfully pictured, without a doubt,
But all too ready to think out loud,
And talk when they've nothing to talk about.

The Duke of Argyll's Autobiography (JOHN MURRAY) is a valuable addition to the political memoirs that have within the last eighteen months enriched literature and illumined

history. The Eighth Duke of ARGYLL's personal knowledge of political events goes back to 1840, in which year he accompanied his father, who was about to take his seat in the House of Lords on succession to the peerage. Now, as then, the eldest sons of peers, sharing the privileges of Privy Councillors, are permitted to hear debates in the Lords, standing on the steps of the Throne. The late Duke of ARGYLL recalls a time, sped more than sixty years, when peers and their eldest sons had four benches assigned to them on the floor of the House of Commons, close to the Bar on a level with Members. These have long ago been swept away, noble Lords surveying the scene from the Gallery over the clock, their sons and heirs ranking as ordinary strangers. From this coign of vantage the Duke began that close, shrewd, survey of men and affairs maintained to the end of a long and busy life. As a Parliamentary speaker he rose to the rare height of oratory, commanding attention even among an audience gathered in the chilly atmosphere of the House of Lords.

One thing that added interest to his speeches was that no one knew in advance what he might be going to say. As a rule it was safe to prognosticate that he would differ from one political party without disguising his conviction that the other was no better than it should be. If he had a foible it was omniscience. "Mere names cannot deceive me," he wrote when barely out of his teens. "The Conservatives have failed to see what is really best worth conserving. Liberals have failed to see what the most sacred of all popular rights demands of them." Thus the young Marquis of LORNE examined, whipped, and dismissed the two great parties of the State. It was a mental attitude that prevailed to the end. In a sublunary sphere there was only one human being who was always right, a pleasing condition of life saddened by the persistent blundering of political friends and foes alike. From first to last the Duke hated Dizzy. His admiration and esteem for GLADSTONE born in early life proved less permanent.

Among the best things in a fascinating book are the thumb-nail sketches of public men with whom he came in contact. They tempt to quotation, but they are many and the "Booking-Office" is small. Here is one that seems to throw a new light on SYDNEY SMITH—"He was a bulky man, with a large and powerful head, a curved nose, and a tremendous chin." The Dowager Duchess of ARGYLL has earned the gratitude of mankind by opening this peep into the inner history of English political and social life since the early days of the reign of Queen VICTORIA.

ODE

TO A STUFFED GORILLA OF ENORMOUS PROPORTIONS.

THOU monstrous Effigy! O stuff and stark!
O Thou whom Nature callously designed
In man's rough favour for a brutal lark—
Which might be funny, but was far from kind—
Lord, when I see that shape
I gasp, I stand agape,
Wond'ring if Thou art man, or I a brawnless ape.

I may not sing the beauties of thy face
Because there are none; gnarled Thou art, and bent;
Massive, I grant Thee, yet for perfect grace
Something o'er-cumbrous, something too distent
Of corporation, hey?
A bland and gracious trait

In man—with Thee it seems to act the other way.

But tho' we hold Thee plain (that love the Greek)
Thou hast a something; in thy native parts
I doubt not thy magnificent physique
Was well esteemed; and many Simian hearts

Have thrilled, with soft alarms,
To view those homely charms,
And pined to lie in fold of thy colossal arms.

Nay, and Thou too hast loved. If men say truth,
Thou hadst a swart and favourable bride;
Misguided One! She took Thee for a youth
Of fondest beauty; and, upon thy side,
Thou wouldst proclaim her fair
Beyond all others there;

And, by the gods, you must have been a bonny pair!

Haply that frozen snarl whereat men quail
Has oft-times thawed when on thy teeming pile,
Wifely, she dallied with the nimble nail—
Nay, even worn a rudimentary smile

In such fond hours to see
Thy child, in artless glee,
Scragging some hapless prey, or shinning up a tree.

Yes, Thou wert loved. To-day thy widow weeps,
Thine heir bemoans an amiable sire:
We only, conscious of some inkling creeps,
Stuffed as Thou art, are awed while we admire:—
E'en now I darkly fear
Lest I approach too near;

Alive, I certainly, for one, had not been here.

And what about thy murderer? What of *him*?
What spurred the idiot to that fatal shot?

He was not thinking, or the light was dim,
Or something; for in goodly sooth I wot,
Had he foreknown his Deed,
He would have paid less heed

To a true aim than to a first-class turn of speed.

Nay, but I see it all. Methinks he moved
In pensive error through a tropic glade
With thickest foliage loftily enrooved;
When, gazing upwards on the vaulty shade,
Lo, through a tiny chink,
A patch of fur did wink,

As tho' some small, small beast had gone aloft to think.

He had not fired—so tiny 'twas to view,
He had not fired—but to his eager ken
'Twas strange—unknown; he dreamed of something new
In squirrels or the like; one specimen
Were worth a life's renown!

Agog to bring it down,
He raised his tube, and coolly banded "into the brown."

Then through those groves a verberate protest rolled
Throbbing; the high roof swayed as in a storm;
He heard great timbers rending; and, behold!

Huge, bloated, spider-like, a horrible form
Burst the thick leaves asunder;
And, with a cry of wonder,
The sportsman took a breath and skipped away from under.

All legs and wings, hands grabbing and teeth gnashing,
Cursing and clawing and clutching in desperate dash,
He saw it hanging—heard the last branch smashing—
Turned him about. With one almighty crash

Forty-eight solid stone
Of furious brawn and bone
Flashed like a meteor through the air and lay—*alone!*
DUM-DUM.

"AMONG others to be seen were Lord G. and his daughter, Mrs. S., . . . and very many others absolutely impossible to mention here."—*Daily Mail*.



MR. PUNCH stopped suddenly. Then he drew out a handkerchief and wiped his brow, his hand trembling with excitement the while. The chance for which he had waited so long was come.

Before him stood a high and sinister building, which at first sight appeared to be deserted. But the keen eye of Mr. PUNCH had detected a figure at the top window, and the romantic mind of Mr. PUNCH had jumped to the only conclusion—Andromeda waiting for her Perseus! A twentieth-century maiden wanting the help of a man's right arm!

He motioned to TOBY to stay where he was, advanced cautiously to the foot of the building, and gave a low whistle.

"Stop!" cried the lady suddenly. "Who are you?"

"Fair and beauteous maiden," whispered the gallant Mr. PUNCH, "I am come to save thee. Fear not."

"Go away!" she cried. "You are the bailiff. I shall never surrender. Nothing but force will compel me—and you would n't use force on a woman!"

"There is some mistake," said the SAGE in his natural voice. "You seemed to be in need of assistance, and——"

"You have come for the taxes," broke in the lady. "Very well. I refuse to pay them. Now then!"

"Madam," said Mr. PUNCH, a trifle exasperated by all this, "I have not even come for the washing."

"I beg your pardon. Of course I recognise you now. You are on our side."

Mr. PUNCH bowed. "If I only knew," he began.

"What!" said the lady in amazement, "you haven't heard of us? Wait, then, and I will show you." She took a flag from her side, and held it out of the window. "There!" she said proudly.

Mr. PUNCH looked carefully. There were some letters on the flag, and they seemed to him to be Russian characters.

"My influence with the CZAR," he said, "such as it is——"

The lady blushed. "I'm sorry," she explained. "I see I was holding it upside down again. Somehow we generally do. Now then, look!"

Mr. PUNCH looked, and read:

"VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

"So I do," he cried enthusiastically. "I votes for 'em always."

'O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair to look like you:

There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

"Then you agree," said the lady, "that we ought to have the franchise?"

"O-ho!" said Mr. PUNCH, "that is a very different thing."

"But I pay taxes, and taxation without representation is tyranny."

At this, TOBY, who pays a tax—a slight tax of seven-and-sixpence per annum—stood up and wagged his tail.

"My dog, at any rate, agrees with you," said Mr. PUNCH.

"And you do too?" she asked. "You think we should be allowed to vote at elections?"

"Yes," replied Mr. PUNCH, "I do. You and your sisters have at last convinced me."

"Hooray!" cried the lady triumphantly, and she waved her flag. "I knew if we held out long enough we should convince somebody. Now tell me, what was it particularly that showed you our cause was right? Was it the way we attacked ASQUITH—was it our display in the House of Commons—was it —" "Yes," said Mr. PUNCH, "it was all that."

"There! Why, if it hadn't been for us no one would ever have heard of Woman's Suffrage."

"No," said Mr. PUNCH; "and if it had not been for you I should never have believed in it. Until you began your—your demonstrations I was opposed to it. Logically, I admit, it seemed all right. So far as intellect went you were superior to many of us. Yet, somehow, politics and women—I did not like to consider them together. An election is an unpleasant business, a rowdy business; and I do not care to see women in a rough-and-tumble. A woman," continued the romantic Mr. PUNCH, "should never be in a hurry, should never be in a ridiculous situation, should never have to raise her voice. A woman should always be cool and composed. Politics is neither a cooling nor a composing game."

"Then, again, I have noticed that the electors of one side find it necessary to break up the meetings of the other side. At times it is their duty to call one of the speakers a liar. The elector must celebrate his victory by stoning the defeated. To be, in fact, the Complete Elector one has to forget a good many things. An election," concluded the SAGE, "brings out the very worst of a man; and it is inexcusable for a woman ever to be at anything but her best."

"But," said the lady, "I thought you were with us?"

"Those," said Mr. PUNCH, "were my views until a short time ago. Now I see differently. I remember an exhibition in the Ladies' Gallery. I have heard of a woman and a dog-whip at a meeting of Mr. ASQUITH'S. I cannot forget—I do not think anyone will ever forget—an insult that one of your sisters paid Sir EDWARD GREY. And, as I think on these things, I realise suddenly what it all means. It means that you have at last descended to our level; that you have put off your dignity and your womanliness, and are become indeed the Complete Elector. So, Madam, when you get the franchise, as you will eventually, I shall say to myself —" Mr. PUNCH hesitated. "Yes?" said she. "Go on."

"With apologies, Madam—*Serve 'em right!*"

There was silence for a little. Then, "You don't understand," said the lady. "I am the mother of a family. Anyhow," she added, "I shall stay here until we get the franchise."

"The flag is upside down again," said Mr. PUNCH. The lady hastily put it right.

"And now," said the SAGE, "I have something I should like to leave with you. You have a long and lonely vigil before you, and it would be pleasant to me to think that I was doing something to solace it. Light though it is," he added, "I could not throw it up to you."

"Wait a moment," said the lady. She went into the room, and returned with a basket tied to a rope.

"The provision-basket," she said, and let it down gently. Mr. PUNCH stood on tip-toe, and placed in it his

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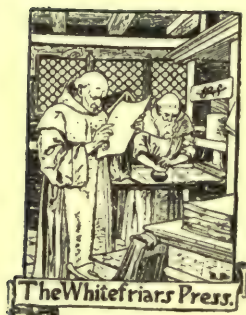
JULY—DECEMBER, 1906.



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1906.



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.,
Printers,
London and Torbridge.

PUNCH



W. S. P. 1906

THE LOST BRIDEGROOM.

A CHORUS GIRL EPISODE.

(After Browning's "The Last Ride Together.")

I SAID, "Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
And you are quite resolved to go;
Since now you hold yourself aloof,
And all my efforts end in spooF;

Since this was written, and needs
must be
Produced in court (I mean this letter

Pledging your troth for worse or better),
Take back the hope you gave; I claim
But compensation for the same,
Taking this form, if you will not
blame,

A cheque for a thousand pounds to
me."

My lordling dropped that lower jaw;
That pane of glass, through which he
saw,

Fixed me: he breathed a word that
meant

He wished the *scripta quæ manent*
Had been addressed to—never mind!
My purse replenished once again,
My schemes then were not wholly vain:
I and my lordling, side by side,
In double harness may not ride;
But Youth is fond, and the Peerage
wide—

Who knows but another lord I'll find?

ENCORE LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

["Mrs. — is giving a little dinner for the Countess of —'s dance."]

SCANNING the paper with my morning coffee—

Such mental food as "Bargains at the Sales,"

"BIRRELL'S Dilemma," "Eagle Choked by Toffee,"

"The Quake of Earth in Gallant Little Wales,"

"The Wrongs of Suffragettes, and How to Right 'em,"

"Tragedy on a Cliff—the Fatal Shove,"

I came upon the really poignant item

Recorded just above.

Madam, I had not guessed your social station,

Nor even learned your name before to-day;

The loss was mine; I suffered that privation

With simple fortitude as brave men may;

Until your paragraph, perused this morning,

Lit up the nescient gloom in which I sat,

I had received no hint, no sort of warning,

That you would dine like that.

'Tis not the vulgar cost of wine and victual

That makes, of such a meal, a world-event;

The dinner, modestly described as "little,"

Would not demand this bold advertisement;

It is the sequent ball that craves recital,

The noble house to which your guests will go—

That is the salient matter, *that* the vital

Thing for us all to know.

And now we know it; and to this instruction,

For which a grateful public thanks you much,

Each of us adds the obvious deduction

That it has cost you, say, a guinea touch.

The earthquake, and the eagle (*vapta fatis*)

Whose toffee-surfeit everyone deplores,

Get their advertisement for nothing (gratis);

You had to pay for yours!

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE AMERICAN MOTHER.

At this season London and the other European capitals teem with the American Mother. Far away, in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, in Philadelphia, in Pittsburg, in Cincinnati or in Milwaukee, the American Father toils at his accustomed industry. Not for him are the joys of the impassioned chase from city to city and from country to country. His duty is to stay at home with the Irish hired girl and the cook and the little dog; to make money and to remit it in plenty, while his wife, that gallant and indomitable woman, speeds over leagues and leagues of sea and land in the company of her sister, of four young children and of a sort of nurse; and dragging with her, wherever she goes, an Ossa-Pelion of gigantic trunks and boxes.

Nothing terrifies the American Mother. She faces with an equal heart the luxurious discomforts of an Atlantic steamer and the dietary dangers of a British hotel. No foreign language appals her. She may be heard denouncing in her native American the iniquitous charges of a Parisian *cocher* or appreciating the mild courtesies of a Prussian railway guard. She is at home in cathedrals and in palaces, and is as little abashed by the splendours of courts as she is daunted by the difficulties of the most complicated journey. Whatever may be her goal she always contrives to get there, sometimes battered with travel and worn out by the care of her belongings, but always with the triumphant air of a conqueror. Hear her, as I have heard her, in the office of Messrs. Cook:—

"Now see here, I want to do everything that everybody

else has done. Don't you smile, young man, but just listen to me. I want to do the round trip to Windsor Castle and Stratford-on-Avon" (both the syllables of Avon are largely and deliberately pronounced), "and Birmingham, and Canterbury, and York and the Land's End. I don't care how you fix it so's you fix it for me to see everything that's to be seen. There's six of us—no, seven—Land sakes, I forgot my sister AMELIA—seven of us. There's myself—that's one—and the four children, ULYSSES (we named him for General GRANT) and THEODORE (he's for the PRESIDENT) and JOSEPHINE VASSAR and little AGNES MARTHA. That's five. Then there's AMELIA and Miss DRESSER, and that makes seven; and we want the best rates you can give, for we're going to do a mighty big business with your firm, young man, and if you treat us fair I'm bound to take tickets here for Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. You'd better start making up that list so's I can have it when I get back from this trip. And, see here, just you fix the hotels for us and have your agents on hand at the stations, and tell me if there's any ice-cream soda to be had in Stratford-on-Avon. ULYSSES can't get along without ice-cream soda, and if there's a candy-store anywhere JOSEPHINE'S bound to find it. And, see here——" so the stream runs on, and in the end the American Mother gets everything she wants, and travels victoriously through England on a round trip never before devised.

With such women, and there are many of them, America ought to be able to accomplish anything. Yet it must be observed that, though they are as rocks of granite in the presence of hotel-managers, cab-drivers, and all kinds of officials, they are mere wax in the hands of their stern and determined children. Whatever ULYSSES asks for he always gets, and THEODORE is equally fortunate in the fulfilment of his desires. JOSEPHINE VASSAR is never seen without a large box of chocolates, and AGNES MARTHA (aged 3) constantly soothes her infant troubles with handfuls of mixed sweets. They all take lunch, and not infrequently dinner, with their parent, and it is pleasant to see them tucking away roast chicken or cutlets at an hour when their tiny English cousins are safely in the land of Nod. They rule the American Mother with a rod of iron, and she submits to them with a meek resignation which might well serve as a pattern to English mothers. At last, after much travel and innumerable digestive feats, they return home and resume there those habits of despotism to which their European experiences have accustomed them. And it is quite certain that in the whole round of her travels, though distracted by her children and assailed by all the difficulties of effete European civilisations and unwonted languages, the American Mother will have held her own in face of the world, and will not have lost so much as a piece of muslin out of her pile of luggage. Here's wishing her the same strength to her elbow. More she couldn't have.

To F. C. G. on his Knighthood.

A LIBERAL bumper to "The Only Asset!"

And Mr. Punch, with glass aloft, cries "*Placet!*"

The *Cork Constitution* quotes Father BERNARD VAUGHAN as follows:—"Women, whose dainty feet were set upon a rung high up the social ladder, were easily condoned those sins for which their sisters lower down would be severely condemned and tattooed." We hope this will catch Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL'S eye.

The *Daily Mirror*, in describing the hunt for two lunatics near Bexley, says: "The escaped lunatics had shown their cunning by throwing away their red ties, which are known in the district as the lunatic badges." Mr. KEIR HARDIE, however, never thought much of Bexley.



BUMBLEDOM "ASKS FOR MORE."

[[The above, being a perversion of CRUIKSHANK'S well-known drawing, "Oliver asks for more," is dedicated to the Poplar Board of Guardians.]



ANOTHER IRISH GRIEVANCE.

Kindhearted Protestant Vicar. "WHAT IS THE MATTER, MY CHILD?"

Aggrieved Native (not recognising unfamiliar voice). "'TIS THE WAY THE BOYS HAVE GONE TO STEAL THE CLERGYMAN'S STRAWBERRIES WHILE HE'S UP AT THE CHURCH BEYANT, AND THEY WON'T TAKE ME WID 'EM."

SIBYLLA BRITANNICA.

(From her Town House near Whitehall.)

SIR,—I am ordered to advert
To your complaint about a shirt
And trousers which were torn last May,
I note, in Hammersmith Broadway,
While you, intent O.H.M.S.,
Driving a Parcel Post Express,
Did not perceive a rusty nail
Protruding from the Royal Mail,
Which, penetrating to the seat
Of all the trouble—I repeat,
You did not at the time perceive
What should have made you promptly
leave

Your place, at risk of starting late,
And fill up Form 298
Provided for a case like this,
Which no employé ought to miss
Who understands official matters,—
And so your clothes were torn to tatters!

The Board exceedingly regret
The circumstance, but cannot let
Your ignorance of "*comme il faut*,"
Or what Officials ought to know,
Provide you at the Nation's cost
With what you never need have lost.
A minute has been duly made,

And will officially be laid
Before the Board; a time and place
Arranged for you to state your case.
I do not think you could do better
Than wait on them and read this letter.
And—though the phrase seem somewhat
fervent—

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is reported that Mr. GEORGE MOORE is so much incensed by correspondents who confuse him with his namesake, the namby-pamby Irish melodist, that he is thinking seriously of changing his name to BENVENUTO CASANOVA. We understand that his new romance, entitled *My Shambles*, is being extensively stocked by the booksellers of the Chicago packing houses.

The Dowager Duchess of PANGBOURNE, who has recently joined the hatless brigade, will shortly publish a collection of golfing stories, entitled *Wigs on the Green*. Professor SIMS WOODHEAD will contribute a short introduction, and there will be a number of instantaneous

photographs of the Grand Duke MICHAEL, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, LORD HALSBURY, and other famous golfers, illustrating the correct and incorrect attitude for different strokes.

A new weekly illustrated journal will shortly appear under the pleasing title of *The Blue Blood Book*. A number of gifted and highly-placed personages have joined the editorial staff, including Mrs. LONGWORTH, the KAISER, Lady WARWICK (who will edit the Socialist page with Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P.), the Duke of FIFE, who will write on *Weird Wind Instruments of the Western Hebrides*; and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, who will discourse on *Aristocratic Tombstones*.

Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN's new novel *The Dumpling*, the opening scene of which is laid in an opium den, has happily inaugurated a reaction against the morbidly introspective nomenclature so prevalent in contemporary fiction.

Amongst forthcoming novels on the list of Messrs. TROTTER AND STOUT we notice *Sausages and Mashed*, by Sir ALBERT PORKER, and *Cow's Heel Romances*, by IAN McCROCKETT.

CHARIVARIA.

THE removal of the War Office Department from Pall Mall to Whitehall will begin shortly. The suggestion that the authorities should sell the furniture in use at the old building and repurchase it at an enhanced price for the new one has been declined.

We hear that a novelty shortly to be introduced at one of our Music Halls will be a man who will eat a quantity of American tinned meat in full view of the audience. He will call himself "The Human Ostrich II."

It is rumoured that Mr. FREDERIC COWEN, by way of appreciation of his success at the Crystal Palace, will shortly have a Handel to his name.

Nowadays, we suppose, we all suffer from swollen heads. Anyhow, three specimens of the Microcephalous or Small-head type, now on exhibition at a London Music Hall, are described as belonging to "a strange, unfamiliar, people."

The *Lancet* draws attention to the case of a man of pronounced Saxon colour and build who is gradually acquiring all the physical features of an Oriental. Curiously enough only the other day the reverse process took place at one of our popular seaside resorts. It was an Ethiopian minstrel who was caught in the rain without an umbrella.

With reference to the impending legislation in regard to the control of news in war-time, the Government, it is stated, has given an assurance that the proposed regulations shall not be applicable in the case of a small war. If we remember rightly, the Boer War was regarded as a small-sized one—at first.

When passing near "The Cat and Fiddle," Buxton, a motor-car shot across the road into a limestone wall, went through the wall, and rolled over and over down the hill-side until it was brought up by another wall 240 feet below. None of the three passengers was much injured, but The Dangerous Performances Act will be useful if it discourages such foolhardy feats.

By-the-by, we understand that even if the Dangerous Performances Bill be passed, the Government will persist in its attempt to force the Education Bill on the country.

The fact that proceedings have been taken against a native of Westmeath for living under the same roof with his

calves has caused a certain amount of consolatory satisfaction to persons with wooden legs.

The recent Funeral Freak Dinner, though a pretty fancy, was scarcely the novelty which the promoter imagined it to be. We have more than once been present at a Dinner Party the chief feature of which has been the decorous solemnity which one usually associates with obsequies.

Although part of the proposal was that a portion of the proceeds should go in diminution of the rates, an offer to transfer the entire Poplar Inquiry to the stage of a well-known house of light entertainment has been rejected petulantly by all concerned.

The Basford (Notts) Board of Guardians has decided to keep fowls in preference to pigs. We fancy that a similar change will have to be made at Poplar.

In America the resentment caused by Mr. WINTER, the English tailor, being commissioned to advise as to American Army uniforms has died out, owing to a more interesting scandal having arisen. WINTER, in fact, has been forgotten owing to the THAWS.

The Home Office has ordered Colonial tinned meat to be used in future in our convict establishments. A number of prisoners had threatened to leave unless the change were made.

What are described as "Corridor Milk Trains" are to be run on the London and North Western Railway. The prospect of additional comfort has, we understand, given the liveliest satisfaction to the milk microbes, many of which foolish creatures are already picturing themselves, in their heated imaginations, as moving freely up and down the train on their way to town.

Inciting to Crime.

"THE lad was described as lazy; and when his mother asked him to go to work he threatened to smash her brains out. The case was adjourned for three weeks in order to give the lad another chance."

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—"For the second time this year Lancashire were defeated yesterday."

Manchester Guardian.

"Vicarage to let. One servant kept; 800 ft. above sea; pretty."—*Standard.*

"TALL and good-looking" is the more usual formula for parlour-maids.

PERILS OF THE PURSE.

[As recorded in "Septic Hints" (last issue of *Punch*) attention has been drawn to the risk of infection involved in the handling of money.]

I WOULD not lose, I dare not win!
So cards I used to revel in
(Poker, or Bridge, or Euchre)
Must be taboo, for I of late
Rightly begin to estimate
The filthiness of lucre.

Oh avarice! whose eager tooth
Of old was keen to fix frail youth,
And potent to enchant age,
Now science sets your victims free,
Since all your baits appear to be
But coins of disadvantage.

Yet, kindly Editor, I pray
Grudge not my verse its wonted pay;
Though *B. M. J.* or *Lancet*
Asserts the power of gold to kill,
Yet do not spare me, Sir,—I will
Heroically chance it.

'COLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(By a Caddie.)

II.

THERE's some as takes their golf too seerius fer their strength, like that pore old Mister GIGGINGTON, of 'oom I've told yer, and there's some as don't take it seerius enuff. Under this 'eading I places Mister 'ERMINIUS BRELLETT. 'E's what they call a litterry cove in privit life, and, wifout wishing to be undoolly 'arsh, I must say as I beleeves it of 'im. Strike me pink, if I didn't know as 'e was litterry, I should go away sometimes after 'eering 'im talk, and swear a hinfemashun of loonacy agin 'im! But CHAWLEY MARTIN, one of our caddies, 'oo once spoke quite hintermate and friendly like wif a reporter feller, in conneeshun wif a biking accerdent caused by CHAWLEY's unforchurnate pashun fer trick riding, ses as 'ow all these pore riters is alike. So you and me should only pitty them. As fer 'is golf, exsentrack ain't the word fer it. 'E stands wif both 'is feet quite klose together, springs 'igh into the air wif a tremenjus swing, and strikes the ball afore 'e comes to earth agin. The erstonishing thing is that 'e does strike it abart once in three, and when 'e does it goes like old Gewillikins. It just shows as there ain't no rules abart some people's golf. But the sad part is as 'e's quite proud of 'is stile, insted of laberring to kerrect it under my tewishun.

"I'm a mishonnery, a pyoneer of golf, 'ENERY," 'e ses to me quite recent. "'Ow I plays it to-day, the rest of the silly 'ide-bound creetures will play it to-morrow," 'e ses.

"Let's 'ope not, Sir," I ses, quite

respectfull and reely meaning the words ; fer, if yer think of it, a course full of Mister 'ERMINIUS BRELETTs would be an 'iddeous sight. 'E glared at me fer a moment quite dangerous, and then 'e began to larf. What wif 'is livver, at which 'e's allus cussing, and 'is kurious 'arf-irriterble, 'arf-manniackal temper, I can tell yer 'e takes some 'andling. But 'ENERY WILKS knows 'is 'ERMINIUS BRELETT by this time.

"Your one chawnce of fime, you retched child," 'e ses, and I found 'is stile of speaking jest a little gorling. "will rest on the fact that you karried the clubs of 'ERMINIUS BRELETT, pyoneer of golf and unerpreshiated riter of him-mortal books," 'e ses. Well, yer can't argue wif a man like that. Yer can only yumour 'im by respectful silence, and be redly all the time to dodge if 'is manyer turns 'ommersidal all of a sudden.

'E took on Mister WASHER the other day, a member 'oom both 'e and I 'ave little liking fer. At least, I can arnser fer meself. Fer 'e's one of your pom-pus, strutting sort of fellers, 'oo thinks 'e's good at golf, but ain't. I 'eard 'im chalenge Mister BRELETT to play a rarnd fer 'arf-a-crown, and a less skilful stoodent of yuman nachure than 'ENERY WILKS could 'ave told as they didn't love each other. I 'ad a privit tuppence on the match meself, wif old WASHER's caddy, although not very 'opeful. 'Ow-ever, when 'ENERY WILKS' money is down, as the sying is, 'e's 'ard to beat.

But things went badly wif us from the start. I could see as 'ow Mister BRELETT was wurried abart somethink, and in addition to that 'e was acktaly trying to play a keerful, sientifick gime. Oh, lumme, it was orful, I can tell yer ! We was skarcely touching a ball, and old WASHER, as plessed as a turkey-kock but far less hornimental, was playing right above 'isself. Fer a man like meself, 'oo'd staked above 'is means, it was 'art-breaking. We lost five 'oles bang orf, and then Mister BRELETT spoke 'arf to me and 'arf to 'isself as we walked to the sixth tee.

"It's all that cußsed nime!" 'e ses. "If I could only think of that, I'd be orlright. A female nime fer a kerrecter in my new book. 'ENERY, what's the nime of your yung woman?" 'e ses, joking like. Well, love ain't much in my line, me ambishuns not letting me 'amper meself wif wimmen, but still a feller 'as to keep 'is 'and in. I won't say as I 'aven't been more run after than most, but some'ow that ain't one of my temptashuns. 'Ow-ever, more to please 'er than meself, I lets one of them, jest a school kiddy, walk out wif me at times. She means well, I do believe, but I 've allus reckoned as 'ow 'er nime's agin 'er.



TAKING TO MEAT.

"HULLO! I'VE FOUND YOU OUT AT LAST! YOU, A FERVENT VEGETARIAN, TUCKING INTO A RUMP-STEAK!"

"I'M STEADFAST AS REGARDS MY PRINCIPLES; BUT ETHEL'S THROWN ME OVER, AND I'M TIRED OF LIFE!"

"HERVANGELINE'S 'er nime, Mister BRELETT," I ses, deprerkating like. "But she can't 'elp it," I ses.

"By Jewpiter!" 'e owls. "HERVANGELINE'S the very nime I've been 'unting for. And now I'll win this match!" 'e ses.

"You'll win it orlright, Sir," I ses, earnest like. "But, for 'evin's sake, stop playing sientifick! Play the old gime as you 're pyoneer on, Sir," I ses.

"I beleeve as 'ow you're right, 'ENERY," 'e ses, thoughtful like; and then we come to the tee and watched old WASHER drive 'is yusual straight, shortish ball. Then Mister BRELETT grips 'is club, takes 'is yusual wicked, himmoril stance, springs 'igh into the air wif an 'arf-styflod yell, and, by Gewil-

likins, drives sich a ball as the pro. 'isself might 'ave been proud on! It knocked the kowardly 'art out of old WASHER, did that tremenjous drive; and 'e's a man as only plays 'is best when 'e's winning easy. They 'ad a narsty lead, but we stuck to 'em like wax, 'itting a turrifick ball once out of three, or even oftener, and we won at last quite 'andsomely by three and two.

I remember as I bought bull's-eyes fer HERVANGELINE wif that 'ere tuppence, becos in a meshure, as you may say, she'd 'ad an 'and in the winning of it. 'Ow-ever, wif a jenerosity unyusual in wimmen, she hinsisted on sharing 'em wif 'ENERY WILKS, 'oos skilful leeder-ship 'ad reely won the match.

LINES ON TOMKINS' AVERAGE.

OF TOMKINS as a natural cricketer
It frequently has been remarked—that IF
He'd had more opportunities of bowling,
And rather more encouragement in batting:
And IF his averages, so disclosed,
Batting and bowling, had been interchanged:
And IF the field as usually set
Contained some post (at the pavilion end)
Whose presence rather than a pair of hands
Was called for; then, before the season finished,
TOMKINS would certainly have played for Kent.

All this, however, is beside the mark.
Just now I wish to hymn the glorious day
(Ignored by those who write the almanacs,
Unnoticed by the calendar compiler),
That Wednesday afternoon twelve months ago
When TOMKINS raised his average to 2.

Thanks to an interval of accidents
(As "TOMKINS did not bat"—and "not out 0,"
But this more rarely) TOMKINS' average
Had long remained at 1·3.
(Though TOMKINS, sacrificing truth to pride,
Or both to euphony, left out the dot
Left out the little dot upon the three,
Only employing it to justify
A second 3 to follow on the first.
Thus, if a stranger asked his average,
TOMKINS would answer 1·33—
Nor lay the stress unduly on the "one" . . .).

A curious thing is Custom! There are men—
PLUM WARNER is, of course, a case in point—
Who cannot bat unless they go in first.
Others, as HAYES and DENTON, have their place
First wicket down; while Number Six or so
Is suited best to JESSOP. As for TOMKINS,
His place was always one above the Byes.
And three above the Wides. So Custom willed.

Upon this famous Wednesday afternoon
Wickets had fallen fast before the onslaught
Of one who had, as EUCLID might have put it,
No length, or break, but only pace. And pace
Had been too much for nine of them already.
Then entered TOMKINS the invincible,
Took guard as usual, "just outside the leg,"
Looked round the field, and mentally decided
To die—or raise his average to two.
Whereon, for now the bowler was approaching,
He struck a scientific attitude,
Advanced the left leg firmly down the pitch,
And swung his bat along the line A B.
(See RANJITSINHJI'S famous book of cricket).
And when the bat and leg were both at B.
(Having arrived there more or less together)
Then TOMKINS, with his usual self-effacement,
Modestly closed his eyes, and left the rest
To Providence and RANJY and the bowler
(Forming a quorum); two at least of whom
Resolved that he should neatly glide the ball
Somewhere between the first and second slips.
So TOMKINS did compile a chanceless two.

Once more the bowler rushed upon the crease,
While TOMKINS made a hasty calculation
(Necessitating use of decimals)
And found his average was 1·5.

So lustily he smote, and drove the ball
Loftily over long stop's head for one;
Which brought the decimal to 75,
And TOMKINS, puffing, to the other end.
Where, feeling that the time for risks was come,
He played back to a yorker, and was bowled.

Every position has its special charm.
You go in first, and find as a reward
The wicket at its best; you go in later
And find the fielders slack, the bowling loose.
TOMKINS, who went in just above the Byes,
Found one of them had slipped into his score.
'Tis wise to take the good the gods provide you—
And TOMKINS has an average of 2.

THE COMPLETE (PROCLAMATION) LETTER-WRITER.

[It is reported that the words "Tremble and Obey" are to be deleted from the Government Proclamations in the Chinese compounds.]

WE understand that the Cabinet has been sitting daily in order to compile an official Complete Letter-Writer for the use of his Majesty's Government on future occasions. By the kindness of the PRIME MINISTER we are enabled to give one or two specimens of the new method.

1. All future proclamations intended for posting in the Chinese compounds to end,

"With much love,
Yours very affectionately."

2. Police regulations for traffic on the occasions of Royal processions, Lord Mayor's Shows, &c., to begin:

"Will the public be so very good as to take notice that the following streets will be closed to traffic, &c.," and to end, "With kindest regards from the Force."

3. In the public parks such notices as "Keep Off The Grass," "No Dogs Allowed," &c., to run:

"The Commissioner of Woods presents his compliments to the public and earnestly hopes, &c., &c."

4. Tax and Rate-papers to begin:

"DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,

It is once more my duty to send in my little account," and to end,

"Hoping this will not inconvenience you. Believe me,
Your affectionate old friend."

Receipts to be signed,

"Yours lovingly and gratefully."

It is hoped that the example of the Government may spread to other public bodies, so that we may see such notices as "Persons are requested not to walk about the Abbey during the time of service" rendered more pleasing by some such pendant as,

"With kindest regards, in which the Chapter joins,

Believe me, Ever affectionately yours,
J. ARMITAGE-ROBINSON,
(Your Dean).

"At the Morfa Colliery, the scene of a terrible disaster years ago, props and debris fell in the workings, and then ran helter-skelter to the shaft, and were drawn up pale and trembling."—*The Standard*.

"CIRCULAR SAWYER wanted . . . must be a thorough all-round man; so two Lads, to pull out."—*Gloucester Citizen*.

The advertiser seems very arbitrary as to the shape of his employés.

"INSPECTOR PIERS added that prisoner was evidently on his beam ends, and though he did not press the case, it was yet a dangerous practice."—*Teesdale Mercury*.



Short-sighted Lady Golfer. "Hi! HAVE YOU SEEN A GOLF-BALL FALL ANYWHERE HERE, PLEASE?" [Victim regards ball with remaining eye.]

IF PIGS HAD WINGS.

[A suggestion to "road hogs," in view of the craze for ballooning.]

SCORCHERS who set the pace that hums,
And heedless of your bones and purses
Consider speed, till it becomes
A kind of spell—resembling CRACE'S,
Here is a field for broken limbs,
An opportunity to owe bills,
Whose danger positively dims
Your 100 h.-p. automobiles!

In moting—a delirious sense,
And somewhat hard for words to capture—

The peril plus the blown expense,
We take it, constitute the rapture:
These are the consolations which
Attend one as the evening closes,
And make a rather brambly ditch
Approximate to beds of roses;—

But, now that petrol-tanks are stale
And lose their old delightful flavour,
Balloons in the ascendant scale
May be submitted to your favour:

The cost of the concern is high
(We cannot stop to give the data),
And thrills of danger surely lie
Among the atmospheric strata.

We grant you that the sudden curve,
The cropping kine, the heedless
peasant—

Those triumphs of a chauffeur's nerve
That made a rapid run so pleasant—
These things are gone; admired by
HODGE

You soar above his grateful vision
To places where the fauna dodge.
With most remarkable precision.

Heroes who joined a heart so stout
To stories so sublimely graphic,
There you must plod along without
Impinging on the local traffic;
The courage that on earth you spent
In victories like that of PYRRHUS
Will count it a supreme event
To cannon up against a cirrus.

Yet mark the point we wish to urge.
Suppose a Panhard goes to pieces,

The sportsman may with luck emerge
And straighten out his spinal creases;
But here, although the route may tire,
Conceive for one ecstatic minute
Collision with a careless spire,—
And automobiles are not in it!

It is customary, with some people, to look down upon lawn tennis as a game only for the unathletic. The following paragraph from the *Mail* should put a stop to all sneers of this kind:—

"Miss DOUGLASS, we will say, goes up to the net and volleys one of Miss SUTTON's returns. What led to it the looker-on, learning with intelligence, will remember, was the stroke two or three weeks back that first got Miss SUTTON 'on the run.'"

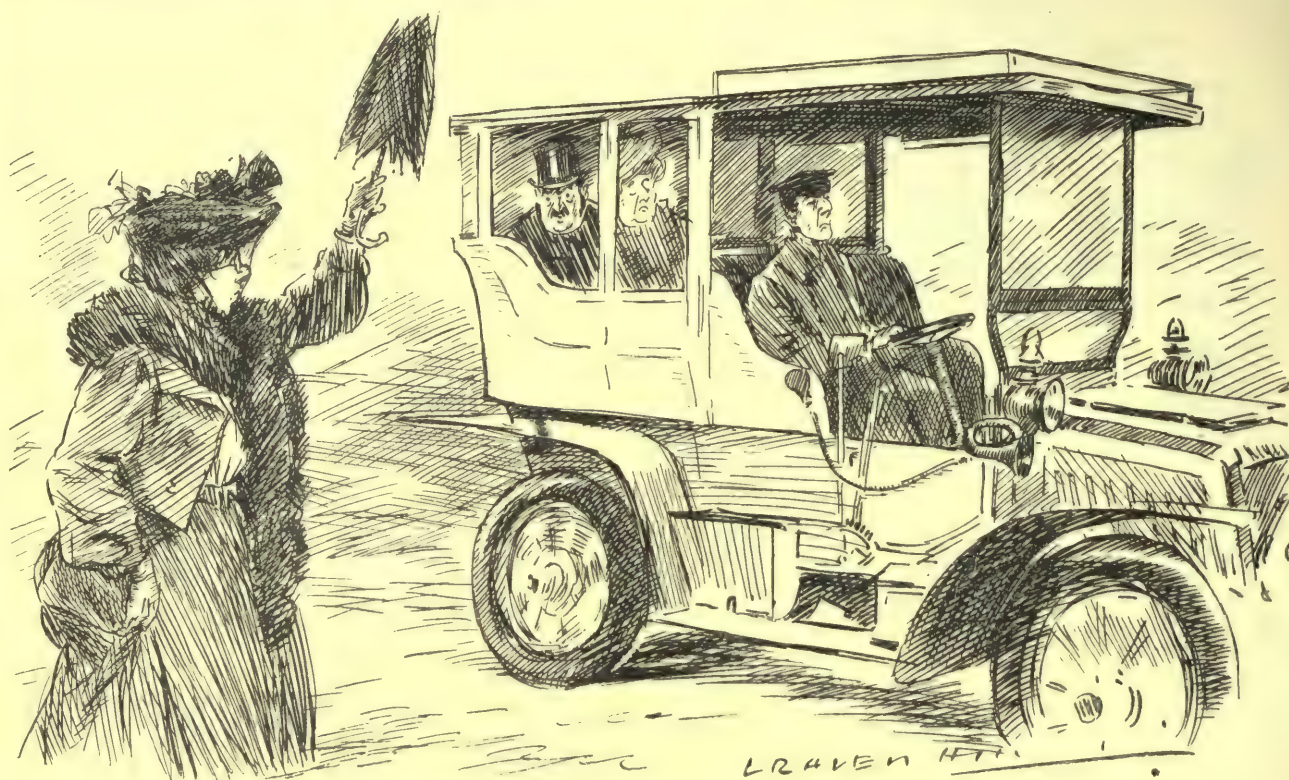
Miss SUTTON seems to have had a busy fortnight.

THE KING'S FORCES.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF EMERGENCY RATIONS.

STAFF COLLEGE DINNER.

"Standard" headlines.



AUNT JANE COMPLAINS THAT SHE CANNOT GET THESE NEW MOTOR BUSES TO STOP WHEN SHE SIGNALS TO THEM!

THE BILLINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

[“My love to them all (her friends), and tell them they must not fret about me. I am happy. Everybody is kind to me. Only tell them that when I can receive letters they must write me yards—miles! Oh, how I shall devour them! Mind you tell them to write every little bit of news they can think of.”]

Miss Billington (in prison).

DEAREST,—I don't suppose the horrid warder will let you have this letter, but I write all the same. First let me commiserate with you on this cowardly act of leniency on the part of the Home Secretary, incited thereto by our arch enemy the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who doubtless hopes by so doing to buy our silence and submission. How little he knows us, this Cavendish Square traitor!

Well, dear, there is only one course open for you, and that is to refuse to accept the reduction and serve the full time. That would show them what we women are made of. How I wish I was with you inside those terrible walls! I did my best to get there, as you would have seen had you not yourself been so busy accomplishing the same end (but how gloriously successfully!) by smacking the P.C. I smacked mine, too; but he did not complain of it, which just shows that it's not so much the fracture of a man-made law that matters as the fracturer. Oh, how unjust it all is! I could scream for the injustice of it!

Do not fear, dearest, that the great fight will slacken during the time you are being stretched on the rack and flogged at the treadmill and starved on bread-and-water and skilly. Everything is in train. England shall see what it loses in not entrusting us with votes. We are arranging hundreds of demonstrations to that end. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is the next victim. Was it not he who urged us to attack Mr. ASQUITH? Some dense persons say this was a joke; but nothing is a joke to a true suffragette. We are going for him tooth and nail—and going for the PRIME MINISTER, too, and Mr. GLADSTONE.

There is nothing like hysterical violence to show people how admirably suited we are to have the franchise. They will ask themselves why we are so wrought up about it, and the answer naturally will be that if we are like this because we do not get what we want we should be just the opposite if we did get it. That is logic; and once they see that they will begin to be more reasonable; and then, dear, what times for us! Then what laws we will make for man!

I suppose you would call yourself First Lady of the Treasury. That is natural enough; but we had a discussion last night over the word Minister. Would you be known as the Prime Minister, or Prime Ministress? I am

inclined to prefer Minister. The other style seems to lay too much stress on our sex. I am wondering whether I would take the War Office or the Home Office; and then again I wonder, since I am always so complimented on my marketing management, whether the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is not my real work. It would be so pleasant, too, to supplant Mr. ASQUITH.

I don't suppose they will let you answer this; but perhaps by this time you have got round your warder or have trained a spider to carry messages to the outer world. I never could bear spiders before; but once one has become a real martyr and assumed the broad arrow one recognises their use. If you can answer this, give us some precious watchword from your dungeon cell. Let it be my privilege to announce it to the others. What do you think of

Charge, sisters, charge!

On, BILLINGTON!?

That would ring out rather well in Cavendish Square.

Yours to the death in the great cause,
FANNY COINGTON.

P.S.—I forgot to say that while you are away I am wearing your new hat. I know you won't mind, dear. It suits me beautifully, but I have had to add another feather. I also borrowed your new muslin dress yesterday for a garden party.



A PIRATE CRAFT.

T. P. O'CONNOR (*Captain of War Sloop in chase*). "THE ROGUES! THIS OUGHT TO SINK 'EM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.—Walking in Battersea Park this morning, came across ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. Like *Bottom*, though in quite another way, he was transformed. Had with remarkable success got himself up as *Hamlet*, to evident discomfiture of children, who wanted to ask him what time it was. Seeing him frown and strut and gather closer round him his inky cloak, good mother, they ran off to get information from other passers-by.

As I walked behind him I heard him murmur:

"'May' be or 'shall' be, that, Sir, is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous MAC-NAMARA, or to take him in my arms And by compression end him."

"What is the matter?" I asked, touching him on the shoulder.

"Murder's the matter," he answered, turning on me a glance which but for the beneficent influence of the spectacles might have been frenzied.

(Never saw *Hamlet* in spectacles before. Rather effective. FORBES ROBERTSON should try them on.)

"Here am I," continued ST. AUGUSTINE, "giving the best days of my comparative youth to carry a Bill that shall solve



HAMLET IN BATTERSEA PARK.

"The time is out of joint: O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

(Rt. Hon. A-g-st-ne B-rr-ll.)



"THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS
MACNAMARA."

(It isn't Our Artist's fault if the Doctor looks like a distinguished Oriental. He is gradually turning black from "over-exposure" on various golf links.)

Education question, and I am sniped from the rear of our own camp. Expected PRINCE ARTHUR and his few but merry men to open fire in front. REDMOND *ainé* also is within his right in denouncing our scheme so long as he is quite sure his rhetorical opposition will not endanger the Bill. But for MACNAMARA and others of our own men to queer my pitch is more than I can bear with patience. Thought I would revisit the glimpses of Battersea Park, where, you remember, I worked up a few impromptus for my speech on moving Second Reading of Bill. You thought of turning off here? Well, perhaps 'twere well. There are moments when great souls would be alone."

I had said nothing about turning off. That by the way.

Wrapping his inky cloak tighter round his bulging waist, he strode off, remarking:

"The time is out of joint: O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill. Clause 4, the crux of it, reached. It proposes that under

certain conditions the Local Authorities may grant extended facilities to meet demand for denominational teaching. EVELYN CECIL moves amendment substituting "shall" for "may," thus making the provision mandatory.

Tuesday night.—House crowded. More appearance of animation on Benches than seen since Education Bill taken in hand. Still debating EVELYN CECIL's amendment to Clause 4. BIRRELL decidedly bucked up. Has profited by yesterday's meditations in a riverside park. Opens debate in good fighting form. Intimates to whom it may concern on either side that Government are at end of concessions. Will stand by the clause with their own amendments indicated on the paper.

Speech had useful effect.

"Nothing," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "is more detrimental to fortunes of a Government Bill than uncertainty as to the extent to which Ministers are squeezable. As long as there is chance or hope of getting another bit out of them Opposition peg away, debate is prolonged, time and temper lost."



"JOEY" GOES FOR DR. CLIFFORD.

"I notice that he (Dr. Clifford) appears to speak of me generally by my Christian name; he said they all knew what 'Joey' wanted."

Pretty incident varied acrid course of debate. Since House got into Committee on Bill C.-B. has been in rare attendance. House sympathetically cognisant of the reason. It knows that to the burden of Empire the PRIME MINISTER has added domestic anxieties that cause him to keep long vigil in a sick room. This afternoon, in voice threatening to break down with emotion, he half apologised for his abstention from Parliamentary duties, tenderly touching on the cause. Murmur of sympathy rose to prolonged enthusiastic cheer, joined in by all sections of Party. Presently PRINCE ARTHUR made opportunity of expressing on behalf of himself and his friends the kindly feeling that animated them towards a political adversary with whom they were at the moment in deadly grip.

This is one of the things the House always does well. The outburst was unpremeditated, spontaneous, hearty. It was more than a token of sympathy in circumstances whose touch of nature makes the whole world kin. It was testimony to appreciation of personal qualities that, mellowing in the sunlight of prosperity, promise to make

"I am not certain that Dr. Clifford knows all I want, but he is quite right if he thinks I want a General Election on this question as soon as possible."

C.-B. one of the most popular Leaders the House has known.

Business done.—On proposal to substitute "shall" for "may" in Clause 4, Government majority run down to 103. Exultation on Opposition Benches tumultuous. Not exactly turning out the Ministry, you know, or even likely to compel them to drop the Bill. But 100 is only a third of a majority of 300. Which nobody can deny.

Friday night.—To old Members—alack! there are not many left of the period—CORBETT's motion for enquiry into Conventual Institutions recalls two familiar figures long vanished from the scene. One was NEWDEGATE, the other Major O'GORMAN. Thirty years ago NEWDEGATE annually brought in a similar resolution. It was regularly snuffed out by big majorities; incidentally it brought the MAJOR to the front.

On a June night, in the session of 1874, NEWDEGATE having made his motion, there rose from the Irish Benches a figure of Falstaffian proportions. This was the MAJOR, then unknown to fame. Mopping his forehead, he announced himself "utterly opposed altogether" to the appointment of these Royal Commissions. And why?

"I'll tell you why," the MAJOR thundered.

He proceeded in dramatic manner to imagine "one of these Royal Commissioners" going to a convent and demanding admission. The door opens. A nun appears; the Commissioner asks her what are her station and quality.

"My sire, Sir," she answered, "was a king. My mother was the daughter of the Sixth JAMES of Scotland and the First JAMES of England. His mother, Sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland."

The House listened in breathless attention as the burly MAJOR further climbed the genealogical tree. With theatrical instinct he, speaking for this still anonymous nun, attempted to attune his voice to the mincing manner of woman.

"Sir, I had a brother," he continued.

The brother having, like the nun's father or mother—it was not clear which—been mysteriously disposed of, the MAJOR, taking a fresh breath, proceeded:

"Sir, I had a sister."

The gallant Member stood silently impassive whilst the House roared with laughter. When it partially subsided, he added, "Her name was SOPHIA."

There was end of opportunity and the allegory. After gazing for some moments on the tumultuous scene the MAJOR sat down, his story, like that of CAMBUSCAN bold, left half told.

Nothing of this rich humour glinted on debate on CORBETT's motion. The passing of a glass of stout to him midway in his speech was a poor jest compared with Major O'GORMAN's mellifluous unconscious humour.

Business done.—Land Tenure Bill discussed.



A PRETTY SUBSTANTIAL SHADE (1874).

"Her name was Sophia."

(Major O'G-rm-n.)

OCHONE!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a loyal and patriotic Hibernian I wish to protest in the strongest terms against the atrocious and unchivalrous conduct of a section of the Dublin Corporation. From a report of the proceedings of that body in *The Irish Times* I gather that the widow MALONE, who for many years had done the carting of the Corporation, was deprived of that privilege last January by the order of the Paving Committee. Worse still, the High Sheriff, Mr. MADDEN, on being recently called upon for an explanation, stated that from the information he had received Mrs. MALONE *did not exist!* So far from her being a poor widow, “she was a married woman named CONNOLLY, having a horse and cart, which was not her property at all, but the property of her mother, Mrs. CORCORAN, who lived in Newmarket.” Just think what these odious insinuations amounted to! If the widow MALONE was in reality Mrs. CONNOLLY, one of the finest Irish lyrics would be found to rest on an unsound metrical basis. CONNOLLY won’t rhyme to “Ochone!” No wonder then that the action of the High Sheriff led to the issue of a circular which wound up with the following comprehensive denunciation of Mrs. MALONE’s traducers:—

“May the grass wither from their feet, may the woods deny them shelter, earth a grave, and heaven a home!”

It is, therefore, with profound satisfaction that I note that, by the unanimous vote of the Committee of the whole House, the widow MALONE was restored to her post of carter to the Corporation, and that her identity was conclusively established on the evidence of that true patriot, Mr. Alderman KELLY.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
LUCIUS O’BRIEN (of Clare).

BUSINESS COMBINED WITH PLEASURE.

WHEN leisure irked, I once began
Collecting stamps to fill the void:
A hobby seemed the wisest plan,
As I was rich and unemployed.
My philatelic craze was strong,
But did not satisfy me long.

Accordingly, to have a change,
Old books and prints in turn I bought;
But these required too wide a range
Of knowledge—I was often “caught.”
When expert critics scorned my stuff,
I thought the game not good enough.

I find it, now, quite easy, though,
To make the test that fear enjoins,
For all my fortune’s “lost,” and so
I’m hard at work collecting coins.
No dark suspicion clouds my mind:
They are the useful, modern kind!

**“IS OTTER-HUNTING CRUEL?”**

(Vide correspondence in the papers.)

AFTER HAVING BEEN SET FOR AN HOUR TO WATCH A—SO-CALLED—“SHALLOW,” DURING A NORTH-EAST WIND, ACCOMPANIED BY SOME RAIN, SPILLIKINS HAS COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT UNDOUBTEDLY IS.

THE new Yellow River Bridge which, according to *The Daily Graphic*, is 1863 miles from end to end, was rashly described in these pages as the most wonderful engineering feat in the world. *The Southern Press*, however, tells us that on the Canadian Pacific Railway “one of the most difficult bits of the route is spanned by a bridge 5000 miles above the level of the sea.”

NOTICE IN A SHOP IN FREIBURG.—“Here they spike the English.” Is this a phase of the Anglo-German entente?

“GEORGE HIRST’S Toffee” is now selling on all cricket grounds. A correspondent calls our attention to this as something unusual; but we have always had P. F. WARNER’S Safe Cure, C. B. FRY’S Chocolate, S. H. DAY and H. MARTYN’S Blacking, and JESSOP’S Cricket Notes.

“Will any lady or gentleman find employment few days a week for practical gardener? Speaks French.”—*Evening News*.

DAINGEROUS: might encourage gossiping with the French beans.

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

III.—FANCY WORK.

He occupied the hindmost seat on the off-side, and announced his presence by prodding my shoulder five or six times in rapid succession. I turned round hastily, and beheld a grimy little man with a grizzly beard, a short and very foul clay pipe in his mouth, and a general air of shabby unwholesomeness about his person.

"You'll 'scuse me," he began, with an apologetic smile.

"Not if you do that again," I interrupted savagely. "What do you want?"

"You'll 'scuse me," he repeated, "but I seem ter fairly smoke matches, some-ow. Yes," continued the grimy man, "there ain't a single light left in this 'ere box. An' it was full this mornin'. Rum, ain't it?"

"Gin, I should have thought," I murmured absently.

"'Ow much?" he asked, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"I beg your pardon; I was thinking aloud," I explained. "You want a light, I suppose?"

"If you wouldn't mind oblige," replied the grimy man.

He took my proffered box, and applied a light to the charred remains of a pipeful of tobacco. Then, puffing vigorously, he made as if to return my matches, but suddenly paused and examined the dead ash in his pipe.

"It don't seem ter dror right, does it?" he complained, looking dubiously at the almost empty bowl.

There was another pause.

"Aren't you rather a long time coming to the point?" I suggested mildly.

The grimy man eyed me uneasily for a moment, and then winked with an elaborate show of friendliness.

"You're a gent—one of the right sort," he observed; "I could see that directly I set eyes on yer."

As a tribute to the expressiveness of my shoulders the statement was not a little remarkable, and I murmured my acknowledgments.

"Yes," pursued the grimy man—"I

sez ter myself, 'E's a gent, and I lay 'e knows what good terbacker is. An' that bein' so,' I sez, 'e can feel fer them as 'as left their terbacker at 'ome.' A thing like that might 'appen to anybody. It might be *you* as left yer terbacker at 'ome, and 'ad ter borrow orf o' me."

I admitted that such a contingency was possible, if not probable.

"So give an' take, is what I always sez," continued he. "'Elp a lame dorg over a stile, an' you'll never be sorry fer it. All good pals pull together. You unnerstan' me?"

I was able to assure the grimy man that I understood the general drift of his conversation, and by way of proof

have been a question or a statement of fact, I replied with a non-committal grunt.

"Whassay?" queried the grimy man.

"What did *you* say?" I asked curly.

"I said, 'Whassay?'" responded my neighbour.

"Yes, I know; but what did you say before that?"

My neighbour groped silently in the thickening haze of his ideas.

"I said, 'Bizness gerrin' berrer,'" he replied at length.

"So I believe," I said, but without the assurance of absolute faith.

"My trade mushabout samesbefore," volunteered my persecutor. "Speshul trade; always fluck-flushuatin', though. Sutthink crool!"

I murmured my sympathies.

"P'raps you dunno what my trade is?" he queried.

I could have made a shrewd guess, but preferred to plead ignorance on the subject.

"My line's fency work," he replied.

"Something to do with palings?" I hazarded.

"No, fency work," he insisted. "You know what fency work is, doncher?"

A light dawned on me. "Oh, fency work. Well, I can quite believe it," I said.

"Thassit; fency work—that's my line," he replied thickly.

"And how long have you been doing... er, fency work?" I asked, preparing to descend.

He was fast sinking into torpor.

"Since I was li'l boy," he murmured.

"I can quite believe it," I repeated, with growing assurance.

The bus had now drawn up at South Kensington Station.

"Good night," I added, as I brushed past him.

"Gooni," responded the grimy man.

I looked up at him from the pavement. He had already fallen into a stolid slumber—had, in fact, passed out of the realm of fancy or imagination (in which his life's work apparently lay) into that of dreams. The transition must always have been an easy one.



SO INCONSIDERATE.

"JOVE! MIGHT HAVE KILLED US! I MUST HAVE A WIRE SCREEN FIXED UP."

handed him my open tobacco-pouch without further comment. He took a liberal palmful from it, cleaned and filled his pipe, carefully deposited the surplus tobacco, together with half-a-dozen matches, in his empty match-box, and returned my property with thanks that were almost Oriental in their effusiveness.

By this time—we were about half-way down the Fulham Road—my neighbour had begun to show signs of increasing embarrassment in his speech. To my discomfiture, he now left his place and seated himself beside me.

"Bizness gerrin' a bit berrer," he observed.

To this remark, which might equally



'ENLEY.

First Light-fingered Gent. "WELL, MY OLD COLLEGE PAL, WOT ARE YER DAHN 'ERE FOR THE LIDIES' PLITE?"
 Second Ditto. "No. THE DIAMONDS!"

THE BEST ACTORS SERIES.

MR. ALEXANDER SWALLER.

(With apologies to a Contemporary.)

By a clemency and condescension too kind to overestimate, one of our staff has been privileged to enjoy an interview with Mr. ALEXANDER SWALLER, the great romantic actor, concerning whose habits and dramatic methods the pathetic British public never seems to tire.

Mr. SWALLER is the soul of conscientiousness. Having decided on his next play, he proceeds in due time to learn his part. This he does by reading it over and committing it to memory. Having learned it, he begins to consider how he will act it: what gestures he will employ, what facial expressions, and so forth. In order to get these to his mind SWALLER hit upon the novel plan of rehearsing them before a glass; for his watchword is Innovation. When an expression does not satisfy him, he tries another. The next thing is the costume, and here Mr. SWALLER has recourse to his costumier and his wig-maker. The part is then ready, and I need hardly say is a success.

In private life Mr. SWALLER is the soul of cordiality, and it goes without saying that there is no more popular figure on the stage or off it. All men have hobbies, and SWALLER is no exception; but here again he shows his forceful originality, for where other men go in for

motoring and golf SWALLER is addicted to golf and motoring. In golf he drives himself, but in motoring he has a chauffeur.

Mr. SWALLER has a capital library, chiefly of sixpenny novels, in which he is ever seeking for good dramatic motives. He also reads DUMAS for the same purpose. Always witty, one of his best known *mots* is the profound truth, "Every man has known one dramatic moment; but how few can write a play!"

Of all London's actors it is doubtful if anyone is more plagued by the autograph-hunter than Mr. SWALLER. Every day he receives a number of photographs and picture postcards to sign, confession albums from admirers who wish him to write a few words therein and post them back to the owners, never thinking of the trouble it gives. Mr. SWALLER's postage bill is said to mount up to many shillings a week. But this is one of the penalties of popularity, and in complying with so many requests Mr. SWALLER shows that he has the trait of good nature very strongly developed. Not satisfied with this, some even beard him in his home. Then there is the amateur playwright to deal with; and it may be said that Mr. SWALLER receives over twenty plays a week to read. "If only people would think before they begin to write plays, how much easier it would be for the actor-manager," he once said. Some of those who have written plays

come to his house or the theatre, and insist on reading their effusions to him.

As regards intrusions of this nature, however, the high-water mark was reached a short time ago when, on arriving home from the theatre, after a *matinée*, Mr. SWALLER found his drawing-room full of ladies whom he had never seen in his life before. "We admire you so much," they exclaimed when he entered, "that we thought we must come and have a chat with you." Many besides Mr. ASQUITH would have taken umbrage thereat, but it is said that Mr. SWALLER provided them with tea, and did his best to entertain them. One has to be a great romantic actor or hairy musician to get this kind of homage. It never happened to a stockbroker or an editor.

In short, we have in Mr. ALEXANDER SWALLER the *preux chevalier* of the time, or, at any rate, of the order, for we are proposing to describe Mr. LEWIS GEORGE in our next number, and we shall want to dip once again in the superlatives reservoir then, and again the week after.

"WANTED, to Hire, a small Hand Coffee Van for Pea Picking. Address Rev. C."—*Church Times*.

We suppose they do this sort of thing in *The Church Times*, when they want to let off their feelings on the Education Bill. It is quite harmless, really.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HAROLD BINDLOSS' latest book (published by F. V. WHITE) is called *Beneath Her Station*, but I cannot think why. The heroine, *Millicent*, is a "companion," and she marries *Derrick Weland*, who is a gin-trader in West Africa. *Derrick*, however, was a very fine fellow, and the owner of a wonderful Ju-ju (Ju-ju is not the same as Ju-jitsu, though almost as useful). He led the British troops against the rebellious *Kwaka*, defeating him with heavy slaughter, nor ever a question asked in the House of Commons. When you have read the book you will refuse to admit that it was *Millicent* who married beneath her station. Perhaps it was *Addy*. *Addy* became the wife of *Konnoto*, who was a native king, and probably a 'Varsity man. *Addy's* previous station had been that of a milliner's assistant; and though of course it is a beautiful calling, and though Society is Rotten, still *Konnoto* was hardly beneath that station, though possibly beneath her notice. However, we may let the thing pass, and proceed to my second objection; which is that Mr. BINDLOSS refers frequently to a horrible West African insect, which burrows into the sole of your foot, and stays there. It is called the jigger—and I don't wonder. The point is that I don't go to West Africa so long as the jigger is there, Empire or no Empire; Mr. BINDLOSS has spoilt the place for me. He has, however, (otherwise) written a fascinating book about an (otherwise) fascinating country.

The object of *The Making of an Orator* (METHUEN), as described by its author, is to indicate in popular language a course of practice in oratory based on his personal observation and experience in the House of Commons, at the Bar and on the platform. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER treats his subject with the authority of an expert. It is many years since he quitted the Parliamentary scene. But there still linger at Westminster recollections of his eloquent, picturesque, occasionally almost turbulent speech. He has made profound study of the masters of the art, and, writing nearly as well as he speaks, presents a valuable treatise, illuminated with examples of gems of oratory cut and polished, from the times of CICERO and DEMOSTHENES down to BURKE, COBDEN, BRIGHT, DISRAELI and GLADSTONE. One does not need intent or ambition to practise the art of oratory in order to enjoy this book.

In *The Sin of George Warrener* MARIE VAN VORST

Describes a few years in the life
Of a man who, once patient and plodding, is forced
To put on the pace by his wife.

She is beautiful, heartless, self-centred, and worse,
And, with never a touch of remorse,
She plays ducks and drakes with his honour and purse,
And there's more than a hint of divorce.

Catastrophe follows, disgrace in its train,
Then calm—unexpected, but still
So achieved that the author convinces your brain
With her deft psychological skill.

The book comes from HEINEMANN'S house; it is bound
To be read (though its binding is blue);
The price is six shillings, and, take it all round,
It's a very good money's worth, too.

A Fair Insurgent (WARD, LOCK) is a story of the Cretan troubles of 1897, and I fancy that when Mr. GEORGE HORTON set about writing it he made up his mind to produce a very brilliant work indeed. I can picture him taking out the note-book which accompanied him on his travels, and ticking

off phrases with a pencil. The result is that, in the early pages, metaphors and similes come tumbling like rocket-stars, and we get such sentences as this: "The waters of the bay, that lay like a rolling plain of green meadow grass and blood-red anemones in the dying sun, were shredded into lily-white foam by the ship's iron ploughshare, and hurled carelessly into the broad road that streamed out behind." Later on the air clears a little, and there is a somewhat incoherent tale of adventure, with a good deal of excellent local colour, a good deal of padding, some modern Greek (translated in brackets), and a plentiful sprinkling of atrocities, horrors, and love. In the end the other fellow marries her, and one is rather glad to get the thing settled.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

["Beautiful bright auburn transformation, cost £12; sell £2 (good condition), or exchange farm produce."—*Advt. in Ladies' Paper.*]

I WELL remember how there dawned a day
When, with a candour that was simply horrid,
I, gazing in my mirror, heard it say
The locks were growing scancer on my forehead;
I was, in short, appalled
To realise that I was growing bald.

Then, when my soul lay sick with sudden dread
And all my life was plunged in desolation,
When youth and beauty, hope itself had fled,
Thou didst appear, sweet auburn transformation,
And lo! my bosom warmed
And, like my face, my spirit was transformed.

Lightly upon my too Shakspearean brow
I placed thee; lightly thou didst rest upon it,
And now I scanned my mirror closely, now
Withdrawn a little, artist-like to con it.
A dream I seemed to see,
And oh! I thought, the difference to me!

A radiance was about me. I had found
A trap to catch the sunbeams, and they danced there
So irresistibly that they were bound
(I felt) to ravish any one that glanced there.
Copper and gold and red
Flamed in a burnished halo round my head.

Then on my march of triumph forth I set,
And soon it came to pass, as I expected,
That, wander where my footsteps would, I met
A crowd of eligibles—all rejected—
Who heaved pathetic sighs
And gazed at thee with dumb, appealing eyes.

At first I revelled in my new-found strength,
And over broken hearts elate I strutted;
But even broken hearts may pall at length.
I wearied of this homage. I was gluttoned
With conquest, and began
To loathe the vision of proposing man.

And now it bores me when I hear him rave
Of thy bright charms and suicidal bullets;
I sigh for something sensible; I crave
The simple life—peas, cauliflowers, and pullets;
My sated spirit begs
No longer hearts, but butter, cheese, and eggs.

Thus, O my transformation, we must part,
And thou shalt deck some PHYLLIDA or CHLOE,
And 'mid the hayfields ply thy deadly art
On youthful STREPHONS, for thou still art showy,
And, thanks to all my care,
Scarcely the very least the worse for wear.



MIXED METAPHORS IN CONNEMARA.

Sportsman. "I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF MIKE? I TOLD HIM TO MEET ME HERE."

Driver. "ACH, 'TIS NO USE TELLIN' HIM ANYTHING! SURE, SORR, UT JUST GOES IN AT WAN EAR AND OUT AT THE OTHER, LIKE WATHER OFF A DUCK'S BACK!"

THE WOULD-BE EUPHAGIST.

[“The Euphagist is a man who refuses to take anything seriously at meal times.”—*Evening News.*]

WHEN the luncheon hour rewards me with the respite it affords me

From the tyranny of sealing-wax and tape,
When I hie with satisfaction from the scene of my inaction,
Whistling gaily as my clubward course I shape;
When the thought of food delights me, when the plump head-waiter sights me

And advances with his tempting little list,
When he brings the icy tankard after which my soul has hankered,

Then I vow that I will be a euphagist.

To Care I'll say,

“Away!”

To Grief, “Depart,

Sad heart!

I'll banquet here on dainty cheer
And quaff my beer without a fear;

I'll laugh and smile

Awile,

Whatever woes may rise;

I'll suffer none to spoil my fun—

In short, I'll euphagise.”

But when ROBINSON has spied me and has dumped himself beside me

(He's the most aggressive bore in all the Club),
When he tells me what the nation think of BIRRELL's Education,
And refuses to be silenced with a snub;

When the man proceeds to dish up words of wisdom from a bishop

With a wild misapprehension of their gist,
When he tells me how he differed from the worthy Dr. CLIF-

FORD—

Then I find it hard to be a euphagist.

Of penny rates

He prates,

Provided schools

And rules;

He talks to me about Clause Three

And Column B and Schedule C;

The conscience clause,

Its flaws,

Its wherefores and its whys—

Whenever he's wound up on these,

Then I kakophagise.

“FOR SALE, 26 Hens and Cock; young birds; all laying.”

Worthing Gazette.

"GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(By a Caddie.)

III.

TAKING it all in all, 'ENERY WILKS 'as very little use fer wimmen. Excep, of course, as playthings and rellaxashuns after toil. As sich I regards HERVANGERLINE, of 'oom I've told yer. That is, when 'er mood is dosile. At sich times, when she is not trying to be yumourous or urtherwise acting the goat, the child can listen, wif doo respekt, whilst 'im she loves so well unbends 'isself. It is 'er priviledge, alone of all yuman beings, to see 'ENERY WILKS remove 'is stern cold marsk. Yuss, I tollerates HERVANGERLINE, but I 'ave little use fer uther wimmen.

Speaking quite frenkly, I can find little to kommend in the hexeckertive of these 'ere links, but there is one of their resent hinnervashuns in pertickler that fills me wif cold rage. This is the rule permitting lidy members to play on the course, excep' on Saterdag and Sunday.

Lord knows as 'ow the men is bad enuff to deal wif. 'Eadstrong, vain, irriterble and pig-headed they mostly is, but oh! strike me pink and purple, if they ain't fair angels, wings and all, kompared to those dredfull, onreasoningable wimmen! Onreasoningable is the one word as I can use to deskribe them. And that don't do 'em justise.

Wif a man, to some eggstent, you do know where you are. You do know from eggспериense 'ow fur you may go wif 'im, before 'e katches you a clump on the side of the 'ead. But wif wimmen no eggспериense will 'elp yer. Becos there ain't no rules abart them.

Lord knows as 'ow I started out wif the idear of plesing 'em. I ses to HERVANGERLINE, the evening I 'eard abart it, "We're going to 'ave lides on the course, kid," I ses. "Your 'ENERY will 'ave to smarten 'isself up a bit fer their dear sakes," I ses. Womanlike she begun to snif.

"You take care, 'ENERY WILKS," she ses worningly. "You take care of them desining 'ussies. There's many of 'em as will be after you, I knows it well. Fer some wimmen," she ses, sort of sarkastic, "some wimmen will go after anythink in trasers," she ses. Well, I wears nickers meself as a general rule, but I knowed what she meant. And, though of course I 'id it from her, pretending to be kontemptewous, I found 'er words quite plesing. I thort to meself, komplasant like, as 'ow some of these lidy members might show a preference fer that one of our caddies as is pollished and korteous and older than 'is years. But, apparriently, both I and HERVANGERLINE was rong—iddeously rong. Fer it's no good konseeling from

meself, at anyrate, as 'ow I 'aven't been a komplete success so fur wif our lidy members. Why sich should be the case I cannot tell, but there it is. There's a preggerdisie agin me as is kep' alive by the ontiring, revengfull tungs of Miss TRIGSIE KORNISH and Missis JOSSEPHUS 'ASKINS. And this is 'ow that preggerdisie begun.

They come along one morning and say as 'ow they 're going to play a rarnd, and they 'll share a caddy between them. And to my ondyng greef they picked on 'ENERY WILKS. Not as there was anythink surprising in their doing that. In their place I'd 'ave picked on 'im meself. And I'm bound in justise to say as there was nothing in *their* appearance to set me agin them. Missis 'ASKINS is very yung and plessant-looking, although she *is* married, and Miss KORNISH is darkish and carries 'erself wif a sort of swing. No, their looks was rite enuff; it was only their dredfull 'abit of cheating as made the trubble.

They started as frendly as love-birds, but by the second 'ole the fur was beginning to stand up stiff upon their backs. It was their orful onguvernabul keenness as did it. On the third green Missis 'ASKINS asks Miss KORNISH 'ow many she's played, and she tells 'er, nine, quite brisk like. Now both Missis 'ASKINS and meself *knew* quite well as 'ow Miss KORNISH 'ad played ten; indeed, I could see as 'ow Missis 'ASKINS thort it were eleven. They rangles a bit abart it, growing gradewally more 'eated, and then Missis 'ASKINS erpeals to me, and I gives it in 'er favour, trying very 'ard to rap it up plessant like. Miss KORNISH glares at me like a cat 'oom you've mannidged to 'it wif a brick whilst it's taking a stroll quite inercent and leshurely; but she doesn't say much and we goes on.

Two 'oles later it all 'appens agin, only this time it's Missis 'ASKINS 'oo 'as kondescended to redoocce 'er score. They rages rarnd upon the green, and then Miss KORNISH erpeals to me, and truth kompels me to 'erward the 'ole to 'er. This time it's Missis 'ASKINS 'oo glarnces at me as though she'd like to cut orf my yung life. But 'ENERY WILKS can stand a lot of that.

So we goes on agin, wif the air growing 'eavier like, and three 'oles later they both erpeals to me, fer both is cheating. It was an 'ard posishun fer a yung feller as is only wishfull to plesse. 'Owever, I desided to give pore old Truth another chawnce; although misdoubtfull. So I ses to them quite respektfull like, as 'ow both their scores is inakkerite and should I keep them both in fuchure?

Oh Lumme, I'd like to forgit what 'appened then! All in a moment those two yung wimmen grew frendly agin to each other and konsentrited all their

rage and spite on 'ENERY WILKS. They fell upon me wif their tungs, and I felt as though I was being 'it wif barbed wire and nettels. They called me "impudent little boy," me the chosin 'ero of the yunger caddies, and I could only garsp and trimble. Their crewel thretts brought tears even to my proud eyes, and I almost beleeve as 'ow I grovvelled before them. It 'urts me to remember it.

When at last they 'ad tired themselves out, they finished their rarnd as though they 'ad never 'ad an unkind thort towards each other, and I slunk be'ind them, dased and silent, like a puppy 'oos been kicked.

And that's—that's what comes of edmitting wimmen to a golf corse!

DOUBLE LIMERICKS OF THE DAY.

I.—MRS. LONGWORTH.

THERE once was a Senator's bride,
Her President-poppa's chief pride;
Though she lunched off cold veal
With the KAISER at Kiel,
She never put on the least side.

Though to crown her they frequently
tried,

Advances she firmly denied.

"It's my honeymoon now,"

She replied with a bow,

"And it can't be too much simplified."

II.—MR. ASQUITH.

A statesman of Cavendish Square
Erstwhile was renowned for his hair;

But since visits were paid

By the Suffrage Brigade

His scalp's become perfectly bare.

He was once very glad to be there,
But peace has forsaken his lair.

To recapture that boon

He must hire a balloon

That is BILLINGTON-proof, in mid-air.

III.—SIR BAMFORD SLACK.

There was once a great statesman named
SLACK,

Who rarely, if ever, turned back;

But in spite of his zeal

For the Liberal weal

They recently gave him the sack.

At the sound of this resonant smack,
His MAJESTY murmured, "Alack!

What balm can we find

For his mortified mind?—

'Good BAMFORD, kneel down; rise, Sir
SLACK!'"

Stands Scotland where it did?

"EVERY Friday, for some weeks to come, the G. E. R. will run cheap excursions to Scotland and several other towns in the north of England."

Cambridge Chronicle.



MAKING HIM FIT.

Mr. Haldane. "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, THIS BOX ISN'T GOING TO BE ENLARGED TO SUIT YOU. YOU'RE GOING TO BE REDUCED TO SUIT THIS BOX!"





"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

Old Gentleman. "ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT THESE LIFE-BELTS ARE CORK, AND NOT HALF SAWDUST?"

Store-man. "THEY ARE THE BEST QUALITY. WE HAVE SOLD HUNDREDS AND NEVER HAD A COMPLAINT!"

THE LATEST EXCURSION.

MESSRS. CHEF AND SONS, the famous excursion agents, always full of enterprise, have arranged a new excitement for visitors to London, as the following prospectus shows:—

A DAY IN PROFUSE POPLAR.

THE LAIR OF THE GORGEOUS GUARDIANS. Sumptuously fitted *char-à-bancs* leave

Messrs. CHEF's office at 10 sharp.

Arrival at Poplar at 11.

Inspection of Workhouse.

The Stately Homes of England.

Note the LOUIS QUATORZE upholstery.

Sheraton Chairs.

Turkish Lounges.

N.B.—Don't Miss the Cellar.

RECEPTION BY THE MATRON.

Songs by MELBA and CARUSO.

Recitations by RÉJANE, YVETTE GUILBERT and COQUELIN.

Grand March Past by more than satisfied Inmates.

MERRIE ENGLAND AT LAST.

Frequent adjournments to Cellar.

LUNCHEON WITH THE GUARDIANS.

Everything out of Season.

Vintage wines only.

Presentation to the Cordon Bleu ; after which

Drive through Enchanted Essex to Farm Colony.

THE ISLES OF THE BLEST REALISED.

A Land where it is always afternoon.

Recitation by the Master: "The Lotus Eaters."

TABLEAU BY CONTENTED COLONISTS.

(1) The Feast of LUCULLUS.

(2) The Siesta of HELIOGABALUS.

(3) *Otium cum dignitate.*

The Return to London by Zig-Zag Route.

The entire cost of these excursions being borne by the Poplar ratepayers, MESSRS. CHEF are enabled to charge only a nominal sum for the use of the *char-à-bancs* and medical advice on return.

The Shirt of Nessus.

"TRY the H— improved shirt and you'll stick to it."

This is bad news for the hot weather.

LECTURES ON CHILD TRAINING.

(Reported by Helen and Cecil.)

I.

MOTHER had a man two afternoons last week to tell the mothers of all the kids round how to train us.

Dad used his strongest word (the one he gave me half-a-crown to promise never to say) when he heard about it, and he told Mother that the rod at home and the cane at school had done all the training he had ever wanted.

But Mother said she felt that she would be neglecting her duty to the whole of the rising generation in the country if she drew her hand back from the plough.

When Dad asked her what she meant by the plough, Mother said she did not of course mean a real plough, but only that she had told Lady MONTFORT that she thought the idea of the lectures was charming, and that she would open her drawing-room with pleasure. "Lady MONTFORT says he is quite a Dear Man, and that we shall all be sure to like him," Mother said.

So the Dear Man came—and so did heaps and heaps of ladies, and they ate piles of afternoon tea. CECIL said that was to show sympathy with childhood, and to come down to the child's level. He said that after we had heard the lectures.

The worst of CECIL is that he is frightfully honourable. It is awful trying to prove to him that the things we both want to do are all right. And of course we wanted to hear what the Dear Man had to say, especially as he isn't a bit rotten, and has the biggest nose and the twinkliest eyes; besides, we heard Mother telling Dad that the lectures were entirely unsuited for children.

That was what made us think of the conservatory, and the place behind the fernery, where there used to be a fountain, but the tap has gone wrong.

If you crouch down, the palms hide you, and you can hear anyone talking in the drawing-room.

CECIL argued for an hour about it, but I never give in, and at last I thought of telling him that Dad often said that two were better than one, and that if we knew how we were to be trained, we could bend ourselves and help Mother so much better. In our house Mother does the training, and Dad makes remarks.

Then I enticed CECIL by telling him to take his note-book, and that Mother would be delighted afterwards to find that he had written it down, for she had only been groaning just before about how she forgot every lecture she ever went to.

So we went, and it was all rather

startling. I am going to underline what CECIL put down. He writes rather large, so he missed heaps, and I had to listen to the in-between bits.

"Sit at the feet of the child. Place the child in the midst!"

Fancy, and they wouldn't even have us in the room! I nudged CECIL and was just going to say something when he licked his pencil and told me not to interrupt him.

"Curiosity—a precious gift! Do not smother it. Do not let it worry you. The child is reaching out to know. The child cannot help itself."

There, again, of course we were right to listen. CECIL looked up at me with joy in his big eyes, and knew at last that I was really right.

"There are two kinds of children—Motors and Sensors. Motor children are those who act first and think afterwards, and Sensors are those who think first and act afterwards—sometimes."

We thought that was rather clever of him. He had got CECIL and me as good as a snapshot.

I adore playing motor-cars bouncing down the rock path, but CECIL doesn't. He says a real motor would never go that way to the pond, but round by the drive.

"The Motor child is covered with cuts and lumps and bruises. The Sensor child seldom falls."

That was as right as CECIL's sums always are. I counted six things on me this morning in the bath—one a lovely green and purple mark as big as a pincushion. (CECIL says that's no comparison, because a pincushion might be any size—of course I meant the one in my room.)

Certainly CECIL never gets a scratch. Dad says CECIL will be a judge, and that I shall be a circus girl.

"It is upon the Motor child that the everlasting 'Don't' falls."

"CECIL," I said, "that man must be a wizard!" I poked my head through the palms, but I could only see some boots.

"Do not crush the Motor child by 'don'ting' him. The world is full of 'don'ters'—that is what is the matter with it. Rather feel that in your Motor child you have a mighty force."

I told this afterwards to Nurse while she was doing my hair—of course without telling her what had put the idea into my head—and all she said was: "Don't twist about so, Miss HELEN!"

Then I told GUEST, the gardener, and he said, "Well, Miss, so long as you don't run over my flower beds, and don't jump over the new shrubs, and don't leave the hot-house doors open, and don't——"

I told him he was a 'don'ter,' and ran off.

"That precious gift, the imagination! Make-believe! Your children live in a beautiful world of their own! Do not seek to drag them downwards to our poor adult level!"

We wondered what an adult level was. CECIL thought it might be the level crossing down below the park that we were not to be dragged down to—as if we weren't always dying to run across the line.

Then we heard Mother's voice.

"But suppose you had a boy and girl who lived in such a 'beautiful world' of their own that they employed themselves one early morning in digging up earthworks on the lawn and insisting, against all argument, that the Boers were in the park, and that they were defending the house?"

CECIL and me looked at each other. They had put us to bed at five that day, and took away our pocket-money for a fortnight to pay for the gardener's time for putting the earthworks back.

"Surely the precious gift of imagination which your children possess, Mrs. LISTER, is worth your beautiful lawn ten times over! And consider the evidence of loyalty to yourselves, the instinct of home defence——"

Wasn't he a Dear Man? I would like to have rushed to kiss him.

"But one can't have one's lawns dug up," went on Mother, in a mournful little voice she has sometimes. "We should lose the gardener in a week."

"Perhaps it might have been better to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and tell them that you had authentic word during the night that the Boers would approach by the back of the house."

"Then they would have dugged up the vegetable garden," Mother said, "and the under-gardeners would have left in a body."

We did not hear the end of that, because the door opened and we knew that the tea was coming, and Mother had particularly mentioned that as] it was holiday time we were to come in and make ourselves useful.

So we scrambled up, and round by the side door, and so properly into the drawing-room.

The minute we appeared they all stopped talking, and we knew why.

"Please don't mind us," said CECIL, very politely.

"My dear boy, where have you been?" laughed Mother.

And when we looked down, CECIL's knees and my skirts were awful, with crouching in the fernery.

"There is a plot on foot to destroy every mother in the country!" said CECIL, in his slow, clear voice. "HELEN and I have been searching the cellars."

MORE HARD CASES.

(With apologies to "Vanity Fair.")

THE Duchess of K. is very fond of practical horticulture. Mr. C., who is near-sighted, meets her on the drive in her gardening attire with a large basket under one arm, and mistakes her for a pot-hawker. He further gets the impression that she is grieving over a curt dismissal from the front-door, for the Duchess, having got a piece of real estate in her eye, is, unwisely enough, applying friction. She contrives, however, to lunge out a greeting hand, into which Mr. C., still ridden by his idea, slips a consolatory penny, and passes on. The Duke and his emotional bull-terrier are watching from the terrace, the attitude of each indicating strained interest; and Mr. C., who has already shaken hands with an under-gardener in mistake for the son of the house, now realising his second error, takes the opportunity to perspire at every pore. The Duke's epigrammatic daughter, her satirical fiancé, and a week-end party of friends, are seen approaching from the tennis-court. What should Mr. C. do?

Answers adjudged correct.

TACTICIAN:—Mr. C. must pass the whole thing off as a joke. He must wink at the Duke, and, when he gets sufficiently near, dig him in the ribs. Later he can say to the Duchess: "I knew, of course, that it must be you; a pedlar would have gone to the back."

RESOURCE:—Mr. C. must feign a sun-stroke, or give the idea that he is under alcoholic influence. To heighten this impression, he might career over the Duchess's favourite flower-bed, following immediately with an erratic charge for the main exit. Should the dog be set on, or take action on its own initiative, Mr. C., while travelling, must decide between the gate and the wall.

DISCRETION:—Mr. C. must pretend to have lost something, and, looking narrowly at the ground, retrace his steps to the gate. Safely there, he can slip away before an explanation is demanded.

Answers adjudged incorrect.

MOTHERLY:—He must keep out of a draught. Anyone perspiring soon takes cold, and, even with a strong constitution, it is madness to risk getting a chill.

CALEDONIAN:—Mr. C. has clearly given the penny in a mistake, and, if he explains, ought to get it back without recourse to litigation.

CHICANE:—X. must politely draw his partner's attention to the error, and, if the trick is lost, get even with him after the game. (CHICANE is replying to an old problem; the last one contained no allusion to golf whatever.—"Hard Case" Editor.)



FISH, FOWL, OR GOOD RED HERRING?

Customer. "WHAT ARE THESE?"

Shopman. "ELEVEN-PENCE HALFPENNY."

Customer. "YES—BUT WHAT ARE THEY?"

Shopman. "HORS-D'ŒUVRES."

Customer. "YES—BUT WHAT ARE THEY?"

Shopman (in a confidential whisper). "THEY ARE THOSE LITTLE THINGS, MADAM, THAT PEOPLE TAKE AT THE BEGINNING OF DINNER TO GIVE THEM AN APPETITE."

OUR NEXT CASE:—

A. has lately joined a club, of which Colonel X. is an old and powerful member. It is the Colonel's habit, after reading a paper or periodical, to fall asleep with it clasped tightly to him, and though a very sound sleeper he is a person of demoniacal tendencies when roused: A. catches sight of a special paragraph between the Colonel's fingers, and by stooping over with his hands resting on the sleeper's knees can make

most of it out. He, however, loses his foothold, and dives impetuously into the Colonel's waistcoat, from the pocket of which he inadvertently drags the Colonel's watch. Colonel X. wakes in a fury, and, accusing A. of being a pick-pocket, dispatches an attendant for the police. What should A. do?

Browning at Henley.

SUGGESTED THEME:—How they brought the good crews from Ghent.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Duma might have been the Mother of Parliaments instead of her youngest progeny to judge by the scenes of disorder which have recently characterised its proceedings.

Few of us achieve our ambitions. During his recent visit to Kiel, the KAISER several times conducted the special orchestra on board the *Hamburg*. At one time, it will be remembered, he conceived the idea of directing the Concert of Europe.

The opening of the Summer Sales passed off comparatively quietly. The hospitals were not called upon to treat any serious cases, and even the number of superficial flesh wounds admitted was smaller than usual. The ladies will yet earn the right to be called "The Gentle Sex."

MISS MARIE CORELLI (the well-known authoress) and Mr. HALL CAINE (the well-known author) were both present at the Warwick Pageant. Each, we understand, was the observed of all observers, except one.

A badge or brooch bearing a portrait of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is to be given to every boy and girl attending an elementary school in Birmingham, in commemoration of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's seventieth birthday. Sir F. C. GOULD denies the cruel rumour that he is designing the portrait.

How unpleasant it will be for the Liberal gentlemen who have just been promoted to the House of Lords when they have to be abolished.

The following extract from the Parliamentary report of *The Evening Standard* of the 2nd inst. would seem to prove that poor Mr. CHURCHILL has got Coolies on the brain:—

"ALGERIRAS.

"Mr. LONSDALE asked the Foreign Secretary whether, in ratifying the Algerias protocol, the Sultan of MOROCCO had made any reservations or conditions, and, if so, whether he could communicate the nature of such conditions to the House.

"Mr. CHURCHILL said all the twelve coolies had been repatriated, so that his hon. friend's solicitation came too late. (*Laughter.*)"

We think that the laughter was justifiable, although in doubtful taste.

The City of Limoges holds an annual fair for the sale of human hair to wholesale buyers. We have nothing quite like this in England, but we read that at Chichester fair, held last week, the Duke of RICHMOND AND GORDON obtained a good price for his wool.

Seven thousand five hundred gallons of adulterated wine were, by order of the police, poured into the river Necker last week. The effect on the local fish, who were used to nothing stronger than water, was, we understand, deplorable.

It will be remembered that there was recently exhibited at Washington a jar of "artificial" honey in which there was floating a dead bee. It is now reported that the scandal is worse than was thought. Even the bee was not a real one.

After several barren years, good catches of sardines are reported from Brittany. The clever Chicago packers are at a loss to understand why there should ever have been a shortage.

It is stated that the Committee of the "Quieter London Movement," who have been reading the account of the street fighting in *The Daily Mail's* serial, are about to petition the Government to make war with Germany impossible.

The Countess FEODORA GLEICHEN is showing at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours a bronze statue of Satan. It is a capital likeness.

"Suburbia" draws our attention to an act of gross impertinence on the part of a cabman. Our correspondent having received a present of two tickets for the Opera entered a cab, with his wife, and, in reply to the cabman's "Where to?" answered loudly and distinctly, "Covent Garden." "Market, Sir?" asked the cabman.

EX-DÉBUTANTES.

(A *Palinode*.)

["Out of a hundred very charming girls who come out in May, only about one in ten is fit to be spoken to by the middle of July. There is only one cure—Back to the Land!"—"Middle-aged Bachelor" in *The World*.]

Five days of grace remain!

While the sun shines, then, make hay,
As in middle July the quest were vain
For the Débutantes of May!

The Season's fleeting fast
And chasing the charm away
(Now Ascot and Henley and Lord's are past)
Of the Débutantes of May!

Five days are quickly spent—
If eligible swains delay,
They'll encounter that awful 90 per cent.
Of the Débutantes of May.

One tenth will scarce go round
In the marriage mart to-day,

If the "Middle-aged Bachelor's" views are sound
On the Débutantes of May.

When Mayfair Maids disband,
In London we'd rather stay,
While they're trying the cure of "Back to the Land"
For ex-Débutantes of May!

ZIG-ZAG.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES;

Or, Who was Who?

IV.—JOHN LOUDON McADAM. 1756–1836.

JOHN LOUDON McADAM, the inventor of macadamised roads, was born at Ayr on September 21, 1756. A little book was published a few years ago, entitled *The Open Road*, which gives a pathetic account of his early years. It tells how he walked four miles to school every day, and four miles back, with bare feet, along a loose flinty road; of the pain this caused him, and of how, even as a child, he vowed himself to the great task of remaking all the roads, not only of Scotland but of the whole United Kingdom.

It was many years before his intentions could be realised. His parents were poor, and, although they sympathised with his ambitions, they could not afford to buy him even the smallest road to play with. Early in life he had to go out and earn his living, first as a rook-scarer and then as a golf-caddie. It was while he was engaged in throwing stones at birds that he made the great discovery which was afterwards to bear such fruit, not only in his own life, but in the comfort and convenience of millions to come after. But he kept it to himself, knowing that the time had not yet come to put it into practice. When he had carried golf-clubs for a year, and thus acquired a command of language which stood him in good stead in after years when he had to deal with large bodies of navvies, he spent a few months in a stone-mason's yard. We next find him at work in the glass-houses of a prominent Ayrshire horticulturist. He was very shortly dismissed from this place, and was offered a situation by a grateful glazier, which he refused in order to take up with a travelling tooth-extractor. It will be seen later how all these various employments, at first sight so little connected, were undertaken with a definite object in view, and how they bore fruit in after years.

Having thus trained himself as far as possible for the work which lay before him, the young McADAM judged it time to set about getting some money. So he made a fortune, and fitted up a laboratory at Sauchie, N.B., and began to make experiments. He knew all

about stones and what could be done with them from his early experiences. He had thrown them at birds, he had chipped and cut them in the mason's yard, he had lived in glass houses. And, as assistant to the dentist, he had learnt the average capacity of the human mouth. This last experience bore directly on his great discovery. McADAM had found out that if you broke up the granite of which a road was to be made into *stones not larger than would go conveniently into a man's mouth* they would bind together of themselves. It was a discovery that was destined to revolutionise the road-making of the world. He would have made millions out of it if he had not also at this time invented the phrase "arteries of communication." It was thought that a man who could talk in that way would be too proud to accept money for his services, and everything he did now was done at his own expense.

He started in a small way on his own estate. He brought several loads of granite and broke it up with a hammer, testing the size of each stone by putting it into his mouth and taking it out again. It was dry work, and it was entirely owing to JOHN LOUDON McADAM's strength of mind that he did not at this stage acquire the drink-habit. It took him a year to make a piece of road ten feet long, but he was proud of it when it was finished, for he had tested every stone of which it was composed, and he now knew from practical experience exactly how a road ought to be made. But he saw quite plainly, such was his perspicacity of intellect, that if he was to make headway in reconstructing the roads of Great Britain and Ireland his present rate of progress was too slow. So, after a month's holiday, which he spent in a dentist's chair in Glasgow, he set to work to gather round him a body of roadmakers.

He chose men with strong arms and average-sized mouths, and told them exactly what he wanted done. They were not to swallow the stones—that must be clearly understood. And, if any of them got a stone into his mouth that would not come out again until his teeth had been extracted, he was on no account to put that stone on to the road until it had been broken smaller. Infraction of this rule would be punished by instant dismissal. He trained these men with the utmost care, and then they made a road. It was a triumph. People would come for miles to walk on it and laugh at the roadmakers. They said they had seldom seen working men look so silly. It was the talk of the country, and McADAM's fame was placed once for all on a sure basis.

He now began to be sought for all over the kingdom. Interest in his per-



Little Boy (who has already been threatened with punishment if he mutilates any more insects—in an imploring voice, to fly). "GET UP! GET UP! YOU KNOW YOU'RE ONLY PRETENDING!"

formances lasted without flagging for four years, and then he made another discovery. This was that stones passed through a two-inch mesh would serve the same purpose as those which had been tested by the average mouth.

"Now," said JOHN LOUDON McADAM, "we can really get along," and he dismissed every one of his trained stone-tasters and engaged ordinary able-bodied navvies in their place. The result was what might have been expected. Nobody would employ him any longer, and he was brought to the verge of ruin. He petitioned Parliament for a gratuity, and the House of Commons, recognising his great services in the cause of healthy amusement, voted him £10,000 and appointed him Surveyor-General of Metropolitan Roads, allowing him to

make them as he liked. He lived for thirteen years longer, greatly honoured, and died at the age of eighty, toothless but contented. His biography has lately been written by MICHAEL FAIRLESS under the title of *The Road-Mender*, and he deserves everything that is said of him.

COLERIDGE IN CHICAGO.

In Chicago did Kubla can
A Mastodon from dim B.C.
And called it beef, the wily man!
And sent it in a baggage van
For England's heavy tea.

* * * * *
I met an Abyssinian maid
Who'd tasted some, ah, me!
And said that she was much afraid
They never would agree.



INSULT ADDED TO INJURY.

Wretched Boy. "Hi, GUV'NOR! D'YER WANT ANY HELP?"

THE CARUSO CAROLS.

(After a well-known model.)

Why does the great Lord BURTON brew so?

To quench the thirst of his friend CARUSO.

Why does the pit peruse "Who's Who" so?

For further details of Sig. CARUSO.

Why do the 'buses leave Waterloo so?

They're bringing the suburbs to hear CARUSO.

Why does my Alderney heifer "moo" so?

Because she fancies herself CARUSO.

Why do the cats on the housetop mew so?

They also confuse themselves with CARUSO.

Why does the bride forego her trousseau?

To purchase a gallery seat for CARUSO.

What made Miss BILLINGTON hullabaloo so?

She mistook Mr. ASQUITH for Signor CARUSO.

Why did the public lengthen the queue so?

To see how the earthquake affected CARUSO.

What put POSEIDON in a stew so?

His utter failure to shake CARUSO.

What saddened the end of BRIAN BORU so?

The thought that he never would hear CARUSO.

Why do the duchesses rifle Kew so?

For floral tributes to hurl at CARUSO.

Why do the third-rate tenors boo so?

It's their only chance to extinguish CARUSO.

Why do the worshippers crowd the pew so?

They hope that the hymn will be led by CARUSO.

Why do the masses frequent the Zoo so?

They've heard that the wombat resembles CARUSO.

Why does LLOYD-GEORGE detest Lord HUGH so?

This has nothing whatever to do with CARUSO.

The Daily Express says: "In attempting to take a catch in the long field C. B. FRY's injured leg gave way."

Mr. Punch sincerely sympathises with Mr. FRY on this second misfortune, but still thinks that he ought to have tried to catch the ball with his hands rather than with his leg.



FANCY-FREE.

PROFESSOR BIRRELL. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE THROWN MY WHIP ASIDE AND AM TRUSTING TO THE UNAIDED INTELLIGENCE OF THE ANIMAL. A NUMBER CONSISTING OF THREE FIGURES HAS BEEN SUGGESTED TO ME AT RANDOM. THE SAGACIOUS BEAST WILL NOW WRITE THOSE FIGURES ON THE BLACKBOARD."

[The Liberal majority, which had not previously fallen below three figures during the debates on the Education Bill, was reduced to sixteen on Mr. WALTERS' amendment to Clause Six, Mr. BIRRELL having left it to the conscience of Members to vote as they chose "without any hint or suggestion being given by the employment of Government tellers."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PROTÉGÉS OF OUR NEW KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

A Puzzle for Patriots: How it comes that certain emotional Members of the British Parliament should be able, with apparent equanimity, to overlook attacks on British subjects, and yet be wrought up to a passionate frenzy of indignation when the poor dear foreign perpetrators (as above portrayed) are brought to book for their misdeeds.

House of Commons, Monday, July 2.
—Another dreary day in Committee on Education Bill varied by final flare up in Division Lobby. Government in a tight place. Division of opinion on Sixth Clause not only manifest in rank and file of Party; is developed in Cabinet. When Division took place HENRY FOWLER and BRUCE went into Opposition Lobby, their votes annulling those of PREMIER and MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

In such critical circumstances, the question at issue not being vital to Bill, safe thing to do is to tell your men they may vote as they please.

"A pretty disclosure of ordinary course of business," murmurs the MEMBER FOR SARK. "Assumption is that when a man is chosen to represent in Parliament a body of free and independent Electors he brings to every question that presents itself an impartial judgment, unfettered action. Seems not. The keeper of his conscience is either the PREMIER or the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. Each has Whips who, when Division is signalled, stand at the gates of the Temple and point towards the Lobby, into which

their men file like dumb driven cattle. It is this state of things that makes BANBURY so restive. Proffered a seat for the City, he long hesitated to submit his proud spirit to the familiar yoke. Tonight, Ministers themselves being at sixes and sevens with respect to Clause 6, we are graciously permitted to vote in accordance with our convictions and the dictates of conscience."

Through the long afternoon the flow of talk lapped sleepily against the walls of the half-empty House. What was the use of talking? Every man had made up his mind which way he would vote. Had Division taken place when WALTERS sat down, having moved his amendment, result would have been precisely the same. But in the Commons we do everything (or almost everything) decently and in order. Period of debate limited to half-past ten o'clock. Punctually at that moment, whosoever might chance to be on his legs, whatsoever had been said or left unsaid, Chairman would rise with cry of "Order! Order!" forthwith put the Question, and call a Division. So, whilst Members who had prepared speeches insisted on delivering them, the rest went off to the sunlit terrace.

"Now do I realise the feelings of the gentleman lingering in the country churchyard," said Mr. EMMOTT, settling down in the Chair and repressing a yawn.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

At half-past ten scene suddenly changed. House crowded on every bench. A throng upstanding blocked the Bar. Buzz of animated conversation filled the erstwhile gloomy Chamber. For once in a while there was real sharp interest in pending Division. It was none of your cut-and-dried programmes—the solid phalanx of well-drilled Ministerialists on one side, on the other the shrivelled remnant of the once great Unionist Party, its Leaders anxiously scanning the Irish Nationalists and the Don't-Keirs, thankful in advance for any small contribution to their numbers. Ministerialists were, temporarily at least, emancipated, much as if they were slaves in the West Indies or serfs in Russia.

How would they use their freedom? Would they take advantage of it to go for their old masters, or would they, in

obedience to long instinct, humbly follow them into the Division Lobby? On ordinary occasions, Members, having taken part in the final Division of a sitting, hurry off to catch a cab, contentedly waiting for the morning papers to learn the exact figures. To-night they trooped back in battalions, once more filling the Chamber with bustling babbling crowd. As it grew it became obvious that the Division had been a close thing. On other nights the few Opposition sheep are early penned, whilst the Ministerialists continue to pour a constant stream from the Division Lobby. To-night the contending hosts came in neck-and-neck, stepping together like a pair of well-matched carriage horses.

Up to the very last difficult to say which Lobby was first cleared. When the figures were reported to Clerk at Table and WALTERS was observed to place himself on the left of the line of Tellers, it was known the amendment was defeated. By how many?

"Ayes to the right, 267," cried the Teller; "Noes to the left, 283."

A great shout went up from the Opposition. True, it was not even a moral defeat of the Government. After carefully considering their hand Mr. BIRRELL had been put up to say, "I leave it to you, partner." The Ministerial Whips had taken no part in the Division. But an important clause in the principal Government measure submitted to unfettered judgment of House of 550 Members had been saved by a narrow majority of 16.

Business done.—Clause 6 added to Education Bill.

Wednesday night.—To-day the SPEAKER, attended by a crowd of Members sombrely arrayed, attended in their Parish Church of St. Margaret's. WILFRID LAWSON is dead, not ere his prime, for that was long past; still in the fulness of his popularity. Almost up to the last he was in attendance at the place he knew so well, where he had lived and laughed so long. Forty-seven years ago he walked up to the Table to take the oath on being returned Member for Carlisle. He was here on Thursday. On Sunday morning he died, and to-morrow will be laid to rest in Cumberland soil. To-day Members of all sections of Party meet on the common ground of the Parish Church to lament the loss of a comrade, honest to the point of fanaticism, withal the merriest of men.

Odd to recall a time when WILFRID LAWSON used habitually to address a not too crowded House unmoved to laughter. Discovery that he was humorous was suddenly, unexpectedly made, much as the fortunate miner, after long unrequited labour, haps upon rich quartz.



FAREWELL TO AN OLD FRIEND.

(Sir Wilfrid Lawson.)

Some time early in the Disraelian Parliament the Member for Carlisle chanced to make a joke that caught the fancy of the House. Encouraged by success, he tried again, and speedily gained a reputation that secured for him the position out of which BERNAL OSBORNE was opportunely fading.

OSBORNE never recovered from an accidental, undesigned shot fired at him by a long-suffering Member opposite. Had intended to allude to his tormentor as



SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE.

(Mr. Th-d-re T-yl-r.)

"the chartered libertine of debate." By happy confusion of speech he called him "the shattered libertine of debate." The House recognised the ruthless accuracy of the description. BERNAL OSBORNE, after long reign, fell into obscurity, and WILFRID LAWSON took his cap and bells.

In congenial company LAWSON was even better off the Parliamentary stage than on it. In one case he flashed forth his happy sayings. In the other he carefully fashioned them in his study, brought them down written out in manuscript, and without attempt to disguise read them to an audience whose enjoyment was, by rare exception, not marred by the mechanical process.

I recall two instances that illustrate his manner in varied circumstance. TOM COLLINS, one of a Parliamentary type long extinct, was as thrifty as he was wealthy. Returned for Knaresborough after long absence, he delayed putting in an appearance at Westminster.

"Odd, isn't it," someone said to Sir WILFRID, "that TOM COLLINS doesn't turn up?"

"Not at all, not at all," was the swift reply. "He is waiting for an excursion train."

The other flash of humour illuminated the House. It was provoked in connection with an old Member who, oddly enough for those who sat with him in the Radical camp thirty years ago, will presently reappear on the Parliamentary scene in the robes of a Peer. Mr. COURTNEY, then Member for Liskeard, distinguished himself by his opposition to the Transvaal War that ended on Majuba Hill. He was warmly backed by WILFRID LAWSON in his bitter attacks on GLADSTONE's Government. In its second year he accepted office as Under Secretary for the Home Department.

This was a great blow to LAWSON's faith in his fellow-man. He waited his opportunity and scored, the point not the less hurtful since it was that of the rapier. Mr. GLADSTONE declining an invitation to make a statement of the views of the Government in respect to the Transvaal, WILFRID LAWSON interposed with the suave remark—

"Perhaps the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT will undertake the duty."

Business done.—In Committee on the Education Bill.

Railway Candour.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT PEEBLES.

A SPECIAL excursion train will run as under:—

"NOTICE.—The Company hereby give Special Notice that they do not undertake or guarantee that passengers will reach Peebles."—N. B. R. Placard.

THE LONGWORTHS' INDEPENDENCE DAY.

From the Diary of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

July 4.—Independence Day. NICHOLAS began day suitably by reading in firm voice Declaration of Independence. I said nothing, but I have my doubts. NICHOLAS, in asbestos Senatorial uniform, then let off some crackers, and we sang "Hail Columbia!" NICHOLAS's voice not very good, but I helped him over the top notes. Mr. WHITELAW REID rather nervous about the crackers, as it seems Dorchester House is only leased.

Small but select breakfast party, strictly kept to free-born Americans. Mr. and Mrs. WHITELAW REID, of course; Miss MAY SUTTON; Mr. R. G. KNOWLES; Miss EDNA MAY; Sir CHARLES FROHMAN; Mr. SARGENT; Sir KENNEDY, Bart.; Mr. and Mrs. and the sweet little FULLERS, and seven duchesses. A thoroughly American meal—began with cocktails and clam chowder and ended with maple syrup and pemmican. NICHOLAS, wearing his starred-and-striped moccasins and silver-mounted goatee, much admired.

After breakfast went out shopping. Great difficulty in finding chewing gum. Must urge Poppa to institute Gum Trust for Great Britain. Bought Independence-day presents for old friends: among these diamond-hilted rook-and-rabbit rifle for the KAISER, who was so nice to us last week; gramophone for President FALLIÈRES, with whom we dine to-morrow; and monogram ring for dear old FRANZ JOSEF, with F. J. H. neatly engraved on it. NICHOLAS gave me another motor-car—this makes the sixth since we have been here—and a white satin dress the exact copy of that worn by Princess ENA at her recent marriage.

At 11.30 left our cards at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House; then motored down to Henley, dropping Miss SUTTON, who was looking more radiant than ever, at Wimbledon. Just in time for two heats of the Grand Challenge, and lunch with Lord DESBOROUGH. Then on to Warwick for the Pageant, where we picked up a number of hints likely to be useful in a new republican country.

Changed *en route* in the tonneau into mediæval costume. I went as Queen ELIZABETH in a star-spangled ruff, and NICHOLAS as Sir WALTER RALEIGH, with beard and cloak. NICHOLAS, who is really often quite witty, convulsed Lady WARWICK by the following conundrum: "What is the difference between a Warwick cow and a Chicago cow?" Answer, "One is dun and the other has been overdone." I cabled this to Poppa. At the reception in the pavilion in my honour I had much pleasure in raising Mr. LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER to the



Harry Holdtigh (of the Bumpcaddle Yeomanry). "HERE—HANG IT ALL! I'M NOT A BALLY TOREADOR!"

Philippine peerage as the Earl of WARWICK, the pageant-maker.

Motored back in time for great dinner and Fourth-of-July Ball at Dorchester House. Was taken in by Prince EITEL FRITZ, who is over here *incog.*, travelling as a simple American, a member of our suite. Led off the "Washington Post" with Sir BAMFORD SLACK, who is the latest member of the English aristocracy, and was therefore given this honour. NICHOLAS acquitted himself in the cake-walk with his customary dignity and distinction, Mr. JAMES BRYCE being much impressed, and remarking that he had never seen EUGENE STRATTON in such good form. Earlier in the day, I might remark, Mr. BRYCE had said that he had never been so impressed by any American's constitution as by dear MAY SUTTON's.

Off to Paris by midnight train to stay with the FALLIÈRES.

THERE is a rumour at Potsdam that the KAISER is jealous of the youngest Hohenzollern. His Majesty recognises with regret that at last there is one in the world who can boast a more illustrious and never-to-be-forgotten grandfather than he himself can.

THOUGH Mr. FREEMAN THOMAS is now happily recovered from his recent accident, the extent of his injuries seems to have been much larger than was at first supposed. *The Western Morning News*, in commenting on his narrow escape, says that he was "hurted between 30 ft. and 40 ft."

TIT-FOR-TATIANA.

I GATHER, from the highest third-hand information, that the late *POUSHKIN*'s novel in verse, *Eugène Onéghin*, is a work of psychologic subtlety. I am glad to know this, as I should never have guessed it from seeing *TCHAIKOWSKY*'s operatic version, than which I can imagine nothing more naïve. It goes something like this:

Olga (Madame KIRKBY LUNN) and *Tatiana* (Mlle. DESTINN) are sisters, who sing duets. *Olga*, the elder, is very dark and sufficiently mature to be engaged to a certain *Lensky* (M. ALTCHESKY). *Tatiana*, on the other hand, has her golden hair still hanging down her back. But if she is not engaged to be married it is no fault of hers; for not only does the synopsis admit that she is "sentimental," but we also see her taking her earliest chance, and falling in love at sight with *Lensky*'s friend, *Onéghin*, described as "a disappointed man of the world." (The part of this well-preserved beau was played with an admirable sense of deportment and great lusciousness of voice by Signor BATTISTINI, who, though he wore a moustache, recalled by his debonair appearance the prime of Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN.) As *Onéghin* fails to make any advances at their first meeting, *Tatiana*, recognising with true operatic instinct that time presses, resolves to accelerate matters by declaring her passion in a letter and appointing a *rendezvous*.

One can imagine the maiden hesitancy which any nice-minded girl would bring to the execution of so delicate a task; and, indeed, it takes her the whole night to compose the letter. Meanwhile the orchestra plays the most fascinating accompaniment to her moving pen. (Thanks to the practice she has had in *Madama Butterfly*, these all-night sittings are becoming quite a habit with Mlle. DESTINN.) Naturally *Tatiana* is looking a bit below herself next day, and, although she remains in excellent voice, *Onéghin*, who keeps the appointment, tells her with appalling candour that he does not share her infatuation.

A birthday dance is now given by her Mamma (for after all a chorus must be kept employed, and its previous appearance as Russian peasantry had been far from picturesque), and *Onéghin* avenges himself on his friend *Lensky* for the boredom of the entertainment (there I was with him) by pursuing the engaged *Olga* with persistent attentions. A duel is easily arranged, a most delightful snow-scene being selected for the *terrain*; and it was soon clear that *Lensky* would be the victim. For in the first place he was the innocent man, and secondly he was kept waiting an unconscionable time in the

cold without an overcoat. At last *Onéghin* arrived, very comfortably and warmly clad, and then I thought there must be a misprint and that they were there to fight a duet and not a duel at all. But the song was soon over, and they took up their positions with their backs to one another, and the signal was given.

Neither of them moved. Indeed, I cannot remember having ever assisted at a duel in which the parties were so long in getting off the mark. Finally *Onéghin* woke up and shot his man



"A DISAPPOINTED MAN OF THE WORLD."
Sig. Battistini . . . *Eugène Onéghin*.

dead. That was the end of *Lensky*; and, except that he at once rose and bowed to the audience, he took no further part in the melodrama.

Years elapse and *Tatiana* marries a Prince, and they give a ball in St. Petersburg (for after all the chorus must be kept employed, and a ball in town is really quite a fresh idea after a ball in a country house). *Onéghin* does not recognise his hostess, for *Tatiana* has grown a big girl by this, and has her hair up.

It is now *his* turn to fall in love at sight, and I am told that the original

novel is peculiarly subtle at this juncture. In that case I cannot think that the opera does it justice. If the change in *Onéghin*'s attitude had been due to the discovery that the lady was now married, this might have raised a pretty but rather familiar point in psychologies. But he is at first ignorant of the fact that she is married; so that his changed appreciation of her must be due to the improvement in her physical or social attractions—neither of them a very subtle reason. However, the reason doesn't matter much, as it is now the gentleman's turn to be rebuffed. But *Tatiana* has not forgotten her first assignation, nor the pains it cost her to compose it; and she still has a soft place in her heart for the object of that unfortunate tryst. Accordingly she allows him to argue his case at some length in her boudoir, even joining him in a very eloquent duet. Then she says "No" and goes right out of the room before she can change her mind.

The synopsis says that *Onéghin* shoots himself in despair. This is not true. His brains were still intact when the curtain fell, and I think that he got over it all in rather less than a fortnight.

The opera, admirably performed, abounds in delicious melody; but as a play it is poor stuff. The novel of motive is not readily adapted to the ordinary stage, still less to the operatic. For here, owing to the claims of music, always leisurely in expressing itself, there is even smaller scope for the revelation of causes that lead to action; which must without such revelation appear crude and arbitrary.

And in any case Opera is perhaps a sufficiently hybrid art without the further introduction of a psychologic strain.

O. S.

COVER-POINTS.

CRICKET is still the national game, in spite of the efforts of the Americans to supersede it. But "Wibbley-Wob" has never really conquered the affections of the British public. This is attributable, I think, to the lack of a proper "Wibbley-Wob" costume. Everybody recognises that the magnetism of the M.C.C. as a cricket club is almost entirely due to the privilege its members enjoy of wearing a chili and mustard blazer with cap *en suite*. With an equally tasty colour-scheme, I feel confident that "King Wibbley-Wob" would now rule supreme.

The great objection to cricket is, of course, that it is such an unsportsman-like game. For example, I once fielded for many, many hours in a marrow-warping sun, and was rewarded with an innings of three balls only. The first two were wides.



The Squire. "BUT I TELL YOU, SIR, THIS ROAD IS PRIVATE, AND YOU SHALL NOT PASS EXCEPT OVER MY PROSTRATE BODY!"

Cyclist. "ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR, I'LL GO BACK. I'VE DONE ENOUGH HILL CLIMBING ALREADY!"

The umpiring of cricket, too, is notoriously indifferent. A friend of mine was caught, last week, on the second bounce in the deep field and was given "out" by the umpire, who afterwards explained that he was slightly deaf and under the impression that the appeal was for "leg-before." Now this kind of thing should not be allowed to occur, I think, and in point of fact I remember a somewhat similar incident on the ground of the Solomon Islands C.C. being summarily dealt with. The umpire was a missionary. Was.

A propos, a brightening up of county cricket also is sadly needed. Many excellent proposals have been made in the papers lately with this end in view, and the best of them, to my mind, is the abolition of the professional. But the scheme hardly seems to go far enough. Why not the amateur as well? I assume, of course, that there are still some amateur players in county cricket.

My own performance in that class of match is limited to the game last year between Quackmannanshire and the touring Uganda team, where my scoring

at a critical time won the match for the Scotch county. With only half-an-hour left for play we were one-hundred-and-thirty runs behind, and yet we won. Truly the pen is mightier than the bat!

Apart from that occasion, I have not been asked to participate in first-class cricket, although I have some acquaintance with the sporting editor of *The Daily Mail*; but as a boy I once captained a team of first-class ladies on board a "P. and O." liner. This match had a tragic termination, as the young lady I placed at cover-point—five yards away from the wicket—did not pay sufficient attention to the game. She was to have been married immediately on arrival at Adelaide the next day, but had to take to novel-writing instead.

This mention of Australia recalls to me an interesting match I witnessed in the March of '04 at Gluepots (Gippsland) between the "Geelong Googlems" and the "Gluepots Bluegums." The Gluepots ground is well known to be somewhat muddy, especially after heavy rains. There had been a few showers before I arrived, and the pitch was a

little "tacky," so that most of the men were fielding in the deep, but the bowler's head and arms were well above the mud. This was because he was standing on the umpire's shoulders. The "G.G.'s" won, after an exciting finish, by three lost balls, ninety-six to seventy-eight, mainly owing to the superb bowling of a promising young colt, who managed to find a hard spot at the pavilion end of the wicket.

[Ed.—We print this last story under reserve, and are cabling out to our Melbourne office for confirmation.]

The Journalistic Touch.

"Six years ago this geyser started as a modest hot-water spring, but at present it throws out every ten minutes a great mass of water rising to 180 feet high, and lasting a quarter of an hour."—*Daily Mail*.

"To-day's weather was ideal: Thirty hours' brilliant sunshine."

Dublin Daily Express.

Why worry about your looks?

"THE beauty of crystals lies in the planeness of their faces."—*Times*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I MAY as well say at once that, in reviewing Mr. QUILLER COUCH's *From a Cornish Window*, I intend (with permission of Dr. CLIFFORD and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN) to speak of the author as "Q."—and this though I do not know him personally. Very well then. Q.'s window, like the village shop window, exhibits all sorts of odd things, some of them new, some second-hand; but all worthy of consideration. There is an absurd idea abroad that an author may not hold an opinion on any subjects save literature. When Mr. MEREDITH said that somebody had an adventurous nose there was an outcry at his intrusion into politics. This attitude is hard to understand. We know Mr. MEREDITH and "Q." to be clever, thoughtful men, who write what they have to write deliberately. We have only *The Daily Blank's* word for it that their anonymous leader-writers are clever and thoughtful; and they certainly write in a hurry. Something of this sort says "Q." himself; and certainly what he has to say on politics is worth listening to. On some other occasions his window becomes too much the pulpit or the master's desk; nor does one ever feel sure that one sees the real "Q." He looks out from behind a curtain, which is not playing fair. Mr. E. F. BENSON's *Book of Months* remains the ideal book of this class. *From a Cornish Window* is published by ARROWSMITH, and in any case should be read by all "book-lovers."

MR. STORER CLOUSTON is his own most dangerous enemy. Some years ago he wrote *The Lunatic at Large*. Now when he produces *Count Bunker* (BLACKWOOD) folk feebly say it isn't so good as his first essay. Probably not. But it's good enough to read and laugh over every page. Like his *magnum opus*, the story is based upon a series of elaborately contrived misunderstandings. A German *attaché* at the Court of St. James, weary of conventionality, places himself in the hands of that audacious conspirator, *Count Bunker*. Under his direction he goes to Scotland, assuming the personality of a nobleman for pecuniary reasons hankering after the hand of the daughter of a millionaire American who, after a fashion not unknown to his class, rents a Lodge and moor in Scotland. In the height of his animal spirits the Baron makes love not to one girl but to two. As they are neighbours serious complications ensue. It is all absurdly impossible, but not therefore the less joyous.

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON, the well-known man of letters, has done a great deal for the glory of departed great men by drawing attention to the neglected state of their tombstones, and Mr. Punch, for one, assures him with all sincerity that these good deeds of his will not readily be forgotten. But apparently Mr. ASHTON has no faith in the gratitude of the public. He fears that, when his time comes, he too may lie beneath a weather-stained and uninformative slab of marble.

So with a view to keeping fresh the recollection of his achievement he has brought together into a book, under the title *Truth, Wit and Wisdom*, his letters to the newspapers. There are five hundred and twenty-five of them, and the majority deal with monumental masonry. The result is, in the author's modest words, "a mine of information," and in it there is one nugget at least which the reader cannot fail to excavate. At the foot of every single one of the five hundred and twenty-five epistles the writer's name and address appear in full. He has, in fact, erected a monument more brazen than brass, and if that doesn't keep his memory green nothing will. Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL have done their best to assist by publishing the book.



A MIXED RECORD.

In *The Balkan Trail* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. FREDERICK MOORE modestly presents himself without personal introduction. The reader speedily learns that his journey to the Balkans was undertaken on the commission of a New York newspaper. Its fruits are found in the record of many incidents of Turkish rule inevitably leading to chronic revolt. But Mr. MOORE is not chiefly concerned with politics. The American newspaper correspondent is in marked degree the *sapere* of journalism. To him nothing is sacred. Leaving high politics in the main to look after themselves, he goes among the people taking hasty snapshots of their appearance and their character. The book is more of the nature of the libretto of a Comic Opera than a serious contribution to political or geographical knowledge. Many will be inclined to regard this rather as a recommendation than a detraction. To the brightly-drawn word pictures that follow in rapid succession Mr. MOORE adds some three-score illustrations of street scenes taken by the camera. These are most interesting.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, however much he may be occupied with the night side of London and the revival of melodrama, has not forgotten his youth; and there are plenty of youthful high spirits in the kind of little fable which he puts forth under the title *Two London Fairies* (GREENING). The application of the fairy-tale formula to present-day life, with scenes at the Carlton and elsewhere, and the solution of the problems of poverty and disease and misfortune by the waving of an umbrella, are very ingenious, and now and then—as when the bus conductor who had long wanted a moustache is suddenly endowed with one as a reward for his politeness—are managed with much humour. Mr. SIMS, we fancy, for all his knowledge of the world and desire to make our hair grow, has a good deal of the nature of the fairy godfather himself.

A Long Jump.

"A PASSENGER leaped from an excursion train to Clacton yesterday as it was passing at a rapid pace through Thorpe station."

Daily Chronicle.

As it is nearly four miles from Thorpe to Clacton, this performance easily beats the previous record of 24 feet 10½ inches.



Porter. "ANY MORE LUGGAGE, SIR?"

THE CORELLI CLUB.

THE Omar Khayyám Club, the Johnson Club, the Pepys Club, the Boz Club, the Vagabonds Club, the Whitefriars Club being insufficient for the convivial needs of literary London, it has been suggested that a Thackeray Club should be formed too. And why not? A dinner by any name may be equally edible, and there is no reason why men with good appetites should not call themselves Thackerayans if they want to. Rather let us have more dining clubs than fewer. Why stop at THACKERAY? Why celebrate only the dead? Why not have a Corelli Club, for example, to do honour to the gifted authoress, still happily in our midst, of *Treasure of Heaven*? As a help to the energetic gentlemen who bring such projects as these to a head the following tentative programme has been drawn up. The rest (as SHAKESPEARE says) is easy.

INAUGURAL NIGHT OF THE CORELLI CLUB.

Chairman: MR. SIDNEY LEE.

MENU.

Potage.

À la Bonne Femme.

Fish.

Sole of Lilith.

Beurre fondu.

Homard aux Dames.

Entrées.

Critic braisé.

Trustee minced.

Rôt.

Venison (from Charlcote).

Wines.

"Boy." Vermouth.

No Flowers, by request.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC.

- Song MR. SIDNEY LEE
"The Queen's Marie."
 Song MR. HALL CAINE
"My Sweet Sweeting" (Corelli).
 Selections from *Ginevra da Siena* (Corelli).
 Song MR. HALL CAINE
"Romeo's Good Night" (Corelli).

Ensemble.—"For she's a jolly good fellow."

During the evening the Chairman will deliver an address on

"STRATFORD-ON-AVON SINCE SHAKESPEARE," in which he will carry the history of the quaint old Warwickshire town down to the present day and show what blessings it labours under.

The Effect of the Warwick Pageant on Derby.

"Does your Outside want painting? Now is the best time.—Ask for estimates from S— and Son."—*Derby Daily Telegraph*.

We understand from the auditors that the business is not what it was two thousand years ago.

FROM a magazine poem:

"At last upon the mantelpiece
 The wretched thing I saw.
 Of course it was my collar stud
 That I was hunting for!"

The time would have been more profitably employed, perhaps, in hunting for a rhyme.

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THE FREE.

[Mr. HALDANE, in exposing his new Army Scheme, gave it as his opinion that the country "will not be dragooned into conscription." In other, and less conventional, terms it is the inalienable right of the freeborn British citizen to decline to lift a finger in his country's defence.]

O City clerk, in whom the hopes are stored
Of England's manhood, let me talk with you—
With you whose pen is mightier than the sword
(And far, far safer, too).

Soon you will trip to some salubrious Spa,
Or pluck delight from Southend shrimps and tea,
Flaunting beneath a so-called Panama
Beside the so-called sea.

There you will blow the expense and softly lie
In some hotel abutting on the brine,
And have your food (*en pension*) served you by
A waiter from the Rhine.

Him you will treat with well-deserved contempt,
Poor Teuton, seared with vile Conscription's brand,
Not, like yourself, a gentleman exempt
From duty to his land.

You are a free-born City clerk, and boast
That you can buy the necessary slaves—
Tommys that undertake to man the coast,
And Tars to walk the waves.

Besides, the leisure hours in which you slack
Are owed to Sport—the Briton's primal law;
You have to watch a game of ball, or back
A horse you never saw.

Splendid, *mon brave!* you have a sporting nerve
Unknown to these dull churls of Teuton breed;
Yet here's a man has learned at least to serve
His Fatherland at need.

He sings his *Wacht am Rhein*, and, if the thing
Wants watching with a rifle, he'll be there;
When you've invited Heaven to "save the King"
You think you've done your share.

They've taught him how to march in fighting kit
And drill a likely hole in human butts;
You have no discipline and couldn't hit
A haystack, not for nuts.

His women-folk are safe in their appeal
To his protection when the bullets skirl,
While your "fionsy"—well, I really feel
Quite sorry for the girl.

For this poor "conscript" whom the tyrants grind,
Though he may miss your British freedom's scope,
Yet knows the use of arms, where you would find
Your legs your only hope.

So doff your hat to him when next you meet,
And pray that, when his prentice task is done,
If you should cross him on a raiding beat,
He'll give you time to run. O. S.

Curious Treatment of a Famous Dean.

"DEAN CHURCH.—The interior of Dean Church is being thoroughly cleaned and painted."—*West Cumberland Times*.

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR THE PACKERS.—*Omnia possumus omnes*
—We all can everything.

SPORTING ESTATES TO LET.

[A contemporary states that insect and moth hunting are the very best recreations for the jaded business man.]

THE Entomological Sporting Agency, Ltd., offers the following splendid estates to City gentlemen, members of the Stock Exchange, and other sportsmen.

"In a picturesque part of Kent—old Elizabethan house—Earwig Manor—with unequalled sporting and fishing rights. It was in the back kitchen of this celebrated mansion that the famous FITZ-TOMPKINS battue took place, in which 1,305 brace of blackbeetles, 40 cockroaches, and 70 head of mixed game fell to a party of six slippers in one evening. The antique water-butts, on which the mansion depends for its water supply, afford excellent cover for water-beetle drives. Thirty coveys of this favourite sporting fowl were flushed last season. The estate has always been strictly preserved, and no poaching chars or spring-cleaners have been allowed on it for generations."

"Within fourteen miles of a railway station—that superb family mansion, The Sluggery. This domain is well known in sporting circles. 1,962 moths were secured in a single carpet beat last season. The kitchen garden affords admirable facilities for the sport of slug-shooting. It was in the grounds of this estate that Captain Longbowe (of the Royal Marines) had his famous conflict with a ferocious slug, which he detected in the act of carrying away the garden roller. The fortunate renter of this estate will be able to reduce his chemist's bill considerably, as leeches of the finest sucking power are always to be found on the premises."

"Bluebag Hall—in the immediate vicinity of the pleasant town of Hartshorn. Few estates in England offer such attractions to the spirited sportsman. The stock of midges and gnats is absolutely unlimited, and the pleasant recreation of mosquito netting may be enjoyed at any hour of the day or night during the season. In addition there are on the estate several hundred wasps' nests. The Bluebag wasps provide the fastest runs across country of any wasps in the United Kingdom. This is the only estate in England on which the sport of hornet-hunting in chain armour can be thoroughly enjoyed. The chain armour, diving dresses, and other sporting costumes will be placed at the disposal of a thoroughly reliable tenant.

"Unequalled facilities for recovery are offered to sufferers from rheumatism. The bee-stinging cure may be enjoyed in perfection."

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS.

"Urgentur . . . longa
Nocte carent quia vate sacro."

If only some poet or else poetaster
Had sung of the Players, when play was beginning,
They might have averted the final disaster,
And made a great match even greater by winning.

But, since they were wholly bereft "*sacri vatis*,"
They failed and were beaten before five-o'clock tea,
And whate'er in the game at the Oval their fate is
"*Urgentur*" at Lords for this year "*longa Nocte*."*

* That is to say, "by long Knox."

An Echo of Chicago.

"Fish and chips to be sold cheap: ill health sole cause."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

"Choice of three honest half-legged horses . . . suit Carrier."—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

"*Suit Carrier*" seems hardly strong enough. He would appear to be absolutely necessary.



THE GREY KNIGHT RIDES ON.





Ethel (on a visit and sharing her cousin's lessons). "YOU SHOULDN'T COUNT ON YOUR FINGERS, MAY. MY GOVERNESS NEVER LETS ME."
May. "HOW DO YOU COUNT, THEN?"

Ethel. "I COUNT ON MY TOES—THEN SHE CAN'T SEE ME DOING IT!"

THE 'ORDEAL OF CHOICE.

(A Golfing Soliloquy by a Junior Partner.)

Round comes July, and with it comes the need,
 Ordained by custom, of my annual flitting—
 My senior partner having so decreed—

But, e'er I start, it first of all is fitting
 To settle whither I intend to speed;
 And I have no compunction in admitting
 That, each successive year, the task of choosing
 Becomes more difficult and more confusing.

Golf summons me afield; yet who am I
 To weigh the claims of Gullane v. Tantallon?
 To judge between Deal, Littlestone and Rye?
 Portmarnock, Rosapenna and Port Salon?
 Fain would I see Strathpeffer ere I die,
 And quaff its healing waters by the gallon;
 Or view the lambent lights of the aurora
 Amid the bunkers and the bents of Brora.

Some pens wax lyrical on Westward Ho!
 Spite of its rushes loudly execrated.
 St. Andrews is supreme; yet some I know
 Pronounce it overrun and overrated.
 Sandwich is sleepless in the dogstar's glow,
 And by stockbrokers somewhat devastated.
 Lahinch allures, albeit somewhat windy;
 And there are varying views about Kilspindie.

Nor are my hours of slumber docked at night
 By musing merely on the choice of scene.

The choice of ball, its "carry" and its flight,
 Its subsequent behaviour on the green,
 Claim anxious thought. Last week it was the "Kite;"
 But now comes HORACE—HUTCHINSON, I mean—
 And fills me, in the Friday W. G.,
 With hopes of HASKELLS costing one-and-three!

Again, shall I adopt the discs of SCAIFE
 Or stud my solid soles with nails of metal?
 Alas! here too the cracks no clue vouchsafe
 But differ each from each, like pot and kettle,
 While I, in search of guidance, fret and chafe
 Beneath a load of problems none can settle.
 I cannot even find which rule is COCKER'S—
 To golf in trousers or in knickerbockers!

When the acknowledged experts disagree—
 TAYLOR with BRAID, and SANDY HERD with VARDON—
 The indecision that bewilders me,
 A foozling layman, surely merits pardon.
 Were it not safer then to shun the sea
 And drive a captive ball in my back garden,
 Arranging with my housekeeper to say
 To callers that I've gone to—Cruden Bay?

Stay, what is that I hear, what ancient lilt?
 "The Campbells," so the organ grinds, "are coming."
 Shall I then in these sultry chambers wilt
 With SCOTIA'S spell in all my pulses drumming?
 I hail the omen. JENKINS, pack my kilt!
 Farewell to Fashion's thralldom soul-benumbing!
 The die is cast: my doubts *instantly* vanish;
 I'm off to Campbeltown and Machrihanish.

CHARIVARIA.

AFTER all, the KAISER's grandson is to be christened WILHELM, and not EDWARD.

The KAISER will stick at nothing to gain the friendship of the United States. He has now come to the rescue of the Beef Trust. He has bought a steam-yacht from Mr. ARMOUR for £15,000.

The Constitution of the Transvaal will, it is said, comprise an Upper and a Lower House: and it is stated that, when the Government abolishes our House of Lords, a scheme of State-aided Emigration for its members will be found to be ready.

To the great annoyance of our Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, the American Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is about to embark upon a political career. Our Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL would like it to be known that he is the original Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and that all others are cheap, if not tinned, imitations.

Those who had been prophesying the present Government's speedy death are looking rather foolish to-day. Mr. T. GIBSON BOWLES has announced his intention in future to support Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and the Liberal party. The news has fallen like a bolt from a pop-gun in the Conservative camp.

The repatriation placards having failed to arrest the attention of the South African coolies, the Government are, we hear, about to try the effect of more attractive posters by Mr. JOHN HASSALL, Mr. DUDLEY HARDY, and Mr. TOM BROWNE.

We hear that Mr. BYLES is about to ask that a day may be set apart for the House of Commons to discuss the conduct of Sir EDWARD GREY, who has been showing marked pro-British tendencies.

We fear that the official history of the struggle in South Africa contains a record not only of the mistakes of that contest, but also those of our next war.

Several members of the House of Commons rifle team practised shooting at Staines last week, but none of them hit it.

The Admiralty has directed that American tinned meat shall no longer be a compulsory ration in the British Navy. An appeal has now been received from Chicago that the products in question shall be retained as a punishment in view of the impending abolition of flogging.

We are not so sure that the Colonel who objected to some volunteers wearing curls acted wisely. It is just conceivable that it might put the enemy off.

Mr. JABEZ WOLFFE has beaten Captain WEBB's record for the swim from Dover to Ramsgate, doing it not only in a shorter time but also to the accompaniment of bagpipes.

The announcement that one of our leading railway companies is about to make experiments in audible signalling has caused grave discontent among several persons who, in order to escape from the noise of a motor-bus route, have taken houses backing on a railway line in the hope of enjoying comparative quiet.

We understand that Miss CORELLI's new book to be published at the end of this month, will bear on its cover the following modest inscription:—

THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN.

MARIE CORELLI.

The suggestion has been made that we should have a reserve of judges. That is undoubtedly just what some of our judges lack.

Great Britain, France, and Italy having concluded an Abyssinian Agreement inimical to the interests of Germany, Italy has courteously laid a copy of the Agreement upon the table of the German Foreign Office.

Our plucky little allies are about to start motor-omnibus services at Osaka and Kobe.

The Alpine Clubs of Italy and Switzerland propose to agitate for legislation rendering it compulsory for those who make difficult ascents to employ professional guides. The severest penalties are to be imposed on those who lose their lives owing to a neglect of this precaution.

Both political parties in Kansas have been asked to incorporate in their platforms a plank demanding that shirts shall be made an inch longer in order to use up the surplus cotton crop, and it is rumoured that those interested in the cloth trade are about to demand that trousers shall in future button round the neck.

Q. Why are the woods of the Amazon called virgin forests?

A. Because they have never been axed.

LECTURES ON CHILD TRAINING.

(Reported by Helen and Cecil.)

II.

WELL, we hid in the fernery, like we did on Tuesday, to hear the second lecture by Lady MONTFORT's Dear Man on Child Training. CECIL to write the bits down, and me to remember what he missed.

There were more ladies than ever, and they buzzed and chattered louder and louder, till there was suddenly a sort of a swish—as if somebody out of *The Strand Magazine* had jumped in amongst them and shouted, "Hands up!"

(That is what CECIL whispered. I shouldn't have thought of it myself.)

And then Dear Man began.

"Children have their just rights—rights, remember!"

"Hullo!" I murmured.

"Shut up!" said CECIL, scribbling and moving his lips in and out, as he always does when he is keen.

"Firstly: The child has a right to punishment—to learn that Acts bring Consequences."

Really, CECIL and me didn't think much of that part of the lecture; but CECIL thought he had better go on reporting, so that we might explain to Mother afterwards how silly it was.

Dear Man gassed a lot about how if we over-eat we got pains, and if we sat up late we were unbearable next day, and if we didn't learn our lessons we didn't know them, and if we climbed trees we spoiled our clothes, and how they must be sure that the punishment was the natural consequence of the crime committed. That last wasn't so bad, for punishments are awfully monotonous—CECIL and me had often thought how much jollier it would be if they could invent fresh ones. But all the same CECIL wanted to run right in amongst them and ask whether all of them stopped doing things because they knew what would happen.

Dad knows as well as well that eating pork makes him unfit, but he will go on because he likes the crackling. And Mother—she knows that if she wears openwork stockings the midges simply torment her insteps. But she goes on buying them and groaning.

"Never punish them when you are angry."

That, of course, was nonsense.

Why, Mother could hardly bring herself to punish us at all unless she were vexed or "tried," as she calls it. And Dad—if he didn't punish that very minute, he would laugh. Dad gets vexed as quick as boiling milk, and down again the moment he is off the fire. Fancy letting them keep back their punishments like lemonade with the corks out!

Anyway, I generally get naughty in a hurry, and it is much jollier to have a good fizzy punishment in a hurry and be done with it, so that you can get time for something else.

Like when I cut off my curls and threw them into the fire. Dad was furious, quite as bad as when our new groom let down the yellow mare—and he was across the nursery in two strides.

He glared at me, and I glared at him. "What *did* make you do it?" he asked.

And I said: "I expect it was Satan—or else—to hear them fizzle."

And Dad shot down in the rocking-chair, and creaked and creaked, looking at me till I ran and hugged him.

"Never forget to punish them when they have broken a rule."

That was, of course, another silly thing. Why, that would take all the sport out of life. It is just the off-chance that they will forget to punish that makes doing things so jolly!

"Don't try to break a child's will. It is his most precious possession."

Dear Man was getting more sensible again. They are trying to break REGGIE McDONALD's will next door. They keep him in bed to do it. CECIL and me went through the plum wall yesterday—that's the quickest way to the Hall—and we halloo'd at his window, and he got up and danced to us in his pyjamas. It was just before lunch. They were trying to get him to put a book back on the shelf.

"Don't worry if your child says 'I won't' now and then. He is only testing his own personality. He will want it all when he is grown up."

We don't know what he meant by that. But when CECIL and me say "I won't" we are generally testing Dad and Mother. We watch their eyes to know how long it is safe to do it.

"But don't you believe in implicit obedience of the child?" That was poor old REGGIE's mother who asked that, and we listened to our very teeth.

"Not invariably!" said Dear Man. "You may infinitely handicap your child in the Race of Life by demanding it unreasonably!"

Wasn't he sweet?

"Beware how you punish the Sensor Child. You may, while trying to break his will, break his heart. Rough punishment does not hurt the Motor Child so much. He fusses and yells and forgets. The Sensor Child is silent and thinks."

Perhaps they will start whipping me now, as I am the Motor Child, and start setting CECIL on a chair.

Dear Man does jolly well know the difference between Motor-Me and Sensor-CECIL.

They gave us dry bread for breakfast only last week for messing before break-



Fisherman (beginner). "DON'T YOU THINK, PETER, I'VE IMPROVED A GOOD DEAL SINCE I BEGAN?"

Peter (anxious to pay a compliment). "YOU HAVE, SORR. BUT SURE IT WAS AISY FOR YOU TO IMPROVE, SORR!"

fast and coming in late. We had only been out with *Bedlam*—he's a lovely dog we bought off a tramp for fivepence—trying to find him a rat.

I was so mad I wouldn't eat a bite. But CECIL just munched away and said, "I prefer dry bread."

He was jolly all the morning, but I was fearfully hungry, and had to make up with radishes. I washed them at the rain-water butt.

"Children have just Rights of Possession."

This was awfully interesting. He explained how they grumbled when we didn't respect their rights and spoiled their things; when all the time they never thought of respecting ours. They took away our broken toys, and told us how we were to spend our very own money, and altered our gardens, and even sold our ponies or sent away our dogs without so much as a "By your leave!"

And then he finished up with a lot

about what he called *Adultism*. He said that all the while he had been talking he could see in the eyes of his audience that they were consumed with *Adultism*. We hadn't a notion what he was driving at, till he came back to what he had started with on the Tuesday—"The Child in the Midst."

He said they ruined everything, right down to the very children's parties, in which, instead of all the grown-up people trying to become children for a few hours, they tried to turn all the genuine children into "*horrible little adults*." He said he was thankful that there were still a few genuine children left who would rather have a jolly good game than grand frocks, and who liked grown-up people who could "*make believe*" better than those who stuck to grim fact. Oh—and he said that even the very Bible was ruined to the children by *Adultism*. CECIL and me did want to know what that word meant.

Anyhow Mother can't have much of

it, for we adore her Bible people. We act them on Sunday afternoons when everyone is asleep, and if only the sermons were like Mother's stories we shouldn't need to count all the wriggles in the lead-work of our stained window instead of listening.

"Let the stories in the Bible become part of the children's very being."

So he said. But when that does happen, the grown-ups don't understand. Why, only the other afternoon on the sand-hills, when the wind was blowing tiresomely hard, CECIL cried out disgustedly—

"I wish ABRAHAM'S seed wouldn't prick my legs so, and get into my hair!" And there wasn't one of them that understood what he meant except me.

THE BEACH DOG.

I MET him on the evening after my arrival at Pebblehampton-on-Sea as I went down the steps to the beach. The crowd of smart summer people on the esplanade depressed me, for I had come down by boat, and a sharp attack of sun-burn on the nose made me temporarily eager to avoid my kind. Therefore it was with a thrill of gratitude that I met his cordial and uncritical eye, and from the rapid oscillation of his stumpy tail it was obvious the pleasure was mutual. He was a dog of curious breeding, a cross between a Manchester terrier and a collie; his teeth were noticeably blunt, and the white hair on his chest and flanks was stained a pale pink from constant excavations in the sand. He whimpered with ecstasy when I stooped and patted his head, and when I threw away the fag-end of my cigarette he uttered a short sharp bark and plunged after it into the waves. That bark was the first of a long succession * which still haunts my dreams, though I have shaken the sand of Pebblehampton from my feet for ever. A moment later I picked up a piece of driftwood and threw it out for him into the sea, little knowing that by that innocent action I was to bring a permanent blight upon my future. But I anticipate.

For half an hour he danced along backwards before me, barking vociferously, with his eye on mine, and retrieving sticks and stones from the waves with rapturous energy. It was evident that even then he had formed an undying resolution never to leave me, for when, tiring of the game and jarred by his incessant bark, I flung a stone at his head in a fit of petulant anger, he merely

* This would have been impossible at the present day if the scene had been Hunstanton (Norfolk), where the Council has passed an order to the effect that "Dogs must not bark while trotting along the sea front," and instructed the beach officer to see that dogs conform to this rule.

caught it in his jaws with wonderful precision and laid it tenderly at my feet. Finally I left the beach and started a tramp across country, and was soon engrossed in a pleasant reverie. The subject of my thoughts was a young lady named LUCY, who had taken complete possession of my heart since last winter. I had followed her to Pebblehampton with a view to bringing matters to a climax—the only drawbacks to the situation being my nose and the expected arrival of CHARLIE CHATTERIS, who was also coming down to press his suit.

So engrossed was I in considering my chances that the setting sun found me some miles from home, and I was obliged to train back from a wayside station in



First Arab (after spelling out advertisement of celebrated pill). "Hi, 'ENRY, WOULDN'T YER LIKE A PILL FOR THAT FEELING OF FULLNESS AFTER EATING?"

Second Arab. "I'D LIKE THAT FEELING FUST."

order not to miss my *table d'hôte*. On the platform I was recalled to earth by a request on the part of the station-master that I should take a dog ticket. Following his glance I became aware of the beach dog crouching at my feet, panting with his hurried walk, but still watching my every movement with an alert eye. I have since thought that the incredulity shown by the official on my remarking that the dog was none of mine was perhaps excusable, but during the altercation that followed (he also being a hasty man) I lost control of my temper, particularly at the point when, with a significant glance at my nose, he alluded to the local lock-up as being designed for the restraint of disorderly persons. The crowd which gathered round sided with the station-master, and all agreed that I was a poor cur to disown so evidently faithful a servant;

but it was not until I noticed the approach of a figure in pale blue closely resembling LUCY that I hurriedly took a dog ticket and dived into a smoking compartment, rather than face the critical glance of my lady. The brute lay at my feet and took my vicious kicks with such humble gratitude that I ceased to take pleasure in them, even when I discovered that the lady was not LUCY, but a plainish person with a nose as red as my own. However, I gave my attendant the slip in the side streets of Pebblehampton, and so entered my hotel by the back door in a great hurry, much to the surprise and suspicion of the proprietress.

Next morning I was overjoyed to find my complexion had recovered its normal hue, save for the addition of a becoming tan—in fact, I may say the rosy tint had transferred itself from my nose to my prospects, and, light of heart, I set out for a dip to brace myself to meet my fate before the morning was out. As I ran down the steps to the beach the sound of a strangled bark let loose a flood of memories, and there was the beach dog at my side, a large stone wedged between his sandy jaws, and the same look of unswerving devotion in his loving eyes. Throwing the stone to some distance, I slipped into a machine and closed both doors, and when I emerged into the water I had the satisfaction of seeing him ensconced, stone and all, on a clean white shirt in the next machine, clearly under the impression he was guarding my belongings. It gave me even greater satisfaction to see LUCY on the beach in a charming frock, with a pleasant smile on her pretty face, and when she waved to me with her dainty walking-stick I felt success was assured. Although unable to swim in any depth of water, I managed to give a fine exhibition of the trudgeon stroke with one foot on the bottom.

"Oh! how beautifully you swim!" said LUCY, when half-an-hour later I sank down by her side.

"Oh, yes—I can swim a bit," I replied carelessly.

"But you seem so fearless," she said, on a note of admiration.

"Oh, well," I said modestly, "of course one gets accustomed to things."

"I'm sure I never should," she replied with a shiver; "still I should despise a man who couldn't swim—it's such a brave and manly exercise."

"Well," I said, "I trust you'll never despise me for anything—because you know, dear— Confound it!"

I broke off, half blinded by a shower of sand flung into my face by the paws of the beach dog in his endeavours to unearth a stone for my immediate use. With a muttered imprecation I sprang to my feet and hurled my stick far out

to sea, determined to rid myself of his pestilent attentions for a few necessary moments. But no sooner had it left my hand than I discovered it was LUCY's walking-stick, a present she set great store by, that I had flung into the waves instead of my own. LUCY made the discovery simultaneously, and turned to me with a little cry of anguish.

"He'll bring it back!" I cried, rushing to the brink; but in spite of the fact that over-night he had retrieved unerringly every odd stick I had thrown for him, now he absolutely refused to go further than the breaking waves.

"He'll never get it!" cried LUCY, with puckering chin; "it's going further away every minute. You go and get it for me—do please—I can't lose it."

I turned white to the lips, and murmured, I know not what, about cramp and a twisted shoulder. She turned away in open contempt.

"LUCY," I cried, "don't be angry. Let's go and buy another stick now. I'll do anything else for you in the world."

"Oh, go away, you horrid little brute!" ejaculated LUCY, as at that moment, with one shake of his shaggy coat, the beach dog saturated LUCY and ruined her frock and my prospects.

I remembered to have smiled over an identical ambiguity in the legend of a picture in the current number of *Punch*, but I did not smile now.

An hour later I was driving to the station in a cab with my bag by my side. The beach dog was before me in the booking-office, but I was past caring, and he lost me in the crowd as I went across to the up-platform. A train from town had just disgorged its passengers, and as I glanced at them from the window of my carriage I saw a sight that compensated for many things. Faultlessly dressed in a neat travelling suit, stood CHARLIE CHATTERIS against his load of luggage. The beach dog had taken up his stand beside him, and was lifting his appealing eyes to CHARLIE'S face. My train began to move away, but before the intercepting arch blocked my view I saw CHARLIE CHATTERIS stoop down and pat him affectionately, and I sank back on the cushions with a sigh of bitter satisfaction.

He, too, would soon be a blighted man!

Choosing his Company.

"Furnished Room wanted, for gent., between Angel and Elephant."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE following telegram was recently received by the Station-Master at Walford Street Junction:—

"Forward at once three cases labelled Mrs. —, also baby left on platform. Feed baby and charge forward."



FULL STOP.

Lady Helper. "COME, JOHNNY, I'M SURE YOU CAN MANAGE ONE MORE PIECE OF CAKE."

Johnny (in a hoarse whisper). "NO, THANKY, MUM. A' CAN STILL EAT, BUT A' CAN'T SWALLER!"

More Commercial Candour.

A NOTICE in the window of a Cambridge hatter runs:

SPECIAL SHOW THIS WEEK.

PRICES REASONABLE.

25% OFF USUAL PRICES.

At the KAISER'S instance a tax on cats has been instituted in Germany. We hear, on reliable authority, that a number of the leading cats of Berlin are considering the advisability of brushing their moustaches up at each end, with a view to mollifying His Majesty.

A Family Affair.

A CORRESPONDENT in *The Spectator*, writing on the subject of bull-fighting, states that "several Popes have directed Bulls against this pastime."

AN outspoken criticism of the methods of certain athletic champions is published in *The Referee*.

"AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS' TWO MILES WALKING RACE.

Yeomans	1
Creasey	2
Harrison	3

Also ran:—Thompson, Metcalfe, &c., &c."



BLAZING INTO THE BROWN.

The MacDuffer. "WHAT! MY TOTAL SCORE NOUGHT? HAVE I MISSED THE WHOLE BLOOMIN' LOT?"

THE REVOLT OF THE VEG.

[A French physician has discovered that appendicitis may be caused by a vegetable diet.]

LITTLE heeding where you nestled,
Germ of all our modern care,
Fancy-free in youth I wrestled
With the boldest bill-of-fare;
Mentors who controlled the latter
Often wondered to my face
(Musing on a polished platter)
Where I found the cubic space.

Fashions change; in time I courted
Food reform and diet-lists,
Sang hygienics and supported
Antivivisectionists;
GALEN frowned, and at his will I
Let the lethal outlet drop,
And eluded foul *bacilli*
Ambushed in a mutton-chop.

Hints (promoting patent nostra)
Specified that bread was doom,
Savants also from their rostra
Helped to cheat an early tomb;
Milk, they told us, needed steril-
ising in an air-tight keg,

And carousers at their peril
Drained the water-tankard's dreg.

Maddened by the germ's vagaries,
"Country life," I said, "be mine—
Life amid sequestered Lares
Clad with the potato vine.
There I'll foster market seedlings
And repair a virtual corpse
With the turnip's tender wheedlings
And a round of Yorkshire warps."

Thus I eked a bare survival
Till to-day, when (like *Macbeth*
Noting Birnam wood's arrival
And the hopeless odds on death)
I who shrank from *bos* and *porcus*
Heard the sentence passed on "greens,"
And observed the gates of Orcus
In the guise of kidney-beans.

Turned to bay, like one besotted,
"Set," I cried, "the sirloin loose!
Cut the fatted calf's carotid,
Fill the jar with Samian juice;
Never let them claim that carrots
Sent me down the shadowy road,
Pray unseal the vintage clarets,
Æsculapius be blowed!"

So it stands; while doctors ferret
To the microbe's last retreat,
Every illness we inherit
Hides in every food we eat;
Since potato-plots can kill us,
And our peas are primed with woe,
I revert to that *bacillus*
Who devoured me long ago!

DOUBLE LIMERICKS OF THE DAY.

IV.—MISS SUTTON.

There once was a seraph called MAY,
Who wandered down Wimbledon way;
The strength of her arm
Produced such alarm
That even strong men couldn't stay.

The fame of this muscular fay
Spread over the whole U.S.A.
But though SUTTON indeedy
She never was seedy,
And her stance was as good as a play.

NEW TERM FOR THE RICH AND THE POOR.
—The Smart Set and the Sharpset.



“NONE SO DEAF—”

“I confess I sometimes despair of the country ever becoming alive to the danger of the unpreparedness of our present position until too late to prevent some fatal catastrophe.”—*Earl Roberts's speech in the House of Lords, July 10.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 9.—Came upon SAMUEL ROBERTS just now in remote corridor. Took no note as SARK and I passed. Walked as a man in a dream; glassy eyes fixed on nothing; a strange pallor sicklied o'er his countenance; lips moved as if he were rehearsing incantation.

One of our new Members, he had up to to-day his fame to make. A Sheffield blade, he has HOWARD VINCENT among his colleagues. Whenever question is raised of the relative strength of the British Army and the safety of these Islands from hoof of the invader, S. R. instinctively turns to allow his eyes to rest on the martial figure in laager behind the Front Opposition Bench. Another distinction is that he is the successor of ASHMEAD BARTLETT in the affections of the Eccleshall Division. Personally a man of note in city and shire. Has been Lord Mayor of one; is Deputy-Lieutenant of the other.

This afternoon posed St. AUGUSTINE with question on Education Bill. Had given up days and nights to its composition. For a saint, BIRRELL displays a certain mundane agility in evading awkward questions. Now he had to deal with a man from Sheffield. What S. R. wanted to know was whether, on a vacancy occurring in a teaching staff, the Local Education Authority would be permitted to ascertain that the candidate engaged is able or willing to give the



THE "MAN OF DESTINY" AND HIS EAGLE FACE THE STORM TOGETHER.
(Mr. H-l-d-ne and Mr. B-ch-n-n.)



"WALKED AS A MAN IN A DREAM."

"His lips moved as if he were rehearsing incantation... Whether, that, ascertain, that, affirmative, negative. Whereby, why not?..."

(Mr. S-m-l R-b-r-ts.)

special religious instruction allowed in the school?

"That'll fetch him," SAMUEL smiled to himself, resuming his seat after firing off his shot.

"If," St. AUGUSTINE replied, "the word 'whether' be substituted for 'that' in the question, after the word 'ascertain,' the answer is in the affirmative. If the word 'that' be retained, the answer is in the negative."

The House tittered. SAMUEL gasped. As soon as Questions were over he went forth to retired quarter where we found him thinking the matter out. As we passed he was heard to murmur, "Whether, that, ascertain, that, affirmative, negative. Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!"

"Poor chap!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "he's muddling up BIRRELL with Bunsby. By the way I never saw it noticed that DON JOSÉ in his famous declaration, 'What I have said, I have said,' plagiarised from one of the cryptic utterances of the Captain of the *Cautious Clara*. Overhaul the wollum, and you'll find it in the chapter describing the

visit to *Bunsby* of *Sol Gills*, *Florence Dombey*, and *Captain Cuttle*. They were greeted by the oracular remark, "My name's *Bunsby*, and what I says I stands to."

Business done.—Clause 8 added to Education Bill.

Thursday night.—Pretty to see what wonders position on Treasury Bench works for some newcomers. Time was when HALDANE's uprising from middle of second Bench behind ex-Ministers was signal for general impulse to stroll forth and see how the weather was keeping up. Some men wake to find themselves famous after speech delivered over-night. Some steadily but slowly work themselves into confidence and esteem of House. Alas for those who never do either but die with all their music in them.

HALDANE belongs to second class. Those who enjoy the privilege of personal acquaintance recognised from the first his supreme capacity, were convinced that his slow pace would overtake and pass many nimbler runners on the track. His shrewd knowledge, clear insight, and judicial mind were a



REGULATING THE (PARLIAMENTARY) TRAFFIC.

Lord Robert Cecil. "Am I to be silenced? Do you know I come from Hatfield?!"

Constable Jimmy Caudwell. "Yoong mon, I'm no gr-really concer-rned about y'r place of or-r-rigin, but I ken varra weel whaur ye're gaun' tae if ye stan' between Jemmy Caudwell and the execu-ution o' his djuty!"

potent influence in the inner counsels of the Liberal Party long before they were recognised in his ordered speeches.

That was due to style and manner. He was so quiet and unemotional, so level in his utterance, that casual hearers were not sufficiently attracted to follow him with the closeness necessary to discover his real place as a debater.

The secret was out in the earliest weeks of his sojourn at the War Office. It required both courage and common sense for a Minister freshly come into command in Pall Mall openly to declare that he did not propose to direct fresh departure until he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with work of his department and the condition of the Army. Of course in an ordinary business establishment there would be nothing new in that. It would be regarded as an ordinary commonplace conclusion. But we manage things differently in Pall Mall. Before they had learnt their way about the tortuous passages of the office, HALDANE'S immediate predecessors had each elaborated a thorough reorganisation of the British Army.

This afternoon, after six months' close

study and profound thought, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR discloses his first move on the inevitable pathway of reform. The difference between his personal position and that occupied by him up to the last day of the Balfourian Parliament is strongly marked. Then the half-empty benches, the withdrawal of the searcher after amusement and excitement, the remnant of an audience fit though few, business men who recognised one who knew what he was talking about. To-day he rises to confront an audience crowded on every bench. Two-score peers have managed to squeeze into the double row of seats assigned to them in the gallery over the clock. Strangers of lower estate have waited in long line, hoping to find a place. A throng of Members stand patient at the Bar. Others line the side galleries. The Ladies' Gallery is crammed. Its fair occupants have but the remotest idea of what the speech imports or whither it leads. But Mr. HALDANE has become a Parliamentary Institution. Like tea on the Terrace, he is the fashion. So here, in anticipation of his speech, is the House crowded, throbbing with excitement, whilst he

modestly recognises the fact that he is the same man whose voice, raised from the opposite benches, was through many years as that of one crying in the wilderness.

Business done.—Mr. HALDANE makes important statement on War Office policy.

Friday night.—In one sole respect the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee resembles the burglar. His lot is not a happy one. Only the other day he had to face and explain the mystery of the apparition from the House of Commons larder of a tin bearing the trademark of a famous Chicago meat-packing firm, purporting to contain compressed chicken. Enquiry resulted in complete exoneration. It was made clear that the can was not the rose, though it had lived near it. The original contents were long ago devoured by an anonymous gourmet. A luxurious workman, anxious to associate his humble midday fare with the departed delicacy, brought his dinner down in the can. JAMES ALFRED JACOBY left the court without a stain on his character.

A further question, relating to a permanent arrangement, is fraught with more difficulty. Discovery has been made, in the published reports of the enquiry into the system of domestic economy under the rule of the Poplar Guardians, that the inmates of the workhouse have their five-o'clock tea made from a herb whose quality is marked by the fact that, bought wholesale, it works out at 2s. 4d. a pound. Now it is no secret that the Kitchen Committee do not spend more than 1s. 6d. a pound on tea supplied to noble lords, hon. and



"THE FIRST DUTY OF CITIZENSHIP."

First Citizen. "'Ere, I s'y, wot's all this 'ere rot, as Ole 'Bobs' 'as bin a-torkin' abaout univussle millitry trining, an' wantin' to mike the likes of us into a bloomin' 'reservore'?! An' to think 'ow we've trusted that man, an' wore buttons with 'is fice an' all, an' cheered ourselves jolly near 'oarse over 'im!'"

right hon. gentlemen composing the House of Commons.

Though absolutely unjust, it is not altogether unnatural that the incident has created a coolness between the House and the esteemed Chairman of the Kitchen Committee. It is obviously a matter of fancy and prejudice. Before the Poplar secret leaked out hon. members used to smack their lips over their afternoon tea, dispensing it with pardonable pride to ladies visiting the Terrace. It was no uncommon thing for the head of a household, gathering his mate and her brood round a table on the Terrace, to regard her countenance as she poured out the tea with mute but intelligible enquiry, "Why don't you give us something like this at home?" Now the bloom is brushed off the flower, the scent has, so to speak, deserted the Pekoe. Even SARK, whom everyone would suppose to have a soul above these matters, has had his mind embittered.

"When," he said, "I read the daily report of evidence given before the Inspector of the Local Government Board, I recall that extracted by the Royal Commission investigating transactions in Military Stores at the Cape. I recognise the truth of that fine line of the poet's, 'Poplar hath her victories no less renowned than War.'"

Business done.—Eleven o'clock rule suspended. Buckle to to wind up business before Recess.

MY TEAM.

I.—THE CHOOSING OF THE DAY.

I WAS a fool ever to have promised to take an eleven down to Chartleigh; doubly a fool to have dragged HENRY BARTON into it. HENRY is a first-class cricketer, and it was my idea that he should do all the batting for us, and such of the bowling as the laws allowed. I had also another idea, and this I explained to HENRY.

"As you are aware," I said, "the ideal side contains five good bats, four good bowlers, a wicket keeper, and HENRY BARTON."

"Quite so," agreed HENRY.

"That is the principle on which one selects an eleven. Now, I intend to strike out a line of my own. My team shall consist of three authors or journalists, two solicitors, four barristers, a couple from the Stock Exchange, some civil servants and an artist or two. How many is that?"

"Nineteen."

"Well, that's the idea, anyhow."

"It's a rotten idea."

"No, it's a splendid idea. I wonder nobody has thought of it before. I send a solicitor and a journalist in first. The journalist uses the long handle, while the solicitor plays for keeps."



Youthful Parson. "DON'T SMOKE THAT, MY BOY. YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A GREAT CRICKETER IF YOU DO! TAKE MY ADVICE AND THROW IT AWAY."

Small Boy. "GARN! WHAT 'UD YOU DO IF YOU'D LEFT YOUR PIPE ON THE DORIN'-ROOM MANTEL?"

"And where does the artist come in?"

"The artist comes in last, and plays for a draw. You are very slow to-day, HENRY."

HENRY, the man of leisure, thought a moment.

"Yes, that's all very well for you working men," he said at last, "but what do I go as? Or am I one of the barristers?"

"You go as 'with BARTON.' Yes. If you're very good you shall have an 'H' in brackets after you. 'With BARTON (H.)'"

The method of choosing my team being settled, the next thing was the day. "Any day in the first week in July," the Chartleigh captain had said. Now at first sight there appear to be seven days in the week, but it is not really so. For instance, Saturday. Now there's a good day! What could one object to in a Saturday?

But do you imagine HENRY BARTON would let it pass?

"I don't think you'll get eleven people for the Saturday," he said.

"People are always playing cricket on Saturday."

"Precisely," I said. "Healthy exercise for the London toiler. That's why I'm asking 'em."

"But I mean they'll have arranged to play already with their own teams. Or else they'll be going away for week-ends."

"One can spend a very pretty week-end at Chartleigh."

"H'm, let me think. Any day in the week, isn't it?"

"Except, apparently, Saturday," I said huffily.

"Let's see, now, what days are there?"

I mentioned two or three of the better-known ones.

"Yes. Of course, some of those are impossible, though. We'd better go through the week and see which is best."

I don't know who BARTON is that he should take it upon himself to make invidious distinctions between the days of the week.

"Very well, then," I said. "Sunday."

"Ass!"

That seemed to settle Sunday, so we passed on to Monday.

"You won't get your stockbroker on Monday," said HENRY. "It's Contanger-day or something with them every Monday."

"Stock-taking, don't you mean?"

"Perhaps. Anyhow, no one in the House can get away on a Monday."

"I must have my stockbrokers. Tuesday."

Tuesday, it seemed, was hopeless. I was a fool to have thought of Tuesday. Why, everybody knew that Tuesday was an impossible day for—

I forget what spoilt Tuesday's chance. I fancy it was a busy day for Civil Servants. No one in the Home Civil can get away on a Tuesday. I know that sounds absurd, but HENRY was being absurd just then. Or was it barristers? Briefs get given out on a Tuesday, I was made to understand. That brought us to Wednesday. I hoped much from Wednesday.

"Yes," said HENRY, "Wednesday might do. Of course most of the weeklies go to press on Wednesday. Rather an awkward day for journalists. What about Thursday?"

I began to get annoyed.

"Thursday my flannel trousers go to the press," I said. "That is to say, they come back from the wash then."

"Look here—why try to be funny?"

"Hang it, who started it? Talking about Contanger-days. Contanger—it sounds like a new kind of guano."

"Well, if you don't believe me—"

"HENRY, I do. Thursday be it, then."

"Yes, I suppose that's all right," said HENRY doubtfully.

"Why not? Don't say it's sending-in day with artists," I implored. "Not every Thursday?"

"No. Only there's Friday, and—"

"Friday is *my* busy day," I pleaded—"my one ewe lamb. Do not rob me of it."

"It's a very good day, Friday. I think you'd find that most people could get off then."

"But why throw over Thursday like this? A good, honest day, HENRY. Many people get born on a Thursday, HENRY. And it's a marrying day, HENRY. A nice, clean, sober day, and you—"

"The fact is," said HENRY, "I've suddenly remembered I'm engaged myself on Thursday."

This was too much.

"HENRY," I said coldly, "you forget yourself—you forget yourself strangely, my lad. Just because I was weak enough to promise you an 'H' after your name. You seem to have forgotten that the 'H' was to be in brackets."

"Yes, but I'm afraid I really am engaged."

"Are you really? Look here—I'll leave out the 'with,' and you shall be one of us. There! Baby see the pretty gentleman!"



DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE.

Sensitive Golfer (who has foomled). "DID YOU LAUGH AT ME, BOY?"

Caddie. "No, SIR; I WIS LAUGHIN' AT ANOTHER MAN."

Sensitive Golfer. "AND WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT HIM?"

Caddie. "HE PLAYS GOWF AWFUL LIKE YOU, SIR!"

HENRY smiled and shook his head.

"Oh well," I said, "we must have you. So if you say Friday, Friday it is. You're quite sure Friday is all right for solicitors? Very well, then."

So the day was settled for Friday. It was rather a pity, because, as I said, in the ordinary way Friday is the day I put aside for work.

THE PIONEER HAIR DRESSER,
Still Forging Ahead.

Advt. in "Exchange and Mart."

PLAYING THE GAME.

["Mr. BYLES: Will the right hon. gentleman tell us if it was correctly reported that the rebels fought half-heartedly and retired before a terrific maxim and rifle fire. Is that what the English call fair play?"]

Zululand Field Force—Orders. July—1906.

1. ALL maxims, rifles, revolvers, field-glasses, eye-glasses, maps, fountain pens, and other objects likely to afford an unfair advantage over the enemy will be at once collected and returned to the base.

2. Native assegais and shields will be issued to front-ranks, and knobkerries to rear-ranks, immediately on receipt from Birmingham.

3. Pending the arrival of the new arms, officers commanding units will take the opportunity of exercising their commands in "exposure-drill." Strenuous efforts must be made to encourage the Zulus, who will soon, it is hoped, rise to energetic methods of slaughter and mutilation, instead of going about the business in the half-hearted manner we know so well.

4. (a) As a precaution against causing surprise a field-officer with good manners will be sent overnight to inform the rebel chief of the intended advance; but, in order to preclude all possibility of a question in the House as to whether ample warning was given of our approach, the words "Are you ready?—Play!" will be delivered every hundred yards by section-shouts from the right. (b) The attack will always be carried out in close formation; fat men and white horses in front.

5. In accordance with the recognised principles of fair play, troops, on arriving within the unpleasant zone, will dismount and engage on foot. Any man detected

prodding with his assegai below the belt; giving a Zulu turned rations; treading on his toes; refusing to release him when he taps twice on the veldt (*see rules of Jiu-Jitsu*); or showing any other unsportsmanlike conduct, will be court-martialled and shot. (As you were.—For 'shot' read 'assegaided'.)

(Signed) O. C. ZULULAND FIELD FORCE.

Pope in the House.

ETERNAL BYLES his emptiness betrays,
As shallow streams run babbling all the way.



BRITISH GRIT.

Gentleman on Stump. "YOU TOUCH ME, YOU BRUTE, AND I'LL KILL YOU!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF any one familiar with the *personnel* of English politics looks to *Cæsar's Wife* (METHUEN) for portraits or caricatures of any of its leaders, he (or she) will be disappointed. I never heard of Mr. MELTON's name in Parliamentary circles, but he has evidently enjoyed opportunity of closely studying them. His little touches of description of the House of Commons in debate are admirably done. But he discreetly refrains from temptation to use its prominent Members as lay figures. Starting with the ambitious intent of writing a political novel, he finds himself irresistibly led into the commoner pathways of domestic tragedy. The Leader of the Opposition, baffled in the political arena by the restless independence of a nominal follower, makes discovery that the rebel is in love with his wife, and she with him. The story of their infatuation is boldly told. Evolved in several dramatic scenes, it reaches its climax in a stroke of tragedy that conveniently removes the husband and leaves the lovers free. Apparently a first effort *Cæsar's Wife* is a clever performance, full of rich promise.

Latter-Day Sweethearts (UNWIN) gives Delirious hints how the *Beau Monde* lives—A subject of which Mrs. BURTON HARRISON Seems to have knowledge beyond comparison. She catches you up, and lifts you clean From all that is vulgar and cheap and mean, To a glorious, opulent, glowing land Where everything's gilt-edged, rich, and grand;

Hardly a man you encounter there Who isn't a peer or a millionaire, And the circumambient atmosphere's Suited to millionaires and peers. They always engage, these tip-top swells, Palatial suites in crack hotels, And travel in trains *de luxe*, and trot Round the seas in a sumptuous yacht, Till those who aren't as rich as the Czar Get happily wedded to those who are. In fact, in this wonderful work we see The Upper Ten as they ought to be; And aspiring folk would do well to try To model the scheme of their lives thereby. There's a plot, of course, to support the bliss, Which, put succinctly, amounts to this— Heroine A rejects young B, Who is promptly accepted by Heroine C, Who loves Lord D, who, strange to say, Is suspected of aiming at Heroine A, Who loves young B all the time— But there, What matters the plot? It can't compare In worth with the one main point, and that's The mixture of peers and plutocrats.

The House of MACMILLAN has just added *Dorset* to its "Highways and Byways" series; and whom do you think has written it? The Sergeant-Surgeon to H.M. the KING, and Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. In other words, Sir FREDERICK TREVES, Bart., G.C.V.O., C.B., LL.D. There's honour for the simple folk of Wessex! He has done it very

well, too, mingling history and topography and local traditions and personal impressions into an agreeable *pot-pourri*. The only fault I have to find with the book is that it is too heavy. It weighs a pound and a half. But it is a pound and a half of the best Dorset, anyway.

The Butterflies of the British Isles, by RICHARD SOUTH, F.E.S. (WARNE & Co.), is advertised to go in the pocket. The trouble, however, with the collector is that he has already so many things which have to go in the pocket: killing bottle, cork-lined collecting box, various parts of his self-folding collapsible net, and so on. Of course it is possible to do without some of these weapons. The butterfly, when caught, may be pinched gently under the thorax, and put inside the hat. Only somehow this doesn't seem to be playing the game. Still, if there is a spare pocket, this book should certainly go into it. It contains coloured plates of every species—front view, back view, and profile—all just as good as they can be. I happened to turn to the Clouded Yellow, and read: "If a female is captured in August it would be a good plan to try to induce her to lay some eggs." I have often caught Female Clouded Yellows in August, but whenever a question of eggs arose I found threats, prayers and entreaties alike useless. Mr. SOUTH, however, is as helpful here as in all other difficulties. Every boy should insist on having his book; which (let me tell the parent in confidence) costs only six shillings.

In the old days a hero was a man, and a heroine a woman, and that was the end of it. But we know better now, and find heroes and heroines elsewhere, on four legs as well as two. Mr. THOMPSON SETON, who is Naturalist to the Government of Manitoba, as well as a lecturer and author, has written a book about several of his acquaintances, called *Animal Heroes* (CONSTABLE), wherein you may read of the great merits of a certain slum cat, and a certain bull-terrier, and a pigeon, and a lynx, and a reindeer, and two wolves, all of whom touched nobility. The result is a book that no child should be without. I give it as my opinion that as a writer about animals

THOMPSON SETON
Can't be beaten.

ODE TO A CHEAP SAUSAGE.

THOU still unfathomed bag of mystery!
Thou foster-child of Chemistry and Crime!
Toothsome comestible, whose scent should be
The luscious mate of herbs and fragrant thyme—
What horrid legend hangs about thy shape
Of stockyard or of packing-house or both,
By Strasbourg or the shores of Michigan;
What yarns wherewith the papers, nothing loth,
Bid the incredulous reader stand agape
At what thou art, and all that bad men can?

A sausage should be meat, but I have heard
That thou art meeter for the cemetery;
That in thy fashioning some things occurred
Whereof a *résumé* would leave thee very
Unappetising. What if it be so?
Age cannot alter thee, nor scandal stale
The public nose's well-accustomed sense,
Nor aught diminish the delightful tale
Of blended flavours which thine eaters know,
Or take from thine amazing succulence!

Why range the spheres of speculative thought
To rehabilitate in halting rhyme
Aught of the cosmic processes that wrought
A resurrection instant and sublime?

Perchance thou wast a little curly dog
Ere thou becam'st a sausage; or a pair
Of mislaid leggings; or potato peels.
Perchance some citizen whose teeth, or hair,
Happened quite inadvertently to clog
The whirring sequence of relentless wheels.

Perhaps thou lately wast a foaming steed,
A blithe four-wheeler harnessed to thy flanks,
Whose toil-worn carcass, toughest of its breed,
The dogs'-meat-vendor had declined with thanks;
Perhaps a Persian cat, for ever lost
Within some ham-and-beef shop's dark recess,
Thou from a *chat* became *charcuterie*.
But there—what skills it ruthlessly to guess,
Ebullient sausage, who or what thou wast:
Thou art my lunch, and that's enough for me!

Saucisse, polony, schnitzel, saveloy,
The hungry generations gulped thee down,
Nor cared what arts thy makers might employ
So thou wert plump and savoury and brown.
Pensive we thrust the fork into thy ribs,
And spread the mustard with artistic touch,
Then paused awhile, and walked serenely in.
And "Oh," we cried, "sweet comforter of such
As suffer from a paucity of dibs,
Thou art ambrosia, all except the skin!"

A fig for these sensational reports,
Designed to lead thy worshippers away!
And yet—perhaps I'm feeling out of sorts,
But I've no appetite for thee to-day.
'Tis but the mind's impressionable eye,
The mental palate only that now fail
To judge thy proper qualities aright;
Respectfully I seize thee by the tail,
And, moving to the casement thoughtfully,
Give thee to blank oblivion and the night!

ALGOL.

WE frequently hear of a hungry man "walking into a meal" (see above), but a writer in *The C. T. C. Gazette* has hit upon a more picturesque way of putting it. "Between Serravalle and Pistoja," he says, "we halted beside a stream and made tea, and rode into the latter at sunset."

THE word "Suffragettes" has met with a good deal of criticism. Why not call them Insuffrabelles?

"A CHILD IN THESE MATTERS."

MR. PUNCH confesses to have always had a soft place in his heart for the children (being practically himself "a child in these matters") and he ventures to make an appeal to the many among his readers who share this foible. It is on behalf of a Fund which sends the children of the slums into the green fields to have their little lungs filled with Fresh Air. The modest sum of ninepence furnishes a day's happiness (and many more days of happy anticipation and memory) for one child; and last year 180,000 were made glad by country sights and sounds and scents. This year it is hoped that the number will reach 200,000. Perhaps Mr. Punch's readers will at least make up the difference. All contributions should be sent (and they send twice who send quickly, before the summer goes) to the Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund, 17, Henrietta Street, W.C.



THE LATEST LITTLE GAME.

"THE DUCHESS IS LOOKING AWFULLY PLEASED WITH HERSELF THIS EVENIN'. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"WHAT! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? WHY, SHE'S JUST BEEN MADE EDITOR OF THE PET POODLE PAGE IN THE *UPPER CRUST* MAGAZINE!"

A MODERN NABOB.

THOUGH five-and-twenty seasons, spent
Where man is either brown or yellow,
Have to our friend's complexion lent
A warmth emphatically mellow,
His accents are so full and clear,
His curls so generously cluster,
You'd never guess that his career
Had nearly closed its thirteenth lustre.

Rotund in form, yet not obese;
Square built, or more correctly cubic,
He scarcely ever shows a crease
Upon his countenance cherubic.
He wears an everlasting smile
Of such impeccable sincerity,
None but a cynic, steeped in guile,
Could venture to impugn its verity.

A bachelor of ample means,
He stays in Yorkshire for the shooting;
Then flits awhile to Southern scenes
Till April's blasts have ceased their
hooting.

A month or two in town he spends
Till Fashion's whirl grows hot and
heady,
Then starts with some congenial friends
To golf until the grouse are ready.

Though somewhat shortish off the tee,
He seldom fozzles his approaches;
And ladies readily agree
That he's the very best of coaches.
And if in singles he may fail
Against the longest drivers pitted,
In foursomes, whether mixed or male,
His skill is cordially admitted.

His taste in raiment quite suggests
The sojourner in regions torrid;
And in the pattern of his vests
He shows a leaning tow'rd's the florid.
He runs to highly-coloured ties,
He lays his colour on in splashes,
And on the tennis-lawn supplies
Relief by his flamboyant sashes.

His conversation never flags,
He never uses slang expressions,
He quotes a few Horatian tags,
He keeps an album of confessions,
He thinks that an excess of brain
Impairs the real charm of ladies,
He finds the novels of HALL CAINE
Are quite as noble as *Quo Vadis*.

Above Parnassus' lower slope
He has no notion of ascending,
But LINDSAY GORDON, LAURENCE HOPE,
Fill him with ecstasy unending.

He much admires the luscious lays
Composed by Mrs. WOODFORDE-FINDEN,
And I have heard him highly praise
The lilt of CAMPBELL's "Hohenlinden."

Unmoved by dietetic whims,
He quaffs whatever tipples handy,
And nightly in succession brims
His glass with Clicquot, port, and
brandy;

He sleeps nine solid hours at night
Untroubled by digestive worries,
And still retains his appetite
For chutney and the hottest curries.

Distinguished in the smoking-room
For yarns of tropical adventure,
Elsewhere he's careful to assume
An attitude that baffles censure,
Surprising clerics by his flow
Of talk on foreign fanes and minsters,
And cheerfully prepared to go
And dance with uninviting spinsters.

How long, you ask, can he maintain
This bounding, boyish versatility?
I know not; and it gives me pain
To link him with the least senility.
But let me, ere this rhyme is o'er,
One pious aspiration utter,
That I may see him at four-score
Still wield his famous wooden putter.

THE LIGHTNING GUIDE TO LONDON;

OR, THE STRANGER'S VADE MECUM.

TRIPS to Lovely London are now being organised all over the U.S.A. Many persons fail to extract the best of this sojourn here through insufficient or erroneous information being supplied to them. *Mr. Punch* proposes to alter all that by the following terse but illuminative hints.

THE TOWER.

Of old the quickest way to the Tower was to offend HENRY THE EIGHTH; but the Underground is now recommended. In crossing Tower Hill be careful not to lose your head. The principal attractions of the Tower are the Crown Jewels, which may or may not be paste, and the Beef-eaters, who are fed on prime cuts at ten, twelve, two and four every day.

THE MINT.

From the Tower it is an easy walk to the Mint, which has been placed close by in the interests of the Beef-eaters, whose efforts constantly bring on an indigestion that only *crème de menthe* can mitigate.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Few places of resort would better repay the acquisitive tourist than this, but visitors are not encouraged, and the rules as to keeping off the grass are very stringent.

ST. PAUL'S.

No visit to London is complete unless one has confided a secret to the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's. To return to Wisconsin without such an achievement to boast of is to court disaster as a European traveller. St. Paul's is London's largest temple and the biggest Wren's nest ever built. The Christian law is upheld in the nave, but the inside of the dome is strictly Mosaic.

THE TUBES.

A modest twopence entitles one to the freedom of these curious subterranean passages—the Catacombs of London. One must be very careful how one walks, as electric trains run almost continuously, and the space between the train and the wall is inconsiderable. Only very diligent search will yield the skeletons and desiccated bodies of monks which no doubt are stored here.

THE GRIFFIN.

This noble if obsolete fowl, who is actually a dragon and not a griffin at all, marks the site of Temple Bar, a famous drinking saloon for barristers which was removed some twenty years ago after a wave of teetotalism passing over the legal profession rendered it useless.

CHARING CROSS STATION.

One of the finest of the S. E. & C. R.

London termini. On this platform the ends of the earth are said to meet, and a number of trains start from it every day and are never heard of again. Weary of waiting for the arrival of one of the faster expresses, the roof lately fell down; but it is now being repaired.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Trafalgar Square is free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. On other days there is a small charge. The air here is very good. The lions are fed once a day—on railway refreshment buns made of the same material. There is no law against visitors climbing the Nelson Column, but it is not usually done.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

This is London's finest collection of Old Masters. The peculiarity of the Exhibition is that every picture was painted by hand, and none is for sale. Officers are stationed at the gates especially to prevent visitors from carrying away the pictures—even the little ones. The most valuable of the recent acquisitions is the famous undraped Suffragette, known as "*Venus and Cupid*," by VELASQUITH.

NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

No one should miss this Club, and it is quite unnecessary to be a member. You go right in, shouting "C.-B. for ever!" and the marble halls are your own. So many National Liberals were never before gathered together as in this palace of political righteousness. It will be useless to try to take away the nail scissors, as they are chained to the wall.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

It is well ever to keep as far from this building as possible; unless by chance one is a murderer, in which case one could not do better than take lodgings next door or even join the Force.

THE THAMES.

London is situated on this river, but one may easily not notice the circumstance. The Thames is celebrated also for its extraordinary number of empty passenger steamers which ply for hire all day long, and, although large bonuses are offered, have never yet induced a passenger to board them. There is no charge for looking at the river or crossing it on a bridge.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The home of the English WINSTON CHURCHILL, who shares this noble building with Mr. BYLES. A handsome, rambling residence, much used to advertise whisky.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Great men lie here also—but in another way. Visitors desirous to see this historic pile (as it has been tersely

called) should make haste, for the vibration caused by motor buses is said to be hastening its end.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

London's principal gallery of wax-works, or the Modellers' *Who's Who*. Our only man of eminence never yet reproduced in wax is Mr. LOUIS WAIN—for obvious reasons. Many murders are committed solely from a desire to be added to the Marylebone Road Valhalla; while men have become Cabinet Ministers on no other grounds.

Having given a liberal five minutes to each of the places named and described above, the traveller from Higgsville, Pa., or Syracuse, Wis., can return by the next boat, fully satisfied with his knowledge of London.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Everyone says the Season has been "dull" and a "failure," yet everyone professes to have had individually "a ripping time,"—so it must have been the others who were stupid. A good many hostesses, who think they have made their mark, will find that the impartial eye of history judges *otherwise*. NORTY and I are quite agreed that the only hostess in London this summer who has offered us *anything* of a novelty has been Lady CLARGES with her Jiu-Jitsu balloon parties.

Myself, I nearly had my Season spoiled by Aunt GOLDINGHAM coming out of her retirement and quartering herself on us while she looked for a town-house. She did her level to make herself a first-class nuisance; but as she's a widow without encumbrance and simply rolling, of course we have to be civil to her. NORTY and BABS have been very good in taking her off our hands a bit. At first she was inclined to be boresome and preachy, but, after making her own observations on some choice specimens of our juvenile-antiques she took on a sort of ponderous skittishness, and was duly grateful to me (showing it in a very decent way, I own) for helping her to put back the clock by taking her to the right places for her frocks and toques and (tell it not in Gath, my dear!) her transformations. She now wishes to be styled "GEORGIE, Lady GOLDINGHAM," and doesn't remember *anything* more than fifteen years ago. When she first came to us she had a memory as long as a court-train, and remembered things way back in the seventies. Curious effect of London air, isn't it? No wonder Londoners are so given to losing their memories altogether, and themselves too!

One of the brightest spots in the Season has been having NORTY for a pal.



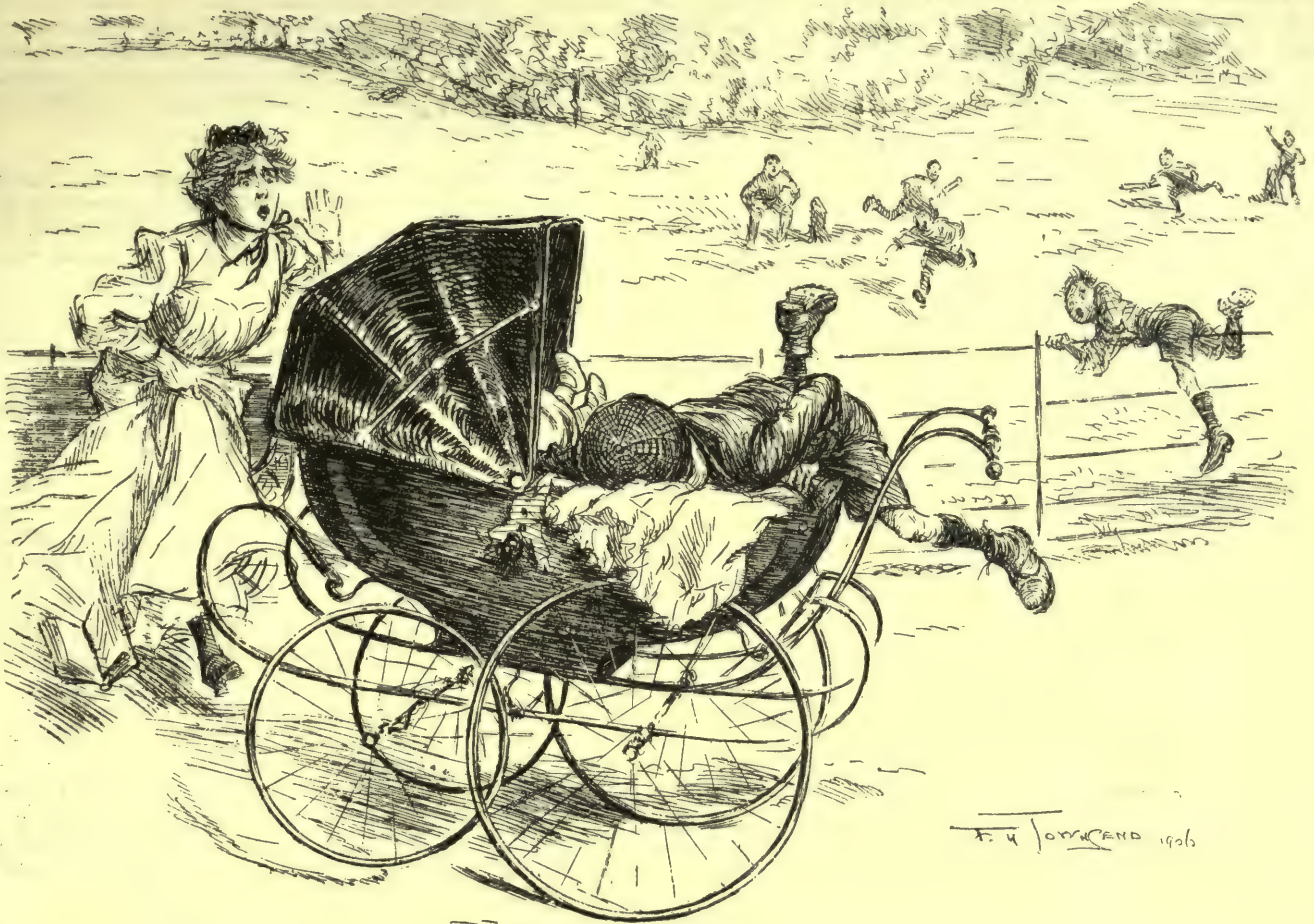
CARNARVON, 1284—1906.

King Edward the First . . Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE.

The Infant Prince . . The New Minister for Welsh Education.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE (M.P. for Carnarvon). "LOOK YOU NOW; THIS IS YOUR MAN, WHATEFFER."

[According to tradition, EDWARD THE FIRST presented his infant son, the first Prince of WALES, to the Welsh chieftains at Carnarvon, holding him up in his arms, and saying, in the Welsh tongue, "This is your man!"]



Boy (reassuringly). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS. I'M ONLY LOOKING FOR OUR CRICKET-BALL!"

We have met constantly, and have had simply splendid talks about "Men and Things," as he puts it, though I own I *don't* think it's a particularly nice way of referring to *us*. He is by way of being quite a *philosopher*, you know, and his philosophy is that "Life is a rotten business, and nothing matters much." Together we have looked at the people who form our world by "dry-light" (that's another of his clever phrases) and have sized them up with all their littlenesses and absurdities. I don't mean that we think we're better than they are, but, well, you see, we're *philosophers*, and look at things accordingly. I lent NORTY my notes on the PLATO lectures last spring, and we thoroughly discussed the Platonic philosophy. He says my views have plenty of *insight*, but that, like all women's views, they lack *grasp*. I don't mind about *that*. I would never wish to be thought grasping.

NORTY is a dear boy, and, though it was quite understood between us from the first that we could neither of us afford to be romantic and, of course, we would not do anything so provincial,

not to say *suburban*, as to fall in love, yet I do hope he won't be miserable when he hears something. For, DAPHNE, I have said "Yes." Now, my dear, please don't prepare to kiss me and cry over me and be *Early Victorian*. It's not *that* sort of "Yes," but a prudent, common-sense one. He proposed the other night at one of Mrs. JIMMY SHARPE's "spur-of-the-moment" parties (she sends out the invitations, post-cards, with "Come and have some fun" on them, the same day). "The Powers that be" would never have forgiven me, nor would I ever have forgiven myself, had I refused JOSIAH MULTIMILL, for he is rich "beyond the dreams," and might have had any girl for the asking (the Duchess of DUNSTABLE made a dead set at him for WINNIE or CUCKOO). Then you know, dearest, I *must* think of my family. My fourth season is just over, JOAN has been out more than a year, and HILDEGARDE is *clamouring* to leave the schoolroom and let loose her attractions on Society, and, in short, *London* expects every girl to do her duty, just as *England* expects every man to do his.

I believe I said some horrid things

about JOSIAH MULTIMILL in one of my letters. You can forget those now, my dear, if you like, or, if you don't like, you needn't, it's all one to your BLANCHE.

I own I'm a bit worried about NORTY. Will he be bitter and angry? I wonder. Being philosophers, we have quite settled such matters together in *theory*, but, when it comes to *practice*, men are not quite so sensible or consistent as we are.

Jusqu'à tantôt, m'amie,

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—I needn't have worried about how NORTY would take the news of my engagement. *It seems he has been engaged a week to Aunt Goldingham!!* I won't say I'm *surprised*. After four Seasons, to be *surprised* is a *Lost Art*. But one can still be *deeply disgusted*.

Commercial Candour.

(From a hoarding at Croydon.)

JONES' COFFEE ESSENCE.

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING LIKE IT.

FREE FIGHT IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

ALL THE WINNERS.

"Star" Poster,

BY-LAWS FOR BALLOONISTS.

IN view of the fact that air-travel is becoming increasingly popular and that ballooning "week-ends" and the aeronautic rest-cure are now in favour, it is imperative that speedy measures should be taken to reinforce the powers of the police and safeguard that portion of the public who are henceforth to be known as literally the "lower classes." The following regulations are therefore under consideration:—

1. The term "airship" shall include every balloon, aerostat, aeroplane, kite, parachute, projectile, gas-bag, spring-heel boots, or any other device whatsoever at any stage disconnected with terra firma, whereby one or more human beings may be transported, propelled or dropped from point to point through the atmosphere. The ordinary steam round-about, the Maxim Flying-machine at Earl's Court, diving-boards, boat-swings, lifts, elevators and gallows of all kinds shall not therefore come under the designation "airship."

2. Persons shall be considered as "aeronauts" who, whether tired of life, anxious of being ranked among the "Upper Ten" and entered in BURKE'S *Balloonage*, nervous of motor-buses, fond of tête-à-têtes with variety actresses, or from any other motive, shall, intentionally or unintentionally, travel by an airship.

3. In order that the immemorial rights of property may be respected, it shall be deemed a trespass for any aeronaut to sail within a perpendicular mile of any inclosure, unless by permission of the owner of the territorial surface. Any such proprietor wishing to reserve the entire usufruct of the air-block above his land to a height not exceeding five miles, must exhibit as a notice the words "Ancient Lights" in horizontal lettering, legible at that distance without the aid of a telescope.

4. Ordinary aeronauts shall confine themselves to the volumes of atmosphere vertically above the recognised land-thoroughfares, and shall take short cuts at their peril.

5. Airships going down wind shall give way to those beating up, and if there be not room to pass on the level, shall sail either above or below the latter vessels. When the wind is abeam, the usual nautical rule of the road is to be observed.

6. It shall be accounted a misdemeanour to drop hand-bills, waste paper, soiled linen, bottles, ballast, or any articles whatever on to private property from airships passing overhead. All such refuse must be collected by the local dust-balloons.

7. "Week-end" parties, beanfeasters, cheap-trippers, and other aeronauts who

may be guilty of reckless steering, furious driving, or generally riotous behaviour in aerial transit shall have their licences endorsed.

8. It shall be forbidden to take snapshots or other photographic bird's-eye views of back-gardens and private premises, to trail ropes indiscriminately over house-tops, to collide against factory chimneys, to come to anchor except in duly authorised trees, or to take other liberties with terrestrial objects.

9. Every aeronaut transgressing the above regulations shall come to ground after being challenged by a police-boat. If the offender refuse to take notice of such challenge, a shot shall be first fired across his bows, and, failing surrender, his vessel shall then be punctured.

10. The existing number of coroners shall be increased by one for each parish.

ZIG-ZAG.

CHARIVARIA.

THE annual manoeuvres in actual war conditions have recently been taking place in Central America.

It would seem to be impossible to please everybody. *Das Deutsche Volksblatt*, the organ of the Vienna Christian Socialist Clerical Anti-Semites, is annoyed that DREYFUS should have been acquitted.

Meanwhile General MERCIER, whose virulent attacks on us during the Boer War will be remembered, has given further proof of the genuineness of his opinions of our country. Realising the requirements of poetic justice he has banished himself to what he considers a Devil's Isle.

An ingenious attempt has been made to foster anti-Semitism in South Africa. A contemporary declares that it will be found that any barbarities which have taken place in Natal are the work of Native Levis.

Those who love picturesque old customs were delighted at the recent revival in the French Chamber of Deputies of Nose-pulling and Face-slapping, practices which had shown signs of falling into desuetude.

A speaker at a meeting of a Peace Association implored mothers not to give their children tin soldiers or air-guns. To take the place of these toys the Society of the Friends of the Enemies of Great Britain is, we hear, preparing to place on the market at a popular price a large consignment of little banners, no longer saleable abroad, bearing the inscription *A bas les Anglais!*

In spite of statements to the contrary, we understand that Mr. ASQUITH is by no means in favour of the reduction of the Army proposed by Mr. HALDANE. Mr. ASQUITH thinks that the growing power of the Suffragettes has been lost sight of.

It is rumoured that the London County Council intends, as soon as it has control of the London Volunteers under Mr. HALDANE's scheme, to convert their steam-boats into ironclads.

"Our object," said Mr. HALDANE, "has been to produce a force which could contract or expand according to policy." Our South African army, it will be remembered, failed badly in contracting.

"Mr. LE GALLIENNE, I am informed," says Mr. SHORTER in *The Sphere*, "has become naturalised as an American citizen, a thing that is very rarely done by either Englishmen in America or by Americans in England." This statement confirms the rumour that Mr. SHORTER has Irish relations by marriage.

More sensational Cricket! Our extract is from *The Liverpool Echo*:—"Runs were coming briskly at first consequent on GRAHAM driving MAY finely for a couple and getting him to leg for 30." This is leg-pulling with a vengeance.

The cow which swallowed a cricket ball at King's Sutton has died—after cautioning her companions against the dangers of eating tinned apples.

The Plaistow land-grabbers have been busily engaged in collecting coppers, but it is prophesied that very soon the coppers will be busily engaged in collecting the Plaistow land-grabbers.

The Army Council directs the attention of responsible officers to the practice, frequent among soldiers, of wearing caps of obsolete patterns when walking out. The men should take a lesson from the members of the other sex, who invariably wear the latest fashion no matter how ugly it may be.

The Poplar rate-payers, it has been announced, must pay for the cost of the Poplar inquiry. The L.C.C., it will be remembered, also expend large sums in providing amusement for the people.

An immense impetus has been given to the teaching of singing in the United States by a report that a lady who was knocked down by a lion in the Rocky Mountains rendered the beast helpless by singing to him.



She (to clumsy steerer). "RATHER LIKE PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE, ISN'T IT?"

He. "WHY?"

She. "WELL, YOU SEE, YOU RUN UP AGAINST EVERYONE IN THE ROOM BEFORE YOU'VE DONE."

MY TEAM.

II.—THE SELECTION COMMITTEE.

THE Committee consisted of HENRY and myself. Originally it was myself alone, but as soon as I had selected HENRY I proceeded to co-opt him, reserving to myself, however, the right of a casting vote in case of any difference of opinion. One arose, almost immediately, over HIGGINS. HENRY said:

(a) That HIGGINS had once made 97.

(b) That he had been asked to play for his county.

(c) That he was an artist, and we had arranged to have an artist in the team.

In reply I pointed out:

(a) That 97 was an extremely unlikely number for anyone to have made.

(b) That if he had been asked he evidently hadn't accepted, which showed the sort of man he was; besides which, what was his county?

(c) That, assuming for the moment he had made 97, was it likely he would consent to go in last and play for a draw, which was why we wanted the artist? And that, anyhow, he was a jolly bad artist.

(d) That hadn't we better put it to the vote?

This was accordingly done, and an exciting division ended in a tie.

Those in favour of HIGGINS ... 1
Those against HIGGINS 1

The Speaker gave his casting vote against HIGGINS.

Prior to this, however, I had laid before the House the letter of invitation. It was as follows (and, I flatter myself, combined tact with a certain dignity):—

"DEAR —, I am taking a team into the country to play against the village eleven. The ground and the lunch are good. Do you think you could manage to come down? I know you are very busy just now with

Contangers,
Briefs,
Clients,
Your Christmas number,
etc., etc.,

but a day in the country would do you good. I hear from JACK (or 'from all sides') that you are in great form this season. I will give you all particulars about trains later on. Good-bye. Remember me to —. How is —?

"Ever yours.

"P.S.—Old HENRY is playing for us. He has strained himself a little and probably won't bowl much, so I expect we shall all have a turn with the ball.

"Or, I don't think you have ever met HENRY BARTON the cricketer. He is very keen on meeting you. Apparently he has seen you play somewhere. He will be turning out for us on Friday.

"P.P.S.—We might manage to have some Bridge in the train."

"That," I said to HENRY, "is what I call a clever letter."

"What makes you think that?"

"It is all clever," I said modestly; "but the cleverest part is a sentence at the end. 'I will give you all particulars about trains later on.' You see I have been looking them up, and we leave Victoria at 7.30 A.M. and get back to London Bridge at 11.45 P.M."

The answers began to come in the next day. One of the first was from BOLTON, the solicitor, and it upset us altogether. For, after accepting the invitation, he went on: "I am afraid I don't play Bridge. As you may remember, I used to play chess at Cambridge, and I still keep it up."

"Chess," said HENRY. "That's where White plays and mates in two moves. And there's a Black too. He does something."

"We shall have to get a Black. This is awful."

"Couldn't BOLTON do problems by himself all the time?"

"That would be rather bad luck on him. No, look here. Here's CAREY. Glad to come, but doesn't Bridge. He's the man."

Accordingly we wired to CAREY: "Do you play chess? Reply paid." He answered, "No. Why?"

"CAREY will have to play that game with glass balls. Solitaire. Yes. We must remember to bring a board with us."

"But what about the Chess gentleman?" asked HENRY.

"I must go and find one. We've had one refusal."

There is an editor I know slightly, so I called upon him at his office. I found him writing verses.

"Be brief," he said, "I'm frightfully busy."

"I have just three questions to ask you," I replied.

"What rhymes with 'yorker'?"

"That wasn't one of them."

"Yorker—corker—por—"

"Better make it a full pitch," I suggested. "Step out and make it a full pitch. Then there are such lots of rhymes."

"Thanks, I will. Well?"

"One. Do you play Bridge?"

"No."

"Two. Do you play Chess?"

"I can."

"Three. Do you play Cricket? Not that it matters."

"Yes, I do sometimes. Good-bye. Send me a proof, will you? By the way, what paper is this for?"

"The Sportsman, if you'll play. On Friday. Do."

"Anything, if you'll go."

"May I have that in writing?"

He handed me a rejection form.

"There you are. And I'll do anything you like on Friday."

I went back to HENRY, and told him the good news.

"I wonder if he'll mind being Black," said HENRY. "That's the chap that always gets mated so quickly."

"I expect they'll arrange it among themselves. Anyhow, we've done our best for them."

"It's an awful business getting up a team," said HENRY thoughtfully. "Well, we shall have two decent sets of Bridge, anyway. But you ought to have arranged for twelve aside, and then we needn't have had any of this Chess bother."

"It's all the fault of the rules. Some day somebody will realise that four doesn't go into eleven, and then we shall have a new rule."

"No, I don't think so," said HENRY. "I don't fancy Major TREVOR would allow it."

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.

Or, Who was Who?

IMMANUEL KANT (1724—1804).

It would be difficult to overestimate the achievements of IMMANUEL KANT in that realm of light literature of which the Germans are such admirable exponents. His father was a strap-maker in Königsberg, and thus possessed unexampled facilities for bringing up his son in the way he should go. But we must not waste time over anecdotes of the little IMMANUEL's boyhood; we must pass on to a consideration of his place in literature.

In upholding KANT's claims to be considered the pioneer of the New Humour we must not overlook the labours of DAVID HUME in the same field. It was in a witty controversy with HUME that KANT first made his mark. It is true that he had already published his *Dissertatio de Mundi Sensibilis atque Intelligibilis Forma et Principiis*; but this delightful little volume, which has since become so popular and is said to be one of the favourite bedside books of Dr. W. G. GRACE, acquired no more than a local reputation at the time of its issue. What really put KANT on his mettle and led to the production of his best work was a statement of HUME's that apodeictic necessity could not be discovered in casuality. KANT said he should have thought HUME knew better than to talk like that. Why, of course it could. And he proved it in a work brimming over with fun. "Could we not add," he asked, in the course of it, "from the intellect an inferential *a priori* form, which, in combination with the *a priori* perceptive form, might give



OUR MARKSMEN. THE RAW MATERIAL.

Range Officer. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT RIFLE'S LOADED AND COCKED!"

Recruit. "I BIN AND LOST ONE OF THEM CARTRIDGE THINGS, AND I BE LOOKIN' IF THERE BE TWO ON 'EM IN THE GUN."

birth to an *a priori* schema supplying necessity to casuality?" HUME, tackled in this pungent and searching manner, could not deny it. He said, "Well, if you put it in that way, perhaps we could." Of course every schoolboy can see the point now, but KANT saw it first, and if he had not exercised his whimsicality on it we should not yet know exactly where we stood with the *a priori* schema.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing to be noticed about the career of IMMANUEL KANT is that he was nearly sixty before he met HUME in his own field and vanquished him. No other known humourist has had such a late development. Mr. W. S. GILBERT projected the Bab Ballads in his cradle; Mr. BARRY PAIN and M. MAETERLINCK secured an early hearing for their pleasantries; and both the WARDS—ARTEMUS and Mrs. HUMPHRY—achieved distinction before maturity. And DAVID HUME himself was still in the twenties when he published the first two volumes of his mirth-provoking *Treatise on Human Nature*.

And another remarkable thing is that IMMANUEL KANT was born and educated,

lived and died, in Königsberg. He saw nothing of the world outside that place, which can easily be found on the map by anyone who knows where to look for it; and to the end of his life he was actually never in a railway train. How different was HUME's preparation for his life-work! After writing his first two books, feeling that he still lacked material, he became the companion of an insane nobleman, accompanied a military expedition against France, and a mission to Vienna and Turin, picking up copy wherever he went, and only then felt himself equal to the production of his side-splitting *Inquiry into the Principles of Morals*.

It will be seen, therefore, that to treat IMMANUEL KANT's life from the point of view of his actions would be to do him an injustice. He did nothing all his life but write, and in the delight and recreation he has spread amongst all the nations of the world lies his claim to immortality. He had a wife, but little is known of her. There is a tradition that she received all his quips in stony silence until he tried her with his famous

epigram about the practical ego possessing a categorical imperative in determination of its own will. Then at last, after forty years of indifference, she burst into hysterical laughter, and cried, "IMMANUEL, *du bist wie eine Blume!* Hoch!" The anecdote lacks corroboration, and even if it is true it is doubtful whether she quite saw the point.

When he was nearing eighty KANT published *Religion innerhalb der Grenzen der blossen Vernunft*, concerning which MARK TWAIN said that he would rather have thought of "*blossen Vernunft*" than written *The Tramp Abroad*.

IMMANUEL KANT died at Königsberg on February 12, 1804, just failing to reach St. Valentine's Day. The Emperor WILLIAM reads his books through twice a year, President ROOSEVELT only once. But Mr. ROOSEVELT laughs more. The titled office-boy of *The Throne* is said to have written to Königsberg to offer KANT a large salary to turn out two columns of snappy pars. per month for his organ, but the letter was returned endorsed "Not known." Such is fame.



First Friend. "HAVE YOU DINED, OLD MAN?"

Second Ditto (faintly). "ON THE CONTRARY!"

SHOULD MARRIED MEN BE ALLOWED TO PLAY GOLF?

(Extract from a Golfer's Diary.)

July 21.—Played ROBINSON, who would never win a match if it wasn't for his wife. Think that I shall start a links for bachelors only. (Mem.—Suggest to the committee that no married man is allowed to play golf in the mornings or afternoons.)

Hole I. I played perfectly, holing beautiful long putt. ROBINSON hopeless. One up.

Hole II. R. bunkered. Entirely his own fault. Two up.

Hole III. Holed my approach, allowing for both wind and slope of green; really a grand shot. Caught sight of Mrs. R. as I walked to the next tee. Three up.

Hole IV. Thought that I might have to speak to Mrs. R. at any minute. Missed my drive in consequence. Disgusting! Two up.

Hole V. R. seemed to be looking for his wife instead of attending to what I was saying. My drive lay on a buttercup, and who the deuce can

be expected to play off buttercups? One up.

Hole VI. Stymied R. quite perfectly. He pretended to think that we were not playing stymies. We were. Two up.

Hole VII. Saw Mrs. R. looking aimlessly out to sea. These loafing ladies are enough to put any man off his game. Why can't they do something? One up.

Hole VIII. R. may say what he likes, but he waved to his wife. I was also annoyed by his stockings, which I should think Mrs. R. knitted. The sort of useless thing she would do. All square.

Hole IX. Got well away from Mrs. R., and though my caddie coughed as I was approaching I laid my ball dead. Beautiful shot. One up at the turn.

Hole X. Had the hole in my pocket when R. laid his approach dead. Ridiculous luck. All square.

Hole XI. Just as I was driving I saw Mrs. R. still looking at the sea. I complained, but R. took no notice. At any rate she cost me the hole. One down.

Hole XII. VARDON couldn't have played better than I did, and even R. had to say, "Good shot!" twice. All square.

Hole XIII. As I was putting I had a feeling in my back that Mrs. R. had arrived at last. Missed my putt and only halved the hole.

Hole XIV. Couldn't see Mrs. R. anywhere. Wondered where on earth she had got to, or whether she was drowned. Of course I lost the hole. One down.

Hole XV. A little dispute, as R. claimed that his ball—which was under a wheelbarrow—was on ground under repair. Absolutely foolish, and I told him so. All square.

Hole XVI. Made a perfect drive, approach and putt. Looked everywhere for Mrs. R. and couldn't see her. One up.

Hole XVII. Completely put off by wondering when I should see Mrs. R. Most unfair. Told my caddie I should report him to the committee. All square.

Hole XVIII. Saw Mrs. R. on a hill half a mile away. Got on my nerves. R. said, "Halloa, there's my wife! I thought she wasn't coming out this morning." Lost the hole and the match, and told the secretary that R.'s handicap ought to be reduced.

THE unkindest thing that has yet been said about Father BERNARD VAUGHAN appeared in *The Tablet* last week; which stated that his sermons on The Sins of Society "were manifestly intended for the benefit of those who were not all there."



THE GYNÆCOPHOBES.

BROTHER ASQUITH. "I REJOICE, DEAR BROTHER HALDANE, THAT JUST AS *I* HAVE RENOUNCED THE CHARMS OF THE SUFFRAGETTE SO *YOU* HAVE SOUGHT SANCTUARY FROM THE WILES OF FEMALE RANK AND BEAUTY."

["Attempts to obtain favourable consideration of any application by the use of outside influence are forbidden."—*Army Order of 1904.*

"I am aware of this order . . . The Army Council is determined that it shall be enforced."—*Mr. Haldane.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 16.—Delightful time in Lords to-night. Circumstances as indicated on Orders of Day not promising.

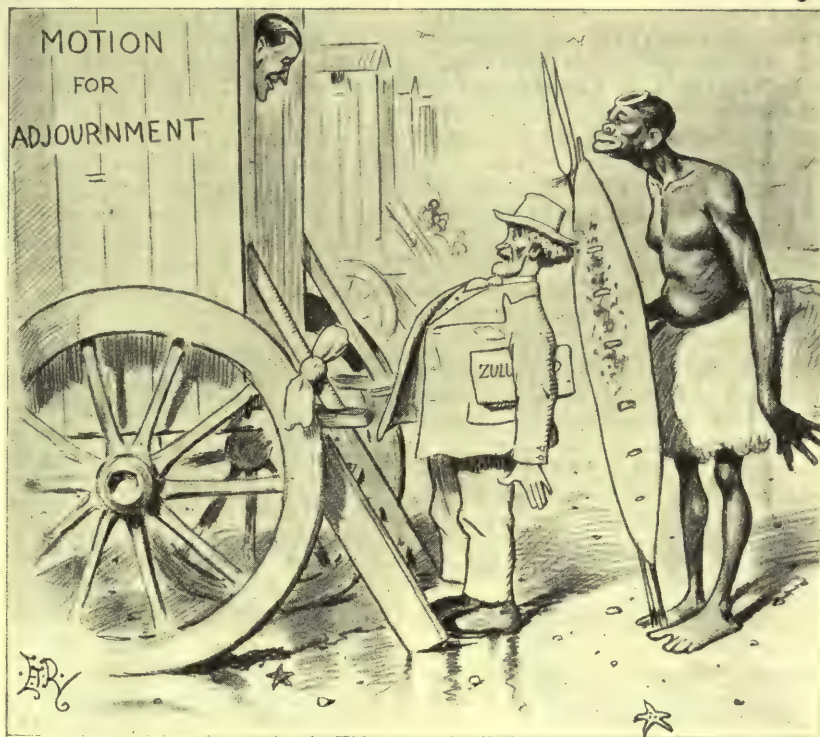
Business under discussion, London County Council (General Powers) Bill. Always pretty to watch noble Lords dealing, however remotely, with London County Council. Whilst the MARKISS was still with us it was worth an hour's patient sufferance of dreary procedure to hear him casually allude to the House of Commons. The scorn, the contempt, the pained reluctance were charming. Noble Lords especially of ancient Victorian lineage hold and display same feeling towards the L.C.C. SARK, who has travelled in the East, tells me attitude of majority of Lords towards this latest development of autocratic power created by popular vote always reminds him of the camel when, taking its walks abroad, it meets a tame elephant. It throws back its head, curls lip and nostril, and, till the elephant is out of sight, assumes a severely "Don't-know-yah!" expression.

To-night obliged for full hour to discuss L.C.C. and its works. Had decided to negative clause in Bill authorising Council to establish service of street ambulances in London, when YOUNG WEMYSS came to the front, claymore in hand, proposing to lop off at a stroke Clauses 27, 28, and 29. These authorised Council to supply electric fittings for the electric light they already have power to purvey. Topic rather sordid;



AN ILLUMINANT OF EXTRAORDINARY STAYING POWER.

(E-rl of W-m-ss).



A "HYPOCRITICAL WHITE."

Mr. K-r H-rd-e. "Look here, young Sir, I engaged this machine for myself and my friend here!"

Mr. F. E. Sm-th. "That's all right, old man, only I took it!!"

(*Mr. K-r H-rd-e*, who had announced his intention of moving the adjournment on the Natal "Atrocities," was forestalled by *Mr. F. E. Sm-th.*)

just sort of thing pettifogging County Council would potter about. The statesmanlike glance of YOUNG WEMYSS going straight to heart of matter discovered fresh attempt to extend principle of municipal trading hateful to lofty minds.

With consummate art he at outset introduced autobiographical touch that straightway lifted the theme above the level of Cheapside; commanded attention of noble Lords who thought they had been sufficiently bored. Lightly turning back the leaves of memory, he recalled a November night in the reign of Queen ANNE when he left the House, strolling homewards in company with HENRY ST. JOHN, perhaps better known in history as Lord BOLINGBROKE. As they carefully picked their way along the oil-lamp-lit narrow streets that then converged on the Palace of Westminster, ST. JOHN, in high spirits at having got through the Army Estimates at a single sitting, commented on the sufficient brilliancy of the illumination.

"You couldn't imagine anything better than this, ELCHO, could you?" the War Minister asked (Lord ELCHO at that date had not succeeded to the peerage).

YOUNG WEMYSS modestly told the listening Lords how in reply he had confidently predicted discovery of an illuminating element that would sup-

plant oil lamps in the street, wax candles on the tables of the rich, farthing lights in the dwellings of the poor. Confessed he did not then precisely know the new-comer would be gas. But gas it was, and to gas had succeeded the electric light.

Was that the fulfilment of development, the last word of science? As confidently as he had controverted ST. JOHN's optimistic view about the permanency of oil as an illuminant, YOUNG WEMYSS, standing to-night by way of change at the corner of the Front Bench below that on which Lord LANSDOWNE, Lord ASHBOURNE and other ex-Ministers sat entranced, declared that the electric light was but a fleeting expedient. He could not tell their Lordships what would be the next article; but it would come.

This the picturesque prelude to an argument calculated to shrivel up the County Council, electric fittings and all. Stubbornly, stupidly, confident that oil lamps had come to stay, the predecessors of the L.C.C. in Queen ANNE's time formed a water park for the preservation of their own whales, built what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" fleet of penny packet boats fitted up with oil cisterns, and so prepared to supply the lights o' London with sperm oil for all time. This, of course, done at

expense of the ratepayers. When gas dowsed the light of oil lamps, the capital invested in water park and whales was lost. The fleet of packet boats was dispatched by the JACK FISHER of the day to the scrap heap, and grievous permanent addition was made to the burden of the rates.

"My Lords," said YOUNG WEMYSS, beating the palm of his left hand with a rolled copy of the Orders of the Day, "history will repeat itself. To-day gas as a street illuminant has been superseded by electric light. The electric light will go in its turn. I do not say when or how. But go it will, and then where will be your London County Council with their barns full of electric-light fittings?"

Seemed as if nothing could withstand this. Somehow or other when amendment was submitted it was negatived, and the obnoxious clauses remained portions of a Bill read a third time without division.

Business done.—Commons still crooning over Education Bill in Committee.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—"The House of Commons likes a Leader who will show it sport."

Thus PAM, discoursing midway in the last century.

This afternoon PRINCE ARTHUR be-thought himself of the axiom, and to pleased surprise of House adopted it. In Committee on Education Bill. Accustomed to condition of inertia. Hot July afternoon. Terrace crowded; benches nearly empty. Reached Part IV., which provides a central Education Authority for Wales. An old familiar story; was part of Bill as introduced, printed and circulated. Apathy on the subject indicated by empty benches. SMITH of Liverpool, jealous for Parliamentary control, rose from behind Front Opposition Bench and moved amendment substituting for the Authority proposed by Bill the words "Consultative Education Committee under the Board of Education to be called the Welsh Central Committee."

LLOYD-GEORGE, protesting that the Welsh Members were not afraid of Parliamentary control, practically accepted the amendment. Added that in order to carry out the designed purpose it would be necessary to appoint a Minister with a seat in the House responsible for everything done by the Welsh Council.

In certain moods PRINCE ARTHUR might have seized the opportunity to complement his young friend the Member for Liverpool on his success in imposing a crucial amendment on an all-powerful Government. Through his agency the Opposition as a whole had scored heavily, demonstrating the wholesome fact that the battle is not always to the strong.

That would have been commonplace; PRINCE ARTHUR is a genius.

He began quietly enough. Probably when he started he had not foreseen whither he was going. As he proceeded light dawned on him. He followed it eagerly, passionately. Brushing aside the familiar original clause proposing a separate Education Authority for Wales, ignoring his able young friend blushing with pleasure at acceptance of an important amendment, he seized on the proposal that the Welsh



PRINCE ARTHUR IN TRAGIC MELODRAMA.

("In all his experience he had never seen an artificially engendered passion torn into more minute and infinitesimal tatters."—*Mr. Asquith.*)

(The ex-Prime Minister.)

Council should be made directly responsible to Parliament in the person of a representative seated on the Treasury Bench. Was there ever such an insult to the House of Commons? Was ever Committee treated with such contumely?

"Mr. GLADSTONE himself," he cried, amid enthusiastic cheers from the dead statesman's friends and admirers seated round him, "would have shuddered at the suggestion."

The printed words in which the speech is reported give but slight idea of the performance. They lack the ring of indignant tone, the countenance glowing with righteous indignation, the

lithe figure vibrant with horror at a Minister, backed by whatsoever majority, daring to touch with unhallowed hand the Ark of the liberties and privileges of the House of Commons.

"An artificially engendered passion," ASQUITH bluntly called it. Actually it was splendid, reviving regret frequently felt during the last Parliament that fortune had not led PRINCE ARTHUR's steps in the direction of the stage door. When, in his turn master of legions, he was accustomed night after night to gag a helpless minority, beaming on their contortions a smile that made them almost think they liked the discipline, he charmingly filled the part of light comedy. To-day he rose almost to the height of tragedy.

Business done.—Clause 37 added to Education Bill.

RONDEAU.

THE Suffragette has come to stay,

To that event we may as well

Make up our minds, her strident yell
Is heard amongst us every day.

Poor Man at present is at bay,

Endeavouring in vain to quell

The Suffragette.

In time, no doubt, she'll get her way

(When that will be, no man can tell),

But—pray divulge not where I dwell—

Woman does not deserve, I say,

The Suffrage Yet!

Our Gallant Frontiersmen.

"LAST evening the first general meeting of the Manchester and District Committee of the recently formed Legion of Frontiersmen was held, and considering the bad weather the attendance was a satisfactory one."—*Manchester Courier.*

Sad Fate of an Irish Bull.

"THE speaker proceeded to refer to the sale of diseased meat. A veterinary surgeon spoke of beasts killed to save their lives."—*Irish Times.*

MR. PUNCH'S DEFINITION OF A BORE.—

The man who talks about his own motor-car when you want to talk about yours.

Holiday Candour.

"FURNISHED House, summer months . . . Flies in village; no servants."—*Standard.*

Master. Who said, and under what circumstances: "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre?*"

Boy. NAPOLEON, on his retreat from Moscow.



GUNNING KING

Head of the Laundry. "So, BETSY, I HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED. YOU MUST LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU'D LIKE ME TO GIVE YOU TOWARDS YOUR TROUSSEAU."

Betsy. "PLEASE, MA'AM, I'VE GOT SOME OF THAT—WHAT YOU SAID."

Head of the Laundry. "REALLY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?"

Betsy. "PLEASE, MA'AM, I'VE GOT SIX CUPS AND SAUCERS AND A GLASS CASE OF STUFFED BIRDS."

BACK-TO-NATURE HOTELS.

["One of the Paris hotels in the Place Vendôme has arranged to supply its guests with a shower of rain to order. By an arrangement of pipes placed high in the air over the courtyard a shower is obtained whenever required. The guests may sit under an immense umbrella, 25 feet in diameter, enjoying the cool rainfall on a hot summer day."

"The Carlton Hotel is bringing live trout from Barrasford-on-Tyne. A glass tank will be fixed in an annexe to the palm garden beyond the restaurant, and those who are so pleased may go and see the actual fish caught ten minutes before they are served at table."

Daily Paper.]

THE above announcements seem to indicate a new and refreshing development of the activity of the modern hotel-proprietor. May we not hope that so promising an idea will be carried still further, and that, in the near future, paragraphs like the following may be expected?

"Something entirely new in the way of dinners for the twelfth was that arranged by the proprietors of the Savoy Restaurant

for the Hon. BOBBY BLAZER and party. At a given signal a strong covey of birds was put up from behind the musicians' gallery. The light was excellent and some capital sport was enjoyed, the bag including not only sufficient game for the party but two waiters, a bar-tender, and a prominent member of the Humanitarian League who was dining at an adjacent table."

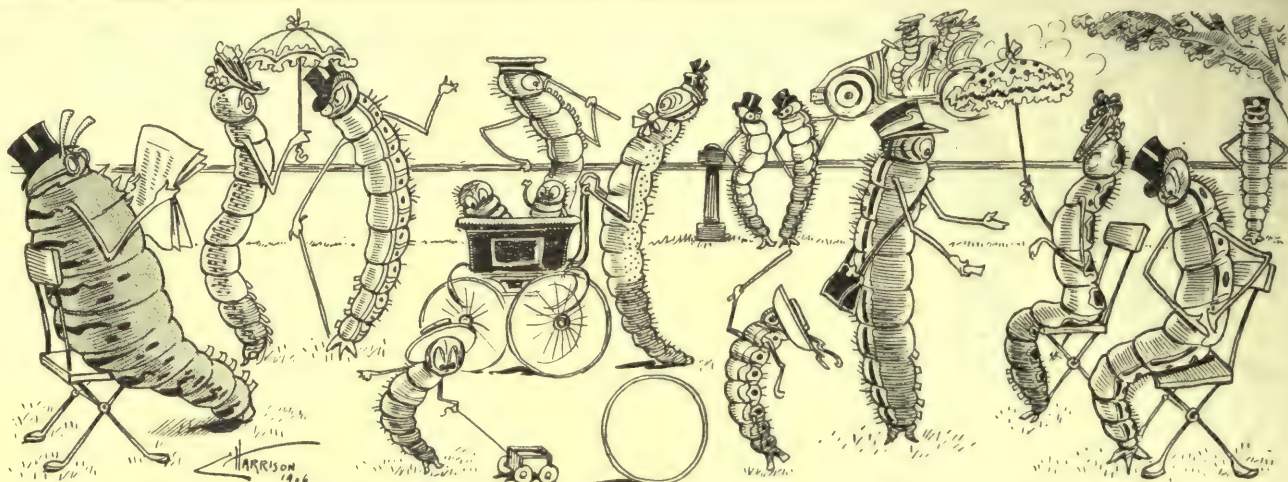
"'Thunderstorm suppers' are, we hear, to be the latest novelty in fashionable entertaining. By special arrangements with the Electric Installation Co. and the District Railway, the management of the Hotel Cecil have secured for their patrons a complete realisation of the most pronounced form of atmospheric disturbance. Nothing could be more refreshing on these sultry evenings than to dine in semi-darkness, to the accompaniment of crashing thunder and brilliant but innocuous electric discharges.

Canard au tonnerre, as prepared by

the able *chef* of the establishment, promises to become the most popular supper delicacy of the waning season."

"Bear-steaks from animals freshly hunted and slain by the diners themselves are now announced by the Ritz Hotel as an addition to its daily menu. The experiment of letting loose a consignment of grislies on the premises is one that will be watched with interest by epicures and others. We have, however, small sympathy with "Returned Traveller," who writes to *The Daily Mail* complaining of the loss of a valuable suit-case and a second cousin, owing to an encounter with one of the new importations in the passenger lift. Every innovation must be attended by some such trifling mishaps, and we trust that the management will persevere undeterred in their enterprising and attractive scheme."

LATIN AT THE BRIDGE TABLE.—*Sursum corda*—"I double hearts."



THE HEIGHT OF THE CATERPILLAR SEASON IN HYDE PARK.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMIDA.

It seems that when the people of Damascus were at war it was the custom to rely upon their Princess *Armida* to crumple up the enemy by the sheer force of her beauty. This enabled the War Office to develop that military economy which is so dear to the heart of Mr. HALDANE. As one of her Maids of Honour forcibly put it:

Ah! quel bonheur! Nos désirs sont comblés,
Sans nous coûter ni de sang ni de larmes.

It must therefore have been peculiarly galling to the lady (who on her own showing had captured a thousand hearts without once losing her own) to find, in the person of the redoubtable *Renaud*, a General Officer who remained impervious to her fascination; enjoying, in his own words, "*une heureuse indifférence*." That was why she found it necessary to supplement her physical charms by those of certain "Spirits" whom she was in the habit of summoning from the vasty Inferno to obey her magic art.

Following her directions—

(Démons affreux, cachez-vous
Sous une agréable image)—

they disguise themselves as Naiad or Nymph; and, finding *Renaud* engaged in a siesta on the usual open-air stage-sofa by the banks of a thoroughly nice river, they enchant him and dress him up in rose-garlands; and with such good effect that *Armida*, coming upon him with the dagger of vengeance in her hand, is overcome by his attractions; and remarks that

Il semble être fait pour l'Amour.

Many of us thought that he looked rather ridiculous under his paper roses, but *Armida* had a perfect right to her own opinion.

Naturally shrinking from publicity in the hour of her *faiblesse*, she arranges

that they shall have their loves apart in the "most remote wilderness;" and attaching herself to the back of the property sofa she instructs the demons to spirit them away through air, "*au bout de l'Univers*."

Chagrined, in Act III., at losing the heart she had never lost before, and a good deal annoyed by the suspicion that *Renaud* has only yielded to her under stress of sorcery, she summons *Hatred* (Madame KIRKBY LUNN) to exorcise Love from her constitution; but finally repents, and determines that things shall remain *in statu quo*.

Meanwhile some of *Renaud's* brother-officers have come round to the Wilderness to look up the deserter, and get their *Heracles* out of his *Omphale's* snares. All sorts of distractions are strewn in their path. At first they encounter "*des bêtes farouches et des*

monstres épouvantables," including 2 prehistoric ponies, 1 hippopotamus, and 1 ordinary devil. These withdraw before the golden sceptre of *Ubalde* (M. CRABBE) and the magic sword of *Le Chevalier Danois* (M. ALTCHESKY, apparently not much the worse for his fatal duel with *Eugène Onéghin*, except that perhaps his voice was a little metallic from the effects of the bullet).

Next there are enchantments—demons that take the lovely disguise of actual lady friends. What would have happened if these gentlemen had been tempted simultaneously I dare not guess. But by a clever device they are tempted separately; so that there is always one man disengaged who can hold up the golden sceptre and make the temptress vanish and say, in what finally becomes a formula adaptable for a duet,

Ce que l'Amour a de charmant
N'est qu'un funeste enchantement.

A really humorous episode, and played without a smile.

In the last Act we find *Armida* and *Renaud* in the gardens of an enchanted palace (a little like Monte Carlo). *Renaud*, having discarded his armour, together with all interest in military glory, has settled himself down to a good long spell of dalliance. He has become habituated to wearing a wreath of roses round his neck and under one arm, like the strap of a field-glass. *Armida*, on the other hand, is restive. Hers is a more complex nature, which suffers from presentiments; and nothing will content her until she has gone and consulted the powers of hell as to the best plan of detaining him from the stern path of duty. She goes, leaving him under the charge of "the Pleasures," with the following instructions:

Jusques à mon retour, par d'agréables jeux,
Occupez le Héros que j'aime.



PARTANT DE LA SYRIE.

Renaud (M. LAFFITTE) and *Armida* (Mlle. BRÉVAL) leave the neighbourhood of Damascus en route pour "*les plus reculés Déserts*."

And very agreeable is their play, which includes a Gavotte, a Minuet, and a Sicilian Dance, all accompanied by lovely gestures and delightful airs, that still leave the hero cold and *distrain* in the absence of the *prima donna*. Politely requested to desist, the ballet leaves him alone, and he is at once discovered by his brother officers—an embarrassing situation of which he is acutely conscious.

Ciel! quelle honte de paraître
Dans l'indigne état où je suis!—

The sentiment does him credit. It is what you would expect from an officer and a gentleman, guilty of desertion, and found in an obscure retreat with a flower garden round his neck.

He is easily induced to rejoin the fighting-line; and though *Armida*, returning in the nick of time, says "Ciel!" and asks him, "Must you go? Can't you stay?" he is adamant, and leaves her in a dead faint with the rather chilly solace of this comment:

Que ton destin est déplorable!

But *Armida* is not absolutely done for. Having come to, she cries "*Où suis-je?*" and orders her demons to set fire to the pavilion (to which, out of respect for *Renaud's* impersonator, we may perhaps give the name Château Laffitte) and so obliterate the scene of this most unfortunate affair. When we see the last of her the invincible creature is being borne aloft in a Flying Machine (*Char Volant*) on the direct road to vengeance.

I am informed that QUINAULT's libretto had been already used some ninety years before GLUCK handled it. And, for all its unconscious humour, I can understand the fascination it had for composers with a *penchant* for dance-music. One is apt to weary of the incidental ballet—"dance of Russian peasants" and so forth—that has no sort of relation to the issues of a play. But here, among these "Pleasures," and Nymphs, and Shepherdesses of the Spirit-world, the ballet is of the very essence of the drama. Each of its movements has a meaning, and indeed the main design seems constructed largely with the idea of affording the ballet a sphere of influence. Of this the leading dancers showed a sensitive appreciation, but I am not sure that the rank and file of the *corps de ballet* were fully conscious of the importance of their mission and the significance of gestures which had not always been even learnt by heart. But the orchestra, under M. MESSENGER, showed a very perfect sympathy with the exquisite sweetness of the music.

Mlle. BRÉVAL, whose way of wearing her clothes should be a lesson to the bunched heroines of WAGNER Opera, was a noble and stately figure, with the



The Foreman. "THE JURY ARE ALL OF ONE MIND—TEMPORARILY INSANE."

right air of Orientalism; but she lacked invention in her gestures, which were too much confined within the limits of the semaphorical. I found her voice a little harsh, and preferred the singing of her Maids, *Phénice* (Miss GLEESON-WHITE) and *Sidonie* (Mme. GILBERT-LEJEUNE, always delightful whatever she plays,—though I never saw anybody with a face less like a Damascene). M. LAFFITTE has played the amorous soldier before—in *Carmen*: and I liked him better then. Vocally he is adequate, but he was not built for heroic enterprise; and in the scene where he is left in charge of "the Pleasures," no one would have mistaken him for a Heracles in retreat. Mme. KIRKBY LUNN was an admirable Demon, and did her hating with gusto.

Mlle. DAS sang with equal grace and sweetness the parts of the *Naiad* and of *Lucinde*, the lover of the *Chevalier Danois*. As his friend *Ubalde*, M. CRABBE was effective whether preaching sobriety or practising its opposite; and M. SEVEILHAC, as *Hidraot* of Damascus, seemed to have improved his lower register since he went bull-fighting.

It has taken *Armida* just 129 years to come over to Covent Garden, and we hope it may not be quite so long before she repeats the venture. "Now that you have found your way here," as they say in hospitable country houses. O. S.

ACCORDING to *The Morning Leader*, "WOLFE intends to repeat his attempt to swim the Channel in a fortnight." Provided he can stay the course he ought to have no difficulty in succeeding in the allotted time.

George Hirst.

THERE is a great Tyke—GEORGY HIRST, Of Yorkshiremen easily first;
Under summery suns
He makes thousands of runs,
But in winter in Toffee's immersed.

HIRST's Toffee as topaz is bright,
And stronger than strong dynamite,
It is sweet to the tooth,
Grants perpetual youth,
And is known as Best Yorkish Delight.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to *The English Churchman*: "Through the window I could see this Bishop engaged in performing the operation of blessing the new home . . . under the nose of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, whose back was within thirty feet of this Popish function." Well within thirty feet, we should say, if he is constructed at all on the usual lines.

"At Lord's Eaton beat Barrow by four wickets."—*Glasgow Herald*.

REALISING, as we do, the number of different ways in which our contemporary might have spelt "Lord's," we cannot withhold our tribute of admiration at the unerring instinct which compelled it to select the right one.

"Strong Lad, about 16, as under boots and door. All found but beer."—*Telegraph*.

WE are glad to know that the Strong Lad was found: but it does not say whether he was hiding under the boots or under the door. Probably under the cellar-door, which would account for the disappearance of the beer.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Times History of the War (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co.) still has Mr. AMERY for its commander-in-chief, but the G. O. C. Fourth Division (or volume) is Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS. This volume deals with the operations conducted under the chief command of Lord ROBERTS from his entry into Bloemfontein onwards; but there are supplementary chapters on Kimberley and Mafeking, and it is to these that, as a non-expert, I turn with most interest. (In the days of the war I was as competent as another to talk of "turning movements" and "advances in *échelon*," but one must go with *The Times*, and I have forsaken these for "rights of entry" and COWPER-TEMPLE.) Mr. WILLIAMS' story of Mafeking is a distinguished piece of work, and the writer, very properly, does not consider it beneath his dignity as an historian to notice the lighter side of the siege. It was becoming the fashion with some to belittle BADEN-POWELL's resistance, but Mr. WILLIAMS is not one of those.

In the earlier part of the book there is an exciting chapter on "The First De Wet Hunt." "Then began a wild nightmare of pursuit. The British columns, now hot on the trail, now missing it . . . kept stolidly trudging along with now and then a brief interval, not so much for repose as to take their bearings . . . until at last the men began to feel that life was one stupid, almost ceaseless march." Change "columns" into "editors," and "march" into "pun," and we have an exact account of what was happening in England at the same time. That was not the least tragedy of the war.

The Ha'penny Millionaire (METHUEN), by GEORGE SUNBURY,

Is one of the most originally conceived pieces of farcical writing I've read for ages.

I enjoyed reading it, and I'm sorry I can't, now it's done, bury All my objections and faultfindings, and recommend everybody, without prejudice, to peruse its pages.

But unfortunately, when a humorous writer makes jokes and then works upon 'em, he

Is always apt to grow tedious, and Mr. SUNBURY certainly has a tendency to use material which ought to go only a little way, and makes it (like these lines) go rather a long way,

Which may be an excellent method when dealing with matters of economy,

But if you mean to write a funny book it's most assuredly the wrong way.

Still, he undoubtedly has a nimble imagination, and I'm not at all sure that he couldn't do something tolerably near perfection,

If he were not so ready to run his jokes to death;

And as this metre, if you can call it metre, seems rather inclined to follow in very much the same direction,

Let's stop and take breath.

It is no discredit to Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS that *Thalassa* (HUTCHINSON) recalls memories of *Jane Eyre*. The coincidences are doubtless accidental, but they are marked. There is the same strong man with wilful ways and a past; the same attractive, homeless girl straying into his life, shrinking at first from his gruffness, finally conquered by his passionate love. Oddly enough the principal scenes are in both dramas laid in a northern moorland country. Comparison with CHARLOTTE BRONTË's masterpiece is dangerous. Mrs. REYNOLDS comes triumphantly out of the ordeal. The Master of Lockthwayte Mills is in his varying moods of morose ill-nature and humble love an interesting study. *Aldyth* is a charming

girl, sunny as the Italy whence she comes. A cleverly constructed plot with succession of unexpected turns sustains interest to the end, where the Master of the mill and *Aldyth*, after hard climbing of the stony hill, reach the top, and, as with the Greeks of old, there flashes on their sight the answer to their prayers—*Thalassa*!

CIDER.

In praise of Beer long since a Cambridge bard
Adduced some arguments by no means shallow,
Which to refute would seem a task too hard
For one whose Muse is all untried and callow.
Against undue presumption I would guard,
Yet fain would follow *longo intervallo*,
And to his verses humbly add this rider
That there is something to be said for Cider.

The beverage that Calverley has sung
Was malt and hops, a sound and honest liquor,
That woke the living lyre and loosed the tongue
Of peer or peasant, parson or hop-picker—
A heaven-sent boon that made the heart feel young,
Though possibly it made the brain no quicker.
The modern stuff turned out from a laboratory
Could surely never have inspired such oratory.

True there are hardy souls among us still,
Convinced adherents of the foaming beaker,
Like that M.P. who nightly takes his fill,
Two pints of bitter, as he told the SPEAKER.
If he persists, I greatly fear he will
Become a Tory as his brain grows weaker.
Myself would rather drink the worst hotel hock
Than emulate the feat of Mr. BELLOC.

The thought has often struck me, when I've read
About the luxuries of other ages,
That epicures of old, when all is said,
Only attained quite elementary stages
In that great art of life, the being fed
And watered duly. Turning history's pages,
I'm not impressed by Sybaris or Crotona,
Since they knew not the worship of Pomona.

(To LEMPRIÈRE I am, I may confess,
Indebted for that piece of erudition.)
Pomona still shall all my heart possess,
Her cult shall be my self-appointed mission.
The more I hear of other drinks, the less
Am I disposed to alter my position,
Which is that cider is the only beverage
For those who live in this too sharp and clever age.

The man who has to use his wits can not,
And never could, sustain himself on whisky,
Whether produced from patent still or pot;
And other drinks are similarly risky.
The Cider drinker, though, can stand a lot
Without becoming dangerously frisky;
His is a genial outlook, full of charity,
That still retains a perfect mental clarity.

Yet many a noble edifice of song
Has in the past been reared to glorify
This drink or that. They were not wholly wrong,
Those architects of Bacchic praise, and I,
Conscious my inspiration is less strong,
Am not concerned their merits to deny,
Content to consecrate this small side chapel
To Cider, wholesome produce of the Apple. X.Y.X.

CHARIVARIA.

THE CZAR, in dissolving the Duma, expressed the belief that giants will arise now in his country. So with us, when Parliament is presently prorogued, we shall look for the appearance of the Giant Gooseberry.

One does not like to think that the upheaval in Russia should lessen respect for Royalty all over the world. Yet from Portsmouth comes the news that the King of the Mudlarks has been thrown into prison by the local magistrates on a charge of causing obstruction.

A Member of Parliament suggested last week that a representation should be made to the Natal military authorities in favour of substituting photography for decapitation. Those, however, who have suffered at the hands of amateur photographers oppose this idea on humanitarian grounds.

For the rest, we fancy it will be some little time before the Zulus will be so foolish as to lose their heads again.

SIGANANDA has died at the age of 104. The pro-Zulus hold the Natal Government responsible for his premature death.

The Westminster City Council has decided that no horse belonging to it shall be worked more than six days a week, and, to judge by an item of news from Southend-on-Sea, no frivolous use will be made of the holiday. While the Rev. JOHN T. VINE was preaching, a horse—evidently a week-end from Westminster—quietly walked through the vestry into the aisle.

During his recent visit to Scandinavia on the *Deutschland* (not the river but

the boat) the KAISER was so pleased with the dishes prepared for him that he went to the kitchen one day and asked many questions regarding the ingredients. The KAISER likes to have a finger in every pie.

The plague of caterpillars in the West End has, it is said, put an entire stop to the practice of old gentlemen going

that the application of X-rays will cause grey hair to resume its original colour. So red-headed men who have gone grey must be careful.

The growth of slang is as undeniable as it is deplorable. A correspondent draws our attention to a case in point. On the name-plate of a shop in a leading thoroughfare he has found the inscription

"SMITH AND KIDD." We agree that "SMITH AND SON," though old-fashioned, is far more dignified.

Our trousers may yet become things of beauty. *The World and his Wife* have between them been recommending young ladies fond of needlework to make embroidered bags.

We were relieved on reading a paragraph last week, headed "M. ANTOINE in three parts," to find that this was not yet another case of collision with a motor-car.

At Tottenham last week a four-year-old child created a sensation by driving his own steam-propelled motor-car. There must be at large many other chauffeurs older in years but just as well qualified as this young gentleman.

As a result of the success at Warwick we appear to be in for quite an epidemic of pageants,

and it is rumoured that something very special may be seen at Poplar on November 5th of this year.

Mr. Harold Spender on Mr. W. J. Bryan.

"Then came W. J. BRYAN, mounting his chair and holding on to a golden lion rampant with his left hand. His was not perhaps so great a speech as he gave to the Conference on Tuesday . . . But there were great touches. 'Unless some nation take the lead, no nation will act!'"

THESE great men do think of things.



"WELL, MR. HEATH, I SUPPOSE YOU ARE GETTING SOME EGGS AGAIN NOW THE WARM WEATHER IS HERE."

"YES, MISS! THE BLESSED HENS'LL LAY FAST ENOUGH WHEN EGGS IS CHEAP!"

to sleep with their mouths open in Kensington Gardens.

The Recorder, in charging the Grand Jury at the opening of the July Sessions at the Old Bailey, said that he was at a loss to account for the unusually heavy Calendar. That is one of the drawbacks of the Aliens Bill having been passed. Formerly the reason was the Hated Foreigner.

Professor BOUCHARD, of Paris, declares

"REST, REST, PERTURBED SPIRIT!"

Now let the weary House, its labour done,
Disport awhile in suits of airy flannel,
And swallow lotus, sitting in the sun,
Or climb an Alp or two, or swim the Channel,
Or read the nobler bards,
Being disbanded—like the 3rd Scots Guards.

Others have fairly earned the Blessed Isles,
They have deserved their fill of Ocean's breezes
Who bore the interrogatory BYLES,
Who suffered HARDIE's whims, and LUFTON's wheezes;
But you, at yonder Bar,
BIRRELL, have had the toughest time by far.

I have not followed all your words—not all;
Friendship forewent that right and clung to rumour,
Which told me how the saintly gibes of PAUL
Yielded the crown to your more carnal humour;
Or how, with scorn like BURKE's,
You froze the unction oozing out of PERKS.

But there are limits; mortal man is frail;
Exhausted Nature needs a new afflatus;
And, as (to change my element) the whale
Replenishes his spouting apparatus,
You from the mighty sea
Might well repair the fount of repartee.

Not that as yet your stream of mirth is stayed;
But you have been of late a little harried
By stuffy bores, at 90 in the shade,
Who left the atmosphere extremely arid;
So, ere your wit's at fault,
Let Norfolk's brine renew your Attic salt.

There the sea-wind shall loose your tangled hair,
And on your brow erase the wrinkly furrows,
And you shall lure the lobster from his lair
And chase the timorous coney to his burrows;
Thus having lightly romped, you
Will soon be feeling fresher, more *impromptu*.

Go, then, to Sheringham, my BIRRELL, go,
And with your children pluck a playful leisure;
And, if at times your vacant thoughts should flow
To what you call your "Education" measure,
Thank Heaven, with solemn pauses,
No child of yours can come within its clauses. O. S.

ILLEGAL BALLOONING.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, the well-known aeronaut, who described himself as "a dramatist," was brought up last Tuesday at the South Western police court on a charge of trespassing in a balloon upon the property of various residents of Balham and Tooting. Parachute Detective ETHER deposed that at about 7.30 P.M. on that day he was patrolling his beat in one of the airships of the Atmospheric Police, in that portion of the air immediately above the Balham Road, when he saw accused's balloon at a height of between three and four thousand feet above the back garden of a resident of Balham. (Witness produced his stop-watch in proof of his statement.) He drove his airship upwards, and warned accused that he was trespassing, and instructed him to keep to the atmosphere above the public roadway. Accused replied that he (Witness) was a Philistine.

His Worship: What is a Philistine?

Witness: Cannot say, your Worship, but I'm a Yorkshireman.

Witness, proceeding, said that accused was in evening

dress, and in other ways showed a peculiar demeanour. He moved away when warned, but continued to trespass in the air belonging to the property of some of the best people in Balham and Tooting, and aggravated his offence by dropping unfriendly epigrams on the residents over whom he passed.

His Worship (to accused): What is your opinion of the expression "You never can be SHAW?"

Accused: The remark cannot truthfully be addressed to me, for that is my chief accomplishment. It could be said, however, to any other person in this world.

His Worship: We cannot have the time of the Court wasted by the facetiæ of occupants of the dock. There is hardly time for my own. Have you anything further (not of a humorous nature) to say for yourself?

Accused was understood to reply that he had the greatest respect for the Court, seeing that nowadays it was his principal source of income.

At this point a clamour was heard in the corridor outside. On inquiring of the usher as to the meaning of the noise his Worship was informed that several actor-managers of the Victorian period were outside, anxious to give evidence against the accused. Their spokesman, being admitted, informed the magistrate that, while those for whom he appeared were not sure of the charge brought against SHAW, they were quite certain that he was guilty and deserved all he would get.

Accused was eventually bound over to come up when called for.

His Worship: Considering the nature of the charge, I ought perhaps to say "come down" when called for. (*Great laughter.*)

THE BREAKFAST SCORING BOARD.

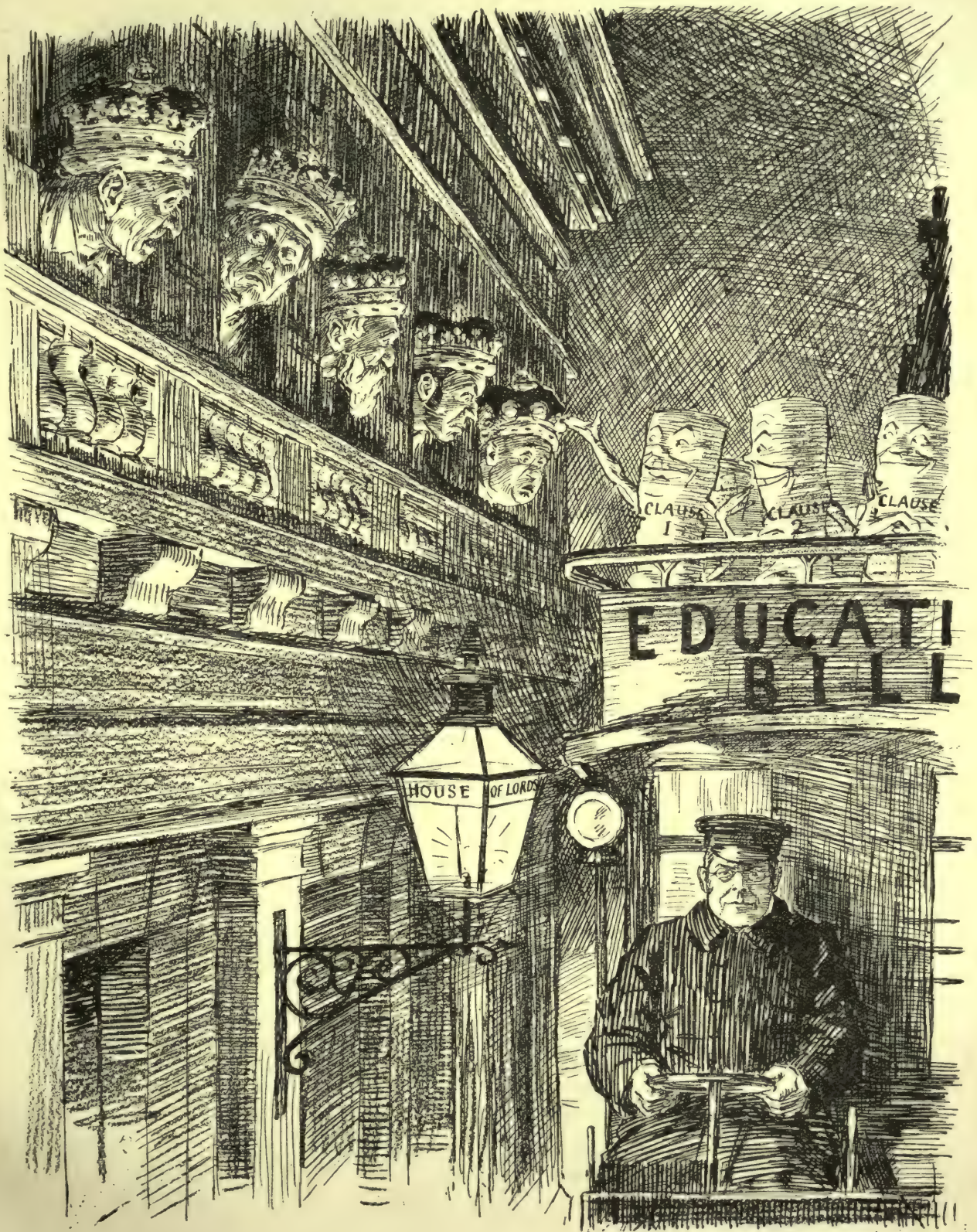
OF all the many devices for extending the influence of cricket, or at least of adapting cricket methods to home life and thus fostering the natural love of the game, none strikes us as so happy or ingenious as the Breakfast Scoring Board, a simple enough piece of mechanism which, properly worked, is calculated to keep the table merry, to remind it of the tented field and incidentally to check gluttony. All that is required is one of these boards, which may be obtained all ready for use for three guineas carriage paid, and someone to work it—the governess, say, who may have breakfasted earlier or whose breakfast can easily be postponed until the others have finished. The principle is precisely that of the scoring boards in use at the chief cricket grounds, with certain modifications. The actual score which we append will give a better idea of the value and utility of this toy than any words can:—

	Rashers.	Eggs.	Marmalade.	Cups.	Spills.	
Father	3	2	2	2	—	not out
Mother	—	1	—	1	—	out
Jack	4	3	5	3	1	not out
Esmay	1	1	1	2	—	out
Peter	—	1	3	2	5	out
Visitor	3	3	3	3	1	not out

"Detective-Sergeant M—— stated that at ten minutes to four last evening he saw three ten minutes to five."—*Liverpool Echo.*

If the Sergeant is correctly reported we marvel at the Stipendiary listening to any more of his evidence.

MUSTAFA KAMEL has come to London. One would have thought that he could have got one more easily in Cairo.



BIRRELL'S "BUZZER."

CHORUS OF PEERS. "SUPPOSE WE CAN'T HELP THIS THING PASSING,—BUT OH, THE VIBRATION!"



Little Albert (always thirsting for knowledge). "UNCLE, DO THEY PRONOUNCE THAT RICOCHAYING OR RICOCHETTING?"

A MODERN MARTYR.

A PENSIVE body, middle-aged,
So mild, so uniformly placid,
That she could never be enraged
By what would make a saint grow
acid—

Some five-and-twenty years ago,
Urged by a dire infatuation,
She linked her lot, for weal or woe,
To JONES, who had no occupation.

Their only son is launched in life,
A settler on the river Murray,
Their only daughter is a wife
Who has a charming house in Surrey.
But Mrs. JONES, denied a home,
A martyr quite as great as Fox's,
Is doomed unceasingly to roam
And live for ever in her boxes.

Of perfect stamina possessed,
From centenarians descended,
JONES spends his lifetime in the quest
Of health—although his health is
splendid.

Last year he throve upon a fare
Which now he views with utter loathing,
And monthly he elects to wear
New hygienic underclothing.

His doctors order exercise,
Fresh air and healthy recreation ;
And JONES assiduously tries
To combat physical stagnation.
Llandrindod welcomes him to-day,
To-morrow Droitwich lures him brine-
wards ;
Next week 'tis Bath, or Alum Bay,
Or Bournemouth, and he hurries pine-
wards.

At scholarship inclined to scoff,
Yet fond of neither dogs nor horses,
Upon his diet and his golf
JONES concentrates his mental forces ;
Unmoved by mountain peaks sublime,
Or mid the most enchanting greenery,
Because he's thinking all the time
Of his inside, and not the scenery.

To travel with this fearsome freak,
This valetudinarian loafer,
I should decline, though for one week
He gave me all the gold of Ophir.
Yet his inestimable spouse,
All normal interests resigning,
Beneath her lifelong burden bows
Without the semblance of repining.

With him she trots from links to links,
Wearing a smile of saintly meekness ;
With him the tea of China drinks
Though Indian is her special weakness.

Nor is she ever even found
Lacking in sympathy at dinner,
When JONES reconstitutes each round,
And turns the tables on the winner.

Fine weather keeps him out of doors,
But when it rains or even drizzles—
The slightest moisture he abhors—
Her fate is worse than patient
GRIZEL'S.

For JONES exacts attentive heed
To his malingering recital,
And poses as an invalid
When Mrs. JONES deserves the title.

No chance of respite or reward
To her the future seems to offer,
Unless some random rubber-cored
Despatches this dyspeptic golfer.
Already shrunk to a shred
By her devotion self-denying,
She perseveres, and when she's dead
He'll blame her selfishness in dying.

Divines are wont to disagree
Acutely in regard to Heaven,
Some doctors holding it to be
A single sphere, and others seven ;
But JONES's consort entertains
No doubt about one crucial question ;
There will, upon the heav'nly plains,
Be neither golf nor indigestion.

THE PIANOLYZER.

MESSRS. BECHWAY AND STEINSTEIN

BEG to call the attention of the public to the most astonishing invention of the age.

THE PIANOLYZER

will supersede, and, if necessary, annihilate, every other piano-player, human or inhuman.

The Pianolyzer plays BACH, HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN, WAGNER, MOSZKOWSKI, ELGAR and TSCAIKOWSKI

ALL AT ONCE!

thereby effecting considerable economy in time. It is therefore specially adapted for busy men.

People who don't like music

will find the invention a great boon, as they will be able to *get it all over at once*.

A Child can start it,

BUT NOTHING WILL STOP IT

Till it has run down.

A pint of petrol will keep it going all night.

The Pianolyzer can be made to go THREE WEEKS without stopping by a patent device which will be appreciated by persons about to go to the seaside. It will keep burglars out while the family is away from home, and will also give the owners the pleasant assurance that they will not be forgotten by their neighbours during their absence.

The Pianolyzer can be fitted with double-barrelled gramophone, so as to sing a large number of vocal duets, as well as solos, to its own accompaniment. Will also give recitations and make political speeches, &c. Never till now has it been possible to possess a machine that will play, sing, talk and recite without stopping, and *without the necessity of any attention being paid to it*.

The Pianolyzer may be obtained fitted with patent ALARUM ATTACHMENT, so as to start at any desired hour in the morning. It will effectually wake the household, and render it impossible for them to go to sleep again.

The Pianolyzer may be put to no end of different uses, as the following testimonials will show.

PADEREWSKI writes:—GENTLEMEN,—The Pianolyzer made my hair stand on end!

BUSONI writes:—... An astonishing invention. It actually played through the whole of BEETHOVEN'S "Eroica" symphony in seven and a half minutes; and though I put the brake on hard it was impossible to check its speed. It has certainly established a record that will take a lot of beating.

The following letters speak for themselves:—

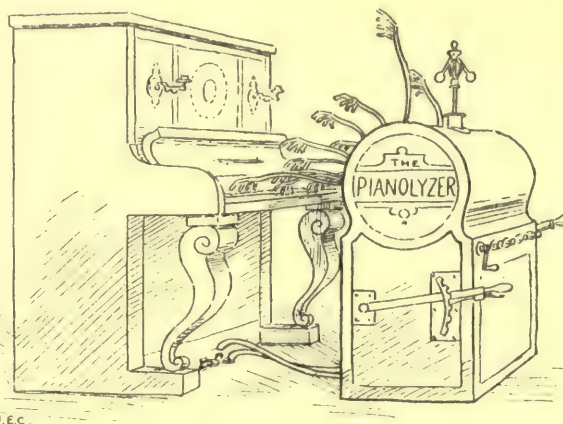
71, Armony Avenue, N.

GENTLEMEN,—The Pianolyzer you supplied has given me great enjoyment. I bought it as a present for a friend of mine at No. 75, and had it connected with my house by a concealed wire, so that I could start it whenever I wished. It works admirably!

75, Armony Avenue, N.

Please send man at once to rectify Pianolyzer. The last three nights it has started of its own accord at half-past one and played for two hours in spite of all my efforts to stop it. Last evening before going to bed I moved it away from the piano, but at 1.30 it walked across the room to the keyboard and started off as before. Cannot stand it any longer.

A HEAD MASTER writes:—GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Pianolyzer with excel-



lent results. A boy who had repeatedly failed in his Latin Grammar was strapped to a form, face downwards, and *pianolyzed* for ten minutes. He has been a different boy ever since.

A FARMER writes:—Being short-handed during the hay-harvest, I had your 3 horse-power Pianolyzer brought into the field and set to work. It acted splendidly and made hay of everything.

PATERFAMILIAS writes:—I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you for your admirable invention. Having four boys home for the holidays, and being at my wits' end to know what to do with them, I hit on the idea of buying two of your Pianolyzers. These were taken into the harness-room, and, as I quite expected, the boys set the two machines to fight each other. I have now no difficulty in finding suitable amusement for them on wet afternoons.

N.B.—Every Pianolyzer is fitted with three-speed gear, powerful Bowden brake, steam-gauge, and reversing-lever (enabling compositions to be played

backwards, thus doubling the *répertoire* at a stroke). Tested up to 500 lbs. pressure.

A HANDSOME PAIR OF EAR-BLINKERS, together with

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. OF STERILISED WADDING,
Given away

With every Pianolyzer.

Don't, please don't, miss this chance!!

THE "CHILDREN'S PAGE."

Hints to Editors. By Helen and Cecil.

How it started was that I said to CECIL that Children's Pages were all rot; and CECIL said they were not all rot, and that he wished I wouldn't spoil the little commonsense I had by making such sweeping assertions.

And then, of course, we had to argue it out, and while we were getting hotter and hotter Dad came along and listened.

"Evidently, CECIL, you are bound for the Bench!" he said; "and as for you, HELEN, you are going to turn out the ordinary inconsistent woman! But so far as I can gather from this painful argument you both mean about the same thing. You like the solids in the Children's Page, but object to the atmosphere!"

We really hadn't a notion what he meant, but anyhow we thought we would write to the separate editors, but that was such an awful fag that CECIL said:

"If we write to Mr. Punch he'll tell all the editors at one go!"

So we started the letter about six times, but kept spoiling such lots of paper that we agreed that we would each write our own bits and sign them. I let CECIL begin, because he's the politest, and we want to try not to hurt their feelings.

"If you *are* an editor, would you mind *being* an editor, and not an Aunt, or an Uncle, or an Old Chum, or a Big Sister, or anything like that?—CECIL."

"Yes, and please don't call *us* Chickies, or Dickies, or Lambies, or Starbeams, or Sweet Violets. We *hate* to think that you are like the ladies at the garden parties who ask us how old we are, and tell us how we are growing. Like one said to me only yesterday: 'I wonder, my ducky, whether your little leggy-peggies would mind running across the lawn and bringing me that wee chairy-wairy!' And you mustn't think us horrid little beasts, but we don't much care about having your love and kisses every week. They are rather boring, and fill up the page, and it is not as if they came to anything."

"HELEN."

"And it's not as if the Editors of *The Times* or *The Daily Mail* ever sent love and kisses to Dad and Mother.

"CECIL."

"But we like your puzzles and problems and competitions, only sometimes the prizes are rather silly. We like money best.

HELEN."

"And your directions how to make things aren't bad, only would you mind saying them straight out—like our village carpenter would?"

"I read quite a jolly thing on how to make a boat the other day, but just imagine how it ended up! 'But now, my dear little Brother, be careful of your precious fingers when you use the knife, or what will mamma say to your poor Big Sister? She will never never let you have the Children's Page in *The Ladies' Big Bundle* again?' Now don't you agree that that was a sickener, Mr. Punch? Besides, I've had a knife of my own for two years next Saturday.

"And why not give us more real news? There must be such jolly decent things going on all over the world every week, and if you could just pick us out all the true things, we'd be glad to know. We haven't the spare time like the Grown-ups to read through the common newspapers.

CECIL."

"And please don't fill up our page with photographs of other kids in their best frocks and suits. Not even if they are millionaire boys. We know they must have hated to be stuck up to be taken, and if they didn't, well, they're the wrong kind. You might put the photographs on the Ladies' Page, or amongst the foods and baby advertisements.

HELEN."

"Why not get us real photographs of things, like a terrier hard on a rat, or a boy caught poaching, or a three-year-old pitching off a groom, or—oh, there are such heaps of interesting things that have never been photographed.—CECIL."

"Only mind you don't give us made-up stories and accidents, done in a photographer's shop. We can always spot them, and you'd best keep them for the Grown-up Pages.

HELEN."

"And the more rattling good adventure stories the better. We wouldn't mind a boy *Sherlock Holmes* for a change.

"CECIL."

"And of course we both of us hope you won't mind these straight hints, and as even yet we don't think we have quite properly explained what bothers us the most in the Children's Page we are writing you down the sort of letter you write sometimes which makes us want to chuck it.

'My DARLING CHICKYWICKS,—How your dear little hearts will have been panting all this week, wondering if your idle



THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

"'ERE YOU ARE! VICTORIER! NO SMOKE, NO SMELL, NO KILL! ALL THE WAY A PENNY. THIRTEEN FOR A SHILLING!"

Big Sister would forget her promise to tell you the Quite True Story about the Big Big Dog and the Tiny Tiny Kitty.

'But you see, darlings, she has not forgotten! And why, do you ask? 'Cause she couldn't forget her thousands and thousands of little brothers and sisters, who are all eagerly waiting to rush to their mothers, to scramble for their own Children's Page, the very minute *The Ladies' Big Bundle* arrives.

'No, my precious Chickywicks! Your Big Sister will never never forget you, and once more she greets you all with love and kisses, and hopes that you will all have a happy happy week, till she writes to you again!

'Good bye, my sweet Chickywicks, 'Your loving BIG SISTER.'

"Don't you think that's rank, Mr. Punch, dear?"

HELEN."

"Couldn't you have a Children's Column, Mr. Punch, and let us edit it?"

"CECIL."

Waste Not, Want Not.

THE following post-card has been sent to the committee of a local political club:

"TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE.

"A Special Committee Meeting will be held at the Conservative Club, tomorrow, Tuesday, at 8.30 sharp, to finish up the Chamberlain Dinner."

A SEAT IN HYDE PARK.—A cater-pillory.

OUT OF TOWN!

[The Children's Country Holiday Fund, which last year sent 38,509 children into the country for at least a fortnight, is appealing for subscriptions. The address of the Fund is 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., and the Hon. Treasurer is the Earl of ARRAN.]

If you were a piper gay and bold,
Like the fellow who tuned his pipe of old
In wonderful Hamelin city;
And if from alley and court and street
There sounded a patter of little feet
Whenever you blew your ditty;

And if, as you still kept blowing free,
There came a murmur of childish glee
That swelled into shouts and laughter;
And so with a rush the children came
And danced about you and called your name,
And told you they'd follow after—

A swarm of thousands of London girls
With their dolls and toys and their hair in curls,
And everyone nicely dressed too,
And a noisier mob of boys mixed in
With the mob of girls in a joyful din,
And all in their Sunday best too;

And if they cried, "We are tired of town!
Oh, piper, couldn't you set us down
In a place where there's grass to roll in,
With shady banks where the girls could sit
And tidy their dolls or sew or knit,
And fields for the boys to bowl in?"

"Where there isn't a bobby to stop your play,
But you're taking the air the whole long day,
And the milk's as fresh as the air is;
And sometimes teacher has told us this—
When the nights are still you can get a kiss
From the lovely Queen of the Fairies.

"Oh, piper, let us be up and gone!
We'll follow you quick if you'll pipe us on,
For all of us want to go there.
So fill up your pipe and blow for joy
As hard as you can, and girl and boy
Will step to the tune you blow there."

If this were the cry of the swarming crowd,
Oh, wouldn't you pipe it sweet and loud,
With your collar for comfort undone;
And wouldn't you trudge it free and gay
Until you had drawn them miles away
From the smother and smoke of London?

But you haven't a pipe, and if you had
Your blowing would only make people sad
If anyone chanced to hear it;
And the children, you think, must stop and fade
In the hot dark city that man has made,
Though God's own country is near it.

But hark! there's a voice from the noisy Strand,
And it says, "If you want to lend a hand,
I'm looking for hands to borrow.
Pay up, pay down, and I'll pipe like mad,
And the crowd shall follow me glad as glad
To-day, or at most to-morrow!

"I'll take them and keep them and tend them there
Where the trees are green and there's air to spare,
And never a field is barren.
So send your money and call the tune
And order the piper to play it soon
On the pipes of the Earl of ARRAN!" R. C. L.

MY TEAM.

III.—IN THE TRAIN.

If there is one thing I cannot stand it is ingratitude. Take the case of CAREY. CAREY, you may remember, professed himself unable to play either Bridge or Chess; and as we had a three-hour journey before us it did not look as though he were going to have much of a time. However, HENRY and I, thinking entirely of CAREY's personal comfort, went to the trouble of buying him a Solitaire board, with glass balls complete. The balls were all in different colours.

I laid this before CAREY as soon as we settled in the train.

"Whatever's that?" he asked.

"The new game," I said. "It's all the rage now, the man tells me. The Smart Set play it every Sunday. Young girls are inveigled into lonely country houses and robbed of incredible sums."

CAREY laughed scornfully.

"So it is alleged," I added. "The inventor claims for it that in some respects it has advantages which even cricket cannot claim. As for instance, it can be played in any weather; nay, even upon the sick bed."

"And how exactly is it played?"

"Thus. You take one away and all the rest jump over each other. At each jump you remove the jumpee, and the object is to clear the board. Hence the name—Solitaire."

"I see. It seems a pretty rotten game."

That made me angry.

"All right. Then don't play. Have a game of marbles on the rack instead."

Meanwhile HENRY was introducing BOLTON and the Editor to each other.

"Two such famous people," he began.

"Everyone," said BOLTON with a bow, "knows the Editor of —"

"Oh, yes, there's that. But I meant two such famous Chess players. BOLTON," he explained to the Editor, "was twelfth man against Oxford some years ago. Something went wrong with his heart or he'd have got in. On his day, and if the board was at all sticky, he used to turn a good deal from Q B 4."

"Do you really play?" asked BOLTON eagerly. "I have a board here."

"Does he play! Do you mean to say you have never heard of the Trocadero Defence?"

"The Sicilian Defence—"

"The Trocadero Defence. It's where you palm the other man's Queen when he's not looking. Most effective opening."

They both seemed keen on beginning, so HENRY got out the cards for the rest of us.

I drew the Younger Journalist, against HENRY and the Senior Stockbroker. Out of compliment to the journalist we arranged to play half-a-crown a hundred, that being about the price they pay him. I dealt, and a Problem arose immediately. Here it is.

"A. deals and leaves it to his partner B., who goes No Trumps. Y. leads a small heart. B.'s hand consists of king and three small diamonds, king and one other heart, king and three small clubs, and three small spades. A. plays the king from Dummy, and Z. puts on the ace. What should A. do?"

Answer.—Ring communication-cord and ask Guard to remove B.

"Very well," I said to Dummy. "One thing's pretty clear. You don't bowl to-day. Long-leg both ends is about your mark. Somewhere where there's plenty of throwing to do."

Later on when I was Dummy I strolled over to the Chess players.



Country Visitor. "I s'pose they're what they call 'Serciety Butterflies'!"

"What's the ground like?" said the Editor, as he finessed a knight.

"Sporting. Distinctly sporting."

"Long grass all round, I suppose?"

"Oh, lord, no. The cows eat up all that."

"Do you mean to say the cows are allowed on the pitch?"

"Well, they don't put it that way quite. The pitch is allowed on the cows' pasture land."

"I suppose if we make a hundred we shall do well?" asked somebody.

"If we make fifty we shall declare," I said. "By Jove, BOLTON, that's a pretty smart move."

I may not know all the technical terms, but I do understand the spirit of Chess. The Editor was a pawn up and three to play, and had just advanced his queen against BOLTON's king, putting on a lot of check side, as it seemed to me. Of course I expected BOLTON would have to retire his king; but not he! He laid a stymie with his bishop, and it was the Editor's queen that had to withdraw. Yet BOLTON was only spare man at Cambridge!

"I am not at all sure," I said, "that Chess is not a finer game even than Solitaire."

"It's a finer game than cricket," said BOLTON, putting his bishop back in the slips again.

"No," said the Editor. "Cricket is the finest game in the world. For why? I will tell you."

"Thanks to the glorious uncertainty of our national pastime," began the Journalist, from his next Monday's article—

"No. Thanks to the fact that it is a game in which one can produce the maximum of effect with the minimum of skill. Take my own case. I am not a batsman, I shall never make ten runs in an innings, yet how few people

realise that! I go in first wicket down, wearing my M.C.C. cap. Having taken guard with the help of a bail, I adopt PALAIRET's stance at the wicket. Then the bowler delivers: either to the off, to leg, or straight. If it is to the off, I shoulder my bat and sneer at it. If it is to leg, I swing at it. I have a beautiful swing which is alone worth the money. Probably I miss, but the bowler fully understands that it is because I have not yet got the pace of the wicket. Sooner or later he sends down a straight one, whereupon I proceed to glide it to leg. You will see the stroke in BELDAM's book. Of course I miss the ball, and am given out l.b.w. Then the look of astonishment that passes over my face, the bewildered inquiry of the wicket-keeper, and finally the shrug of good-humoured resignation as I walk from the crease! Nine times out of ten square-leg asks the umpire what county I play for. That is cricket."

"Quite so," I said, when he had finished. "There's only one flaw in it. That is that quite possibly you may have to go in last to-day. You'll have to think of some other plan. Also on this wicket the ball always goes well over your head. You couldn't be l.b.w. if you tried."

"Oh, but I do try."

"Yes. Well, you'll find it difficult."

The Editor sighed.

"Then I shall have to retire hurt," he said.

BOLTON chuckled to himself.

"One never retires hurt at Chess," he said, as he huffed the Editor's king. "Though once," he added proudly, "I sprained my hand, and had to make all my moves with the left one. Check."

The Editor yawned, and looked out of the window.

"Are we nearly there?" he asked.



WHOLESALE.

Doctor. "WELL, MATTHEW, DID YOU TAKE THOSE PILLS I SENT YOU YESTERDAY?"

Patient. "YES, DOCTOR; BUT COULDN'T 'E DO 'EM UP IN SOMETHING DIFFERENT? THEY LITTLE BOXES BE TERRIBLE HARD TO SWALLOW!"

MORE TRAVEL DRIVEL.

FRANKAGE.

CORRESPONDENCE continues to reach us on the subject of *pension* terms on the Continent, not only in Lovely Lucerne, but also in Alluring Avignon, Disky Dinard, Tollollish Trouville, the Attractive Ardennes, Beautiful Brussels, Darling Dieppe, Luscious Lyons, Cheap Chamounix, and Godly Grindelwald. The perusal of these letters inclines us to the belief that our Travel Expert when he named three francs a day as a fair sum to pay a Continental hotel keeper for board and lodging was slightly underestimating the case. We doubt if it is wise to try and do it under 3.50 a day. This news, we are aware, will come as a very serious blow to that increasing number of persons who look upon a holiday on the Continent as a means of saving money; but we cannot help that; and even at three francs fifty a day one is in a position to live more cheaply than

one would at home, and the beginning and end of holiday making is thus accomplished.

We have testimony here and there to the possibilities of three francs a day, without danger, but it is better to pay the extra fifty centimes and be safe. A. B., just returned from Normandy, mentions that at Squalour-sur-Boue he was boarded and lodged for three francs daily. The people and straw were clean and the onions and cider good, and though it is true the village was eight miles from the sea yet he is able to talk glibly about his French holiday and the simple Norman peasantry, and what else is needful?

Another correspondent, D. E. F., speaks highly of the low prices that rule at the "Ventre Vide" in the Valley of the Faim in western Brittany, where one may live the delightful life of a Barmecide for three francs a day. None the less we are convinced that one's calculations ought to allow for the higher rate, three fifty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COMPANION WANTED.—Miss K. (West Kensington) is going to Switzerland either this month or next, and would like lady companion, each paying their own expenses. A West Kensingtonian preferred, and reader of *T.P.'s Weekly*.

SWITZERLAND.—Will some mountaineering reader of your paper kindly tell me what outfit is needed for climbing the Rigi? I have the refusal of a second-hand climbing-kit, including ropes and ice-pick. Shall I accept it? K. L.

PARIS.—A. B. writes that she wishes to recommend Paris as a place worthy of visit. She has rarely been so struck by any foreign city as by the French capital, with its beautiful buildings and moving crowds of people.

DOVER.—Can any one recommend me lodgings at Dover at not more than 12s. 6d. per week inclusive, giving good view of arrival or departure of Channel swimmers? M. N.



THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 23.—Will back our Reading Clerk to cover the space of six sheets of parchment in less time than any other amateur of equal age and weight. Opportunity for distinction presented itself to-day when four new Peers came up for swearing in. Duty of Clerk is to read with breathless haste a document of many folios. If he performed the task in ordinary fashion, minding his P's and Q's, observing full stops and semi-colons, not to speak of commas, it couldn't be done under fourteen minutes. For four new Peers this means appropriation of an hour of the sitting. Of all places of public assemblage, time is perhaps more precious in House of Lords than anywhere else in the wide world. Conscious of his responsibility, Reading Clerk put on a spurt. Policeman in corridor behind Throne, accustomed to spend week-ends and odd holidays in timing motor-cars driven by Cabinet Ministers and other scorchers, testified by his stop-watch that Reading Clerk did his furlong in 3 minutes 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rd seconds.

This phenomenal success largely due to skilful manipulation of the word "aforesaid." In a patent of peerage it recurs so frequently that due pronunciation of its three syllables would appreciably lengthen performance. After every reference to full name of Peer being sworn-in comes "aforesaid." Reading Clerk early in process docked first syllable, then slurred second. Stumbled only once. JOHN JONES JENKINS, Knight, sometime M.P., has changed familiar patronymic for stately

style, Baron GRANT-AWE. Reading Clerk, rattling along, once alluded to him as "JOHN JONES AFORESAID." His surname, of course, being JENKINS. But even HOMER will nod.

Quaint ceremony this swearing-in of new Peers. A pictorial page from history going back beyond Stuart times. The Right Hon. PIRRIE has been present at many launches of ocean liners in a far-famed building yard at Belfast. Discovers quite new circumstances attendant on launching of new Peer. The bustling scene, the crowded wharf, the cheering multitude, changed for empty Chamber. Save LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack, EARL NELSON, in obedience to hereditary habit of being in time for everything, was only Peer present.

Into this silent land slowly stepped a procession of five. First, Black Rod in sober garb; next, Garter King-at-Arms, the Lion and the Unicorn, embroidered in gold, snarling at each other on the back of his tabard; then, attended by his sponsors, the new Peer in bright scarlet robes of recent peerage. At sight of them LORD CHANCELLOR puts on top of his full-bottomed wig a black three-cornered hat, ready for emergencies. Procession reaching Woolsack, the new Peer on bended knee presents his patent of peerage.

It may be all right; probably is. The LORD CHANCELLOR, brought up amid wiles of Law Courts, will not at present stage commit himself. Procession turning about halts at Table, where Reading Clerk



What Mr. B-r-r-ll had begun to feel like by the time the Education Bill left the Commons.

performs the prodigy of inarticulation described, concluding by administering oath to new Peer, who signs Roll of Parliament. Slow march resumed; goal is Barons' Bench to left of Woolsack within the Bar. Ordinary thing would be to go straight for it. Occasion not ordinary; accordingly, whilst Black Rod halts in wait behind Clerk's chair at table, Garter King-at-Arms, staff in right hand, takes a turn behind cross benches, and so round to Barons' Bench. The sponsors and the infant Peer following seat themselves on topmost bench. At signal from Garter King they put on their cocked hats. At another, turning towards the Woolsack, they rise, and uncover and bow. LORD CHANCELLOR, not to be outdone in politeness, removes his three-cornered hat and airily waves it in salute.

Thrice this is done, with never a word spoken. Garter King leads the way out by the door behind the Throne. At funerals, whilst progress to the cemetery is made at walking pace, the cortege returning falls into brisk trot, "the relatives of the deceased," as the *Paris Figaro* once wrote, "seated on the hearse smoking short pipes." No analogy in the ceremony of installing new Peers. Slowly they entered; at funeral pace they withdraw.

As they pass the Woolsack on their way out notable change is discovered in bearing of LORD CHANCELLOR. Attitude of



MORE REDUCTION OF THE ARMY!

(Mr. C-the-rt W-s-n sits down on top of Capt. K-ne-d-Sm-th, who had momentarily sought sanctuary behind him.)



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE LORDS.

(Lord Armistead attended by Lord Twindale and Lord Brissley.)

reserve is changed for one of smiling welcome. Everything being indubitably right and in order, he even shakes hands with the new Peer.

Of the four the first to come was SHAW-LEFEVRE, long a familiar figure in dead-and-gone House of Commons, now Baron EVERSLEY. The last was GEORGE ARMITSTEAD, for a generation Member for Dundee. A stately figure the Peer's robes well become.

"The Grand Old Man of the Lords," said SARK, regarding him standing erect at the Table. "He might have been a Peer a dozen years ago. Few know that Mr. G. pressed a coronet on his acceptance. Too modest to accept. C.B. more successful in overcoming a bashfulness not common to the occasion."

Business done.—In Commons, motion to recommit Education Bill negatived by 279 votes against 146.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—On Wednesday last Mr. Punch, in accordance with weekly custom, piercing with seeing eye the shifting clouds that obscured the political situation seven days ahead, discerned the figure of the infant Minister for Welsh Education. He accordingly instructed one of his young men to draw a picture of the presentation of the Little One by its proud father to the pleased population of the Principality. The picture, linking Carnarvon 1284 with Carnarvon 1906, duly appeared. Meanwhile the infant Prince, after manner not unfamiliar in early English history, was no more. Death ensued with tragic suddenness close on the epoch of birth. The little Welsh Minister was and is not.

Called hence by early doom,

Came but to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom.

"An embryonic being," ROBERT CECIL described the departed Little One. St. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL preferred to allude to it as "an embarrassed phantom." As for LLOYD-GEORGE he, dressed decently in black, was not disposed to quarrel about names. Whether embryo or phantom, what did it matter? The child, first-born of ministerial estate, was dead as Imperial CÆSAR. The House, kindly at heart even in paroxysm of partisanship, looked with sympathy on the prostrated parent, and thought sadly of all the difference a few days make. A week ago this very day the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE fondly dandled in his arms an infant, the unexpectedness of its apparition adding to depth of parental affection. A se'n-night has sped, and the drooped arms hang empty.

No flowers, by request.

Business done.—Discussing Report Stage of Education Bill.

Friday.—During his absence on the unpaid service of his country, WEST RIDGEWAY has been made the object of reiterated personal attack. Questions have been persistently submitted with unconcealed object of representing him taking advantage of his position as Governor of Ceylon to acquire share of colossal profit in certain pearl fisheries leased by his own Government to a commercial company on terms hugely detrimental to the revenues of the Colony.

It is possible that, had he been on the

spot, the ex-Governor of Ceylon would have felt his lips should be closed against an accusation put forward in this form. Being absent from the country, opportunity of taking other course did not present itself to him.

MEMBER FOR SARK tells me that the matter will be thoroughly dealt with next Tuesday, when Colonial Vote comes on in Committee. UNDER-SECRETARY FOR COLONIES, replying to insinuations and allegations, repeatedly described them as being without foundation. On Tuesday he will make definite statement of particulars. SARK, who happens to know all about the business, says WEST RIDGEWAY had nothing to do with the transaction in his capacity of Governor of Ceylon. As a matter of fact, the bargain was opened and concluded after the termination of his office, whilst he was resident in England.

The honour of English public men is so precious a possession that it will be just as well to have misrepresentation in this particular case finally confronted and dispelled.

Business done.—Proposed reduction of Navy—*pour encourager les autres.*

REPORTS FROM RESORTS.

(With apologies to the Daily Press.)

BURLINGTON-ON-SEA.—The maritime Arcadia. Owing to the energetic action of the Corporation in building a new wall, this Ocean Paradise still adheres to the cliffs, the silver sea remaining (as formerly) at bay. Last week a small prawning party (of six nets) had excellent sport, taking enormous baskets. A fast and well-appointed service of machines conveys bathers to the margin of the brine. The esplanade is still without a pier.

DOVER.—Haleyon days continue to supervene. The Channel-swimming season is now in full swing.

N.B.—Steamers also start from here for the Continent.

LUNDY ISLAND.—The naval manoeuvres are still in progress.

POPLAR.—The place for an idle holiday. *Pauperiem patty* is our motto. Alarms and excursions daily.

MUMPS-ON-SEA.—Continues to maintain its atmosphere of infectious gaiety.

PREMIER'S

EPOCH-MAKING
SPEECH.

VIVE LA DUMA.

PANIC IN RUSSIA.

"Daily Chronicle" Poster.

C.B. should really be more careful. He underrates himself as a World-force.



GORDON BROWN

OUR HATLESS BRIGADE.

Master Tommy. "I SAY, AUNT, WHY ARE ALL THOSE GENTLEMEN SO PROUD OF BEING BALD?"

A CRÊPE-DE-CHINE ROSE.

YOUNG CHLOE reclined in a Chippendale chair,
The tilt of her hat slanted down to her nose;
From the *cache-peigne* behind, on her radiant hair,
Peeped a *crêpe-de-chine* rose.

The chapeau was *chic*, with diaphanous crown,
And piquant the cut of her *chiffon* coatee,
While even her rivals admitted her gown
Was *le dernier cri*.

Young STREPHON approached from behind, and the sight
Of the *crêpe-de-chine* rose pleased his decadent eye
Far more than the kind that is open to blight,
Not to mention green fly.

The maid never moved—one might fancy she slept,
So suiting the deed to the will, with a smile,
On his black patent tip-toes he stealthily stept
O'er the Axminster pile.

A courtly and elegant mode of attack,
As he knew, was to whisper his suit from the rear,
So he stood by her chair, leaning over the back,
Bending down to her ear.

Perhaps she was wakeful and wily—who knows?—
But she started away, with a shy little shriek,
And the hatpin concealed in the heart of the rose
Lacerated his cheek.

The victim retreated, aggrieved and upset,
Rejecting his CHLOE's contrition with scorn,
And in future this maxim he'll never forget:
Every rose has a thorn.

"LITTLE-ANGLE" GEOMETRY.

POSTULATES.

LET it be granted:

1. That, for the purposes of contemporary history, an Englishman may resume his original name of Angle.
2. That an Angle may be diminished to any extent.
3. That an Angle may be described in any terms whatever, at any distance from the truth.

AXIOMS.

1. All right Angles are Little Angles.
2. No Angles have any rights, in contact with any solid body.
3. Every Little Angle is an acute Angle.
4. All other Angles are obtuse Angles.
5. No right Angles can enclose a space.
6. All right Angles are equal to one another.
7. A Little Angle may cant on one side to any extent.
8. If a right Angle meet two other right Angles canting on the same side of it, these three Angles shall be together greater than all other Angles.

If the above are rigidly observed in the construction of the forthcoming Transvaal and Orange River Colony constitutions, we shall have the interesting spectacle of history repeating itself, with the added difference that Angles will vanish altogether from the plane of South Africa.

ZIG-ZAG.

The Daily Mail has discovered an Irish Bull in Mr. BRYCE's remark that "the Local Government Board of Ireland is a kind of malignant fairy which, as it were, has started off its own bat." We fail to trace the Bull. What of *Ariel*, "on the bat's back"? *The Daily Mail's* error must be put down among the extras as a No Bull.



THE DOGS OF WAR.*

By the Author of "A DOG DAY."



I.

WHY THE BOOK IS WRITTEN.

I AM getting an old dog now, and infirm, and, before my powers fail me, I wish to set down all I remember of the Captain, that the World may see what it lost in him.

Never was there such a dog as the Captain, and never again shall we see the like of him. Had he not been cut off in the prime of his life, he might have risen to any position. What an intellect was his!

MY EARLY LIFE.

Myself, I come of a very old Norfolk family, but one which has never been notable for brains, however much it may have distinguished itself in the world of sport. Of me they could not even make a sportsman. They tried to train me to fetch game, but failed to teach me. My brief life in the country was very unhappy, and the wonder is that I did not have all the spirit beaten out of me, for the gamekeepers were as cruel as they were ignorant. Fortunately they gave me up as a bad job before it was too late, and I was sent to Town.

TOWN.

To one who has lived in the quiet country, Town at first is overwhelming. My new master and mistress seemed inclined to be kind to me, but, after the treatment to which I had been accustomed, it was long before I could get over my mistrust of humans of any sort. And the first time they took me out for a walk in the crowded streets, I wished myself dead. To me it was merely a new form of torture. The traffic! Never had I seen anything so prodigious and so dangerous. It amuses me, with my present hearty contempt of it all, to think that I should ever have been so simple. For quite a week my brain reeled whenever I was in the streets, and I was as one in a dream, and, if my mistress had not kept a close eye on me, Heaven knows what would have become of me! I dreaded going out, and I had to be dragged the first part of the journey. The motor-cars and the horses filled me with terror. All, for me, had but one object, and that was to run over

me. I saw myself being used as a football by the horses, while they kicked me from one to the other with horrible grating laughs. No dog could survive for long, I felt sure, and in my ignorance I thought that the butchers' shops and the fur stores explained what became of us after death, and the sight of them turned me cold. Once, when a fire-engine tore past me, I frankly fainted. A mere look from another dog would throw me into a palsy. And then there were the tradesmen's boys, who, seeing that I was nervous, would shout at me, at which I would run off at full speed with my tail between my legs, and baskets and things would be thrown after me.

As I said, although these terrors were very vivid at the time, it now fills me with amusement to recall them.

I MEET THE CAPTAIN.

It was the Captain who cured me of my traffic-funk.

I remember well my first meeting

I was not so sure about the stranger. My master then left us, and I trembled slightly.

I recollect, also, that my first impression of the Captain was that he was an ugly dog. I cannot understand how I came to be so mistaken, and I have often reproached myself for it. But even at that time, I remember, I was not so stupid as not to be struck by a certain air of distinction about him which I had noticed in no other dog.

As a matter of fact he was a dog who, though of small stature, would attract attention in any assemblage.

His face was the face of a setter, with something of the added dignity of a blood-hound, and all the intelligence of a St. Bernard. His body was a fox-terrier's, and his tail, like his brain, his own.

Further, he was the only illustrated dog I have ever met. On his coat was a most clever design, in black, of a pigeon kissing a puppy, and he would have been remarkable for this, if for nothing else.

I should also mention his beautiful ultramarine eyes, which played havoc with the fair sex.

His sunny smile I shall not attempt to describe.

In two minutes we were friends, in five I was his slave.

THE CAPTAIN'S PARENTS.

Subsequently I learnt that the Captain's father was an all-sorts dog, of a



They tried to train me to fetch game, but failed to teach me.

with him. He belonged to some relatives of my master who lived in the neighbourhood. One day my master took me to see these relatives. On entering the house I was terrified to find another dog there, for at that time I had a wholesome dread of all town dogs, and I even tried to run away. However, my master held me, and called the strange dog, and patted both of our heads, and said, "Now, you two, you're going to be friends. You won't hurt one another, I know." I recollect thinking that the latter part of the statement might be true about me, but

lively though irresponsible nature. His mother—and I think that this, perhaps, is what unconsciously drew us to one another—was a field-spaniel, like myself. Curiously enough, there was not in the Captain one single feature of either parent. But this was only characteristic of the Captain's originality. His mother, I hear—and I can well believe it—was a very sweet creature, and she died beloved and respected by all who knew her, both dogs and humans. Her end is said to have been caused by the fact that, because she was considered to have married beneath her, she was brutally

cut by her own relations. Being of an exceptionally affectionate disposition, she pined away. The Captain was the child of their old age; and I believe it not infrequently happens that such offspring are preternaturally sharp. As a pup he was known as "The little Nipper," and he was independent of his mother in an exceptionally short time. When a mere stripling, great things were prophesied for him. He was, all recognised, a dog with a future.

THE CAPTAIN GIVES ME SOME ADVICE.

As I have said, almost from the first moment of our meeting the Captain and I were friends; and in a very few minutes I found myself making a confidant of him. We were, we discovered, both orphans, and I think that was a bond between us. I told him all about my unhappiness, and my wretched nervousness, and, instead of chaffing me, as some fellows would have done, he gave me good advice. He told me that I was neurotic (which frightened me), and advised me to eat as much meat as possible (which pleased me). He pointed out how foolish and dangerous it was for me to be panic-stricken in the streets, and that I must learn to keep a cool head. And he took some pains to show me how unnecessary it was to be afraid of horses. "Long noses," he called them, contemptuously.

"Why, the poor devils cannot call their souls their own!" he said. "Note how they are forced to keep to the roadway, and note how they submit to it without a murmur. See, again, in what a servile manner they will stop when a policeman merely holds his hand up. Frequently I come on a whole row of them drawn up like this; and what do I do? I stroll across the road in front of them with what swagger I am capable of, chaffing them as I go; and all that the silly cattle do to show their irritation is to move their ears about in a stupid

Little Jones. "MY BOY'S JUST LEAVING SCHOOL, AND I'M WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH HIM. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FIND ROOM FOR HIM IN YOUR OFFICE?"

way. Why, I would rather be a motor-car than a horse, any day! Horses work the hair off their backs, and scarcely ever seem to think of protesting. Last year, ninety-two policemen were bitten by dogs, but only six by horses. In this world, if you want freedom, you must fight for it."

How eloquent, and how true! And he told me how to deal with the tradesmen's boys. "Sniff and snarl at their ankles as though you dined off tradesmen's boy every day. It'll be they who will run then."

And he gave me many other useful hints. For instance, I told him of the difficulty I experienced in running downstairs with humans—how I always got in their way, or they in mine. He showed me a capital method of avoiding this.

"Treat the treads of the stairs next to the wall, as a dog-way. Humans never walk there, and you will be safe from their unintentional clumsiness."

It was a small matter, but the Captain's tip made for comfort. And the Captain asked me what my people fed me on. I told him, "Mainly Puppy Biscuits."

"Nonsense!" said the Captain. "A

young fellow of your age—over two, I should say?"

"Fact," said I.

"Well, don't you put up with it," he said. "No wonder you suffer from nerves."

"But how am I to stop it?" I asked.

"Easy enough," answered the Captain; "refuse to eat the P.B.'s."

"But then I shall starve," I said.

"Not a bit of it," said the Captain. "They won't let a valuable dog like you starve."

And, by Jove, he was right. In a couple of days I had Dog Biscuits.

When the time came for my master to leave, he actually had to drag me away from the Captain, so disinclined was I to part with my newly-found friend, and I remember my master was greatly amused at this.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow" (how the "old fellow" pleased me!), said the Captain, and he made arrangements to take me out one day. "Meanwhile, buck up," were his parting words.

The Captain's inspiring talk made me feel a different dog, and on my way home I barked at a town cat—and I still remember her look of amused surprise.



A CONGESTED DISTRICT.

Little Jones. "MY BOY'S JUST LEAVING SCHOOL, AND I'M WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH HIM. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FIND ROOM FOR HIM IN YOUR OFFICE?"

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On his coat was a most clever design, in black, of a pigeon kissing a puppy.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN respect of bulk *Coniston* (MACMILLAN) is built on the scale of the United States. Our little island is scarcely big enough wherein to sit down and read its 543 pages of, for a novel, exceptionally small type. Its ideal form of publication would have been in a weekly or monthly magazine, where, after due interval, the pleased reader would regularly have come upon his accustomed whack. There is no reason why the supply should have been stopped as long as the magazine survived. The long prelude to the story is episodic. Each chapter is a sketch of public or social life in New England, with peeps at Washington and New York. If here and there up to page 372 a chapter were left out, it wouldn't make any odds. Accept the circumstantial account Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (no connection with the Colonial Office) gives of public life in his country as only partially true, Congress and the Senate want clearing out as thoroughly as do the canning establishments of Chicago, whose dire secrets have of late been told by another American novelist. They are pictured as hopelessly corrupt, their members purchasable by the highest bidder. Nor is the White House apparently as pure as it is painted. The epoch dealt with is the Presidency of General GRANT. A great deal has happened since then, including Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT. No doubt they manage things better now. It was pretty bad in the time of *Jethro Bass*, whom Mr. CHURCHILL admits to be drawn from a living model "typical of his era." *Jethro's* simple process was to lend money to needy neighbours, obtain a mortgage on their belongings, and then use them as agents in establishing personal supremacy in his native State. Incidentally we have many sketches of quaint New England characters. When through these extraneous mazes Mr. CHURCHILL at long length reaches his story, it is so finely conceived, so admirably told, that the conscientious reader realises the added pleasure of knowing that virtue is sometimes rewarded. If only he had yielded to the temptation that beset him through nearly two-thirds of the book to "take it as read," he would have missed a rare treat. But why should a fine racer be thus handicapped?

If those who liked EYRE HUSSEY's book,
Miss Badsworth, M. F. H., should look
 To read just such another one,
 Or better, in the last he's done,
 I'm sorry, but I fear that it'll
 Disappoint them not a little.

A Girl, he calls it, of *Resource*,
 And so she is; but though, of course,
 In fiction girls may rightly shine
 As something extra superfine,
 This girl beats all—she's part demureness,
 Plus a dozen parts cocksureness.

The worst of these last is, perhaps,
 The way she quotes from poet chaps;
 To such a length her excerpts go
 That Messrs. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.
 Might almost, and without apology,
 Have called the novel an Anthology.

Comparisons are odious, no doubt, but when Circumstance projects two books into one's hands at the same time, and one is called *Wilhelmina in London* (JOHN LONG) and the other *Felicity in France* (HEINEMANN) it is clear that one must disregard proverbial philosophy. Of the twain, *Wilhelmina in London*, by BARRY PAIN, is the less important: a series of cynical stories of the attempts of a friendless girl to make a living in this city by fair means and questionable. Like so

much of Mr. PAIN's work the book begins well and tails off, and it certainly carries no conviction with it. The other book is a tenderer and truer thing. *Felicity* has quick eyes and much spirit and taste, and her *mélange* of the humours of travel, descriptions of scenery, legend, wayside gossip, *aperçu* and the kindly comments of Aunt Anne is exceedingly palatable. For *Felicity in France*, when it gets into *Tauchenitz*, one may safely predict much popularity, to say nothing of its present form.

The author is CONSTANCE ELIZABETH MAUD,
 A perfect companion for travel abroad.

The second paragraph of *Around the Camp Fire* (HARRAP), by C. G. D. ROBERTS, begins thus:—"It was towards Lake Temiscouata and the wilds of the Squatooks that we set our eager faces. In shirt sleeves and moccasins we went." That is the way a book ought to start. You know at once that the question whether MARY marries the curate won't arise, and that instead the business will be with bears and panthers and such. Unfortunately all the bears are second-hand, for the book is made up entirely of stories that the moccasined Squatooks tell each other of an evening. It becomes awkward in one case where the author gets himself three-deep in inverted commas. ("What is it?" said I, under my breath.) I give the palm to "An Adventure with a Bull Moose." *Proxime accessit*—"Peril among the Pearls." But there are also stories of alligators, tigers, dog-fish, caribou, and more bears and more panthers. It is a capital book, and one that makes the Londoner more discontented than ever with London. Indeed all my pride is gone from me, for I see now that my "Adventure with a Woolly Bear in Hyde Park" of last Tuesday must remain for ever unwritten.

Mr. Punch is confident that Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON would not have broken his habitual silence except under a sense of injustice, and he has sincere pleasure in apologising very heartily for the grave (if he may so say) injury which he has done to Mr. ASHTON in the matter that forms the subject of the following note:

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In your delightful notice of my book, *Truth, Wit, and Wisdom*, there is a slight inaccuracy which I trust you will kindly permit me to put right. You state that the "majority" of my 525 letters of which the volume consists "deal with monumental masonry." After carefully examining each letter, I find that out of the 525 only 202 deal with monumental masonry, so that, instead of these letters being in the majority, you will perceive that the exact opposite is the case.

Sincerely thanking you for your many kindnesses to me, which you may be sure I duly appreciate.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Your faithful admirer,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

ACCORDING to *The Irish Times* the Dublin "Corporators," in addressing to the late Duma the assurance of their distinguished consideration, conclude as follows:—"Le cri de CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN 'Vive la Duma' est ca (sic) d'un Tsar Anglais hypocritical (sic)."

These cosmopolitans should take more pains over the language of diplomacy.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing of the Plaistow "Squatters," asks if they are acting on the square. We understand that they are digging potatoes on the Triangle.

ACCORDING to *The Daily News* "a collision took place during the fog on Saturday night between Beachy Head and the Sovereign Lightship." The question for the authorities is what the lightship was doing there at all, fog or no fog.



Our French Friend (who has got his sporting terms somewhat mixed). "MON AMI! MON AMI! THIS MAN HAS JUST SHOT A BULL'S-EGG!"

ADIEU TO ARGYLL.

LAND of the purple heather, where, much to my content,
Three weeks of broken weather I recently have spent,
Although in panegyric I don't intend to deal,
Accept this humble lyric penned by a cockney chiel.

I went not to the Trossachs, where, ev'n in times of peace,
Hotel-exploiting Cossacks the simple Saxon fleece;
But dexterously dodging the holidaying host,
I found a modest lodging upon the western coast.

Your climate, Caledonia, the Curate's egg recalls.
At times it breeds pneumonia by dint of gales and squalls;
But when the misty blanket disperses, at such times
I confidently rank it among the best of climes.

Your diet is most grateful, though why do people frown
When I devour my plateful of porridge sitting down?
Your music is soul-shaking, with skirls and yelps and snaps,
And I adore your baking of girdle-cakes and baps.

I like your bare-legged caddies who, destitute of ruth,
(Unlike their brother Paddies) tell me the bitter truth—
That, till I mend my errors in grip and stance and swing,
Golf's enervating terrors will never lose their sting.

Susceptible to beauty in ev'ry form and shade
I hail it as a duty to praise the Hieland maid,
Whose charms throughout a broader expanse are lately blown
Since breathed by HARRY LAUDER into the gramophone.

Fair smiles the face of nature on Scotia's genial strand,
But Scotia's nomenclature is hard to understand;

Joppa and Portobello a mild surprise promote,
While Grogport strikes a mellow but dissipated note.

Land of the sturdy thistle, land of the eagle's nest,
Why do you wet your whistle with such appalling zest?
And why endure the orgies enacted year by year
When Glasgow Fair disgorges its wreckage on each pier?

(A partial explanation one may perchance descry
In that well-worn quotation *corruptio optimi*;
Besides, the canny Scottish, or Scot, to be more terse,
If he were never sottish, would swamp the universe.)

Yet why recount these stories of superficial flaws
When past and present glories combine to plead your cause?
When ev'ry glen is ringing with tales of old renown,
And ev'ry burn is singing how CHARLIE lost his crown?

I've roamed and climbed and wondered among the Western
Isles,
And gazed on Erin sundered by twenty foam-flecked miles;
Behind the hills of Jura I've seen the sun go down,
Unseated *atra cura*, forgot the dusty town.

Bowed down by such a burden of undeserved delight,
A boon no earthly guerdon could fittingly requite,
From all unworthy carping I'll willingly forbear,
And quite abstain from harping upon the Glasgow Fair.

So, as I cross the border where, frowning o'er the deep,
Like to an ancient warder stands Berwick's rugged keep,
Reluctantly retreating to London by the mail,
I wave regretful greeting unto the Western Gael.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

v.

"You naturally ask me," said I—and the statement was rhetorical, for PRENDERBY had not touched upon the topic—"you naturally ask me how it is that I have absented me awhile from the felicity of communion with you? To tell truth, this BIRRELL Session has somewhat bored me, and I assumed that you shared my apathy."

"You were justified in that conjecture," replied PRENDERBY. "The more I hear of Nonconformist arguments, the stouter becomes my loyalty to the Church; and the more I read of Church views, the deeper grow my suspicions that the Nonconformists are really in the right. If either side had had the courage to be silent, it might have enjoyed the benefit of my support. As it is, I sympathise greatly with the attitude of Sir CARNE RASCH, who seems to have made it a principle to vote against every Education Bill that he comes across. Like *Ogniben in A Soul's Tragedy*, he has known (and disapproved of) 'four-and-twenty leaders of revolt.' Indeed I should be inconsolable but for my faith in the Child's intuitive indifference to what is regarded by each new authority as best for his immortal soul—an intuition amounting almost to an intellectual gift."

"This indifference of the Child," I said, with my usual tact in arranging conversational transitions for PRENDERBY, "no doubt extends to the proposed reduction in the Navy. But do you imagine the adult public is equally unconcerned about this momentous feat of economy?"

"I cannot say," replied PRENDERBY. "You might suppose that a people of which the vast mass, as we are told, declines to lift a finger in defence of its country, would be prepared to pay a reasonable sum for professional protection. And yet I understand that the reduction of the Services was one of some five or six dozen mandates which it conferred upon the present Government. If the Government honestly believe this and if they are further convinced that no greater intelligence is demanded of them, as the nation's trustees, than is demanded of the irresponsible elector, then I cannot blame them. And only see how cleverly they have managed their retrenchment. They reduce the Army on the ground that England's only defence is in her Navy, and then they reduce the Navy on the ground that, having reduced one Service, they must, to be consistent, reduce the other."

"That, of course, is not the reason they give. They prefer to contend that a nation, when it is represented in a padded pew at a Peace Conference, looks a bit less of a hypocrite if it is only armed to the teeth, and *not to the back teeth*; and so it comes to this—that instead of going to the Haguites and saying: 'Look here, our Navy is so powerful that, as far as we are concerned, you might as well shut up your dockyards at once,' they prefer to say: 'Please note that we are now arranging a reduction in our Navy; so that, if two or three of you others only go on building ships for all you're worth, you may presently, between you, make a very pretty match of it with ours.'"

"I doubt," said I, "whether the Hague has very much to do with the reduction. The Government are probably economising, for their own ends, on the strength of the friendly relationships established (by their predecessors) with other leading naval Powers."

"I should greatly like to hear what our allies of the Far East think about that," said PRENDERBY; "for, when they don't talk, they have the parrot's habit of thinking the more."

"But really the Government's best argument (though not put forward as such) lies in their New Transvaal Constitution. If we are going to reduce our Imperial responsibilities—if, for instance, we are going to hand back South Africa to the Boers—we can no doubt afford to make a proportionate reduction in the Navy."

"You have been reading KIPLING's latest poem," I hazarded.

"And what if I have?" asked PRENDERBY.

"Didn't you find it rather strident?" I asked.

"Strident?" said he; "of course it was strident. How else do you suppose he could hope to get a hearing? Every idea has to be exaggerated, underlined, rubbed in, if you want to penetrate this pachyderm of a public." KIPLING was talking at the top of his voice because he saw that we were sleepy and had forgotten things."

"But did you notice how *The Westminster Gazette* rebuked him?"

"If," said PRENDERBY very gravely, "you refer to a *Westminster* Cartoon in which KIPLING was represented waving a Union Jack while JOHN BULL looked on and said: 'Well, I suppose KIPLING can't help it, but I thought that sort of thing had been forgotten'—I *did* notice it. And it struck me as being about the soundest smack (dealt of course unintentionally) that the Government have yet received from their own side. Never was a truer word said, in jest or earnest. They have 'forgotten that sort of thing.' One would suppose that the war with the Boers had never been fought; that we had been members of the same family for a brace or two of generations. Yes, they have learned nothing and they have 'forgotten' everything."

* * * *

It was at this point that I felt I had to go away. I can stand a good deal from a man like PRENDERBY, who prides himself on his freedom from prejudice and takes advantage of his detachment to throw off these dreadful home truths. But if he was going to try and shake my faith in my *Westminster*—!

O. S.

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER——"

We have received the following circular, which explains itself.

THE RECOLLECTIONS STORES, LTD.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,—It is a duty laid upon every person nowadays, who has frequented good society, to issue towards the latter end of his life a VOLUME OF RECOLLECTIONS of eminent personages whom he has met, and of interesting events of which he was a witness.

But the marshalling of recollections involves serious brain fag, while in many cases one's opportunities of meeting persons of distinction have been limited. We have accordingly made arrangements by which WE UNDERTAKE TO PROVIDE, FOR ANY PERSON PAYING OUR SMALL FEE, A VOLUME OF REMINISCENCES, which, from our wide experience and the numerous sources of information at our disposal, we are able to guarantee as likely to pass through a number of editions and to have all its best stories republished by *T. P.'s Weekly*.

Do not be deterred from writing to us merely because you are of no importance in the social or intellectual scale.

By our methods ANY Person can publish his recollections.

ANY REASONABLE SERIES OF EVENTS may be selected by clients as being within their experience.

Also clients may select any distinguished personage for recollection purposes—providing that the personage, if not now alive, has been alive during some period of client's life.

OUR PRICES ARE REGULATED BY THE DEGREE OF INTIMACY which you wish to have represented as existing between yourself and the personage, and by the standing of such personage.

Thus you may be shown as having been on nodding terms with CARLYLE for one guinea per recollection; you may have dined with him, together with necessary table-talk, for from two guineas to fifty shillings, while for a five-pound note you may have been in the habit of dropping in informally of an evening. On the other hand, you may have been the life-long friend of MARTIN TUPPER for one and ninepence, while only elevenpence halfpenny would be charged for a calling acquaintance.



Bernard Partridge.

PULLING TOGETHER.

BABY BOER }
BABY BRITON } "HERE, I SAY, DRINK FAIR!"



THE RULING PASSION.

Nurse. "ARE YOU HURT, SIR?"

Old Sportsman (late M.F.H., whose bath-chair has been in collision with another). "NOT IN THE LEAST, MY DEAR! BUT WOULD YOU MIND ASKING THAT CONFOUNDED SON OF A COCKNEY HAIR-DRESSER WHAT HE MEANS BY CROSSING ME LIKE THAT?"

OUR "SPÉCIAL" VOLUME OF RECOLLECTIONS—a class of goods particularly recommended—is divided into THREE SECTIONS.

SECTION I.—CHILDHOOD.

This period can be made particularly interesting, as a client may claim to have known many personages who would be dead by the time he had grown to manhood. Moreover client's early life, obscured as it is likely to be by the mists of time, cannot easily be quoted as being inconsistent with the details mentioned in the recollections. Clients born five or more years before 1850 may meet WORDSWORTH near Grasmere for twenty-five and six, and for an additional half-sovereign he may spend an hour in their company "listening to their boyish prattle" or "their childish confidences"—as clients prefer.

For thirty-one and sixpence clients may recollect being taken by their father to see a stern and lonely old man in a high rambling house, and being told that the old man was J. M. W. TURNER; while for two guineas a recollection may be included of receiving an Eccles cake from MATTHEW ARNOLD. Other lines are:—

Recollection of receiving snail from Lord PALMERSTON...	s. d.
Recollection of being patted on the head by BULWER	17 6
LYTTON	9 4
Recollection of being teased about wearing knicker-	
bockers for first time by JOHN BRIGHT	7 6
Recollection of being teased about wearing knicker-	
bockers for first time by Mr. GLADSTONE.....	5 0
Recollection of receiving bright new penny and word of	
advice from Mrs. HEMANS or ELIZA COOK	0 6

SECTION II.—YOUNG MANHOOD.

In this section clients are "influenced by Political Movements," and "come under the sway of Magnetic Individualities." Preference for any particular individuality should be stated.

SPECIAL OFFER.

For a small extra charge we provide clients not only with a recollection of DICKENS, but with a proof that they are actually the original of any favourite character in the novelist's works.

SECTION III.—MIDDLE AGE AND AFTER.

This section is of somewhat different character from the others. The serious difficulty has to be encountered, that if recollections are written concerning living personages these may take occasion to deny acquaintance with our clients. Recollections in Section III. therefore avoid the mention of names for "reasons that will be obvious" or "in the interests of diplomacy"—as clients may elect.

Clients in this section may dine with "a Cabinet Minister whose recent utterances have commanded wide attention," or motor with "an ex-Irish Viceroy who was very communicative," etc., etc.

Finally we have to state that, though the above is our standard pattern volume of recollections, we are prepared to supply a volume on any lines according to clients' requirements.

We are, dear Sir or Madam,

The RECOLLECTIONS STORES LIMITED.

MY TEAM.

IV.—IN THE FIELD.

It is, I consider, the duty of a captain to consult the wishes of his team now and then, particularly when he is in command of such a heterogeneous collection of the professions as I was. I was watching a match at the Oval the other day, and at the end of an over LEES went up to DALMENY and had a few words with him. Probably, I thought, he is telling him a good story that he heard at lunch; or, may be, he is asking for the latest gossip from the Lobby. My neighbour, however, held other views.

"There," he said, "there's ole WALTER LEES asking to be took off."

"Surely not," I answered. "DALMENY had a telegram just now, and LEES is asking if it's the 3.30 winner."

LEES then began to bowl again.

"There you are," I said triumphantly; but my neighbour wouldn't hear of it.

"Old LEES asked to be took off, and ole DALMENY (I forget how he pronounced it, but I know it was one of the wrong ways) 'ole DALMENY told him he'd have to stick on a bit.'"

Now that made a great impression on me, and I agreed with my friend that DALMENY was in the wrong.

"When I am captaining a team," I said, "and one of the bowlers wants to come off, I am always ready to meet him half-way, more than half-way. Better than that, if I have resolved upon any course of action, I always let my team know beforehand; and I listen to their objections in a fair-minded spirit."

It was in accordance with this rule of mine that I said casually, as we were changing, "If we win the toss I shall put them in."

There was a chorus of protest.

"That's right, go it," I said. "HENRY objects because, as a first-class cricketer, he is afraid of what *The Daily Chronicle* will say if we lose. The Editor naturally objects—it ruins his chance of being mistaken for a county player if he has to field first. BOLTON objects because heavy exercise on a hot day spoils his lunch. THOMPSON objects because that's the way he earns his living at the Bar. His objection is merely technical, and is reserved as a point of law for the Court of Crown Cases Reserved. MARKHAM is a Socialist, and objects to Authority. Also he knows he's got to field long-leg both ends. GERALD——"

"But why?" said HENRY.

"Because I want you all to see the wicket first. Then you can't say you weren't warned." Whereupon I went out and lost the toss.

As we walked into the field the Editor told me a very funny story. I cannot repeat it here for various reasons. First,

it has nothing to do with cricket; and secondly, it is, I understand, coming out in his next number, and I should probably get into trouble. Also it is highly technical, and depends largely for its success upon adequate facial expression. But it amused me a good deal. Just as he got to the exciting part, THOMPSON came up.

"Do you mind if I go cover?" he asked.

"Do," I said abstractedly. "And what did the Vicar say?"

The Editor chuckled. "Well, you see, the Vicar, knowing of course that——"

"Cover, I suppose," said GERALD, as he caught us up.

"What? Oh yes, please. The Vicar did know, did he?"

"Oh, the Vicar *knew*. That's really the whole point."

I shouted with laughter.

"Good, isn't it?" said the Editor. "Well, then——"

"Have you got a cover?" came MARKHAM's voice from behind us.

I turned round.

"Oh, MARKHAM," I said, "I shall want you cover, if you don't mind. Sorry—I must tell these men where to go—well, then, you were saying——"

The Editor continued the story. We were interrupted once or twice, but he finished it just as their first two men came out. I particularly liked that bit about the——

"Jove," I said suddenly, "we haven't got a wicket-keeper. That's always the way. Can you keep?" I asked the Editor.

"Isn't there anyone else?"

"I'm afraid they're all fielding cover," I said, remembering suddenly. "But, look here, it's the chance of a lifetime for you. You can tell 'em all that——"

But he was trotting off to the pavilion.

"Can anybody lend me some gloves?" he asked. "They want me to keep wicket. Thing I've never done in my life. Of course I always field cover in the ordinary way. Thanks awfully. Sure you don't mind? Don't suppose I shall stop a ball though."

"HENRY," I called, "you're starting that end. Arrange the field, will you? I'll go cover. You're sure to want one."

Their first batsman was an old weather-beaten villager called GEORGE. We knew his name was GEORGE, because the second ball struck him in the stomach, and his partner said, "Stay there, GEORGE," which seemed to be GEORGE's idea too. We learnt at lunch that once (in the eighties or so) he had gone in first with Lord HAWKE (which put him on a level with that player), and that he had taken first ball (which put him just above the Yorkshireman).

There the story ended, so far as GEORGE was concerned; and, indeed, it was enough. Why seek to inquire if GEORGE took any other balls besides the first?

In our match, however, he took the second in the place that I mentioned, the third on the back of the neck, the fourth on the elbow, and the fifth in the original place; while the sixth, being off the wicket, was left there. Nearly every batsman has some pet stroke, and we soon saw that GEORGE's stroke was the leg-bye. His bat was the second line of defence, and was kept well in the block. If the ball escaped the earthwork in front, there was always a chance that it would be brought up by the bat. Once, indeed, a splendid ball of HENRY's, which came with his arm and missed GEORGE's legs, nicked the bat, and went straight into the wicket-keeper's hands. The Editor, however, presented his compliments, and regretted that he was unable to accept the enclosed, which he accordingly returned with many thanks.

There was an unwritten law that GEORGE could not be l.b.w. I cannot say how it arose—possibly from a natural coyness on GEORGE's part at the exact significance of the "l." HENRY, after appealing for the best part of three overs, gave it up, and bowled what he called "googlies" at him. This looked more hopeful, because a googly seems to be in no way restricted as to the number of its bounces, and at each bounce it had a chance of doing something. Unfortunately it never did GEORGE. Lunch came and the score was 37—GEORGE having compiled in two hours a masterly 19; 18 off the person, but none the less directly due to him.

"We must think of a plan of campaign at lunch," said HENRY. "It's hopeless to go on like this."

"Does GEORGE drink?" I asked anxiously. It seemed the only chance.

But GEORGE didn't. And the score was 37 for five—which is a good score for the wicket.

A RIVERSIDE REGRET.

WHEN PHYLLIS punts, she wields the pole
With tiny hands in dainty style,
Inconsequently chatting while
We slowly move towards our goal.

When PHYLLIS punts, I long to lie
And idly watch her laughing face,
For seldom does such lissom grace
As hers delight a lover's eye.

But what with thrusting skiffs aside,
Entreating pardons by the score,
And pushing off from either shore—
I'm far too fully occupied
When PHYLLIS punts!

GARDEN PARTY AMUSEMENTS.

(A little in the helpful Carmelite manner.)

"It is one thing," said, the other day, a well-known hostess, famous for her witty *mots*, "to get your guests to a garden party, but to keep them glad they came is quite another pair of shoes." And how true this is, many another and less gifted hostess can tell, whose unhappy lot it has been to see her friends disappear after merely shaking her hand and eating the strawberries. "I don't believe," said one of these ladies whose observation was not less keen than that of her sister entertainers, but who lacked her gift of epigram, "I don't believe they (her guests) care about me at all: all they want is to be fed and amused." It therefore behoves hostesses who would be popular to multiply diversions as much as possible, and we are happy to be able to offer some useful suggestions.

Our first rule would be: Forget that it is a garden party at all. Think of it as an ordinary party in your drawing-room and behave accordingly. That is to say, have the same games that you would have there. If you would have "Hunt the Slipper" indoors, have it out too. Put Bridge tables under the trees. Have the Billiard table carried out to the rosery. Let there be Draughts by the cedar and Chess in the arbour. Give up the summer-houses to Backgammon. Spread the illustrated papers about the pergola. Hang engravings on the rose bushes. Let there be pianos under the deodar.

Above all be sure to have plenty of paper and pencils, for writing games are invaluable at garden parties, and let the prizes be valuable. You cannot spend too much money on prizes. Here is a typical garden-party game:—Bags of different scents are strung upon a rope at a little distance apart and hoisted between two posts. The bags should be filled with perfumes, herbs, and condiments of various kinds, such as violet powder, rose, cloves, musk, ginger, pepper, camphor, naphthaline, and odours more difficult to recognise, such as oranges and lemons, nutmeg, &c. Great care must be taken not to use flowers or anything that really has to do with a garden; your guests would not like this. They want exotic artificial scents. Each little bag is numbered, and pieces of paper and pencils are dealt out to the competitors, who, after smelling at the respective bags, write down the names of the scents opposite the numbers shown on the bags. Though many enter this contest with a very light heart certain of a prize, it is amazing how few are able to fill in the list correctly. Still, for fear of unpopularity, it is well to have prizes for all, the booby



Nurse (to fond mother of celebrated musical prodigy). "PLEASE, MUM, IS MASTER WILLY TO 'AVE 'IS MORNING SLEEP, OR GO ON WIV 'IS SIXTEENTH SYMPHERNY?"

prizes being not of the best kind but still valuable—not diamonds perhaps, but at least pearls.

For the few persons who dislike indoor games, even indoors, and loathe them in the open air, there are plenty of things to do, provided the hostess is willing (as of course she should be) to sacrifice everything to her guests' amusements. Pergola chopping, for example. This is a splendid game. All that is wanted is a number of axes—as many as there are posts in the pergola. These are distributed among the guests, and at a given signal they begin to chop. A prize—a diamond tiara or gold cigar-case—should be awarded to the chopper who cuts through quickest. Of course the pergola will be ruined and probably the roses on it too; but what of that? The country-side has to be pleased at any price.

"Tarquin" is not a bad game. Each guest is provided with a military cane and told to run down the beds, swishing at the heads of the flowers on his way. The fallen heads are then counted, and the pearl necklace or silver tangle goes to the greatest of the decapitators.

Another excellent pastime is catching the gold fish, and another throwing tennis balls at the conservatory—each guest being given six balls and told to break if possible six separate panes with them. Few games are entered into with more spirit by the young. The only drawback to these games is the subsequent interview with the gardener; but if you have a motor-car and a London house this can be avoided, while a mere ordinary headache will postpone it with certainty for a season.

CHARIVARIA.

HERR BALLIN, the managing director of the Hamburg-American Line, is mentioned as the possible successor of Prince BÜLOW as Imperial Chancellor. Our C.-B. on the other hand has not even had any experience with the L.C.C. steamers.

It is rumoured that after the Vacation a much needed legal reform will be inaugurated. The Courts are to sit half-an-hour earlier to enable the judges to crack jokes and to reply to adverse criticisms without trenching on the time which belongs to the Public.

With reference to the proposed abolition of the office of public executioner in France, it is denied that, if the Senate sanctions the proposal, M. DEIBLER intends to continue to carry on the business privately.

In the mixed swimming race down the Seine the Englishman JARVIS was an easy winner. His victory, we hear, was to some extent due to the fact that with true British stolidity, he refused to flirt during the race.

Our policemen are such an exceptionally handsome body of men that it is only right that they should be protected from a form of annoyance to which they are peculiarly liable. We were therefore pleased to see that at the Tower Bridge Police Court a fine of 2s. 6d. was imposed on somebody for kissing a constable during the recent dry and hot weather.

"If you are a commercial traveller or a salesman," writes Mr. PETER KEARY in *Pearson's Weekly*, "it is a good thing not only to cultivate a cheerful spirit, but to be a good and ready story-teller." Hard things have been said about commercial morality before this, but we have never yet heard the thing put quite so bluntly.

A proposal to introduce ozone, electrically produced, into the sewers with a view to purifying the atmosphere, is being considered by the Greenwich Borough Council. If the experiment be successful, it is possible that the City and South London Tube may adopt the idea.

Undertaking to live for twenty-one days on tinned meat, a man residing at Harrow has offered himself to Messrs. ARMOUR for exhibition in London. The sting is in the shortness of the period.

A Swedish scientist has succeeded in producing a soluble dry milk. If

sufficient water be added to the powder it is impossible to distinguish the result from the ordinary London variety.

We had hoped that pin-curls for men were doomed, but we read that the silk hat for the autumn will have a brim with a fair, although not excessive, amount of curl.

The mention of fashions reminds us that some new fancy ducks are now to be seen at the Zoo.

Our Dumb Friends' League, we hear, has more ladies than men among its supporters. This is not remarkable. The terrible affliction of dumbness is, of course, one especially calculated to appeal to feminine sympathy.

The hundredth performance of *The Girl Behind the Counter* was received with cheers. Curiously enough there were no counter cheers.

The advent of a gearless motor-omnibus is announced. But what is needed, we fancy, is a jeerless one. "Union Jack," are yer?" growled a cabby the other day as one of a well-known brand passed him, "Yer smells more like a Onion Jack!"

It is rumoured that Professor RAY LANKESTER will shortly be retired from his position at the Natural History Museum on the score of age. This is absurd, seeing that the *Diplodocus* is allowed to remain on in the same building.

A pupil of Oundle School has climbed to the top of the local church spire, and tied his handkerchief to the weather vane. It is astonishing the aversion some boys have to handkerchiefs.

The caterpillar nuisance is spreading. According to *The Express* a boa-constrictor three-and-a-half feet long glided into a compartment of a Great Western corridor express last week.

The Boers have won the South African war after all. The concluding volume of the Official History can now appear.

MISS MARIE CORELLI has written to the Press to explain that the scene of her new story is not laid in Devonshire but in Somersetshire. A rumour states that the news has thrown a pall of gloom over one of England's fairest counties, but does not specify which county.

NOTICE at a Bridlington chemist's:—

"Teeth extracted while you wait."

We prefer the absent treatment.

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

IV.—THE MESSENGER BOY.

FROM my seat I have an excellent view of him.

He is a cherubic little person; one of the type that might have sat to a latter-day PRAXITELES for a new statue of Eros. As a matter of fact, he is in the service of the District Messenger Company; and notwithstanding his fourteen years and the rakish angle at which his "pork-pie" cap is set, a look of innocent blitheness dwells in his eyes.

It is accordingly with a mild shock of disillusionment that I watch him produce from the inner regions of his tunic a much-folded brochure entitled—if I discern aright—*Dave-Devil Dick, or, The Bandits of the Bone-Strewn Cañon*. He has become absorbed in this romance when, shortly after leaving Chancery Lane, the conductor comes to collect new fares. The conductor's manner suggests *Weltschmerz*; his conversation inclines to the vitriolic; and when he fixes the messenger boy with a sombre glare, I thrill with a sense of impending conflict.

"Ere, he remarks, "you oughter 'ave got orf at Chancery Lane!"

"No fear," protests the cherub; "I took a ticket to Charing Cross."

The conductor gives a withering glance, and reviews their transaction with a kind of weary succinctness. "You gave me a penny fare," he retorts, "and a penny fare from Liverpool Street takes yer to Chancery Lane. You know that well enough, so come orf of it."

"But I took a tuppenny ticket," rejoins the cherub.

"Let's see it, then!" exclaims the conductor, with an incredulity which he makes no attempt to conceal.

"You can't 'ave it: it's no good now," replies the cherub, flushing with embarrassment.

"Lost it, of course?"

"No, I ain't!" replies the cherub.

"Well, let's see it, I tell yer; an' not so much lip about it!"

Reluctantly the cherub withdraws from his mouth a pellet of pulp, which he exhibits on his finger. The conductor eyes it with grim contempt. At this juncture, my neighbour—a ponderous man in charge of a motor-tyre—leans forward and touches the conductor's arm.

"The boy's orl right, guv'nor," he generously explains: "tell yer why. Them tuppenny tickets is blue, ain't they?"

"An' what if they are?" demands the conductor.

"An' the pennyuns is white?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Well," concludes my neighbour, "allowin' that some o' the colour's come out in the wash, that bit o' stuff's blue. I'll prove it if yer don't like ter take



CAUSE AND EFFECT?

Mrs. Brown. "I HAD SUCH A LOVELY BATHE LAST THURSDAY, DEAR."

Niece. "THAT WAS THE DAY OF THE TIDAL WAVE, WASN'T IT, AUNTIE?"

my word fer it," he adds triumphantly. "Gimme a tuppenny ticket, and I'll chew it for yer, an' you can see fer yerself."

The conductor, I believe, is satisfied as to the boy's veracity; but this hardly justifies the almost offensive scorn with which he rejects my neighbour's offer.

"If either of yer want a square meal," he announces tartly, "I've got to-day's *Telegraph* in my box. I don't want ter be hard on starvin' folks." With which parting shot he retreats down the steps.

I glance at the cherub. He has disposed of the little pellet; and, with heightened colour, has turned again to the exploits of *Dare-Devil Dick*.

More Historic Pageants.

"ON Saturday, July 28, 1096, a special excursion will run to Llandudno."

L. & N. W. R. notice.

MR. BRYAN is reported in the *Telegraph* as saying: "I cannot say yet whether I shall be a candidate for the American Presidency at the next election. I could stand only upon a platform to which I could give my whole support." We should much like to see Mr. BRYAN do this trick. It sounds difficult.

ANNOTATIONS.

"SWEET, my love, your frowns and grumbling

Neither scare nor sadden me.

* * * * *

Sweet, my love, chide, chide, I pray."

Westminster Gazette.

Write again when you've married the girl.

"Siege-train Companies R.G.A. will in future be designated 'Siege Companies R.G.A.'"—*Army Orders*, July.

And wiping the sweat of labour off its martial brow, the War Office strode forth to lunch, proud in the knowledge of a good day's work well and truly done.

"'No,' she said, 'I am going to marry another man.'

'BEATA!' His voice thundered in her ears. His face was transformed; he looked as if the dam of his strong masculine passion had burst. He looked as if he would tear that other man in pieces with his hands."—*Daily Mirror* feuilleton.

It was a happy thought on the part of

your parents to give you the name BEATA in baptism; but beware of "transformations," BEATA!

"My opinion is that in three years' time there will not be employment for more than three hundred veterinary surgeons. The remainder of the profession will have to follow the horses."—*An ex-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons*.

This is wilful encouragement of the grosser side of the meat-packing scandals. If you find a lancet in your sausage in 1909, you'll know what it means.

"Is it unhealthy to recognise that the very good man and the very bad man are near of kin? Is it unhealthy to admire great gifts used in the wrong way?"—*The Lady*.

No; not unhealthy, but unnatural. Let us hear from you again when you've had a bad fiver worked off on you.

The Alien Euphuist.

FROM the German master's report: "THOMAS SMITH is decidedly progressing, but backward."



OUR ONLY SUBALTERN, FINDING HIS GUN MASKED AND REALISING THAT NO MILITARY COMMAND WILL FIT THE SITUATION, RISES TO THE OCCASION AND SHOUTS, "FORE!"

WEIRD COINCIDENCES AND UNIQUITIES.

(With acknowledgments to the London Letterwriter of the "Westminster.")

THE Marquess of BROADSTAIRS is reported to be slowly recovering from the effects of his motor accident. Barely five hundred yards from the precise spot at which the car capsized stood in all probability—such is the irony of fate!—the residence of his maternal grandfather, once an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Lady BLENKINSOP, *née* ALICE BRITCHIN, daughter of Sir ROBERT BRITCHIN, coachbuilder to the fourth GEORGE.

The newly-appointed Bishop of DUNSTABLE, whose weakness for cockatoos is well known, succeeds, oddly enough, a prelate who had a similar *penchant* for Japanese rats.

Truth is stranger than fiction. Mr. HUMMUNHAR, who succeeds Mr. FLODD at the South Central Police Court, was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton; his predecessor was for many years a struggling solicitor at Ilfracombe, in the same county. But the cream of the jest is to come. Mr. HUMMUNHAR is an old Peterhouse man. From Peterhouse no great strength would be required to lodge a biscuit within the walls of Pembroke. Will it be believed that the outgoing magistrate was once a Pembroke don?

The regrettable absence of Canon X. from the meeting held two days since by the S.P.C.Z. was due, we are credibly informed, to his missing the 2.15 from Clapham to Victoria. We scarcely hope to gain credence when we state that this identical train was successfully caught by another Church dignitary of almost equal eminence.

The election of Dr. HASLUCK to the Mastership of Boniface has its whimsical side. Not only is he the youngest head of a college, with but two exceptions, but the name of one of his rivals in this respect begins, like that of Dr. HASLUCK, with

the letter H; while there are at Boniface no fewer than two other dons whose names commence with the same initial!

Mr. LONGOUGH, the famous cricketer, had yesterday the unique experience of lunching with an ex-Secretary of State whose niece lately became the wife of an ex-champion of golf, while the lady herself (if report lies not) has frequently taken part in ping-pong matches.

How many rising authors can boast, with Mr. KITTS, the happiness of leading to the altar, just seven years and thirteen days after the publication of her former husband's posthumous poems, the relict (herself no contemptible *littératrice*, and second cousin to perhaps the ablest controversial theologian of the past century) of one of the few modern poets to whom we are able to accord this title without the prefix "minor?" Perhaps not one.

THE DEVOUT LOVER.

(After Mr. Walter H. Pollock.)

It is not mine to sing with stately grace
A second, when my lady wants a bass;
Not mine with rippling harmonies to win
Her favour when she plays the violin;
But when her mother
But when her mother helps her through her song,
I turn the pages
I turn the pages, trembling lest I'm wrong.
I cannot play, nor strum out tum-ti-tum
On the banjo, or the harmonium;
But when her mother
But when her mother helps her through her song,
I turn the pages
I turn the pages, trembling lest I'm wrong.



THE OPTIMIST.

C.B. "COME ALONG, JACK, WE'LL HAVE THE CHEAP ONE. THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE ANY BAD WEATHER FOR EVER SO LONG."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 30.

—As REDMOND *ainé* said just now, prefatory to making a long speech on third reading of Education Bill, the debate was a waste of time, akin to beating the air. Whatever had to be said had been reiterated through long dreary nights since the Bill came in with other flowers of the spring. WALTER LONG, put up to move rejection of measure at this final stage, gallantly did his best. Next to him lounged PRINCE ARTHUR, grown grey in the fight. Sisyphus of the Opposition, he has nightly been engaged in assisting to roll up amendments to top of hill formed by Ministerial majority; ever they have rolled down.

On t'other side of PRINCE ARTHUR sat GEORGE WYNDHAM, an attractive arrangement in black and white. Waistcoat white, emblem of hope; coat and trousers black, suggestive of the prospect the present Parliament opens to the gaze of true believers. The wearied brain, looking back over dreary wastes, remembers how WYNDHAM led off attack on Bill at its earliest stage. There was at least in that far-off day some dream of comfort in anticipation of disunion developing itself in Liberal ranks. Per-adventure, the rift in ST. AUGUSTINE'S lute slowly widening, soon its music might be mute.

Anticipation not altogether falsified. On one division majority ran down

to 16; at various turns the Nonconformist conscience stirred uneasily. More than once IMPERIAL PERKS has uprisen and uttered weighty remonstrance on behalf of the community that is a Church, not "a body," as ST. AUGUSTINE, innocent of offence, lightly called it. Also MASTERMAN has been Ready with denunciation of approach to concession.

They were up in succession to-night, MASTERMAN snapping at that most amiable of men, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, whom he accused of "rousing every controversial fibre he (MASTERMAN READY) possessed." Whilst ROBSON was turning over in a mind ever eager for information this new phenomenon of roused fibres, up gat

IMPERIAL PERKS, and, waving his sceptre Bench in dangerous proximity to the halo round head of ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, cast doubts on certainty of Bill becoming law.

"It will not break my heart if it does not," he sourly said, ominously fingering his signet ring.

The Opposition, thankful for small mercies, cheered these evidences of insubordination. But MASTERMAN and IMPERATOR, having displayed their independence in speech, followed their pastors and masters into the Division lobby, just as if they had been Unionists. That is the bitterness in the Opposition cup. Through the long-drawn-out discussion Ministerial majority has been

fairly maintained. To-night, with the Irish Nationalists joining full muster of their forces with Unionists, the third reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 192. That is in excess of the state of things established at General Election, when majority of Liberal and Labour Members over Unionists and Nationalists worked out at 190.

Though WALTER LONG's fervid speech did not affect Division List it had personal effect in another quarter which testifies to its power. When he rose, a burly figure sat in corner of back bench over clock in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. None so attentive as he through delivery of passionate denunciation. Benches on floor scantily occupied by bored Members. Heard all this before. Stayed on in town to vote; were there prepared to do their duty; why not have Division straightway and so off to catch train that would lead to gateway of their holiday tour?

Sharply contrasted with this disheartening indifference were the attitude and countenance of the Unknown over the clock. Regardless of temperature he drank in every sentence of WALTER LONG's burning eloquence. Every fibre of his body, as MASTERMAN READY would say, quivered in response to the orator's thumping of unoffending Table.

When speech came to end a strange thing happened. Unable longer to control



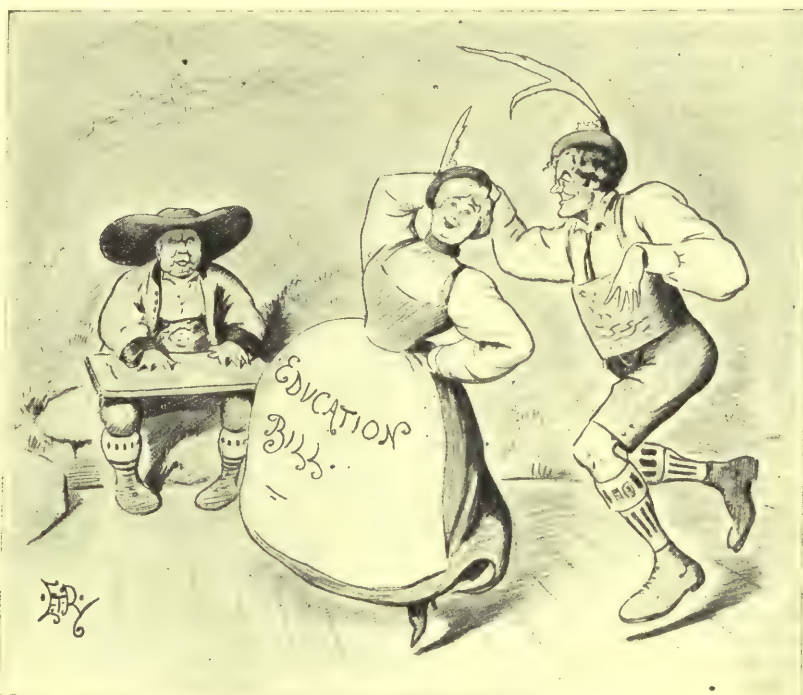
MASTERMAN READY AND HIS FIBRES.

"The Solicitor-General roused every controversial fibre he possessed."
(Mr. M-st-rm-n and Sir W-ll-m R-bs-n.)



THE UNKNOWN INVADER.

A stranger suddenly makes a horrid incursion into the Peers' Gallery.



THE "PAS D'ÉDUCATION" AT THE BIRRELL-ESE VILLAGE.
(Mr. B-r-r-l has a final brilliant fling on the Third Reading.)

his emotion, yearning for silent communion with himself, the visitor rose to leave. To his right was the crowd filling the specially reserved section of the Gallery; to his left the Peers' benches occupied by a solitary Baron; between him and it stood a wooden partition some four feet high. Striding across this the burly Commoner entered the sacred pen of the Peers, making for the door at the other end.

For a moment the messenger on guard was paralysed. CROMWELL entering the House with his men-at-arms was in the matter of sacrilege nothing to this. Happily recovering from his fright the messenger was able to rise to his feet, and with both arms outstretched barred the way. The stranger showed disposition to argue the matter. Reinforcements coming up he turned and sauntered back again. Cocking his leg over the barrier he re-entered common ground and disappeared by the Strangers' exit, leaving behind him no name and a mystery.

Business done.—Education Bill read a third time by 369 votes against 177.

Tuesday.—Interesting to note how, occasionally, the great families that are good enough to govern us are divided on critical issues of state policy. The unity that should have made the strength of the Hotel Cecil was fractured by diversity of opinion between PRINCE ARTHUR and Cousin HUGH on the Tariff question. Now Blenheim is riven to the roof by dissension between the head of the House and its most brilliant scion in matter of

Transvaal Constitution. In the Commons WINSTON, by masterly speech, described and recommended the new scheme. In the Lords *Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre*, the object of attack being the masterpiece of statecraft of which his cherished cousin is the Ministerial advocate.

On the whole, regarded from literary standpoint as a bit of effective debating, the cadet exceeded in merit the head of the House. The DUKE takes himself far too seriously. Addresses High Court of Parliament as if he were standing to be photographed with Blenheim in the background. The Lords are less susceptible than the Commons to adventitious advantage inherited by birth. Still, even the lowliest Baron amongst them isn't overawed by a Duke. MALBROOK, a boy of parts, will get over that in time.

He might forthwith dispense with habit, marked to-night by ludicrous iteration, of bringing his open hand down on blue book with resounding bang. It happened to come just where he thought he was making a point, and as the noise of the collision drowned his voice at the critical moment there was no variety in a generally pointless harangue.

Business done.—New Transvaal Constitution simultaneously introduced to Lords and Commons.

Thursday.—In Smoke Room and elsewhere Members reading with keen interest White Paper circulated to-day purporting to be "Report by High Commissioner of South Africa on his visit

to Basutoland and the Bechuanaland Protectorate." There is, truly, a brief introductory note by Lord SELBORNE. Chief contents of Paper are copies of addresses from native tribes to the High Commissioner, supplemented by picturesque description of his journeying culled from local journals.

Here is a snapshot taken at the Great Bamangwato Gathering in KHAMA's country.

"Lord SELBORNE, who wore a flannel suit, a soft shirt, and a Panama hat, had KHAMA on his left hand, the chief being attired in correct European costume and carrying a beautifully carved ivory stick."

What is even more interesting is an incident arising out of Lord SELBORNE's visit to Basutoland. As a newspaper extract quoted in the White Paper records: "The High Commissioner was received by LETSIE, the paramount chief, wearing a grey suit, double collar, black tie, and Panama hat . . . In the course of the speechmaking LETSIE observed he felt frightened to take up the blanket of his father. He did not know how he would carry it, for he was a child and a stripling."

According to SARK this chance remark caused a flood of emotion to overpower Lord SELBORNE, to the marked surprise of chiefs and natives. In a far-off land, exiled from his country, brilliantly serving its interests, there flashed upon him a familiar scene in the House of Commons with his old friend and chief, still Premier, addressing a thronged assembly.

"I am a child in these matters," said PRINCE ARTHUR on historical occasion, throwing out slim hands with deprecatory movement.

"I am a child and a stripling," said the Paramount Chief of Basutoland, conscious of the fetching attraction of a grey suit, double collar and black tie.

The incident shows how small the world is, and how one touch of nature makes great chiefs kin.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

Saturday.—Parliament adjourned for autumn holiday. Meet again October 23, when business of Education Bill will actually begin.

ACCORDING to *The Daily Telegraph* Mr. PERKS, M.P. has said that "the Channel Tunnel was not so much a thing in the air as it was a few years ago." Mr. PERKS does not seem to distinguish clearly between a tunnel and a bird.

"A FRENCHMAN, disengaged this week, wishes a situation as Butler or otherwise; willing to give French lessons in return."

Morning Post.

In return for what? The spoons?



Tommy. "I SAY, DO YOU KNOW WHO'S WINNING?"

Ethel. "I THINK UNCLE MUST BE—I HEARD HIM OFFER TO CARRY AUNTIE'S CLUBS."

MR. PUNCH'S CURIO COLUMN.

[Free advice through this column will be given to all connoisseurs. It is particularly requested that collectors sending furniture, grandfathers' clocks, and mummies for expert examination should not omit to prepay the carriage.]

PUZZLED (BALHAM).—I should scarcely recommend you to purchase the violin which the dealer describes to you as a genuine piece of old Chippendale. Perhaps "Chippendale" was a slip of the tongue for "Stradivarius." If so my advice is unaltered.

ANXIOUS (BIRMINGHAM).—It is difficult to place a value on collections of political speeches. The only way is to submit them to the ordeal of the auction-room. Roughly speaking, I should judge your collection of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches on Old Age Pensions to be worth about 2d.

SKILLY (WHITECHAPEL).—From your crude sketch and description I should esteem the diamond tiara to be worth

about £15,000. I should certainly refuse the dealer's offer of 3s. 6d. and a pair of boots unless you are quite sure that otherwise he will carry out his threat of informing the police.

PROFESSOR (DURHAM).—The copper coin you submit was not, as you imagine, struck in the reign of CALIGULA. After investigation with a strong magnifying glass it appears to be a late Victorian penny—date 1887 or 1889, though there is a doubt about the last figure. Its approximate value is about one twelfth of a shilling. I cannot say whether the British Museum possesses an example.

CONFIDENT (SHEPHERD'S BUSH).—If, as you say, you possess an early copy of *The Daily Mail* which contains an apology for a misstatement in a previous issue, you have undoubtedly a curio of immense value. But I am inclined to think that you have been hoaxed by some audacious forger.

CURIOUS (SHEFFIELD).—You are cer-

tainly to be congratulated on your collection. If your elastic side-boot, the traditional property of King HENRY THE EIGHTH, and your portrait of Dr. JOHNSON with VANDYKE'S signature were put up for sale at CHRISTIE'S they might fetch from 9d. to £40. Much depends on the state of wear of the elastic side-boot, and the condition of the picture's frame. Personally I incline towards the first-mentioned figure.

ACCORDING to *The Scotsman*, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN "has a special pet of his own in a parrot which he bought when a young bird in the streets of London shortly after he entered Parliament." "A young bird" is surely rather a familiar way of referring to the PREMIER.

Later on *The Scotsman* says: "She talks a little, but Sir HENRY has a great opinion of her discretion." We hope it is reciprocated.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

II.

THE CAPTAIN MAKES A DOG OF ME.

THE seeds were now sown of a friendship which was only ended by the grave. My meeting with the Captain was the beginning of a new era in my life—or rather, I should say, the beginning of my life. Almost from the first, when I was in the Captain's company, the streets ceased to have any terrors for me, and the day came ultimately when not only did I not fear any man, dog, or thing in the world, but when most men and all dogs and things feared me. Of course this came gradually. At first, not even cats ran away from me. Then, to my delight—which seems childish to me now—one windy day a number of leaves in the road took to flight when they saw me. Then birds, then cats. And at length—a dog!

I have even barked defiantly at a whole troop of mounted soldiery, any one of whom could have run me through or shot me, had he possessed the necessary pluck.

I was now constantly in the Captain's company, and, when I think of it, how good and noble of him it was for a dog in his position to consort with one who, after all, at that time was a mere ignorant yokel—a bumpkin! Never, I realised, could I repay what I owed him, though I should try to do so by a life-long devotion. He put me on my legs. He showed me about town. But for him, I, a simple countryman, would have been victimised one hundred times, for the Cockneys are a sharp race.

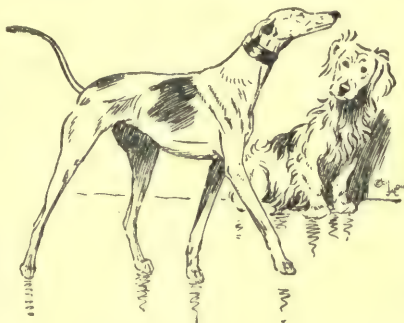
When I thanked him, he merely said, "I have taken a fancy to you, Ears"—for that was the nickname he gave me.

I soon discovered that the Captain was a dog of immense influence, and the effect of his friendship was instantaneous. When I first came to town, the natives cold-shouldered me. As soon as it was noticed how much I was with the Captain, a marked change took place. Innumerable little dogs now paid me court—kow-towed to me—as being a favourite of the Captain. It was all most pleasant.

Every morning before breakfast I would run round to the Captain's, and have a romp with him in the big garden at the back of his house, where dogs were forbidden. And nearly every day, in addition to this, we would go for a long walk together, for the Captain impressed on me the importance of taking plenty of exercise to keep oneself in condition. Sometimes I would call for him, and sometimes he for me. It was characteristic of the Captain that, although I lived in a smaller house than

he, he was superior to all silly social restrictions—so different from a conceited beast of a greyhound whom, in my early days, I once invited to call, and who answered, "Thanks, old fellow, but I do not slum."

I shall never forget how excited I was



"Thanks, old fellow, but I do not slum."

the first time the Captain came to my place and ate some of my biscuits. I think that if my people had tried to turn him out I would have strewn the house with their corpses.

Some days, when it was raining, my people would keep me in, and then I would sit looking out of the window, and as likely as not the Captain would trot down for me, and then, on catching sight of him, I would set up such a barking and a frisking that for the sake of peace—thank Heaven, my master used to suffer from neuralgia!—I would soon be let out. And frequently at night-time the Captain and I would go cat-scaring together.

The Captain was the most entertaining of companions, for he was so wonderfully well informed. He knew all about everything. His astonishing accumulation of knowledge was mainly due, he told me, to a habit his mistress had of reading out the most interesting items from the

newspaper at breakfast to the rest of the family. The Captain would always listen attentively—in which respect, by the way, he was more polite than the others. Thus it came about that there was nothing you could ask the Captain which he could not answer. He knew all the big words, and I still remember my delight when he told me I was a "Quadruped," for I had had no idea that I was anything so important. Half-an-hour's conversation with the Captain was a liberal education in itself, and whatever I have of polish and choice of diction, I owe to the Captain.

The effect on me was most remarkable. In a very short time you would not have recognised in me the timid creature of yesterday. Once my master dared to raise his hand against the Captain because he scratched the front-door—rightly enough, by-the-by, as the servant had kept him waiting for upwards of five minutes. When I saw my master catch hold of the Captain, at first I could hardly believe my eyes. To say the least, it was a disgraceful breach of hospitality. Then my anger knew no bounds, and I growled furiously; and it was only a restraining look from the Captain which prevented me biting my master all over. To the Captain's generous views as regards humans I shall refer later. After this incident the Captain, who was always dignified, kept away from the house for a month; and serve my master jolly well right!

THE CAPTAIN CONFERS ON ME A COVETED DISTINCTION.

The Captain was not slow to mark the change in me, and, eight weeks after my first meeting him, he made me a member of his Club.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

This was the greatest distinction that



He found him so big that he decided that the insult was not intentional.

could be conferred upon a dog. My gratitude knew no bounds; but all that the Captain said in reply to my protestations was, "I like you, Ears."

It was the most famous Dogs' Club in the world. I need scarcely say that I refer to "*The Dogs of War*"—known to our rivals as "The Mongrelions," "The Hooligans," "The Gargoyles," and other *sobriquets* as insulting as they are stupid. This Club, as is well known, was founded by the Captain as a monument to his mother. The Captain's mother, it will be remembered, made a love-match. She was considered, however, to have married out of the pale, was cut by all thorough-breeds, and fretted herself to death.

To avenge this heartless piece of snobbery, *The Dogs of War* was formed. Its motto was "Defiance not Defence," and all thorough-breeds giving themselves airs were to be attacked on sight.

The rules and regulations of the Club were many, and I do not propose to set them out at length. In all of them the master-mind of the Captain was apparent.

Females and children were ineligible for membership. A proposal to form a junior branch was rightly rejected by the Captain. As he pointed out, the youngsters, with their constant infantile ailments, would be more bother than they were worth. And, unless a special dispensation—the word is the Captain's—were obtained, the members must remain bachelors. And no black dogs were admitted; the line was drawn at coloured gentlemen.

The Captain alone chose the members. If a likely young fellow applied to him, or were introduced by a member, the Captain would place the candidate on probation for a month. During those four weeks the Captain would receive reports on its habits and customs, and would personally test it in many ways. For instance, he would meet one of the little novices out with its mistress. The Captain would beckon to it. The novice would advance towards the Captain. The mistress would call it back. The Captain would beckon again. The novice would once more run to the Captain. The Captain would detain it for five minutes, and say, "Now you may go back." It would get a beating from its mistress. The Captain would meet the same dog in similar circumstances the next day, and, if then it did not come at the first summons, the Captain would let it know he had no use for it.

Nor did we have the rule of "Once a member, always a member." The Captain reserved to himself the right of expulsion. It was the only way, he explained, to keep us up to the mark. One member was expelled, soon after I joined, for cowardice. It was a very painful affair. He was a personal friend



Visitor. "ARE THERE ANY FISH IN THIS RIVER?"

Native. "FISH! I SHOULD RATHER THINK THERE WAS. WHY, THE WATER'S SIMPLY SATURATED WITH 'EM!"

of the Captain, but the Captain felt he must make an example of him. He was a small dog, known as "The Barrel" from his shape. One day a Newfoundland, who came up suddenly behind him, cried out, "Hello, here's one of the dirty Mongrelions." The Barrel turned round and looked at the Newfoundland, and found him so big that he decided that the insult was not intentional. The incident, however, was reported, and The Barrel had to leave. The Captain took an especially serious view of the matter, as the insult was to the Club and not to the member personally. I used to see the outcast occasionally afterwards, but, if he caught sight of one of us, he would always slink away; and I used to pity him, he looked so miserable.

Expulsion, too, used to take place occasionally for slackness and dis-

obedience. Without obedience, the Captain held, nothing was possible. We were never to question his commands. He was a stern disciplinarian, and the message "The Captain wants to speak to you" has made many a dog tremble in his day. And with it all the Captain was scrupulously just; and this, I think, was appreciated by the members, and was perhaps the secret of his marvellous influence over us. We have seen how he would not spare even his personal friend. His impartiality was wonderful. I have even known him decide against me in a dispute with another member. And once he threatened to expel me because I growled when he asked me to give him my bone, greedy brute that I was!

He was a splendid Dictator. No wonder he so often led us to victory.

IN MEMORIAM.

John Lawrence Coole.

BORN, 1832. DIED, JULY 30, 1906.

WHILE Summer's laughter thrills the golden air,
Come, gently lay within the lap of earth
This heart that loved to let us share its mirth
But bore alone the sorrow none might share.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I do not stretch probabilities too far when I suggest that Mr. GEORGE MOORE, who has lately published *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (HEINEMANN), became during that dead life familiar with the memoirs of a certain notorious Venetian adventurer. When this distinguished ornament of the eighteenth century had passed the age of three score years and ten, he sat down to relieve his mind and mitigate the wretchedness of his condition by committing to paper the adventures, the intrigues, the scandals, the successes and the failures of which his life had been full. Old and decrepit, he dwelt with a peculiar gusto on those scenes of his variegated existence in which women had played a part, and did not hesitate for his own satisfaction to embroider and enlarge infamous adventures that fate had thrown in his way. So Mr. MOORE, when he recalls his life, does not fail to show how gallant and determined and unconquerable he was whenever a petticoat crossed his path. No doubt the recollections gave Mr. MOORE pleasure, but it is doubtful whether anyone else will care much for them. There is plenty of pretty writing in the book; there is a fine mixed haze of artistic sensibility and semi-decadent enthusiasm for incidents and persons not in themselves specially admirable. Mr. MOORE wishes us to realise that he is an Irishman with a French soul and a knack for æsthetic jargon. We have managed to realise this, but we cannot say that the effort has given us any particular satisfaction.

If you're a young author, and anxious to shine
In the crude, ungrammatical, hair-raising line,
You can't have a model more apt for the job
Than *The Woman at Kensington* (CASSELL, six bob).

The author is WILLIAM LE QUEUX, and his plan
Is to take for his hero some eminent man
(Fictitious, of course), who's obsessed with a fear
That his past will come out and upset his career.

In regard to this past, you will make it your game
To avoid, till the end, giving facts of the same—
An ingenious feat of diplomacy which
Should alone work your readers to pinnacle pitch.

To make sure, you should keep the machinery oiled
With phials of poison, and plots that are foiled,
And secret societies—things of a kind
That betoken gargantuan efforts of mind.

Provided that thus you sustain the suspense,
And are lax as to details, and syntax, and sense,
There's really no possible reason why you
Shouldn't do quite as well as this WILLIAM LE Q.

In the *Shadow* (HEINEMANN) was evidently prepared for the American market, where presumably its first appearance was made. It is chiefly a study of the negro character, its possibilities and limitations. Mr. ROWLAND selects as his type the Haytian negro, perhaps the most favourably circumstanced of the race. *Dessalines*, son of a wealthy father, was educated at Oxford, where, in spite of his colour, he made many friends, a circumstance incomprehensible to the Americans who figure in the story. He conceived the idea of making himself Emperor of his native island.

Descending upon Hayti with every prospect of success, he developed the latent imperfections of the negro, "a creature of impulse, shuttlecock of his emotions, lazy, improvident, lacking in imagination, irrepressible, incomplete." There is brisk movement in the story. But I fancy it will be found more interesting on the other side of the Atlantic, where, as Mr. ROWLAND grimly observes, "the negro has a vote." Which seems very inconsiderate on his part.

It is probable that if IBSEN had not written plays *The Bar Sinister* (BLACKWOOD) would never have come before the British public. Mr. MORGANDE-GROOT has much of the Master's simplicity of style, his occasional triviality of comment and illustration. Nor does he shrink from



Warder. "VISITOR WAITING FOR YOU, NINETY-NINE, IN THE RECEPTION ROOM."

Ninety-nine (ex-Company Promoter, suspiciously). "VISITOR? TELL HIM I'M NOT AT HOME."

what, in less decorous language than the original Dutch, might be described as coarseness of situation. This is illustrated in the wooing on the river, where the wicked brother *Rudolf* insists upon the betrothed of the good brother *Paul* marrying him. The story is specially interesting as admitting the foreigner to the intimacy of fresh sidelights on Flemish interiors.

Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON is as pleasant a writer as one can wish to meet. He can make even the dry bones of golf live, and can chat delightfully about fishing, shooting, and the *vie en plein air*. His *Amelia and the Doctor* (SMITH, ELDER) is a most agreeable story, excellently well conceived and capitally constructed. But Mr. HUTCHINSON ought not even in an off moment to palter with grammar. When he says "neither of these two . . . were the kind of men whom you could press with questions" he defies LINDLEY MURRAY and must take the consequences.

The Field, in a report of a recent county match, says: "At 96 HUBBLE brought the 100 on the board." No wonder the public is said to be losing its passion for county cricket if the umpires allow this sort of thing to go on.

SILLY SEASONINGS.

[The usual correspondence relating to the holidays is now due in the daily papers. The following may be expected:]

I.—THE HOLIDAYS.—A WARNING.

SIR,—Now that the holiday-season is in full swing, may I most solemnly warn against sea-bathing all those of your readers who are spending their vacation on the coast? It has at last been discovered that the enormous mortality which annually occurs amongst those recently returned from a holiday by the sea is due to the fact that, while bathing, minute particles of salt enter the pores of these unfortunate persons, causing clogging of the functions of the skin and subsequent death. It is calculated that at every immersion four ounces of solid rock-salt are absorbed by the epidermis. *Verbum, Sir, satis sapienti.*

Yours solemnly, HARLEY STREET.

Startled readers are at once plunged into "Should we Bathe?" Sir OLIVER LODGE proves that the salt-water pastime promotes Mormonism; Mr. EUSTACE MILES attributes seven-twenty-fifths of his fitness to a daily mud-bath—one barrow-load garden soil, eight gallons water, and a pinch of salt; mix well.

II.—SUPERFLUOUS LUGGAGE.

DEAR SIR,—Why lumber ourselves with bags and boxes when on our holidays? I always take a brown paper parcel and a mouse-trap for odds and ends. Yours, etc. FREE AND HAPPY.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES explains how a complete outfit for two persons can be packed in the pockets of a Norfolk jacket, and a bright controversy is well started.

III.—PEEK-A-BOO BATHING DRESSES.

SIR,—As I, my dear wife, three daughters, two sons and cat (tom) start to-morrow for the seaside, may I express the hope that you, Sir, will raise your voice in protest against what, with a touch of bitter irony, I may term the *common objects* of the seashore? I refer, Sir, to the young women (ladies they cannot be) who at all hours of the morning may be seen romping in the surf, clad in bathing-dresses which are in the highest degree indelicate and offensive. These garments are gaudy in colour, thin in texture, quite unnecessary frills adorn their terminations at the arms and lower extremities, and, when wet, they cling to the form in a manner eminently abhorrent. Last summer my boys and I were quite unable to scan the passing ships with our field-glasses, as whenever we did so one of these *common objects* would almost certainly bob into view.

Yours, etc., SHOCKED.

"SHOCKED'S" views are cordially sup-



A NEW DISEASE—THE GOLF TWIST.

ported and attacked. Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT describes a *chic* little bathing-costume of thick black serge confined at neck, wrists, and ankles, and including a riding habit, shoes, gloves, motor-glasses and skull-cap. Mr. EUSTACE MILES describes the best hygienic bathing wear for both sexes.

IV.—NOVEL HOLIDAYS.

SIR,—Why does not the average Englishman infuse more originality into his annual holiday? Last summer a friend and I spent a most delightful fortnight down a drain. My friend is now dead; otherwise, he would, I know, have accompanied me to-morrow, when I start for a month in a temporarily disused pig-stye in Essex.

Yours, etc., FREE AND WILD.

Suggestions pour in. Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE describes a healthy holiday in a dovecot; Mr. EUSTACE MILES enlarges on a fortnight (at 1'03d. a day) spent in a clothes basket swung over a stream from the branch of a tree.

We doubt if the Cambridge crew understand fully what they are in for. According to *The Evening News* the Harvard eight launch their boat as follows:—

"In launching the boat the crew all raise it above their heads. Then Stroke, No. 6, No. 4 and No. 2 take their places."

As the Ouida hero said when asked if he could stroke the 'Varsity eight, "Feel that," pointing proudly to his biceps."

In reply to a correspondent who asks his opinion as to whether the photograph of Miss CORELLI in her new book was in any way "touched up," Mr. *Punch* begs to say that the answer is in the negative. It may be seen on application at the photographer's.

A Moated Farm.

"DAIRY, with milk round."

Daily Mail.

WHO KILLED THE SACRED CAT?

THE creators of *Amasis* have flown very bravely in the face of convention. For, firstly, there are only two of them instead of the usual half dozen, with their "additional lyrics," superfluous numbers, &c. Secondly, the word "girl" does not appear in the title, nor has the alternative of a Japanese setting been adopted. Thirdly—a very daring innovation—their comic opera contains something distinctly resembling a plot, with a fairly logical sequence of ideas. All this may explain why their work appears at a theatre not usually associated with comic opera, and at the very nadir of the dull season. However, the counter attraction of Cowes did not seem to affect its success, and the Country Cousin, on whose "vile body" the experiment was made, applauded rapturously all that she could understand.

MR. FREDERICK FENN, the librettist, has gone to Ancient Egypt for his novelty. *Prince Anhotep* was about to marry *Amasis*, daughter of the Pharaoh of the day; but on the very eve of the wedding, just as he was composing a sonnet to his lady, the music of one of the Sacred Cats had disturbed his train of thought, and in a moment of rash anger he had dropped a brick upon the beast and killed it. The penalty for this offence—immediate death, with or without torture, according to the executioner's taste—threatened to dislocate the wedding arrangements; when forth from his machine steps a god in the person of one *Cheiro*—not a palmist, but a poor scribe who spends his spare time chipping hieroglyphs out of a canvas obelisk. In his modest and unassertive way he harbours a secret passion for the Princess, and is prepared to assume responsibility for the assassination of the Sacred Cat, and die with lovely perjury on his lips and the joy of sacrifice in his heart.

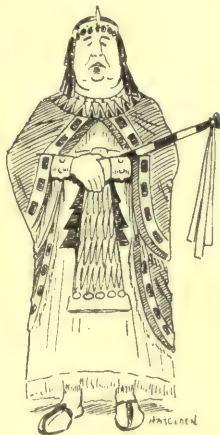
Who killed the Cat?
 "I," said the Scribe,
 "It was my little gibe;
 I killed the Cat."

The law, not being fastidious about executing the actual criminal, so long as somebody is put to death, gives *Cheiro* the benefit of the doubt and condemns him to die.

But *Anhotep* and *Amasis* are too well-bred to take advantage of his gallantry, and the lady in the nick of time recalls an ancient local tradition by which a criminal is relieved if on his way to execution he meets a pure and kindly girl. She (*Amasis*) will undertake to be that girl. The curious thing is that this happy thought never occurred to her at the time when the Prince's life was at stake. However, it is just as well that the inspiration was postponed;

otherwise the last half of the play would have been rendered nugatory.

I have pleasure in adding that the law about somebody having to die when



Pharaoh . . . Mr. Ratlan I Barrington.

a Sacred Cat is killed was duly honoured by the death of the offensive *Ptolemy*, who inadvertently perished by his own chemical processes while in the act of embalming the defunct Pussy.

There are merry moments in the play, but I think that full advantage has not been taken of the chances of harmless profanity offered by the animal worship of Ancient Egypt. I cannot help feeling that a human Crocodile or a human Cat might well have been introduced on the stage. As it was, the only two actors who got the full fun out of words or by-play were MR. LAURI DE FRECE (in the manner of MR. EDMUND PAYNE) and MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON (in the manner of MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON). The latter, who did not make his appearance as *Pharaoh* till well on in the second half, was a most delectable object in his



Nebenchari . . . Mr. Norman Salmond.

flaming corkscrew curls. He sang and chatted very pleasantly and naturally, showing no sort of pedantry in his treatment of the text, of which a copy was kindly presented to me, with other first-nighters, by the author.

MR. ROLAND CUNNINGHAM as *Anhotep* contributed a fine virile figure—and little else; and MR. NORMAN SALMOND, who was as tall as ever, seems to have let his singing voice grow thinner. Certainly he spoke much more sonorously than he sang.

The vocal triumphs of the evening fell to charming Miss RUTH VINCENT in the title rôle, and Mr. WHITWORTH MITTON as *Cheiro*. Miss VINCENT's technique was very far above the average of comic opera; and Mr. MITTON has a voice made for tender sentiment. Each of them should be heard some day in more ambitious work.

MR. FARADAY's music served its modest purpose admirably in the interpretation of MR. FENN's lyrics. These were not up to the standard of MR. GILBERT or MR. ADRIAN ROSS, but they were better than pantomime doggrel. Like all but the very best of his kind MR. FENN is a chartered licentiate in rhymes, but I cannot just now recall a worse conjunction than his "cruelly" rhymed with "demurely." Samples of the ordinary cockney rhyme—"Duma," "humour"—occur, of course, on almost every page. Why these things should be tolerated in an opera libretto I cannot say. The eye, it is true, is not offended (unless you happen to be following in the book), but the ear suffers an enhanced torture from the singer's rolling of his r's. However, a comic opera audience has a toughish tympanum; and I saw nobody wince.

Altogether, I think the author and composer have given us an entertainment that should last well over the provincial season and possibly survive the return of Society and the Higher Criticism. O. S.

Journalistic Candour.

ON a placard between Boulogne and Paris:

DAILY MAIL.

CONTINENTAL EDITION.

All news a day in advance.

"—— PATENT CORSET.—Closed for Holidays from 21st July till 6th August."

Dundee Advertiser.

We are glad to think that purchasers are again breathing freely.

"The throwing of rice at weddings is probably the oldest custom at present in common use."—*Harwich Express*.

PROBABLY the custom of having weddings is almost as old.



AN UNDER-RATED MONSTER.

BRITANNIA. "THAT'S A NASTY-LOOKING OBJECT, MR. BOATMAN."

LORD TW-DM-TH. "BLESS YOUR 'EART, MUM, 'E WON'T 'URT YOU. I'VE BEEN 'ERE, MAN AN' BOY, FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS; AN' WE DON'T TAKE NO ACCOUNT O' THEM THINGS."



MISS TABITHA SPRIGGINS, AFTER MANY YEARS OF SEARCH, AT LAST MEETS THE MAN SHE HAS LOOKED FOR.

UP-RIVER DEFINITIONS.

Regatta—An occasion upon which you are annoyed if someone obstructs your view of races in which you take no sort of interest.

Houseboat—A floating domicile with all the discomforts of home.

Launch (if you are a passenger)—A smart, speedy vessel. (If not)—A nuisance which should certainly be suppressed; a temporary resort for vulgar trippers.

Backwater—A halting-place for the semi-public display of sentiment.

Bow and Stern—Those parts of your own conveyance with which you scrape the paint from other craft.

Amidships—Where your boat is struck when run down.

Island—A body of land completely surrounded by picnic parties.

"Private Property"—An inscription on a notice-board, marking a convenient spot at which to land for tea, and deposit all rubbish, valueless impedimenta, &c.

Rain—A meteorological condition caused by the payment of a boat's hire in advance.

Chaperon—An elderly female left at home, or eluded on the way from town; almost extinct.

Boat-owner—A pessimist of an extreme type, who, nevertheless, lives on the fat of the water.

Last train—An absurdly early and punctual conveyance which you miss.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

[Mr. Justice GRANTHAM's recent series of unparalleled adventures on his way to the Leeds Law Courts seems to have set a fashion in judicial excuses, if we may take the evidence of the following reports.]

MR. JUSTICE LITTLEHAM, who did not appear until two hours after he should have done, and was then unrecognisable in bandages, said he was sorry to be late. If he might employ a venerable cliché he would say it was through no fault of his own, but a series of misadventures on the way thither. Entering a four-wheeler at his hotel, he had almost immediately been run into by the leading elephant of a passing circus procession, both cab and beast sustaining severe damage. His Lordship, unhurt, had extricated himself from the debris and borrowed a bicycle in the King's name, but chancing almost at once to run over a hedgehog he incurred so many punctures that further progress was impossible. In default of other artificial means of locomotion, in which, it is true, he was

beginning to lose faith, he walked, and would have been only an hour or so late had it not been for a bad banana-fall that necessitated a visit to a surgeon. (*Applause in Court.*)

MR. JUSTICE DALLYMORE, who did not reach the courts until three days had elapsed from the proper time of opening, explained his absence by saying that he had been spending the weekend at Cowes, and on Monday morning stepped, as he thought, on board the steamer for Southampton. As it happened, however, it was a gun-boat bound for the Mediterranean, a mistake which he did not discover until they were off Grisnez. Immediately the commanding officer was made aware of the error he transferred his Lordship to a passing homeward-bound vessel; and here he was, &c., prepared to do his duty without fear or favour! (*Sensation.*)

MR. JUSTICE HEAVILDS, who kept his court waiting for more than five hours last Wednesday, said that no doubt he should have been there in time had he not overslept himself. But he had dreamed so vividly about an imaginary murder case that the united efforts of his valet, the butler, two footmen and a chauffeur had failed to wake him. (*Gallery cleared.*)

MARINE MARVELS.

THANKS to the courtesy of the proprietors of our valued contemporary *The Dictator*, we are enabled to print in advance a selection from the letters which will appear in next Saturday's issue on the subject of the Strange Sea Monster recently observed by Dr. A. J. BUTLER.

SIR,—Dr. BUTLER's strange experience reminds me forcibly of an incident of my salad days, unless indeed I should call them "sallet days" in deference to the orthography of *The Times*. It was when I was still an undergraduate at Balliol, and the incident occurred on one of the rare occasions on which I induced the late Master to take part in a game of water-polo—then recently introduced by my cousin Lord ALTRINCHAM—on Port Meadow. The Master, who rode a highly-trained Mexican porpoise, had just executed a masterly wing shot when a large freshwater crayfish, leaping out of the water, swooped down on the eminent Grecian and stung him severely in the triceps. We were all paralysed by the sight, all except my dear friend and kinsman ALARIC TIMPERLEY—endeared to many generations of Harrovians by the grace of his manners and his finely chiselled profile—who rushed to the rescue and beat off the infuriated crustacean with his Schenectady putter. The Master, as I have recorded in my volume *Jaws with Geniuses*, showed great presence of mind, his only remark being, "I have always disliked crayfish, and now I know the reason." ALARIC TIMPERLEY, who received the Royal Humane Society's medal for his gallant rescue, subsequently married my stepmother's niece, and while mountaineering in the Lebanon was kidnapped by Druses and immured in a Mingrelian phalanstery. He was, as Mr. GLADSTONE once remarked to me, too rare a soul for the mundane cockpit. Curiously enough Mr. GLADSTONE never saw a game of water-polo, though he was much interested in the Basque game of pelota on the occasion of his visit to Biarritz.

I am, Sir, &c.,

LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

[We are delighted to print Mr. LONGMIRE's apt and interesting reminiscence. Water-polo, especially in this weather, is a splendid and refreshing exercise, and we sincerely hope that Mr. HALDANE will see his way to include it in the physical curriculum of the Auxiliary Forces.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

SIR,—Dr. BUTLER's experience, though remarkable, is not unparalleled. When walking the other day on the Goodwin Sands I saw a cormorant dart down and remain glued to the spot. On coming up to the bird I found that it had been attracted by an open oyster, which had

closed with such rapidity and force upon its beak that the bird was unable to fly away. I took them both home with me, and their skeletons now repose in my private museum. I may add that I have heard of a similar incident in which a curlew was captured by a cockle. I am, Sir, &c.,

LYLPH PHIBBS.

[We are delighted to print the impressive narrative of so voracious a correspondent as Mr. PHIBBS, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the truth of his story. Personally we have always had the greatest respect for the "native worth" of oysters, and believe that if they were included in the diet of the Militia, they would be able to go anywhere and do anything.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

SIR,—I am encouraged by the example of Dr. A. J. BUTLER to forward you a brief account of a strange animal friendship that has come within my personal knowledge. My eldest son recently brought back from Eton a tortoise which he had swapped for a camera. On the day after his arrival he missed his pet, and on instituting a search discovered it in the pinetum in company with a fine Bombay Duck which lives in a neighbouring pond. Since then the strangely assorted pair have been quite inseparable. They go out for long walks together, and more than once the duck has taken the tortoise on its back for a swim in the pond. I enclose a coloured photograph of the pair, a copy of which I have forwarded to Professor RAY LANKESTER, and remain,

Yours faithfully, A. LEGGE PULLAR.

[It is a sincere pleasure to us to publish Mr. PULLAR's intensely interesting and convincing story. We hope that all Volunteers will profit by its lesson and learn not merely to swim, but to swim carrying something or somebody on their backs. As we have always insisted, the value of Auxiliary Forces is doubled if and when they are amphibious. Ed. *Dictator*.]

SIR,—Could not the strange sea monster seen by Dr. A. J. BUTLER have been a dwarf kraken, or possibly an undersized clumbungus?

Yours faithfully, ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

[We are only too pleased to give all publicity to our correspondent's ingenious and plausible conjecture. Personally we have never seen a kraken, but, if we mistake not, Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN has actually witnessed a kraken jamboree. Be that as it may, it is clear that the possibilities of invasion and therefore the value of our Home Defence Army are greatly enhanced by the apparition of these sea-raiders. It would, we think, be most interesting to test the nerve of our Volunteers by suddenly

confronting them, during manoeuvres, with some unfamiliar and appalling monster—such as the okapi or diplodocus. Surely Mr. HALDANE could induce the Treasury to provide funds for such an experiment.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

MORE JUDICIAL TYRANNY!

(A Bitter Cry from the Suburbs.)

[SIR GORELL BARNES has announced that no sketching will be allowed next term in the Divorce Court.]

OH, Mr. Justice GORELL BARNES,

Likewise your "Brother" DEANE,

Unless the law-reporter yarns,

We think you're very mean.

We take a painful interest

In all Divorce Court doings,

It gives suburban life a zest

To read of wrongful wooings.

Our Sunday literature's confined

To studying each romance

In penny weekly prints enshrined,

With sketches that entrance.

They lighten up with thumb-nail skill

The various spicy cases;

They're all alike, but yet they thrill—

Those co-respondent faces!

We love to mark the goings-on

Behind Belgravian scenes,

And, as the glowing lines we con,

To learn what High Life means,

And see what hat each Countess wore

When posing as a witness;

But if the artist draws no more,

How can we test its fitness?

It yields an all-absorbing joy

To scan the picture-page

That shows the features sweetly coy

Of ladies on the stage;

We must inspect the lineaments

Of heroine and houri—

And now a cruel judge prevents

Our acting as the jury!

The pencil's mightier than the pen

In advertising days;

The Kodak brings within our ken

The leading divorcées.

We like to know the very worst,

Being so highly moral,

So do not balk our greedy thirst,

Illiberal Sir GORELL! ZIG-ZAG.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Delayed in publication.)

DEAR Mr. PUNCH,—My Governess has just shown me a picture which you made of two little girls doing lessons, and one saying "I count on my toes—then she can't see me doing it." Miss SMITHSON says it's an excellent picture of me and my sister. But, dear Mr. Punch, you have made some mistakes. My name is MAY, not ETHEL, and I don't count on my toes. Can you guess how I do it?

Thank you for the likeness, which is very good. Yours lovingly,

MAY TRUEMAN.

P.S.—You made my governess rather old and scraggy. She is *really* young and pretty, and such a dear.

SIR,—I have just seen your number of the 18th *ult.*, in which appears a drawing of two girls engaged upon their lessons, with their governess. One of the girls (ETHEL) is made to say "I count on my toes—then she (the governess) can't see me doing it."

The features depicted of the speaker are clearly those of my daughter, and I am sorry to say that the article is untrue in three particulars—(1) My daughter's name is MAY, not ETHEL; (2) My daughter does not count on her toes, but—being a slender girl—she counts on her *ribs*; and (3) Her governess *can* see her doing this, and does not object.

I regret that *Punch* should stoop to insert so libellous a statement concerning a young lady unable to defend herself, and I must ask you to insert this communication on her behalf.

Yours, &c. ADOLPHUS TRUEMAN.

"THE BANANA FALL."

(A note on Pavement Etiquette.)

WHEN, after a short but rapid journey along the pavement executed by the aid of a banana skin, you obey the immutable law of gravity and come to a sudden sitstill by the kerb, you must restrain, at no matter what sacrifice, any desire which you may feel to smile blandly back upon the crowd, whether it is a sympathetic crowd or not.

The correct attitude is as follows: Having ascertained that the full extent of your injuries is no more than will occasion some slight discomfort when cycling, &c., draw up one knee into a graceful and unconstrained position, flick the dust carelessly from your elbow, and remark casually to any intelligent bystander that you do not think the Education Bill has the ghost of a chance.

Do not appear in the least self-conscious, but on the other hand neither must you scowl, unless (in exceptional cases) very slightly, or mutter discontentedly to yourself. The most suitable expression to wear is one of quiet, good-natured boredom, but if anybody addresses a question to you answer him politely and kindly, as you would a pretty girl who asked you the way to Oxford Street.

Do not aim a kick—which is sure to miss—at the dog which appears in order to sniff you critically all over, but be careful to treat him as though you were passionately fond of animals; pull his ears gently, and pat him caressingly on the head. This will lead all new arrivals



Belle of Balham (to Professor, who has just played Chopin's Funeral March). "THAT'S AWFULLY JOLLY! NOW PLAY ONE OF LOHENGRIIN'S THINGS!"

to suppose that you are sitting on the ground solely in order to fondle him, and always creates a good impression. Office boys in particular will admire this trait in your character.

You have now remained seated on the ground long enough to be able to rise without appearing in any way flurried or nervous. The best way of rising is to crook one leg until the foot is well underneath, so that you may straighten out to a standing posture with a single elegant and easy motion.

Do this.

If the youth who now steps forward and presents you with your hat is of a sweet and tractable disposition, he will indicate the fact by gently touching his forehead, and a copper or two is well bestowed. If, however, he approaches with a grin on his face, and loudly assures you that the damage to the hat is slight, you may be sure that he will regard such an offering as tribute rather

than a present therefore seize him by the collar, and accuse him, quietly but firmly, of attempting to steal the hat, and of having caused the damage to it himself. In extreme cases he may also be accused of having dropped the banana skin. Having regained your property, dismiss him with a slight cuff on the ear. As the sight of a fellow creature in pain is always agreeable, this is sure to put the crowd in a good humour.

Now dust your hat and replace it on your head, and walk off nonchalantly, having first picked up your stick and anything else you may have dropped, except your cigar. Leave this as largesse for the crowd to wrangle over.

"Fear not, till Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane."

"THEY then went on a short visit to Edinburg where they saw Windsor Castle and Stoke Pogis." — *Pittsburg Chronicle*.

MY TEAM.

V.—AT THE WICKETS.

AT lunch I said: "I have just had a wire from the Derbyshire Committee to say that I may put myself on to bowl."

"That is good hearing," said HENRY.

"Did they hear?" asked GERALD anxiously, looking over at the Chartleigh team.

"You may think you're very funny, but I'll bet you a—a—anything you like that I get GEORGE out."

"All right," said GERALD. "I'll play you for second wicket down, the loser to go in last."

"Done," I said; "and what about passing the salad now?"

After lunch the Editor took me on one side and said, "I don't like it. I don't like it at all."

"Then why did you have so much?" I asked.

"I mean the wicket. It's dangerous. I am not thinking of myself so much, as of—"

"As of the reading public?"

"Quite so."

"You think you—you would be missed in Fleet Street—just at first?"

"You are not putting the facts too strongly. I was about to suggest that I should be a 'did not bat.'"

"Oh! I see. Perhaps I ought to tell you that I was talking just now to the sister of their captain."

The Editor looked interested.

"About the pen of the gardener?" he said.

"About you. She said— I give you her own words—'Who is the tall handsome man keeping wicket in an M.C.C. cap?' So I said you were a well-known county player, as she would see when you went in to bat."

The Editor shook my hand impressively.

"Thank you very much," he said. "I shall not fail her. What county did you say?"

"Part of Flint. You know the little bit that's got into the wrong county by mistake? That part. She had never heard of it; but I assured her it had a little bit of yellow all to itself on the map. Have you a pretty good eleven?"

The Editor swore twice—once for me and once for Flint. Then we went out into the field.

My first ball did for GEORGE. I followed the tactics of WILLIAM THE FIRST at the Battle of Hastings, 1066. You remember how he ordered his archers to shoot into the air, and how one arrow fell and pierced the eye of HAROLD, whereupon confusion and disaster arose. So with GEORGE. I hurled one perpen-

dicularly into the sky, and it dropped (after a long time) straight upon the batsman. GEORGE followed it with a slightly contemptuous eye . . . all the way.

All the way. Of course I was sorry. We were all much distressed. They told us afterwards he had never been hit in the eye before . . . one gets new experiences.

GEORGE retired hurt. Not so much hurt as piqued, I fancy. He told the umpire it wasn't bowling. Possibly. Neither was it batting. It was just superior tactics.

The innings soon closed, and we had 61 to win, and, what seemed more likely, 59 and various other numbers to lose. Sixty-one is a very unlucky number with me—oddly enough I have never yet made 61; like W. G. GRACE, who has never made 93. My average this season is 5, which is a respectable number. As BOLTON pointed out—if we each got 5 to-day, and there were 6 extras, we should win. I suppose if one plays chess a good deal one thinks of these things.

HAROLD, I mean GEORGE, refused to field, so I nobly put myself in last and substituted for him. This was owing to an argument as to the exact wording of my bet with GERALD.

"You said you'd get him out," said GERALD.

"I meant 'out of the way,' 'out of the field,' 'out of—'"

"I meant 'out' according to the Laws of Cricket. There are nine ways. Which was yours, I should like to know?"

"Obstructing the ball."

"There you are."

I shifted my ground.

"I didn't say I'd get him out," I explained. "I said I'd get him. Those were my very words. 'I will get GEORGE.' Can you deny that I got him?"

"Even if you said that, which you didn't, the common construction that one puts upon the phrase is—"

"If you are going to use long words like that," I said, "I must refer you to my solicitor BOLTON."

Whereupon BOLTON took counsel's opinion, and reported that he could not advise me to proceed with the matter. So GERALD took second wicket, and I fielded.

However, one advantage of fielding was that I saw the Editor's innings from start to finish at the closest quarters. He came in at the end of the first over, and took guard for "left hand round the wicket."

"Would you give it me?" he said to BOLTON. "These country umpires . . . Thanks. And what's that over the wicket? Thanks."

He marked two places with the bail.

"How about having it from here?" I

suggested at mid-on. "It's quite a good place, and we're in a straight line with the church."

The Editor returned the bail, and held up his bat again.

"That 'two leg' all right? Thanks."

He was proceeding to look round the field when a gentle voice from behind him said: "If you wouldn't mind moving a bit, Sir, I could bowl."

"Oh, is it over?" said the Editor airily, to hide his confusion. "I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon."

Still he had certainly impressed the sister of their captain, and it was dreadful to think of the disillusionment that might follow at any moment. However, as it happened, he had still another trick up his sleeve. BOLTON hit a ball to cover, and the Editor, in the words of the local paper, "most sportingly sacrificed his wicket when he saw that his partner had not time to get back. It was a question, however, whether there was ever a run possible."

Which shows that the reporter did not know of the existence of their captain's sister.

When I came in the score was 51 for nine, and HENRY was still in. I had only one ball to play, so I feel that I should describe it in full. I have four good scoring strokes—the cut, the drive, the hook, and the glance. As the bowler ran up to the crease I decided to cut the ball to the ropes. Directly, however, it left his hand I saw that it was a ball to hook, and accordingly I changed my attitude to the one usually adopted for that stroke. But the ball came up further than I expected, so at the last moment I drove it hard past the bowler. That at least was the idea. Actually it turned out to be a beautiful glance shot to the leg boundary. Seldom, if ever, has BELDAM had such an opportunity for four action photographs on one plate.

HENRY took a sixer next ball, and so we won. And the rest of the story of my team is it not written in the journals of *The Sportsman* and *The Chartleigh Watchman*, and in the hearts of all who were privileged to compose it? But how the Editor took two jokes I told him in the train, and put them in his paper (as his own), and how CAREY challenged the engine-driver to an 18-hole solitaire match, and how . . . those things indeed shall never be divulged.

"The first stone bridge was mostly built by PETER, the Curate of St. Mary's, the foundation stone being laid in 1176. The pious architect did not live to complete the work, as he died in 1902,"—*The Friend*.

WE do hope PETER was paid piece-work.



THE GROWN-UP BROWNES CONSENT TO JOIN IN A GAME ON THE SANDS, "JUST TO PLEASE THE YOUNGSTERS." SO FAR, THE YOUNGSTERS HAVE FAILED TO APPRECIATE THE ALTRUISM OF THIS CONDUCT.

A THREE-FIGURE DIET.

["MR. JOSEPH ZEITLIN, of Brooklyn, New York, who has just celebrated his 101st birthday, advises all who wish to become centenarians to drink plenty of good wine, beer and whisky, to eat what they like, and smoke all they want to."—*Daily Express*.]

For many and many a year have I tied myself
Down to a diet supremely severe;
Anything nice have I always denied myself,
Though my soul hankered for Sybarite cheer.
Thoughts of a ruined digestion affrighted me;
Visions of premature funerals blighted me,
So that I shrank from whatever delighted me,
Natural longing o'ermastered by fear.

Through all the four seasons I studied prodigiously
Chemical values of all kinds of fare;
I fed by a formula, followed religiously,
Weighing each dram with a scrupulous care.
Though appetite tortured me, little I heeded it,
Eating when Science declared that I needed it,
Just the right quantity—never exceeded it—
When had Hygieia a pupil so rare?

But somehow it happened, the more and more rigorous
Grew my adhesion to health-giving laws,
I found I was steadily growing less vigorous,
Daily grew nearer, I thought, to Death's jaws.
Gone was my youth with its pristine agility,
Nerves were a bundle of irritability,
Driving me fast into sheer imbecility,
Fingers and toes were as skinny as claws.

But hark to the voice of the hale centenarian
Preaching a gospel of sugar and spice!
No longer I'll linger, a pale vegetarian,
Over milk puddings of sago and rice.
In future I'll dare to detest what's detestable,
Eating voraciously any comestible,
Never enquiring if it is digestible—
Only considering whether it's nice.
Salmon—I used to suppose it would poison me—
Luscious young lobster, just fresh from the sea,
And mayonnaise, shedding its creamiest joys on me,
Sources of infinite pleasure shall be.
Bacchus and baccy—no more I'll beware of them;
Careless and happy I'll worship the pair of them.
Once they have taught me to take proper care of them,
Life will be merry and long too for me.

THE following form of Notice to Motorists has been recommended for use by local authorities:—

BOROUGH OF —.

The Borough Oubliette, situated in the main thoroughfare, opens automatically to admit all motor-cars travelling at a dangerous speed.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—With reference to your Breakfast Scoring Board, permit me to point out an error in PETER's score. After 5 spills, in the last column, for "out" you should read "retired hurt." We do in my house.—Yours, PATERFAMILIAS.



Arrist (to her prostrate cavalier). "DON'T YOU TOUCH 'IM, 'ARRY. 'E'S BENEATH YER!"

MR. PUNCH TO THE HARVARD CREW.

GENTLEMEN,—It was a great and joyous thought that inspired you to provoke our Cambridge men to a contest of eight-oared ships and flashing oar-blades on Father Thames's historic flood. You are confided to our loyalty and friendship, and, having greeted you as brothers in sport and generous emulation, we shall make it our pride to cherish and guard you until you iterate the mighty surface of the Atlantic and fare away on your homeward course to the banks of the River Charles.

For more years than *Mr. Punch* cares to number has he seen the dark blue flag of Oxford flying in rivalry to Cambridge's light blue at Putney at a season when the wind bites shrewdly and it is very cold. Now, when the sun is hot and the breezes blow mildly, we are to behold the crimson flag of Harvard waving its gallant challenge to the men of the Cam, and on that broad tide which has suffered for so many years the strokes of our native oarsmen we shall behold you feathering and swinging and smiting the beginning.

Mr. Punch is the friend of all manly and modest youngsters, and the encourager of their generous exercises in vigour and skill. Permit him then to greet you with hand and heart and

to assure you of his respect and admiration. You have travelled far to match yourselves against the sons of your Mother-University. They too are a sturdy and an active band, worthy foemen, we may believe, for your young giants. For you as for them victory in the race will mean much, but the contest with its chivalry and its effort and its endurance, with its frank and open intercourse and the friendships it must engender will mean much more. It is in this spirit that *Mr. Punch*, speaking on behalf of his countrymen, bids you welcome to our shores, to our river and to our hearts. If you should win he will be among the first to give you a cheer; should you lose he will cheer you no less loudly, for he knows that you will in any case have striven honourably and with undaunted courage. And when the turmoil has ceased and the shouting has died down and we all resume the normal tenor of our lives, may it be yours to feel that your visit to the old country has been in fact as pleasant as every Englishman wishes to make it.

Gentlemen, here's your very good health!

(Signed) **PUNCH.**

Putting it Kindly.

"RELF alone maintained a uniform excellence, and he was unlucky during the lunch interval."—*Daily Chronicle.*



Stanley Spencer

NOT CRICKET.

CAPTAIN C.-B. (to KEIR HARDIE). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, I'VE ALWAYS BACKED UP WHEN YOU'VE HAD THE BOWLING; AND NOW YOU'RE TAKING TO RUNNING ME OUT! JUST TRY AND PLAY THE GAME, WILL YOU?"

[The attitude of the Labour Party in regard to by-elections is looked upon by the Government as a poor return for their concessions in the Trades Disputes Bill.]



THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTY-SECOND FRAGMENT.

1. In the *dogdéz*, in Orguzd, the days of the heat-wave,

2. did the people of Britan, the lords of the *Öshan*, who live in the dust of the *motorin-klassiz*,

3. the smellers of *petrol*, the *jédid-rétpégaz*, the *sweltrazin-suburbs*, the *travlazin-bussiz*,

4. the *droppaz-ovéchiz*, the fathers of *fambliz*,

5. their wives, and their offspring, feel a eraving for *ozôn*, for niggers

6. and *sandshus*, for shrimps, *sharribangz*, and *kornets* and *pierroz*.

7. They packed their belongings, pulled down the *venishanz*, sent word to

8. the paper-shop, milkman and baker, . . . (*maik-perfekli-sertin* the

9. *skularih-ündoh isfarsend-al-raithdir*) . . . and poured, in

10. their millions, to various *stéshanz*, already a welt'ring *conjestid*

11. *infernoh* of *bhaisikuls*, *bébiz*, *prâms*, *pérunts*, and *baggidj*,

12. seized hold of poor purple perspiring officials, and

13. pouring out breathless, *kéyotik-en-quairiz*,

14. "Which way d'yer go for Margit, and Kläktun, Dhil,

15. 'Astinz, and Yarmath?" . . .

16. ("Ain't there *no* thirds non-smokin'?" . . . "Du moind where yere gowin!" . . . "Begyer-

17. *pardun!*" "It's grornted!" . . . "Come on, Billy, now, carn't yer?" . . .

"I can't 'elp it, Farver,

18. the beg's gone an' busted!" . . . "Naow, Florry, du 'urry!" . . . "There's

19. *anumbrelarandul* got ketched in my collar!" . . . "There goes Arnt,

20. 'ead first over them things by the bookstall!" . . . "There! what did I tell

21. yer! yer've squashed the bananas all over the biby!" *et-settrah, et-settrah.*)

22. They gradually sorted them out into trainloads,

23. (in, humanly speaking, well furnished compartments)

24. and dragged them down dragged and slightly short-tempered

25. through tunnels and places, delivered them over to

26. Sunburnt, *storrhattid*, vociferous flymen

27. who whisked them off flushed and excited and fretful,

28. in the feverish simmer of mid-summer twilight,

29. to lodgings which no stretch of fancy could

30. Well call "inclusive." . . . Why, as for the children, they bulged through the windows.

31. Landladies in ringlets, of *furtivd-iminar*

32. (whose fav'rite pursuit, in the dismal *hayétuz* when "lets" were not

33. frequent, was watching like spiders,—just inside the lace curtains,—for

34. flies from the station bringing victims with luggage who couldn't

35. Get "suited") endeavoured to give, just for one evening

36. only, a delusive appearance of general comfort

37. propelling their *sloppih-antmik-domestikh*

38. up staircases reeking with cooking and varnish,

39. compelling that *torpid-lethargik* young person

40. to exceed the speed limit

41. With the daylight came sundry annoying

42. disclosures (some flies in the ointment.)

43. "Omar-ayam sick of this mattress and pillow,

44. it really is 'oribli-lumpiyan-lumpi!'"

45. "Pa, you must come at once! We've turned on the

46. 'ot-water, and tryin' to stop it, the tap 'as fell

47. off, an' it's all overflowin'! An' the bath's *nulip-a'intid*

48. and George Alexander (a family tribute!) 'as blue'd 'imself

49. over 'izaulin-izedoph"

"An' Mar! my room's

50. *orful!*" — (this came from the daughter, the youngest, I fancy, — 'Enrietta Maria),

51. "I'm over the kitchen!!, an' the text on the wall 'ere

52. says 'Eat an' be thankful' !!!"

53. As the morning proceeded, the family made their initial appearance

54. to sample the simple delights of the district.

55. A couple of daughters went forth to the slaughter in

56. elbow-sleeved *blousiz* of *phlimsi-materyal*

57. (*mercier-aizd-laun* I think somebody called it),

58. no visible hats, but their hair neatly rolled as a sort of a shelter

59. protruding in front, supported, I take it, on some weird *mechanik-al*

60. *struktcha* or *girda*, at the back as a finish a celluloid comb

61. (or some other explosive),

62. with elbows held pendulous, hands that were gloveless

63. but swinging with brazen and conscious suggestion

64. of swagger.—Before they return to their interesting suburb

65. their necks and their arms will be nice terra-cotta (the colour

66. affected by boiling crustaceans),

67. relieved by a charming and stencilled photo of open-work pattern.

68. Their effect on the bareheaded striplings in flannels,

69. the sitters on railings, the jumpers of counters, the shewers of socks

70. particoloured (suggestive of nothing so much as a *spektrum-analisis*

71. wholly demented) with collars as soft as their—hearts (I'm the soul of

72. politeness!) the Bit-lanki, the Bit-gorki, the Bit-lofi, the *Traifor-thearmih*,

73. the *Gothru-themilishar*, the male Hatless Brigade (or shall we say

74. *Headless*), with butterfly-ties and their hair nicely wavy to flutter

75. the fair promenaders aforesaid (any mental deterioration

76. arising from over-exposure in the case of such persons

77. would never be noticed, the male and the female

78. are equal in cerebral power each to each

79. as our dear old friend Yüklid

80. would put it —

81. ah! you thought I'd forgotten the verb, but I hadn't!) . . . was all

82. that their fancy so fondly had painted.

83. It really does make one's pulse beat a

84. bit faster to see these dear *Jönniz*

85. the future of Britan. I can hear them remarking

86. "How awfully jolly it must be for those *chappiz*.

87. the *Pahlivu-frongselz* and quaint little Jappiz to share an Alliance

88. with men who at all events haven't a rival

89. at shooting—their linen."

E. T. R.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

(Extract from Preface.)

I FELT that nature had intended me for an anthologist; but alas! it seemed that I had been born too late; all the anthologies were already made; I could only repeat the design of another.

Dark is the night that knows nor moon nor star: Darker the breast abandoned to despair.

Then a sudden ray of inspiration illumined my mournful mind. The "hundred best" examples of everything had been offered to the public times innumerable; but what of the hundred worst? Ah! I lived again: I would straightway gather together the Hundred Worst Poems in the English language.

I threw myself into my task with an ardour capable of overcoming the most obstinate difficulties; and indeed difficulties were not wanting: had it been the *million* worst poems I designed to bring together, I would have done it easily; but the selection of so small a number as a hundred is a matter requiring much and delicate discrimination.

Conscious as I am of the shortcomings of my work, it yet affords me no little satisfaction to reflect that in this wide field I have drawn the first furrow; that whatever changes may come I must

still be regarded as one of the world's pioneers; for though many have tried to *compose* the hundred worst poems none before myself has ever thought of *selecting* them from the great storehouse of English Poetry and binding them into a single garland.

"THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR—"

(From our half-over-seas correspondent.)

5 A.M.—The Channel close in shore is at present dotted with masks and faces, and at least forty per cent. of the swimmers are confident of reaching the French coast. MEW has got a fine swinging tide under him and is purring with pleasure. The weather conditions are, as usual at the start, practically perfect, but at the same time there is no use blinking the fact that the sea is very wet.

7.45 A.M.—What looked at one time like being a nasty accident was only narrowly averted; a turbine steamer, carrying some of those old fogies who either cannot or will not swim, collided with one of the lesser-known aspirants for the Blue Riband of the Surf. Luckily he happened to be a particularly hard-headed Scotsman, who, explaining that he was in low water, agreed to take £5 as ascertained and liquidated damages.

8.25 A.M.—The number of swimmers has now increased to such an alarming extent, and the displacement of water is so great that the French coast is slowly but surely disappearing.

9.10 A.M.—HOLBEIN, who is well within eighteen miles of the place where Calais used to be, is complaining bitterly that there is no room to swim, and alleges that he has been twice kicked in the face by a lady who passed him on the wrong side.

Later.—Twenty-three of the competitors have been taken on board their respective tugs; seven on account of the water being too warm, twelve because the water is too cold, and the remainder (who are in offices in the City) because their leave has expired.

2 P.M.—A dense crowd of French swimmers has been sighted, and it is hoped that a large proportion of them will reach Dover before nightfall and take part in the banquet which is being inaugurated in their honour by the Mayor.

3.15 P.M.—The man who was playing the bag-pipes is very sea-sick; the swimmers are striking out with renewed hope.

4 P.M.—It is now looking very like rain.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

CHANNEL SWIM

Abandoned, raining.



INADEQUATE DESCRIPTION.

Dougal (to shooting tenant, who has brought out a dog recently purchased at auction, and is now trying to whistle it back from the hill opposite). "Hoo was't they describit him in the catalogue, did ye say?"

Tenant. "It only said, 'FROM STRANRAER.'"

Dougal. "THEY MIGHT HA' SAID, 'TO AND FROM STRANRAER'!"

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF CADDIES.

To judge from a report in a recent issue of *The Manchester Courier* the ignorance of the Southport caddies is seriously exercising the attention of the local education authorities. Mrs. FOARD, one of the members of the Birkdale Area Education Committee, stated that as the result of "some little amateur examinations she had conducted on the golf links" she wondered how the caddies succeeded in maintaining their position in the higher standards. "Some of them could not tell the capital of England," while others seemed to have no idea that it was necessary to get out of England by water in order to go on the Continent. Mr. COCKSHOTT, the Chairman, suggested that, if the golf club committee conducted an examination and only admitted those boys who passed it, it would be a very great help.

We all know that, generally speaking, Lancashire leads the way in progress, but there are exceptions to prove the rule, and in the education of caddies there can be no doubt that they manage things better in Scotland.

Thus it may not be generally known

that the system of University Extension adopted at the University of St. Andrews embraces a Caddie Department, presided over by Professor THOMAS MORRIS. Thanks to the courtesy of the Principal of St. Andrews we are enabled to reprint the General Paper set at the last terminal examination of his class by Professor ANDREW KIRKALDY, Litt. D., who occupies the chair of *Belles Lettres* in this department with the utmost urbanity:—

1. What are the capitals of Manchuria, Bessarabia, the Balearic Isles? Who are the amateur champions of Seistan, Podolia, Nova Zembla, Pitcairn Island and Bolivia?

2. What Greek philosopher was responsible for the dictum that "the half is greater than the hole"? Reconcile the apparent antinomy of this paradox.

3. Who is the only leading professional golfer who habitually plays in knickerbockers?

4. Write brief biographies of DOLLY VARDON, Miss MAY HEZLET, the Earl of ARLINGTON, and FUSELI.

5. According to some histories JOHN BALL was a priest who took part in the rebellion of WAT TYLER. Examine the

evidences for this view and state how many strokes BEN SAYERS would give the Benicia Boy if the latter were still alive.

6. Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON recommends champagne before match play. State Sir VICTOR HORSLEY's view on the subject and discuss the relative merits of Talisker, phenacetin, and lemon squash as a corrective to slicing.

7. On what occasion did a famous professional golfer describe his partner (a distinguished minister of the Free Church) as "a sanctified eediot"? Did the provocation justify such intemperate language?

8. State the best routes to Le Touquet, La Boulie, and Biarritz, and give your candid opinion as to the bearing of the employment of girl caddies on the Woman Suffrage Question.

9. Give the context of the following Shakspearean quotations. (1) "I know a Hawk from a Haskell." (2) "This apish and unmannerly approach."

10. What odds could Lord DUDLEY and Mrs. ASQUITH give Lord HALSBURY and the Countess Torby? Is it true that the Grand Duke MICHAEL drives a longer ball than the Duke of DEVONSHIRE?

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

III.

MY FELLOW-CLUBMEN.

WE numbered, on the average, forty members. Indeed, we have been called "The Fighting Forty." Each of us was known by a nickname—with one exception. It was significant of the respect in which our leader was held that there was no nickname for him. He was always just simply The Captain. I was Ears. Other prominent members were The Hog, The Hippopotamus, The Snipe, The Silly Sheep, The Wolf, The Turnip, The Carrot, The Pipe-Cleaner, The



The Pipe-Cleaner.

Berlin-Wool Shop, The International Fur Stores, The Map, The Torpedo, The Mummer (an interesting fellow, this: he was on the stage for many years, and had performed at all the principal hippodromes in Europe), The Dook (who claimed to be the second cousin of a pedigree dog, and was the only one of us who was careful of his toilet; it was even rumoured that he used coat-gloss), The Dyspeptic (who was absurdly touchy), King Leer (who was always ogling the women), Nobody's Darling, Bulgy, The Man-Hater, The Looney, The Braggart (he boasted, among other things, that he was the Derby Dog in 1901), The Cat, The Spotted Dog, The Ghost, The Parricide (he slew his father in a fight), and Adam (who refused to wear even a collar, and was frequently taken up by the police for being insufficiently clothed). Of some of these I propose to speak at greater length later on. We were not, perhaps, a pretty lot to look at, but we were businesslike and always ready for action. We would not shun a fight for fear that our hair might get disarranged. By-the-by, I should mention that it was at one time proposed by The Hippopotamus that the members, instead of having *sobriquets*, which were apt to cause unnecessary pain, should be called that species of dog which they most resembled. The Captain, however, declared that he would never have sufficient time at his disposal to decide such knotty questions as would then arise.

Poor old Hippo!

THE MAP.

But The Hippopotamus was by no means our most unfortunate-looking

member. The Map was this. I challenge any other club to produce a member like The Map. We were proud of The Map.

He was a dog who was divided up all over by means of black lines he was completely criss-crossed in this way and on each piece of territory so marked off there was writing; and it was all done in the most untidy manner. You never saw such a sight as The Map—he was the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood—and, had I been he, I should only have walked abroad at night.

His tale was a sad one. The Map had suffered much.

He started life, he told me one day, as a smooth-coated all-white like The Ghost. His youth was not unhappy. Then, one day, he was presented to a family of six children, and his martyrdom began.

It would have been all right if he had been given to one of them, but he was given to all of them, and they were exceptionally quarrelsome children. On the very day of his arrival there was a big row, because the eldest boy claimed him by right of primogeniture. This privilege of the first-born, it seems, had never been disputed till then. It extended to all things, including the right of being served first at meals, so that the next eldest longed for the heir's death, for he did not relish the idea of having to wait till, perhaps, he was seventy before he was entitled to the first slice of pudding. But as regards their new present the younger sons would have none of this, and there was bloodshed threatened, until the Nurse said angrily, "It's all of your dogs, of course, and, what's more, if you don't stop quarrelling, it shan't be any of your dogs!" This threat sobered the children a bit, but by the end of the day the poor Map was tired to death, for they all tried to stroke him at the same time, and there was not room on him for this, and he was pushed and buffeted until he felt inclined to drop. As time went on things did not improve, and there was not a day on which The Map was not the cause of some dispute—to his great inconvenience. Sometimes, as a punishment to the children, he would be locked in a dark cellar for the entire day, so that none of them could have him.

Then one afternoon the outrage took place.

The idea was that of a school-friend who had come to tea, and who had been reading about the partition of Africa.

This young savage noticed what a source of contention The Map was, especially when he asked to whom the dog belonged and received the answers, "Me!" "Me!!" "Me!!!!" "Me!!!!!" "Me!!!!!!!" and "Me!!!!!!!"

"Why don't you partition him?" asked the guest. At this The Map, who thought he was actually to be cut up, made for the door; but it was shut before he could escape.

"How?" asked the children.

The savage then explained. They were to decide on a scheme of allotment, and then with a paint brush and some marking ink he would stake the dog out. The proposal was received with acclamation, and, after a great deal of squabbling, it was decided that the eldest boy should have the head (with the sole right to feed—a nice thing for The Map, who had hitherto received food from all of them), the others were each to have a stretch of the body, while the tail—which for some reason or other was much coveted—was divided into six. The Map, all trembling, was then seized, and the suggested demarcations were made in indelible ink, and the children's names written on the appropriate parts. At the last moment the school-friend said he thought he ought to have a piece as originator of the idea, and this was agreed to. This necessitated some of the lines being deleted, and The Map suffered agonies under an abortive attempt to alter him with ink-eraser. Finally the lines which were to be shifted had to be scratched out in ink, and when this was done, and, in the excitement, several blots made on the poor beast, one may imagine how he looked. You never saw such a mess!

And even this vile plan did not mean



The Map.

The demarcations were made in indelible ink. peace for my unfortunate friend. There was soon trouble about his tail. The owner of one section commanded him to wag it, and the owner of another section forbade him to wag his part. And before the party broke up one boy had swopped a piece of his territory, halfway down the back, for a collection of postage stamps, and further alterations were made.

No wonder some dogs get soured!

That night The Map ran away. He

did not stop running until the next morning. Then the Captain met him, and The Map became one of our most valued members. For he was now an Enemy of Society, and therefore a good fighter, and the Captain liked to surround himself with such.

The Map, I should mention, was always most sensitive about his appearance, and it was a bold dog who dared to joke about it in his presence.

CHARIVARIA.

DR. CLIFFORD has begged to differ from Father VAUGHAN. The Smart Set at Westbourne Park is all that can be desired.

The Gaekwar of BARODA has said he does not think much of the complexion of American girls, and there is talk of establishing a Rouge Trust.

It is reported that Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have volunteered to intervene with a view to bringing about a settlement of the unfortunate differences which have arisen between the Government and the Labour Party.

The Daily Chronicle published, the other day, a portrait of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL over the title, "The Hope of His Side." But surely this is a vain hope. Mr. CHURCHILL can hardly be expected to put on any more side.

The heat during the Townshend Inquiry was, we can imagine, almost unbearable, but we were none the less surprised to read the following statement in a usually reliable contemporary:—"Mr. SUTHERST tendered himself as the next witness, and disrobed before going into the box."

A serious decline in the popularity of the British Museum is indicated by an official return of attendances. It is thought, however, that if a few Pierrots be introduced all may yet be well.

According to *The Hospital* one effect of the San Francisco earthquake was to cure a number of persons of indigestion. As a consequence of this statement house-agents are now hopeful of letting to dyspeptics quite a quantity of empty houses on motor-omnibus routes.

The suggestion made by the Committee of Inquiry that cab-drivers should wear coloured badges to distinguish their length of experience in years is, we should have thought, somewhat superfluous. In the case of four-wheelers, at any rate, the older the driver the ruddier his nose, is already a rule.



THE SANDS OF PLEASURE.

Boy. "PLEASE REMEMBER THE DRIVER."

Passenger (after rough and rocky journey). "YOU FIEND! I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU!"

Meanwhile we hear that it has almost been decided that the number of motor-omnibuses in the Metropolis must be reduced, and that, with a view to bringing about the necessary reduction, racing is to be allowed while nearly everyone is out of town.

A Shrewsbury chemist has been fined ten pounds for poisoning a number of dogs. The opinion in canine circles is that the fellow ought to have received the cat.

To the great delight of the Directors of the South Eastern Railway a recent accident to a child on another line proved the danger of having handles inside railway carriages. The South Eastern Railway has always set itself

against this and many other new-fangled ideas.

The London County Council has decided to allow duly qualified persons to give instruction in swimming at several of the Metropolitan Parks and Commons, and soon there will be no excuse for a Londoner being unable to cross the Strand on a rainy day.

The Daily Mail has discovered that the "Motor-Cough" is "caused by the minute particles of dust raised by motor-cars which lodge themselves in the laryngeal passage." If people will use their gullets as garages, what can they expect?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Motor Car Divorce (DUCKWORTH), by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, will disappoint many who may be attracted by the promise of its title. There is plenty of motor-car in it, but nothing resembling a divorce. Never have the Apennines or the Alps been moted over by a couple so virtuous, so devoted to one another, so congenial in temperament. But it was necessary that some sort of piquancy should be instilled into the diary of a tour along the fairly familiar roads between Naples and Paris. So the author represents herself as a member of an Advanced Women's Club in New York, where they approve the Meredithian scheme of marriage-contracts terminable every ten years, a scheme of which she undertakes to be the first active apostle. She will emancipate herself from her husband on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Like a good fellow he enters heartily into this proposition, only stipulating that it shall not be carried through on vulgar lines, that would bring their happy home into contempt through servants' evidence.

Accordingly they arrange a motor-car tour as likely to furnish occasion for bickerings of which she can take full notes in a diary to be used in Court against him. But in the event we are told that no entry, except of the cost of gasoline, ever gets into the diary, which makes it difficult to understand how the book ever came to be written, unless the fleshy tablets of the lady's mind were unusually retentive of impressions. Her narrative, written in American, and with scarce a pretence to literary style, is delightfully fresh and fluent. It avoids tedious descriptions, and often hits off the characteristics of a scene in a single sentence quotable under the pleasant fluffy little sketches (by WALTER HALE) that permit one to realise the text. The plot of the small comedy in which the Other Woman figures as a cause of groundless jealousy is rather thin and artificial, but the motor-car itself is a very convincing object, and grows quite human as one gets to understand its idiosyncrasies. The book abounds in the liveliest humour, some of it a little forced, much of it merely American, but with a charming residue that has the right quality.

I must suppose that the author really saw most of the things that she describes, however faulty her spelling of foreign names (*Tedeschi* for *Tedeschi*, *bersilieri* for *bersaglieri*) may be; yet one becomes suspicious when she talks of the "Petits Chevaux" at Aix as an "affair" in which "a ball bobs round." Might not Messrs. DUCKWORTH & Co., with their superior knowledge, have put her right on this point? Then there is a picture of an English Peer which scarcely corresponds to anything outside the traditions of ignorance. But these defects are of small consequence; and many worse faults might easily be forgiven to a writer that has so gay a humour, so buoyant a charm.

The Ring of Day is framed to melt
The hearts of pathriot sons of Erin,
Who dream of Ireland for the Celt,
Unharassed by the realm that we're in—

A land with tyrants overthrown
(As sung of old by minstrel rhymers),
That has a language all its own,
And speaks it (with the help of primers).

The heroine, whose life-long work
Is aiming at this consummation,
Is "bored and boring Beatrice Burke"—
I quote her own apt appellation.

HUTCHINSON is the publisher,
And MARY BUTLER author of it,
And I expect, for him and her
(And Erin), mighty little profit.

The Mystery of Magdalen (JOHN LONG) is murder, a circumstance whose gruesomeness is lightened to the sensitive mind by the alliterative charm of the title. Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN lays on her colour thick and slab. Villains, chiefly Russian, come and go red-handed. *Magdalen* herself cherishes filial resolve to slay the largest of them, one *Rachmanenhoff*, who had betrayed her father to the servant of the CZAR. To that end she deliberately marries a good-looking reputedly rich Englishman. Why without that preliminary she could not have shot at sight the villain whom, in view of limited space, it is convenient to refer to as *R.*, is one of the minor mysteries of the drama. At one point Mrs. KERNAHAN brings on the scene a veiled woman, for whom *Magdalen's* fiancé provides meat and lodging. There's nothing in the incident. She is merely his twin sister, temporarily parted from her husband. But what with her veil, her baby and her twin's secretiveness the experienced reader suspects mischief. It all comes right in the end. But before reaching it one rushes breathless through a series of blood-curdling scenes.

HOLIDAY VIGNETTES.

Not to those sands whose adolescent diggers
Foster a lively trade in Chelsea buns;
Whose airs are balmy with the noise of niggers,
Where lounge the flower of Neptune's fishy sons;
Not to some haunt go I whose gilded palaces
Cater with bands and oyster bars for him
Whose purse is light; where pleasure's ready chalice is
Filled for a modest shilling to the brim.

Not to hotels where jaded table-d'hôte's
Are gorged with dubious and dyspeptic fare,
Where rich men flaunt their millions and their motors,
And rich men's wives the newest shades of hair;
Not to some spa where invalids are carried off
Daily to bathe in evil-smelling ooze,
Where coy young things of thirty-five get married off
To nervous widowers that daren't refuse.

Mine be to bask in some secluded village,
Some murmurous haunt of not too hungry flies,
Far from the shamelessly persistent pillage
Of fashionable caravanserais;
Some moorland homestead girt with purple distances,
Or Kentish farm deep bowered in orchard rows;
Some fishing town the means of whose subsistence is
Plain, but not too apparent, to the nose.

There let me live a life of peace and quiet,
Screened from the turmoil that my spirit loathes,
Taking a large but inexpensive diet,
And wearing out my oldest set of clothes;
There let me gaze enraptured on the scenery,
Breathe the fine air and sniff the loud ozone,
Or roam through lanes high walled with tender greenery,
Soaked in divine contentment to the bone.

Fresh air, fresh scenes, fresh solitude to banish
Black cares that irk the town-distracted soul;
With warbling birds, and timid beasts that vanish,
Long ere you see them, down a neighbouring hole.
These would I seek. But man's a poor dull camel, he
Still bears a load he cannot put away,
And so I've got to take my wife and family
To spend a pleasant fortnight at Herne Bay. ALGOL.

The Decadence of Scotch Humour.

"PARTIES wanted, with capital, to join practical man in the making of low yarns in the South of Scotland."—*Scotsman*.



BUBBLES.

"I SAY, GIRLS, LOOK AT CISSY! ISN'T SHE GETTING ON SPLENDIDLY?"

GOLF À LA RusSE.

THE first Russian golf club was opened on August 15, the links being situated on the Kolomyagi race-course about three miles north of St. Petersburg. We understand that natural and political exigencies have necessitated a slight revision of the rules of the Royal and Ancient game, as embodied in the following addenda:—

1. Membership shall be confined to the Order of St. Andrew the First-called, who is by Imperial ukase appointed Patron of the Club.

2. The Constitutional Democratic Party (alias the "K.D.'s"), headed by Professor MILUKOFF, being now relieved of their labours in the Duma, shall serve as "caddies." [Their Russian nickname approximates almost exactly to the Scottish term, and was bestowed upon them in anticipation of their sole useful function in the future.]

3. "Colonel BOGIE," on the score of being a Terrorist, shall be debarred

from all play on the links, and, if discovered, shall be given his passports and deported back to England by the club Ispravnik.

4. Should a grand-ducal match be in progress, a state of "extraordinary protection" of the course shall be declared, every bunker being personally searched for *nyeblogonadyozhniye* (or 'politically untrustworthy') persons by General TREPOFF and M. STOLYPIN.

5. Every hole shall be guarded by a Cossack, and a sotnia held in readiness at Pargalovo, three versts away, in case of a pogrom among the players or K.D.'s.

6. A bomb between a ball and the hole shall count as a stimie, and, if at the bottom of the hole, shall entail the loss of the same to the player whose ball first comes in contact with it.

7. Not more than three players with their K.D.'s shall assemble at any one hole, "foursomes" being prohibited. The course shall be covered on the *étape* system, by signal from the Cossack at the next hole in front.

8. K.D.'s shall not presume to give advice to the players, thus overstepping the limits of the Imperial Manifesto of October, 1905.

9. If, during the winter season, a K.D. be lost in the snow, another may be taken up by the scruff of the neck and dropped behind the player's back, life being cheap in Russia.

10. A list of expletives shall be authorised and issued by the Censor. Any infringement by a player other than an Actual Privy Councillor or M. POBEDONOSTSEFF (late Procurator of the Holy Synod) shall be punished by administrative exile to Siberia.

11. For the word "Fore!" shall be substituted the Russian term "Seitchas!" (directly!) meaning that in an hour or so, according to the national connotation, a ball will be coming along.

12. Any disputes between the players shall be referred to the Hague Conference, in order that the latter body may justify its existence. ZIG-ZAG.

THE READING OF THE POEM.

(From the Peasqueak Papers.)

I AM not likely soon to forget that night.

The room was one of the most charming in England, looking out on the geranium beds with their borders of blue lobelias and bright and vivid calceolarias; at the beautiful rustic seats and the closely-shaven lawn, and the white croquet hoops and gaily-coloured posts which testified to our host's occasional descents from the realms of poesy in which he normally dwelt to such mundane trivialities as games of ball.

The room within was in perfect keeping with this garden paradise. It was long and large, with wide mahogany seats in the four deep windows, ancient mahogany chairs and great bookcases filled with the best books; dark pier tables, a centre table and a mirror over the ample fireplace—all of good English make and solidity. There were geraniums in the window boxes, other and choicer books on the table; while an air of quiet refinement and the very essence of cultured homeness, if I may coin a word, pervaded all. This is the meagre outline of a room which, having once sat within, you would wish never to see changed, in which many pure and noble men and women have loved to commune with high thoughts.

I have not said where it was; but it was in the retired London suburb of Anerley that ERASMUS BOME had chosen to dwell, rejecting with that wise deliberateness that was always one of his characteristics more fashionable or secluded spots. His house was in the Fairmead Road, No. 8, but like all houses in those parts it had its own name as well as number, and was known as Farringford, out of honour to the great poet of "In Memoriam," which my friend could never mention without tears.

The night to which I refer was many years ago, and I had been asked to make one of a privileged little group of BOME's friends who were to listen to the poet's reading of his new work just completed in MS. "The World at once so Great and Small," as he had called it, in the rotund way which was characteristic of him. I will not name all who were there, but among them was one whose youthful fame and genius were the pride of all—HARRIET PICKARD (now Mrs. CANDY), the author of numberless stories for the young, and also Dr. CRIMLEIGH, the historian of Surbiton, whose work is considered by good judges to be an unsurpassed contribution to topography. I can see him now with his mild old face and gold spectacles as he checked off the rhymes with his lifted forefinger. Pretty BELLA BLENCHES, afterwards a pupil of Madame SCHUMANN, was there too, and I remember how beautifully she rendered a *morceau* now and then during the evening. She is now Mrs. LIDBETTER, and is still charming.

I wish I could remember exactly what was said by that critical circle; for there were some quick and brilliant minds and some pungent powers of appreciation there. The younger ones, many of them young ladies of Anerley, had all felt the moulding force of some very original and potential educators; and all had read not only LONGFELLOW but EMERSON and RUSKIN. Of living teachers, probably no one, after the poet himself, had come more intimately and effectually into formative relations with them than Dr. WILSON CAMPBELL, the great antagonist of HUXLEY.

I wish I could remember what they said; but all that has passed away. I think somebody objected to the length of the title, which the poet admitted to be a fault, but said something of wishing to get the idea of the unity of the world into it as the main idea of the work. I only recall the enthusiastic delight with which canto after canto was received, and BOME's raising himself to his full height at the conclusion and standing over us, as it were, with his

hand slipped into his coat, a characteristic attitude, and with a commanding toss of his head as he said, with a break in his voice, "Well, friends all, it can't be so good as you say. There must be *some* faults in it." But we assured him again that there were none. I have seen something of human pomp and happiness (as any man must who has been three times a Mayor), but I never saw any to equal BOME's.

For some reason or other the poem was never published; and of the friends who met there who is left to-day? Mrs. CANDY, Mrs. LIDBETTER and myself are all I know for certain to be alive. Poor BOME died of pneumonia two years ago at Ilkley; Dr. CRIMLEIGH was knocked down by a pantechinor van in Oxford Street; and dear Mrs. BOME had to be put under restraint in 1902.

TO A SEAGULL.

O SEAGULL, you are harsh of song :—
Your voice is very striking, very clear,
But it is not the thing a cultured ear
Could listen to for long.

I cannot call you mild, or meek :—
These corpses, cast like seaweed on the shore,
Bear grisly evidence of civil war,
And fratricidal beak.

You do but mock us in the dish :—
Even the heartiest gorge must needs recoil
At fibres redolent of brine and oil :
Besides, you smell of fish.

Dear is the soft caressing dove ;
And passing dear the long, uxorious wail
In woodlands of the mellow nightingale ;
Yet, dearly tho' I love

These, and the palatable snipe,
I hold your matchless plumage dearer still,
In its equipment of the perfect quill
For cleaning out one's pipe.

DUM-DUM.

Leaving Nothing to Chance.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards us a railway ticket available, on the day of issue only, between West Kensington and St. John's Wood Road (change at Gloucester Road and Baker Street). The following notice is printed on the back :—

"This through Ticket is issued subject to the conditions and regulations . . . of the respective Companies and Proprietors on whose Railways, Coaches, or Steamboats it is available, and the holder, by accepting it, agrees that the respective Companies and Proprietors are not to be liable for any loss, damage, injury, delay, or detention, caused or arising off their respective Railways, Coaches or Steamboats."

The Declining Birth Rate.

Two consecutive paragraphs in *The Lichfield Mercury* run as follows :

"The Bishop of LICHFIELD will conduct the baptismal service at St. Chad's Church next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

"To READERS.—You will assist *The Mercury* and the district generally by patronising our advertisers whenever possible."

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

"WILL clergyman for £1 monthly receive BACKWARD BOY into his house to coach?"—*Church Times*.

"A LADY wishes to place her HOUSE DOG in family as paying guest; 8s. the week."—*Ibid*.



HELPING THE YOUNG IDEA.

SHAH. "I WAS THINKING OF GETTING ONE OF THOSE THINGS FOR MY PEOPLE."
CZAR. "MY DEAR FELLOW, TAKE *THIS* ONE. (*Aside*) I'M GETTING ANOTHER SORT, THAT ONLY GOES BACKWARD."
[It is announced that the SHAH threatens to give Persia a constitution.]



THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

["Two German professors have solved the mystery of how to live on nothing a year. They are at present leading an exceedingly simple existence in Kabakon, a small island in the South Seas, where their food consists only of cocoanuts, their clothes of loin cloths of cocoa-nut fibre, and their amusement of sitting in the sea reading."—*Daily Express*.]

I HATED the strenuous town,
I shied at the sight of blue forms,
I longed to escape
From the land of red tape
And a chief who is given to storms;
I wished to grow ruddy and brown,
I sighed to become picturesque;
I'd visions in plenty
Of sweet *far niente*,
Far, far from the tyrannous desk.

Yet visions like these were in vain :
Dame Fortune proved ever severe,
And she bade me quill-drive
From eleven to five
For a pitiful pittance a year.
It seemed to me painfully plain
That Poverty made it my fate
To sit like the Peri,
Heart-broken and weary,
Outside the delectable gate.

For DIVES alone (fancied I)
Could afford—lucky beggar!—to slack,
And list to the breeze
Sighing soft through the trees
As he lay at full length on his back.
For DIVES alone was the sky
Mirrored blue in the blue summer sea—
Alas! the rare pleasure
Of infinite leisure
Could never be tasted by me.

But when the dark cloud of despair
Had plunged all my soul in black night,
On a sudden came news
That disposed of my blues,
As the sun puts the darkness to flight.
I heard of a spot passing fair
Where nature wears ever a smile,
Where palms wave above you,
And money—Lord love you!
There's none in this Fortunate Isle.

Till you're hot you may lie i' the sun,
You may sit in the sea till you're cool,
And you promptly forget
That you ever have met
Such a thing as a desk or a stool.
Official reports there are none;
Dull minutes no longer exist
To worry and bore you,
Though years stretch before you
In which you may do as you list.

The prospect of hunger or thirst
Need never occasion a qualm :
Are you anxious to feed,
You will find all you need
In a neighbouring cocoa-nut palm.
Fruit, luscious and ready to burst,



VESTED INTERESTS.

Mrs. Goldstein. "Isn't THAT A CUSTOMER OF OURS, ISAAC? HE DOESN'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF US."

Mr. Goldstein (outfitter). "YES, HE'S A CUSTOMER ALL RIGHT, BUT HE NEVER PAYS. STILL, HE MIGHT HAVE RAISED HIS HAT TO ME."

Falls temptingly into your mouth,
While a few minutes' plaiting
Of cocoa-nut matting
Suffices for dress in the South.

Suppose you are tempted to wed;
You size up your feminine chums,
And you simply decide
Which you want as a bride,
And you say to her, "Come!" and
she comes.
Of settlements nothing is said;
No relatives make a to-do
And ask whence the tin comes,

For there are no incomes
Where no one possesses a sou.

So, strenuous London, good-bye!
No more will I fill up blue forms
Or cringe at the nod
Of a little tin god
Who is prone (as I mentioned) to
storms.
The hour of salvation is nigh,
The days of my slavery gone.
Farewell, toil and sorrow!
I'm starting to-morrow
For freedom and fair Kabakon!

CHARIVARIA.

WE have not had long to wait for an object lesson showing the danger of Parliamentary recesses. Scarcely had the House risen when an Ethiopian was sent to prison at Durban merely for preaching sedition. Mr. BYLES, M.P., would have had something to say about that.

We are in a position to deny the silly rumour that Mr. HALDANE, if he attends the German manœuvres, will wear the coquettish uniform of a Lancer.

The War Stores Report is still being discussed, and the War Office is blamed for not having made preparations for the "winding up" of the War. To this the War Office retorts by asking how was it to know that the War would ever be ended.

According to *Reuter*, one of the SULTAN's palace doctors, who has relieved HIS MAJESTY of much pain, has been promoted to the rank of General by the grateful monarch, and now there is scarce a dentist in Constantinople who does not hope one day to be an Admiral.

A letter, which bore the vague inscription: "Corner house—two stone dogs in front—Clacton," has been delivered by the postal authorities at a house with two stone dogs in front at Clacton. Talk about *Sherlock Holmes*!

So many people are of the opinion that solicitors are grasping that we think it unfortunate that Sir GEORGE LEWIS, in reply to a query from *The Daily Mail* on the subject of sleep, should have said that he thought eight hours sufficient, but that he took nine.

Commercial morality does not seem to improve. What are we to think of a firm which is boldly advertising "Boned" chicken for sale?

Apparently *The Jungle* is not to be the only novel on the subject of the Potted Meat Scandals. We notice that a firm of publishers have just brought out a book entitled *The Poison of Tongues*.

Tenby has decided to look after its bathers. "The Town Council," we read, "has agreed that in future all male bathers shall be attired in a University costume." Anything, we suppose, is better than dulness, and the spectacle of bathers in cap and gown should certainly prove an additional attraction.

We would draw the attention of those persons who hold that otter-hunting is

not cruel to the fact that last week an M.O.H. received a nasty bite from one of these beasts.

The Dogs' Home at Battersea is to be enlarged. When rebuilt it will be able to house dachshunds of any reasonable length.

Meanwhile we have nothing in London to rival the magnificent *Curhaus* which is a feature of so many continental towns.

"There is no doubt," says *The Industrial Motor Review*, "that there is a large field open in Persia for motor vehicles." The idea is an admirable one, and it seems strange that in England we should hitherto have confined motor vehicles to the roads (and ditches) when there must be quite a number of "large fields" available.

A gentleman writes to a contemporary to complain of the harsh treatment meted out to "luggage in advance" by the average porter. It is only fair to one firm of carriers to state that it puts the public on its guard. The poster issued by them as an advertisement of the new system depicts a devil carrying a portmanteau.

Mr. HALL CAINE, we hear, has been greatly interested in the discussion which has been raging in the columns of *The Express*: "Are we becoming less religious?" Mr. CAINE's experience is that we are. He fancies he does not meet with the same amount of reverence that used to be shown him.

We try to believe everything we read in the newspapers, but sometimes we find it difficult. For instance *The Cardiff Evening Express*, in describing a policeman's encounter with a prisoner the other day, said, "His trousers gave way, and after struggling half-an-hour they became exhausted."

THE PARTING GUEST.

How to speed the parting guest is, and has long been, one of the most puzzling problems to those who live in the country; and it recurs in its acutest form every Monday morning. The genius who would hit on the perfect way, ensuring a rapid and successful departure without any loss of affection for the host and hostess, or even suspicion that they were interested in this acceleration or had any wish in the world but that the guest should stay on for ever—that genius would deserve a monument of gold. In default, however, of the ideal solution, certain suggestions

have from time to time been made, some crude enough may be, but all well-intended; as, for example, that on the Sunday night the bedroom should be filled with *Bradshaws*, one even being slipped negligently into the bed itself; or that on saying good-night the visitor should be reminded that he would be called early to make sure of his train. These are good ways, but an even better is the Railway Hint Card, invented by Messrs. DE SPATCH, the stationers, copies of which have been sent to us, and one of which we reproduce:

TRAINS LEAVE FOR LONDON.

A.M.	P.M.
6.35	2.01
*8.40	3.36
†10.24	5.14
‡11.55	7.30

* Highly recommended.

† Recommended.

‡ Good sound train.

These cards, if plentifully hung about the house on Sundays, or placed in the visitors' plates and on their looking-glasses and so forth, are guaranteed tactfully and quietly to have the desired effect.

A CONVERSATIONAL QUESTION

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing that you are always ready to help those in trouble I am venturing to write for your advice in a matter of some importance to myself. The facts briefly are these.

About a year ago I had dinner at my Club with a man whom I will call SMITH. In the smoking-room afterwards SMITH introduced me to a friend of his, and we all had a few words together. I shall speak of the friend as JONES, but I would have you know, Mr. Punch, that this name conceals the identity of a man of some eminence, and a man old enough to be—at any rate my uncle. Indeed I gather from *Who's Who* that with ordinary luck he might well have been my father.

After the introduction SMITH went back to the country, and, but for an occasional visit to town, there he remains. JONES and I, however, are stuck in London—fellow-members of a Club which we use daily. I need hardly say that at least once a day we come across each other. It is because of this, Mr. Punch, that I am writing to you.

JONES, as I have said, is a man of years, position and dignity; I am young, and unknown to anybody save the third waiter on the left as you go into the dining-room. JONES' particular subject is SCHOPENHAUER; mine is Cricket (and in passing, I may say that it is a certainty for Kent).

Politeness demands that we should



Cyclist. "WHY CAN'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?"

Motorist. "HOW THE DICKENS COULD I WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW!"

say something when we meet, and of course I am quite ready to suit my conversation to his. If he really wants to talk about SCHOPENHAUER, I am willing; but somehow I feel that the inquiry, "How's SCHOP?" coming from a man so much younger than himself, would not be altogether satisfactory. My own subject, County Cricket, would be of little interest to him; so that there remains only the weather and—

Yes, Mr. Punch, you have guessed it. Our mutual friend SMITH.

Reasoning, doubtless, on different lines we have arrived at the same conclusion. Let me give you what used to be our daily dialogue.

SCENE—Any of the Club rooms.

Jones } (meeting suddenly). Hallo!
Myself }
A pause, while we think hard of what
to say next. Then
Jones } (in unison). Seen SMITH
Myself } lately?

Jones } (together but in { Not lately.
Myself } harmony). { Not for ages.
Another long pause. Then
Jones (on Mondays, Wednesdays, and
Fridays). Well, I must be getting on.
(On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Satur-
days the remark is mine.)

Scene closes.

Now that, Mr. Punch, is what has been going on for weeks, and I ask you, is it worthy of either of us? Personally, I am sick of it, and about a month ago I determined to try something else. Accordingly, after the preliminary "Hallos," I said:

Myself. How lucky! I particularly wanted to see you.

He (striking an attitude of resigned attention). Yes?

Myself. Yes. I wanted to ask you—now, let's see, what was it?

He (confound him!). Anything about SMITH?

Myself (weakly giving in). Er—yes. Er—how is he?

He. I haven't seen him lately.

Myself. Oh, thanks. Good bye.

Since then I have tried to avoid him, and he, I am sure, has tried to avoid me. But it is all useless. Every day the same thing happens. Now, dear Mr. Punch, can you help me? I don't think I am naturally a fool. I can talk to men of my own age, and to children, and to ladies (if they are nice to me) with more or less success; but in the presence of JONES, who is old enough to be my uncle, and who knows SCHOPENHAUER intimately, I am tongue-tied.

Good-bye. Kent is absolutely—oh, but I told you that before.

Ever, Mr. Punch, your devoted friend,

RICHARD.

P.S.—Of course, next time, I might pretend to be dumb, and tap my mouth significantly; only he would probably turn out to know the deaf-and-dumb language quite well. Still it would be a change.

OPERATIC PROJECTS.

No more striking evidence of the advance of musical culture in our midst is to be found than in the prodigious activity now observed in operatic circles. Formerly, opera was an appanage of the aristocracy. It is already within the reach of the middle classes, and bids fair ere long to become the special pastime of the million. To descend, however, from generalities to the test of the concrete instance, we may note, first of all, the remarkable scheme in connection with which Commodore GILLOWSON, the famous *impresario*, is now on a visit to London. Commodore GILLOWSON, as we need hardly remind our readers, is the son of the equally famous *impresario*, Admiral GILLOWSON, who, beginning as a humble performer on the *tromba marina* in the orchestra at Covent Garden, achieved a celebrity which gained for him the rank of Honorary Admiral in the Chilian Navy.

Commodore GILLOWSON, with whom we recently had the pleasure of an interview on board his turbine yacht *Desdemona*, at present anchored off Gravesend, informs us that, backed by a Chilian Syndicate, he has come over for the express purpose of acquiring the Stolliseum, Olympia, the Hippodrome and the Crystal Palace, with a view of converting them into grand national opera houses, to be open night and day all the year round. Should his offer, which is on the most liberal scale, be accepted, it is his intention to run opera on lines of unexampled and sultanic splendour, and to present, in addition to the standard works, several new lyric masterpieces never yet performed in London. Thus at the Stolliseum, which has a revolving stage, he proposes to lead off with a new Chilian revolutionary opera in which quick-firing guns, howitzers, bombs, and other specimens of modern ordnance will be freely employed. It is part of Commodore GILLOWSON's scheme to convert the roof of the Stolliseum into an open-air amphitheatre where the audience could repair between the acts and witness games of football, lacrosse, baseball, pelota, and (in the winter) water polo.

The Hippodrome, according to the scheme, would be devoted chiefly to equestrian and aquatic opera, the repertory including such pieces as the *Postillon de Longjumeau*, the *Cheval de Bronze*, the *Flying Dutchman*, *Rheingold*, &c. MARCELINE, we are glad to hear, has provisionally undertaken to play the rôle of his namesake in BEETHOVEN'S *Fidelio*, and Mr. OTTO TWIGG will, of course, conduct the performances of the Ring. Realism being the essence of

Commodore GILLOWSON's system, he guarantees that every Rhine daughter shall be a first-rate *diva*, and that every tenor must at least have held a commission in the *Cavalleria Rusticana* or yeomanry. It is also his intention to convert the roof of the Hippodrome into a kitchen garden, where the audience would be able to repair between the acts, and vegetarian suppers would be served after the opera.

The contemplated performances at the Crystal Palace will be on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of that imposing edifice, while at the same time they will be adapted to the æsthetic equipment of a suburban audience. In fair weather they will be given out of doors, and as the artists will all be furnished with megaphones it is expected that audiences of from 20,000 to 50,000 will be able to enjoy the representations. Commissions have already been given to several eminent composers to write operas in which there will be special opportunities for those pyrotechnic displays for which the Sydenham glass-house has always been famous. Thus Signor LEONCAVALLO is hard at work on a monumental trilogy entitled "*The Eruption of Vesuvius*," for which the libretto has been supplied by Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, with lyrics by Mr. ADRIAN ROSS. Another work which arouses the liveliest expectation is "*The Light of Other Days*," words and music by KENSAL VERDI, a transparent pseudonym which veils without concealing the engaging personality of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON. We may add that it is part of Commodore GILLOWSON's scheme to lend a rotary motion to both the North and the South Towers by turbine engines in order to promote the comfort of spectators, and to associate Mr. W. G. GRACE with Madame WAGNER in the training of the principal singers.

Finally there remains Olympia. Here Commodore GILLOWSON hopes, by securing the services of General SHOOLBREDSON and Colonel WARINGTON as joint and alternate conductors, to achieve results in the way of operatic realism which will, in his picturesque phrase, "electrify Addison Road and petrify West Kensington." The Commodore has recently been elected President of the Patagonian Philharmonic Society, and in that capacity is enabled to secure an unlimited supply of indutered Patagonian vocalists. The Patagonians are notorious for the extraordinary strength and beauty of their voices as well as their prodigious stature and luxuriant chevelure. They sing only in their native tongue, which greatly adds to the attractiveness of their performance. The orchestra will be composed exclusively of Russians, with the exception of Lord DYSART, who

will occasionally assist on the pianola. It is part of Commodore GILLOWSON's scheme to convert the roof of Olympia into an artificial lake (by draining the Round Pond and pumping the water obtained therefrom through celluloid pipettes), where the audience could repair in summer between the Acts and disport themselves in University bathing costume to the accompaniment of ocarinas, mangostines, and mirlitons.

This colossal enterprise, into which the Commodore has thrown himself with hereditary and volcanic energy, has naturally aroused great excitement in musical circles. Mr. CHARLES MANNERS, who has been interviewed on the subject, sums up the situation in a few pithy and luminous sentences. "If," he remarks, "Commodore GILLOWSON's syndicate is really in earnest about buying Olympia, the Crystal Palace, the Hippodrome, the Stolliseum, and the Round Pond, it seems to me that precautionary measures should be taken to ascertain what public support would be likely to be forthcoming. At any rate I should advise the utmost caution before embarking upon a project which, as experience has shown, is dreadfully dangerous in England. If it is hard to secure patronage for opera in the vernacular, *à fortiori* will it be an arduous task to inculcate a taste for Patagonian in the cultured purlieus of Addison Road. Be that as it may be, I wish the syndicate every success, only adding the needful warning—Look out for squalls!"

HINTS TO BATHERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that the bathing season is at its height, perhaps a few practical hints will not be unwelcome to your readers.

Never bathe between meals. Never take fright when seized with cramp. Keep perfectly calm and leave the water without delay. Never, when actually drowning, decline the assistance of a boatman on account of his extortionate charges. No doubt he places an undue value on your life, but it is well to sink one's diffidence in the matter and accept his estimate, especially as the subject is open to further discussion on shore.

Unnecessary loss of life, however, is small compared with the daily sacrifice of self-respect on the part of grave and substantial persons whose deportment in their land clothes is beyond reproach. To such I would say in all earnestness—Don't bob about in the water, alternately sitting down on small waves and dabbling the top of the head.

Refrain also from repulsive distortion of the features after unexpected immersion by a passing wave. Rise from the shingle with dignity and cultivate a

calm sweet smile which will retain its position in salt water.

Finally, I would warn bathers against the fatal mistake of making acquaintances in the water, for there is no better concealment of caste than a bathing costume. What is there, for example, to show that the weird object on whom you heap contumely, because in blindly diving through a wave you brought your head up sharp against his *embonpoint*, is the possessor of a stately title; or, on the other hand, that the graceful young Adonis whom you compliment for gallantly swimming after your daughter's water-wings is an assistant at a Bayswater hosier's?

Yours very truly,
FOREWARNED.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A NUMBER of streets in Birkenhead have been named after prominent contemporary politicians. The idea is a good one, and might well be introduced into London. There would be no need to change the names of existing streets or neighbourhoods, however, as these could with little effort be adapted. Nor need the idea be confined to political names—golfers, motorists, cricketers, artists and even journalists might easily be included. Thus:—

Marble Archie Maclaren.
Ray Lankester Gate.
Harold Coxspur Street.
Moberley Belgrave Square.
S. F. Edgeware Road.
Knoxford Circus.
Granthampstead Heath.
Kentish Townshend.
Leicester Harmsworth Square.
Lansdowning Street.
John Gunnersbury.
Willie Richmond Park.
Gorell Barnes Common.
The Egerton and Castle.
King's Bench Walkley.
Constitution Hilton.
John Ball's Pond.

Browning on the Road.

ROUND the bend of a sudden came Z 1 3,
And I shot into his front wheel's rim;
And straight was a fine of gold for him,
And the need of a brand-new bike for me.

Virtue its own Reward.

"LOST—A lady's purse containing jewellery and cash. Finder will be rewarded by returning to *Daily News*."
—*Nelson Daily News*.

Commercial Forethought.

NOTICE in a shop window:
"Orders and Complaints received here."



SCENE—Railway Refreshment Room. Thermometer 90° in the shade.

Waiter (to traveller, taking tea). "BEG PARDON, SIR, I SHOULDN'T RECOMMEND THAT MILK, SIR; LEASTWAYS NOT FOR DRINKING PURPOSES."

"THE police were at once summoned and it was determined by experts that the robbery must have taken place between 8 A.M. and 9 A.M., because at 8 o'clock the case was observed to be in its ordinary condition."
—*Morning Leader*.

Mr. Punch respectfully lifts his hat in the presence of Greatness.

"WANTED at once, Uncertificated Assistant Master. Salary £65, rising by £3 per annum to £75."—*Schoolmaster*.

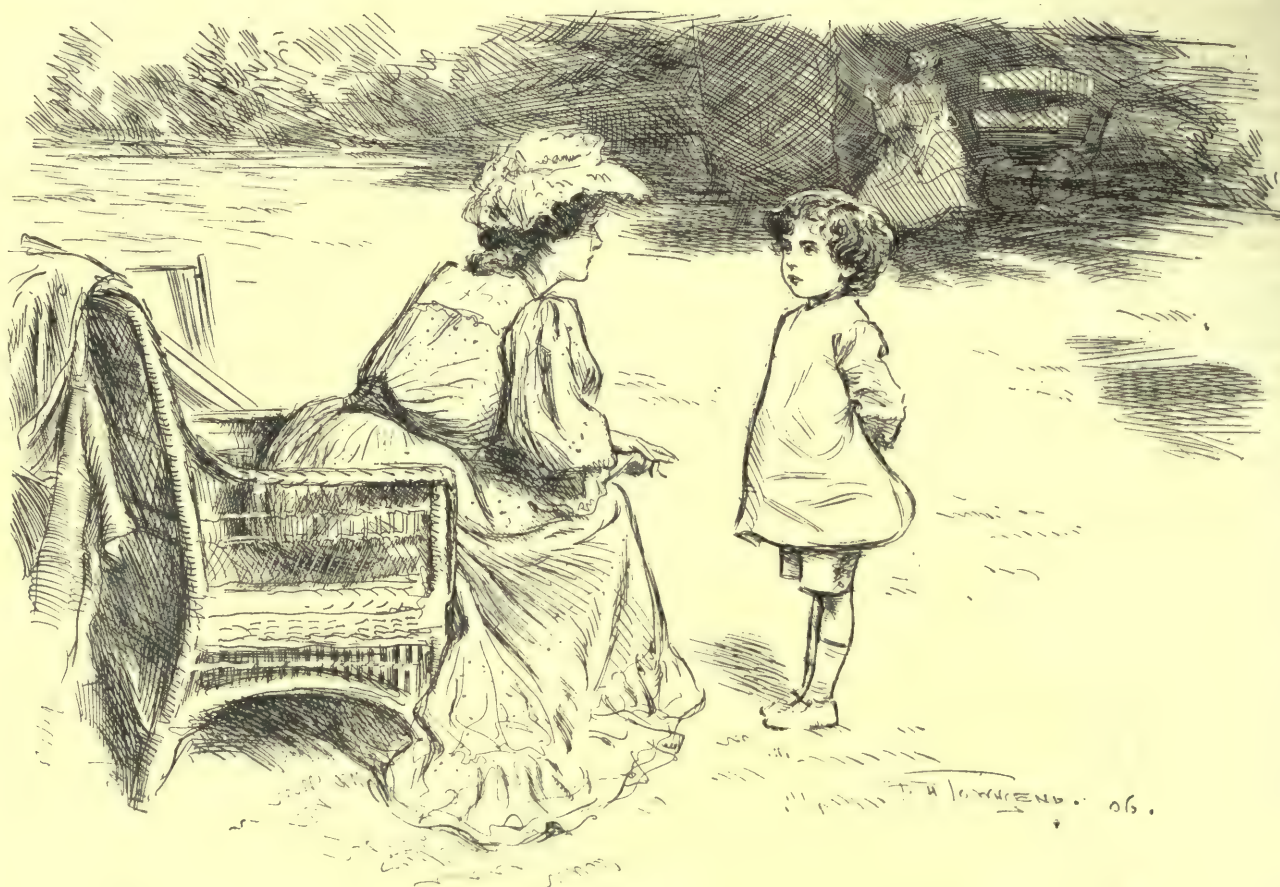
BUT surely somebody connected with the school should have a certificate in Arithmetic. The advertiser seems to have missed it.

"MAHOGANY CUPBOARD for Sale which once belonged to an aunt of JAMES WATT."
—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.

Mahogany cupboards of aunts of great men all remind us we must make our lives sublime.

ACCORDING to *The British Weekly*, "In Chicago loaves of bread must bear the weight and the name of the baker." Why not his height and girth measurement too?

MOTTO FOR LAND-GRABBERS.—"Seize, Entrenchment, and Re-farm."



Visitor. "WELL, HAROLD, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?"

Harold. "OH, I'M GOING TO BE A SAILOR; BUT BABY'S ONLY GOING TO BE JUST AN ORDINARY FATHER."

THE DISTRICT RAILWAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by the Chairman's statement that the District Railway Company are about to raise their fares. And not a moment too soon. I have often thought their first-class rates—a paltry $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $2d.$ per mile—to be absurdly reasonable. Take, for instance, the $10d.$ trip from Putney to the Temple. Why, the mere transit is alone worth the money, without the liberal perquisites which are thrown in. Thus, while other railways take you straight ahead in as direct a line as they can (with the beggarly idea of economising their motive power) the District Railway not only curls about like a sea serpent, but swings you from side to side with so reckless a generosity that you cover about 50 per cent. more ground than was in the bond.

Then, again, there are its hygienic virtues, regarded as a body-shaker. No liver can get in at Putney and remain sluggish beyond Walham Green. Or have you nerves that need gentle excitation? Then you may save the expense of one of those D.V. Vibrators and be jostled till you quiver like a jelly without paying the smallest *supplément*.

Have you a taste for luxury of posture? Here you may learn the asceticism of Assisi: grinding your ribs against the knife-like edge of a window ledge; jerked this way and that over the low hip-racks on the side seats; bashing in your hat-brim against a bare wooden wall if for a moment you deflect backwards from the perpendicular. And all gratis. No extra fees in this seminary for fakirs.

Are you purse-proud and exclusive? Here you will learn that all men of whatever class are equal in the sight of

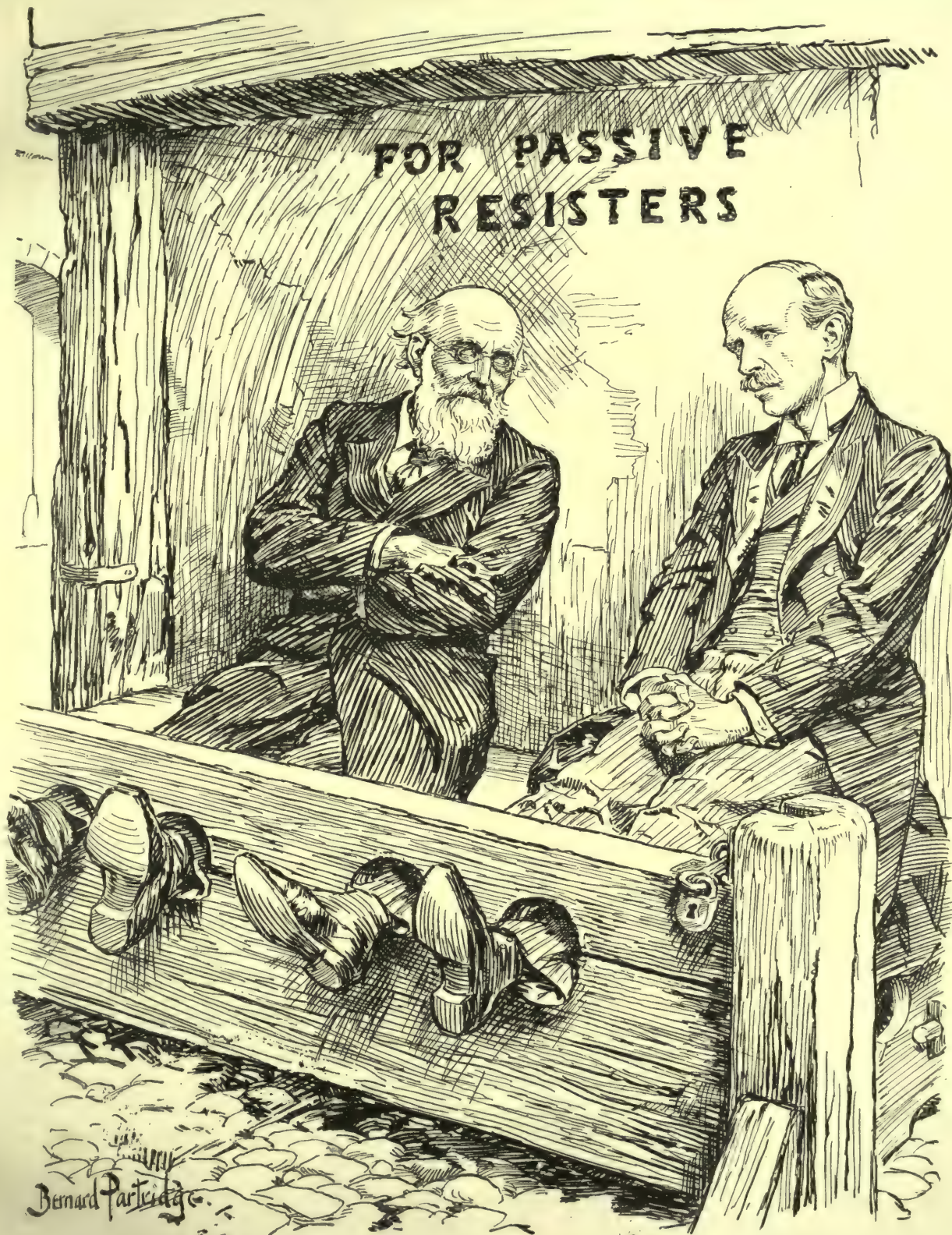
the conductor. As Pippa would say, *en passant*, "There is no first nor third." You will habituate yourself to the discipline of rubbing elbows, or even noses, with the proletariat in the long intervals when the rare inspector—that new and brilliant innovation—is elsewhere engaged. The moral gain is inestimable. There is no charge for it.

I cannot say how glad I was to read the Chairman's statement that "They were now practically at the end of their arduous task, and were looking forward to entering at an early date on the fruits and rewards of the great efforts they had made." I had so feared that, after getting the trains to run at all, and having developed the "hypæthral" type of railway station by the removal of a few glass roofs, they might still have entertained a divine discontent, a passionate desire to go on to further achievement—to convert, for instance, their present rattling-stock into vehicles approximately fitting the lines on which they are expected to run; to provide a modicum of human comfort for the passenger; to confine their first-class compartments to those who have paid for the right to use them. I rejoice to think that they propose to do no such thing; that the moral and physical advantages which I have above enumerated are still to be the possession of the travelling public.

If only Sir GEORGE GIBB had had a free hand from the first, things might have been otherwise; but he has arrived too late to do more than mitigate our glorious privileges.

Yes, Sir, I am glad to know that the Company "are now practically at the end of their arduous task," and that an immediate increase of fares is to be the coping-stone of their toil.

Yours enthusiastically, A PUTNEY TEMPLAR.



EXTREMISTS MEET.

DR. CLIFFORD (to the new arrival, LORD HUGH CECIL). "THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE, HAVING YOU HERE TO KEEP ME COMPANY!"

[In a letter to *The Times*, on the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the West Riding case, Lord Hugh Cecil recommends that Churchmen should join the Passive Resisters. "The only resource," he writes, "is to imitate their methods. So we shall be again on equal terms."]



THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTY-THIRD FRAGMENT.

1. When Édwâd the king, the lord of Bōnommi,
2. the Djoligud-phellar, who is wafted about upon

3. golden opinions, making friends for us all

4. in unpromising places, the *sūthar-ovnéshanz* inclined

5. to be *shirtih*, the *mékr-uvritiz*,

6. having packed his *pohrt-mantoz* and

7. steamed in his gilded unsightly conveyance

8. (*Vikht-oriyaan-albât*) away from his own

9. territorial waters, . . . proceeded to take for a change

10. someone else's,—the *min'ral-marīyenbad*

11. queller of ailments that all flesh is *értu*,

12. *Matyut-tainal-inokshuz*

13. (all this has got nothing on earth, I may mention, to do with the matters described by the Scribe in this curious Tablet—it's simply a *jentul-preliminrikantar*, a sort of pre-amble,—I really can't help it. *Aimorf-ulis-orih*.)—

14. In the land he ruled over, the land of

15. the 'Ariz, the Makhs, and the Tâfiz,

16. and also the Murfiz; of Djorj-bernad-Sháh,

17. and of Mahrik-orélih, Makhs-birbom and

18. Báutchá, of Uinstan, Khir-hádi, Dokhtak-lifad, the

19. Sessilz, . . . did he leave some

20. *rumpipul* . . . the Bit-kranki, the Bit-krakki, the

21. Bit-squimish, the Rummibeggaz, the Chivvikúbeliks, the Propigtéls, the

22. Skérmungaz, the Ortogr-afuntaz, the Rottaz, the Siliyidyats,

23. the Batzin-thebelfrih, the Bīzin-therb-onnitz;

24. but a long way the *rummyist* that ever

25. *sord-élaít* were the Suffrij-dimandaz, the *lédizin-panzneh*,

26. the climbers of railings, the *karyaz* of

27. *bannaz* with striking inscriptions, both fiery and plaintive,—

28. these *bannaz* would really be much more heart-rending

29. and legible also, they'd appeal more directly to *maskyul-insiniks*,

30. if *sometimes* these poor dear *fanatik-al-lédiz* could manage

31. to show them *not* hind-side before, with the top at the bottom!

32. (Somehow it's a fact that the brutalised vision

33. of tyrants in trousers won't work half as well

34. upside down,—we can't help it. It's really another

35. injustice to women!) . . . It's very distressing

36. to see these poor twentieth century Djudiths (in *ponji-*

37. silk *blousiz*) being gently but firmly removed from the

38. railings in *Kávend-ışhskuér* by a "brutal policeman"

39. when all they required was the head of "that Asquith"

40. set up on a pike as the *heduwa-trévr*.

41. One really *can not* look at all Djōnavarki

42. when carried about in a sitting position

43. —like so many stupid, ridiculous babies!—

44. in the arms of detestable, ugly policemen.

45. Addressed from this *rostrum* one's best *peroréshan*

46. would sound simply silly! Shah-lot-Kórdeh

47. was never so brutally treated! . . . "Put me down, Sir,

48. this instant! . . . 'Keep my hair on?'—How dare you!

49. All Britan shall ring with this outrage to-morrow!

50. —A-a-h! Your horrible buttons are hurting

51. my elbow!" The methadz-adoptid

52. by ledih-riformaz are strangely unlike

53. the akseptid-prosidyar; for instance, instead of

54. addressing a meeting they've called for the purpose

55. of airing their grievance, they address

56. some one else's,—and that just as he is attempting

57. to reason some totally different case altogether!

58. Right bang in the middle of lucid and eloquent epigrammatikh

59. enlightening sentences shedding a novel and lurid glow

60. over Celestial suffering helots with pigtels, come

61. shrilly discordant and wirdli-hysterikal, totally

62. malapropos interjections from up in the gallery.

63. They dangle a jiggling, ridiculous, slovenly, calico

64. standard, inscribed with a throbbing and passionate

65. legend,—inverted as usual!

66. Lor' bless you

67. it isn't the least use to tell them, for every

68. shoddy young "goddess" of discord is yelling—

69. falsetto, staccato, soprano, the faith that is

70. in her, the grievance that forced her to quit

71. all her friends and relations, take leave of

72. her senses, and get carted about like a

73. brown-paper parcel, and landed, a lattad-eh-

74. mahta, in prison. There she clings on with

75. frenzied tentacular fingers, absolutely

76. refusing to leave by the exit, until she is certain

77. reporters are present!

78. . . . The brutal officials, with muskovait meanness,

79. and dead to all feelings of mercy and pity,

80. insisted on shooting her out into freedom

81. when no one

82. was looking. E. T. R.

THE CURING OF SOCIETY.

Irgendeinbad, August.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Behold your BLANCHE living the simple life, while the Powers that be are doing a cure, though it seems to me that they only "change the place and keep the pain," as Dr. JOHNSON said—or was it KEATS? I always mix up those two writers, owing, I suppose, to their both being medical men. This place, like every other Kurort, would be immensely improved by the removal of all the invalids, especially those who are here for "errors of diet" (Harley Street, you know, for over-eating), with their early hours and general aggravation.

We who are not doing any sort of cure get through the days with the help of the Lustgarten, the Spaziergang, the Casino, and motor-trips into the country round. FRITZ HUMMEL, the waltz-man, who is here conducting his famous band, and is distinctly inclined to be a darling, helps us to *kill time* by *beating it* vigorously twice a day in the Lustgarten.

JOSIAH MULTIMILL *actually* wanted to join us here, if you ever heard of such a thing. *The idea!* No, indeed! This child's going to have her freedom at least till she's married,—and then she's going to have it too. I've a perfectly lovely way of managing him—and, mind you, my dear, it wants some doing, for I find he has a will of his own and keeps a temper seven feet high. Whenever he wants to do anything that it doesn't suit me he *should* do, I simply say calmly, "*It isn't done.*"

The BOSH TRESYLLYANS are here, but are almost useless for social purposes. WEE-WEE is suffering from cigarette-heart and motor-face, and is having the Spooheim treatment. She sits in a little cell and is played upon with white and green rays, and she has to keep silent for hours, and mustn't be contradicted. BOSH has nervous indy and golf-ankle, and is taking volcanic mud-baths.

Among the latest arrivals is the Duchess of CLACKMANNAN. The dear thing has been overdoing it simply *fearfully* for months with her miracle-play, her *roman-à-clef*, her charity-organisings in London, and her *exhaustive* articles on Tatting in *The Coronet*. (Did you see them? They were illustrated by big photo-gravure-plates, "Tatting by the Duchesses;" and I've heard that the Duchess of DUNSTABLE sent in such a *disgraceful* specimen-bit that they couldn't reproduce it.) STELLA CLACKMANNAN's cure is quite an arduous one. As well as having high-frequency electric brain-baths to curb her imagination, she has to lie rigid for hours in a bright violet light, and she must never *think* of anything that isn't *violet*. She has been followed here by that *ricky* Bullyon-Boundermer

woman, who has confided to me that she is feeling "completely run down" (the woman's in rude health, but thinks that bad form), and is doing "exactly the same cure as the dear Duchess."

FLUFFY MAINWARING has *not* gone yachting to Norway with her husband, after all. She is here, having the *Boschheim* treatment for bridge-brow. GIDDY ST. ADRIAN (who says he has *polo-knee* and has come for the *Schierkidding* treatment) is about with her as constantly as he used to be in London. Meeting them both at the Casino last night, I said, "Why, FLUFFY, I thought it was part of your cure to go to bye-bye with the birds? What price your bridge-brow, my dear?" "Oh, rats!" said FLUFFY. "Quite a different set of facial muscles are used at baccarat!"

I beg to inform you that Prince GALOSHKIN is *charmant, comme il y en a peu*. We were introduced at Ascot last year, but I've never met him since till now. He occupies an entire wing of the Schloss-Gasthof, and has quite a fleet of motor-cars with him. He says he is wandering about "till the troubles in his unhappy country shall be suppressed." He talks quite beautifully of what he would do to stamp out discontent, and "put the lower classes in their proper place, once for all." Oh, it *does* seem a shame that such a man as Prince GALOSHKIN should be kept away from his castles and estates by the rotten conduct of peasants and students and mujiks, with their risings and Dumas and things!

His English is excellent, not exactly broken, only a bit *chipped*, and, as I told him yesterday, he is *almost* as well versed in the literature of my country as I am myself. He was so pleased. He is quite a philosopher, though not of the same kind as I *used* to think NORTON VAVASSOR;—NORTY's views of life are much more *mellow*—I don't say they're quite so *piquant*.

FLUFFY was saying to-day that the Galoshkin jewels are about the finest in Europe. I wonder—I wonder—was I precipitate in saying "Yes" to JOSIAH MULTIMILL? The Prince wants me to take him the celebrated walk through the Fichtenallée and round the Steilberg to the Tiefenbrunnen, and show him the famous view. I tell him all he has to do is to follow the errors-of-diet people, who are sent there in a drove at six every morning. But he says, No, he wants *me* to show him the way, and will have nothing to do with the early-morning drove. He is wise in that, for we are all agreed that the errors-of-diet people are *never* quite *safe* (especially the Duchess of DUNSTABLE), and that as the time approaches for their *very* simple and *rather scanty* meals, they are *positively dangerous*! *A propos* of the e.-o.-d.

BLACK-LISTED.—From an inn at Woolwich:—"Try our famous 1896 vintage. Once drunk, always drunk."



A HEAVY BAG.

Keeper (to Commercial Gentleman, who has rented moor). "A' DOOT WE'LL HA' TO STOP THE NOO, SIR."

Commercial Gentleman. "'OW's THAT? 'AVE WE RUN OUT O' GAME?"

Keeper. "NA, NA. BUT THAT'S THE LAST O' YER DOGS!"

people never being allowed to eat after seven in the evening, BOSH TRESYLLYAN says he shall write a drama, comparing their habits here and in London, and call it *Man and Supper-Man* and cut out Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Auf wiedersehen, liebe Freundin,
Ever thine, BLANCHE.

GREAT DISCOVERERS.

MRS. CLEMENTS, OF DURHAM, THE DISCOVERER OF MUSTARD.

It is said that, when quite a girl, Mrs. CLEMENTS, of Durham, was seated at her father's table and overheard her respected parent remark: "Cold meat again!" Her mother replied: "My dear, you can't expect cold beef to be hot." This set the child a-thinking. Why should not cold beef be hot? The train of thought thus started ended in the discovery of mustard, and since then this useful vegetable has been indispensable as an adjunct to the dinner-table.

MRS. EDDY, THE DISCOVERER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Mrs. EDDY once broke her leg, and said: "This is all nonsense, my leg is not broken;" and it wasn't. This she called "Christian Science."

GEORGE EDWARDES, THE DISCOVERER OF MUSICAL COMEDY.

A friend once asked him the following riddle: "When a thing is not good enough to rank as a Comic Opera, but quite good enough to draw money from the pockets of the Public, what is it?" The friend expected him to reply: "A fraud; ask me another." Instead of which, GEORGE EDWARDES cried: "Eureka! It's a Musical Comedy, and there's a fortune in it." And there was!

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, THE DISCOVERER OF "THE DAILY MAIL."

One day, young ALFRED HARMSWORTH happened to be outdoors with only a £100 note and a halfpenny in his pocket, and as he was thirsting for the morning

news, he attempted to buy a paper. But the newsvendors laughed him to scorn. So he said: "This is wrong; a halfpenny shall no longer be despised; I will discover *The Daily Mail*;" and he did so. Now he is a Peer.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE DISCOVERER OF SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

But for this distinguished detective, Sir A. CONAN DOYLE might never have been discovered. As it was, he was pottering about in comparative literary obscurity when the great detective, like a sleuth-hound, tracked him down, and revealed him to the admiration of the world. This was probably the greatest feat on the part of the renowned *Sherlock Holmes*.

Harvard and the Armada.

"When *The Daily Mirror* arrived, Mr. GOLDSMITH, the Cambridge captain, was leisurely playing bowls and wearing carpet slippers."

DRAKE again, the old sea-dog! May history repeat itself!

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")



When one had nothing else to do, it was the correct thing to try to negotiate the Club Bone.

IV.

INTERNAL DISPUTES.

SOME dogs eat, and drink, and sleep, and that is all they do. That is not Life. We dogs of the Club did not sit all day waiting for something to turn up.

We had Club runs every Monday and Friday, wet or fine. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings we hunted the lowly Cat; we had Sports (such as Head-in-Lion's-Mouth, Touch-last, French-and-German, &c., in which the Captain always excelled) on Wednesdays, and Conversaciones on Sundays, while Saturdays were usually devoted to the settling of our internal disputes.

For we had such disputes, and the Captain did not altogether discourage them, for he held that anything was better than slackness, and therefore did not prohibit little private scraps. The only condition he made was that anything of that sort should take place on a piece of waste ground at the back of his house. The Captain would not allow us to fight among ourselves in the public streets, as he held that that would lower the prestige (the word is his) of the Club.

Our principal quarrels concerned the

temporary ownership of the Club Bone. This was a bone supposed to be of great age which was discovered in a garden by the Captain, and it was the ambition of every member to eat it, but, being of exceptional toughness, it resisted every attempt. However, when one had nothing else to do, it was the correct thing to try to negotiate the Club Bone.

One day, by-the-way, the Club Bone was missing—it was shortly before the Captain's death—and, when The Braggart appeared, he said he had eaten it. Two days afterwards it was found hidden in a water-butt, and The Braggart was expelled.

Blows, again, would sometimes be exchanged, as the climax of a little chaff—such as, "Hello, Long Nose." "Shut

up, Freak Face!" "Who spoke to you, Bandy Legs?" If the Captain were present, he would tell us we were behaving like a litter of puppies, and command us to shut up. Not infrequently a scuffle between ourselves would have the pleasant development of a combined attack on a common enemy who had stood by jeering.

And sometimes there would be bad blood between rough-coated and short-haired members. Especially in the hot weather. We rough-coated dogs would become very touchy then, and if, when we were perspiring profusely and scarcely able to drag ourselves along, a little short-haired dog were to trot past us as cool as a lump of ice and in the pink of condition, there would be trouble were he to dare to pity us.

I should mention, before I leave the subject of internal disputes, that the most frequent fights were between two brothers named Robert and James Brown. They would scarcely ever meet without falling out. We called them "The Inseparables," because, when they fought, it was impossible to part them.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

Still, as a rule, we got on fairly well

together, and reserved our fighting energy for our natural enemies, the Thorough-breeds.

Now and then we would have what the Captain would call, in his impressive way, a "*Levée en masse*"—for he knew even German, did the Captain—but this would only happen when the honour of the Club, *as a Club*, had been assailed. As regards insults by outsiders to individual members of the Club, at first these had been treated as Club affairs—with the exception of personal remarks concerning The Map or The International Fur Stores—but ultimately the Captain found it necessary to extend the exception to all of us. So each had to fight his own fight.

After The Map and The International Fur Stores, I was kept the most busy. I was the only thorough-bred member of the Club, and as such was a special object of hatred to the enemies of the Club. I was the recipient each day of an astonishing number of insults. I could scarcely move a step from my house without being called "Blackleg!", "Traitor!", "Judas!", and the rest of the poll-parrot terms. Possibly there was something in the charge, but I never stopped to think then. I was the Captain's man.

It had the effect, anyhow, of my soon becoming an expert fighter, and, if there was a desperate errand, the Captain would usually send me on it. "You are always as keen as mustard, Ears," he has said to me more than once.

Our orders were not to kill, but only to alter the personal appearance of such thoroughbreeds as invited our attention. Killing, the Captain said, was liable to have unpleasant consequences for our masters—as to whom the Captain, if I may say it without appearing disrespectful to his memory, was always absurdly



If you want to see a second-hand remnant, look at one of them after he has been out in the rain.

considerate. However, the poor old Hippo was supposed to be a murderer. One morning, in rounding a corner, he accidentally collided with a little Yorkshire terrier. "Where are you coming to, you great lout?" snarled the Yorkshire terrier. Now The Hippo was always short-tempered. Anyhow, the little Yorkshire terrier was never seen again, and it was currently believed that the greater contained the less. When The Hippo was twitted about it, all he would say was that till that date he had never suffered from indigestion.

CONCERNING TOYS.

We had special instructions from the Captain as to our treatment of animals known as Toy Dogs—though why they are called Dogs I never could understand. At first I used to excite myself very much when this riff-raff gave themselves airs, and would sometimes answer them back, and more than once proposed that we should wipe out the entire brood. But the Captain issued an order that we were to ignore them. It was, of course, the best plan. As a rule the self-important little trollops would become a picture of impotent rage under this treatment. The Captain had just as great contempt for these insects as I had. "Hundreds and thousands," he called them, after the sweets of that name; and once he said quite truly that it might be possible to make one decent dog out of fifty of them. The Captain liked a dog to be a dog, and not a kid glove, or a bit of fluff. What drew him to me originally, he told me, was my rugged appearance, and he saw at once that I could be licked into shape. These so-called Toy Dogs are a disgrace to their fur, and only bring the rest of us into disrepute. They are a painful sight under any circumstances, but, if you want to see a second-hand remnant, look at one of them after he has been out in the rain. Yet they are overweeningly conceited, and at times I have found it difficult to obey the Captain's instructions. Once, actually, a weedy youth named Carlo told me that the reason why I ignored him was that I dared not touch him. At that—I could not help it, it was a distinct challenge—I took Master Carlo in my mouth, and shook him like a rat until he hollowed for mercy. I could never make up my mind whether Carlo was more like a mosquito or a penwiper. He was known, I believe, as a Butterfly Dog. The Butterflies are welcome to such as he, with his petulant little falsetto voice.

We were, as I have said, to ignore the Toy Dogs. But there was one exception. We were to strip them of any finery they might be wearing. The Captain was a martinet in all matters of dress. He would tolerate nothing

but a collar—and that must be a plain one. The Toy Dogs would frequently wear bows, and were supposed to be responsible for that absurd expression, which riles us so much, "bow-wows." So the Captain made a rule that, whenever we met a dog wearing a bow, we were to remove it—which was easily done by tugging at one end of the ribbon—and bring it to the Club. Birthday or no birthday, it had to come off. When a member had fifty bows to his credit, he was absolved from this duty, which was considered a somewhat menial one; he became a veteran, for whom sterner tasks were reserved. Now and then we would secure a collar, and a Collar Day was always a great event

with us. By-the-by, we were puzzled to know what to do with the accumulation of ribbons until The Hog joined us. He kept on eating them till he died of appendicitis.

"The Crack of the Rifle is heard on the Moor."

It is easy to flesh one's satire on the man who kills. But he who shoots enjoys not only the bird, but the rifle food its flight affords him."—*Observer*.

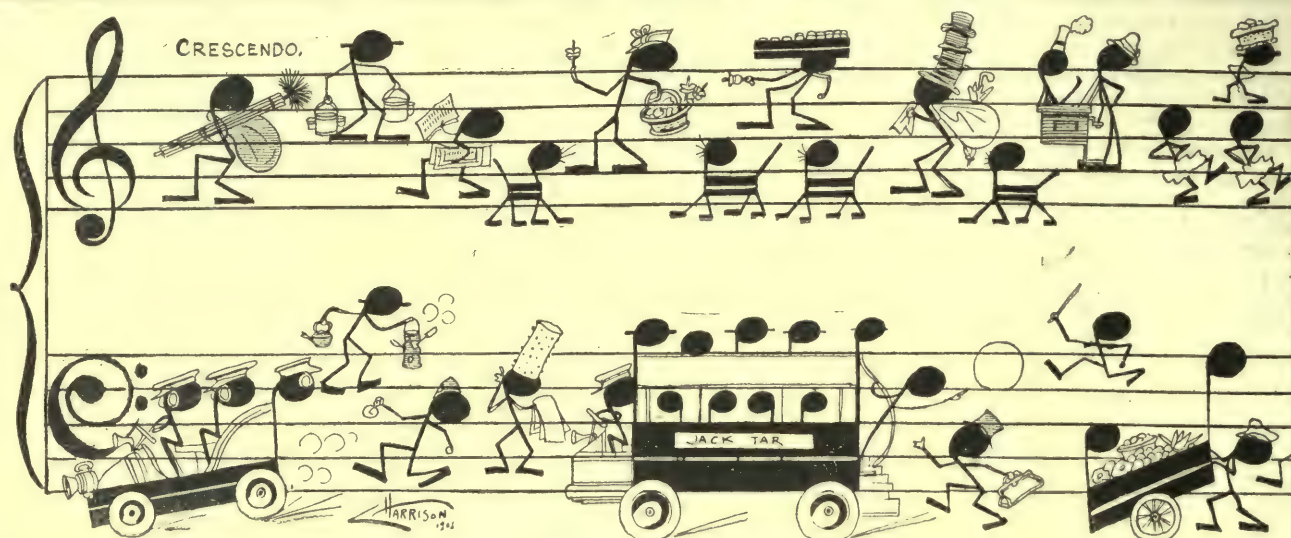
No Place like Home.

"CELEBRATED Paris Tours. Our last party returned from Paris on Saturday.

EVERYONE DELIGHTED."
Edinburgh Evening Despatch.



Seedy Sam (threateningly). "No, MUM, I AIN'T HAD A BITE FOR THREE DAYS, AN' I WON'T TAKE MY FOOT OUT TILL——"



A FEW NOTES ON STREET NOISES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Guarded Flame, by W. B. MAXWELL (METHUEN), is undoubtedly a remarkable novel, for it is conceived and carried out on a great plan, and it has in it that inexorable character, that conviction of inevitability, which is the mark of a fine story. Mr. MAXWELL writes well; he can hold the interest of his readers, and he has a strong gift for dramatic episode. This is the story of Mr. *Burgoyne*, the last survivor of the great band of Victorian men of science, of his young wife *Sybil*, who served him and guarded the flame of his life, and of her guilty love for her husband's secretary, *Stone*, and the tragedy that comes of it. Here are all the elements of drama. Yet must I put in a caveat. Though there is drama there is also—I wish I could find another word—mawkishness. Mawkishness is in the relations between Mr. *Burgoyne* and his wife; *Stone*, the faithless secretary, is a mass of mawkishness; and after the storm and stress of the tragedy the happy peaceful ending of the story comes with a suggestion of the same quality. I incline to think that waywardness and guilty love are best treated in the manner of FLAUBERT. I am loth, however, to end with fault-finding. I realize gratefully that Mr. MAXWELL has given us a fine piece of work, and I look forward with high anticipation to his next book.

A Sovereign Remedy (HEINEMANN) is original in its construction, strong in its characterisation, admirably written. It might be described as a powerful novel but for a not immaterial defect. It recalls the image whose body was fashioned of brass, its feet being clay. The defect presents itself in the main episode of the story, where *Aura* rejects the proffered love of Lord *Blackborough* and accepts the hand of *Ted Cruttenden*. It is nothing that one is a peer of boundless wealth, the other one of his clerks. Love laughs at contrasts of that kind. Where the vital difference comes in is that the peer is a chivalrous gentleman, the clerk a thorough cad, and not quite honest at that. *Aura*, a girl of fine instinct, superlative purity of mind and body, recognises the difference; she admittedly loves Lord *Blackborough*—and marries *Ted Cruttenden*. Novel readers must not be too exigent in the matter of probability. When they take up the latest thing in story writing they are charmed to find romance. But this is really too much, and is not made more satisfactory by Mrs. STEEL's somewhat vague explanation of

her theory. Nevertheless she has written a book that will sustain a reputation made on India's coral strand. The scene of *A Sovereign Remedy* is laid nearer home, where from Gwalia's cloud-topped mountains roll down tumultuous streams.

Mr. HUGH CLIFFORD has written other books—memorable books they are too—but if he had written nothing but *Heroes of Exile* (SMITH, ELDER) he would still have deserved the gratitude of the reading public in ample measure. He tells

Of old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago,

stories of hardly-recorded heroisms and toils and almost forgotten sufferings and obscure achievements; and the style in which he tells these stories has a gallant brisk adventurous movement splendidly fitted to the substance with which it deals. Mr. CLIFFORD has seen the haunts and cities of many men, and his experience in all his lands of travel has not blunted the fine edge of his sympathy or robbed him of insight into thought and emotion. The book is a liberal education in feeling and a corrective to the pessimism that speaks of romance as a thing of the past. There are men at this moment, unknown poor men, somewhere in the world, who are hewing out their blocks of unregarded fame. The world may pass them by, but if by some fortunate chance Mr. CLIFFORD should become their historian they will not have lived and suffered in vain. Such at any rate is the feeling of one reader as he reluctantly lays down *Heroes of Exile*.

In a day of shilling shockers and halfpenny newspapers it is pleasing to learn that *The World's Classics* (Oxford University Press) have found a million and a half purchasers. The library, complete within itself, includes such varied gems as LAMB's *Essays*, POPE's *Odyssey*, BORROW's *Bible in Spain*, HOLMES's *Autocrat*, PENDENNIS, BURKE's *Works*, and GEORGE HERBERT's *Poems*. Encouraged by this success, Mr. FROWDE is bringing out a new edition on thin paper in size suitable for the pocket. Here is choice from a charmed circle of holiday companions.

The Glorious Uncertainty of Cricket.

EARTHQUAKE AT VALPARAISO.
SURREY WICKETS FALLING.

Evening Standard Placard.

CHARIVARIA.

As regards the Drama, the only event of any importance which happened last week was the appearance in this country of a Theatrical Company of which all the members are monkeys. We have known many companies in which the monkey element was strong, but this is the first cast without any sprinkling of human intelligence.

London is still full of country folks, and a farmer and his wife who journeyed to town to do some theatre-going, and, seeing on a newspaper placard the announcement "Exciting Play at the Oval," drove there the other night, have our respectful sympathy.

Mr. BRODRICK is annoyed because his name will be handed down to posterity as the inventor of a cap which he did not invent. Mr. BRODRICK has certainly experienced persistent bad luck.

The matter of exits from churches is now receiving some attention. It seems to us, however, that there must be something the matter with the entrances. These appear to be lacking in attractive qualities.

It was so cold last Saturday week that burglars broke into a shop in Brompton Road in order to get one thousand pounds' worth of furs.

Motoring Illustrated suggests the institution of a Motor Museum. If we were sure that most of the motor omnibuses at present in our streets would find their way there, we would gladly subscribe.

The Natal Government has decided to compile an official History of the recent Rebellion. It will, we believe, be a point of honour with the Natal Government to produce this before we issue the concluding volume of our official History of the Boer War.

It has transpired that the water in the L.C.C. open-air baths is changed about once a year—and only then if necessary.

"The Bathing Suit Dance" has made its appearance, according to *The Gentlewoman*, at certain American seaside resorts. It is rumoured, moreover, that

the prudes have won the day, and that men who enter the ball-room in anything less than a neck-to-knee costume are considered bad form.

The deputy-Mayor of Malo-les-Bains, who has been visiting London, has saved fifty lives from drowning, while our Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS of Gorleston has saved seventy-seven, and it is proposed to form an Anglo-French Club the membership of which shall be limited to such persons as have saved fifty lives and upwards.

possible to accept the beautiful collection of armour which the late Mr. STUBBERT bequeathed to the nation. It is said that the economical Mr. HALDANE pleaded hard for it, as he thought that some of the old breast-plates might be used for the Horse Guards.

By-the-by, Mr. HALDANE is not the only person who is in favour of a reduction in the Guards. The driver of a motor-omnibus charged a detachment of them last week in Regent Street. However, he was fined for it; so no economy was effected.

It is rumoured that, as a consequence of the strictures passed by the stipendiary magistrate at Hull on the enormous moustaches of the local police, some of the men have resolved to remove theirs, and they will be worn in future by their wives as "pin-curls."

News travels slowly in some parts of England, and, although the stolen motor-car has been recovered, rural policemen in one or two districts are still stopping all persons whose pockets appear to be unduly bulgy.

Miss KELLERMAN swam from Broadstairs to Margate last week, and so saved her railway fare.

The football season is due to commence on September 1. But, as a topic, it has long ago received a send-off in Royal circles if we are to believe *The Tribune's* poster:—

THE KING'S MEETING WITH THE KAISER.

PLAIN TALK ON FOOTBALL.



TRIPPERS.

Tommy (his first visit). "WILL IT BE LIKE THIS ALL D-D-D-DAY, DADDY?"

On one and the same day last week our newspapers announced that black game shooting had begun, and that Kaffirs were rising. It is difficult to say which was cause, and which was effect.

It has long puzzled thoughtful persons to know why so many gentlemen are anxious to get into Parliament. Mr. BALFOUR, speaking at Dunbar, has now disclosed his reason for sitting as a member. "I have a weakness," he said, "for recreation uncombined with instruction."

The Government have found it im-

possible to accept the beautiful collection of armour which the late Mr. STUBBERT bequeathed to the nation. It is said that the economical Mr. HALDANE pleaded hard for it, as he thought that some of the old breast-plates might be used for the Horse Guards.

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THE WEARING OF THE WHISKER.

(A bare-faced retort.)

[Our contemporary, *The Lady*, has been informed, to her great regret, that "woman's admiration for the man with the clean-shaven face is waning, and that a revival of the detestable moustache is imminent." "If it is really true," says *The Lady*, "I hope it will not stop at the moustache. Whiskers have not been worn for thirty years, and they could be made quite dandified and D'Orsayish if reintroduced."]

Not for myself the horror when I hear
Of this insensate freak of mobile Fashion;
I have been shaved, clean-shaved, this many a year,
And still propose to cut the frequent gash on
My patient face, nor grow
Side-trimmings or a rude moustachio.

Woman (whose tastes I never had the tongue
Rightly to chant, nor yet the wit to follow)
May choose to let her fingers sport among
The facial growths of some unshorn Apollo,
Trained like the ampelopsis,
That happy haunt of woolly bears and wopses:—

Woman, I say, her Paradise may seek
On downy lips; she may elect to risk her
Complexion up against a hairy cheek,
Wiping its bloom away with tufts of whisker;
And, should she so incline,
Then that is her affair and none of mine.

My trouble is that men whom I admire,
Whose open countenances, clean as whistles,
Suggest the late Sir JOSHUA'S angel choir,
May join the mode and take to rearing bristles,
And thus could never be
The same, ah! never more the same, to me!

If ASQUITH, say, were snared in Fashion's net,
And (coarsely speaking) chucked the legal type up,
And, to appease the ardent suffragette,
Assumed the shaggy semblance of a Skye-pup,
I could not well be mute,
And lightly bear to see him so hirsute.

I think the spectacle would drive me mad
Should WINSTON'S cherub cheeks be flanked with
"weepers,"

Or BIRRELL to his mutton cutlets add
A supplemental pair of pendent creepers,
The kind that might recall
Wistaria hanging from a cottage wall.

Or what if MORLEY fledged his lips with fluff,
To captivate some Oriental peri!
Or EDWARD GREY, exchanging smooth for rough,
Developed droopers like my *Lord Dundreary*,
And in the dubious dark
Confused himself with Whiskerandos CLARKE!

But worst, if HALDANE (hairless heretofore),
Assisting WILLIAM to review his batteries,
And keen to compliment that Lord of War
By imitation, most sincere of flatteries,
Should wear, for England's sake,
Moustaches of the best Imperial make!!

O. S.

The March of Civilisation in the Far East.
(Notice hung over drug-store in sea-port town in China.)

"YUNG LOE'S PILLS.
TAKE ONE EVERY WEEK
AS YOU DO YOUR BATH."

NATURE STUDIES.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE NURSERY.

THE departure has been fixed for the 10 A.M. train, and the eventual destination is a village on the Suffolk coast. For a full week the nursery has been in a condition of feverish but suppressed excitement. Bathing suits and shoes, wooden spades, gaudy and battered tin pails, the mementoes of former visits, have been painfully rummaged out of their hiding places. The talk has been of shells and waves and emeralds, not the emeralds of Bond Street, but the roughened and rounded fragments of ancient bottles which are to be found on nearly all self-respecting beaches. The Dandie Dinmont has had a little suit of "waders" manufactured for him. He had them tried on, a mournful ceremony to which he submitted with a bad grace, and for which he took compensation by retiring to a remote bush and tearing his suit to rags. Special dolls have been selected to accompany the trip. The white bear, a magnificently-jointed animal, provided internally with a most unursine squeak, has been definitely informed that he is to be left behind, and has been bundled away into a cupboard lest his feelings should be lacerated by the preparations for a flitting in which he is not to bear a part. Surreptitious packing has been proceeding for some days, for it is a nursery axiom that if you are going away for a fortnight you spread your packing over about a week so that nothing may be forgotten—a plan that invariably results in the omission of many indispensable articles. Yesterday, however, the packing was duly completed, and in order that no time might be wasted an ancient retainer was despatched to London with the luggage of the whole family in order that he might be ready with it at Liverpool Street on the following morning. This having been done, the nursery retired to bed early in order that it might have strength for the troubles of the morrow.

You would have thought that under these circumstances there would have been no particular necessity for an early rising. The nursery, however, would have felt itself disgraced if it had remained a-bed up to the usual hour. At 6 A.M., therefore, the whole department of three children and two nurses was awake and shouting. At 6.30 it was fully dressed, and the youngest, aged three, skirmished along the passage to the bedroom of her parents, and dispelled their sleep with many irrelevant and disconnected statements delivered at the top of her voice. She was immediately followed by her sisters, aged six and four-and-a-half, who, observing that their father and mother were still in bed, burst into tears, and declared that they could not possibly catch the train. All three then retired under protest and breakfasted in a hurry at 7 A.M.

After this followed the most solemn rite of the whole ceremony of departure. The three children were vigorously taken in hand and arrayed for the journey. Their hats were put on, their hands were encased in gloves, each was provided with a small basket tightly packed with mysteries, and they were then set down in three chairs in a row against the wall of the day nursery and were forbidden to move, while their nurses busied themselves about those aimless nothings which make nursery life immediately before a journey so full of incident and variety. It was now 8.15 A.M. The train was to start, as I have said, at 10. The station was close at hand; the tickets had been taken; a compartment had been reserved. For one hour and a half the three sat portentously in their chairs, a lesson in discipline and the suppression of the emotions. At 9.45 the assemblage rose as one girl on a signal from the nurse, and immediately afterwards a dejected procession of seven moved towards the station. As the train steamed out the chief nurse flushed a deep red, thus signifying that she had forgotten the soda-water bottle filled with milk.



OLD BRANDS AND NEW SMOKERS.

SPAIN (to UNCLE SAM). "EXCUSE MY SMILING. I KNOW THOSE CIGARS!"



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—No. 1.

(Told by a Member.)

"THE SUBJECT GIVEN OUT WAS 'CATTLE IN A LANDSCAPE.' WE WERE GETTING ON SPLENDIDLY WHEN THE CATTLE GOT ALL OUT OF FOCUS. REALLY CATTLE SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO GO LOOSE ABOUT THE COUNTRY."

THE VACUOUS VIATOR.

FROM a vault of azure shines
The sun on a silver sea,
And the cheery note from the fisher-girl's throat
Is borne on the breeze to me.
The scent of a million pines
Like the breath of heaven is poured,
As I, afloat in my cockle-shell boat,
Go drifting down the fjord.

Here comes no carking care,
No thought of the toiling town,
Where pale-faced elves disport themselves
On grass that is burnt and brown.
Here all is passing fair;
These isles, where the wavelets dance
With their crests of foam, should be the home
Of song and sweet romance.

And yet—let whoso will
The curious cause explain—
The longer I float in my cockle-shell boat,
The blanker becomes my brain.
I gaze upon pine-clad hill,
And I watch the white gulls wheel,
But my soul knows nought in the way of thought
But the thought of the next square meal.

My eye is clear and bright,
My strength as the strength of ten,

And a new youth strains through my pulsing veins,
Which ought to inspire my pen.
But when I would fain indite
A song of the fjord and pine,
My vacuous Muse will still refuse
To sing me a single line.

For her in this sapphire sea
No inspirations lurk;
She will lie on her back—the jade!—and slack,
But she pouts at the thought of work.
"Oh, wait for a while," says she,
"Till Summer has passed from the land;
I will sing like a lark when the days grow dark
And the fog is thick in the Strand."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a page from the N. D. Lloyd Steamship Company's Calendar, and asks for help in tracing the quotation. The day is August 18, and the motto:—

"Rightly to be great argument,
Is not to stir without great
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake."

If it will assist our readers in any way we may say that on August 18, there were "230 Days Past and 135 To Come."

It is announced that *Peter Pan* will, yet once more, be produced at Christmas. Our theatrical correspondent informs us that the management is wondering how it will pan out, and rival managements when it will peter out.

THE NEW PAUPERS.

The Times having rashly committed itself to the statement that "the necessities of life can be bought for £2,000 a year," and *The Mail* having contrariwise affirmed on the authority of a doctor that a Londoner with that income is usually one of the poorest and most miserable men in the city, it has occurred to *Mr. Punch* to ascertain the opinions of a number of representative men with a view to clearing up the question.

Mr. JOHN BURNS, M.P., kindly replied to our query in the following terms: "No man, as a great writer once stated, is worth more than £500 a year. Therefore if a man has £2000 a year he ought to do the work of four men. This, however, is directly contrary to the fundamental principles of Trade Unionism, and therefore absurd. But it can be done all the same."

Mr. ROCKEFELLER writes: "I can quite believe that a man may be miserable on £2000 a year if he is troubled by an uneasy conscience. On the other hand a *mens conscia recti* will ensure perfect happiness to the multimillionaire."

Mr. HALL CAINE writes: "It all depends how the money is made. An inherited income, though of modest dimensions, is often an incentive to indolence and indirectly promotes misery. Work is the salt of life, and the lot of a man who earns even £1500 a year by writing pure and noble novels is infinitely more enviable than that of the plutocrat who batters on the forced labour of underpaid employees."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR writes: "History, trumpet-tongued, proclaims the eternal truth that happiness is independent of wealth. CATO of Utica, the Man of Ross, MILTON, JOAN OF ARC, MARTIN LUTHER, have all contributed to my columns, yet none of them had £2000 a year, and who shall venture to say that they were either poor or unhappy? I have myself known many brave men and beautiful women, but I can unhesitatingly assert that the bravest and most beautiful were those who lived the simplest and most frugal lives. I know two Bishops who have never dined at the Carlton, and only last week I met a peer—whose pedigree goes back to CEDRIC—on the top of a motor-bus."

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has expressed his sentiments in the following limp quotation:

"Whether we live in a gold-reef city
Or merely exist in a lowly cot,
Life is one long melodious ditty
If we are content with what we've got."

Not to be outdone in generosity Sir LEWIS MORRIS contributes this priceless distich:

"Stone walls do not a prison make. I see no reason why
Two thousand pounds a year should be considered poverty."

Mr. CHARLES MANNERS, the famous *impresario* and *basso*, expresses himself with his usual pithy brevity:

"Let us clear our minds of cant, for in a problem of such complexity clear and honest thinking is an indispensable precautionary preliminary. Is national opera in the vernacular a necessity or a luxury? If, as all patriotic Englishmen are agreed, it is to be relegated to the former category, then the question assumes the simple form, 'Can a man afford to support national opera on £2,000 a year?' To any individual of lucid brain and normal powers of ratiocination the answer must be as plain as a pitchfork, and I will not insult the intelligence of your gentle readers by gratuitously propounding a self-evident proposition."

Dr. CLIFFORD writes: "The question of the minimum income largely depends on the attitude of its possessor towards the Bill of 1902. Passive resistance, where magistrates decline to enforce an order, certainly makes for economy. Personally I am inclined to believe that a passive resister, if he is a vegetarian and teetotaller and dispenses with a motor-car, may rub along upon even less than £2,000 a year."

THE UNSANITARY FLY.

[A sanitary authority points out the dangers of contamination and infection caused by the house fly.]

OBJECTIONABLE creature, that from youth
Instinctively I hated!

Though not till now has the full nauseous truth

Of your misdeeds been stated.

Often about my comfortable bed

Your buzzings marred my slumbers;
You crawled upon my not too hirsute head
In never failing numbers.

Now Science has condemned you; yet,
'tis said

No insect, whether great or
Little, can harm one, if he keeps his head
In a refrigerator.

To such a refuge, therefore, let me flee,

And, as it closes on me,
Find comfort in the fact that there will be
At least "no flies upon me."

How to Brighten Cricket.

"BLAKER in one over off BAILEY hit two 6's, three 4's, and two 2's; while BURNUP got a 6, twenty-two 4's, six 3's, and twelve 2's."

Morning Leader.

Not so bad for one over. MACLAREN has been experimenting in another direction; and against Yorkshire (according to *The Mirror*) he "trod on his wicket for four." This, however, is rather a dangerous scoring stroke.

PUTTING THE QUESTION.

A Romance of Two Hearts.

SHE was beautiful; I think she was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. No description of mine could convey to you any idea of her charm, her freshness, her completeness.

Her dress—well, there, perhaps, mere words might help. Not words of mine, though; for to me it only mattered that she looked charming, and as she ought to look. (And—yes, I fancy the colour of it was white. White, with—or stay; was it not black? But, there, it was not of her dress that I was thinking.)

I had a question to put to her. You will guess what it was; the old, old question that is asked (somewhere in the world) every hour of the day—nay, almost every minute. I think she knew that I was about to ask her that question. With her woman's intuition she seemed to read into my soul; and, as she raised her eyes to mine and then dropped them again hurriedly, I felt that she was saying to herself: "Will it be now? Yes, surely it will be now!"

Even as she knew the question that was in my mind, so did I know what her answer would be; indeed I seemed already to hear the whispered "Yes." A man gets to know these things, though it were hard to explain how. I knew it would be "Yes," yet I hesitated; perhaps just because the answer was so certain. Was I justified in asking her?

The advice is often given: "In affairs of the heart, be guided by the heart"; but in this case it was (alas!) as much an affair of the purse. To put it brutally—could I afford not to ask her that question? If I did not ask her, dare I risk the alternative? For I was in debt as it was. I owed money . . .

She was waiting for me. I could see that the silence distressed her. She raised her lovely eyes to mine again, and there was a beseeching look in them. "Speak, speak," they seemed to say. "Anything but this."

"In affairs of the heart, be guided by the heart." I remembered those words. Yes, that should be my motto. I took a deep breath, looked her straight in the eyes, and said:

"May I play to hearts, partner?"

"Oh yes, please," she said. "I thought you had gone to sleep."

"Lucky I didn't double," I thought, as Dummy's hand went down.

"A coloured man was lynched in Mississippi every eighteen days in 1905."

Nineteenth Century.

ONE of these days an accident will happen, and he will be killed.

THE CHAUFFEUR AS CRIMINAL.

(How to detect him.)

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—Doubtless the interest of your readers has been awakened by the recent case of the stolen motor car, and many, in view of the substantial rewards offered, would willingly act as amateur motor-detectives but for their ignorance of the technique of the machinery. Such knowledge, however, I hold to be unnecessary if the conduct and appearance of chauffeurs be closely and intelligently studied, and the following hints may be of service to holiday makers who at present cannot recognise a criminal chauffeur when they see him.

Suspect all chauffeurs with clean nails and a hunted expression.

Suspect the chauffeur who deliberately runs his car into a ditch and makes off across country.

Suspect the chauffeur who offers to sell you his car for fifteen shillings and the price of a drink.

Suspect the chauffeur who when pulled up in a country lane and asked for his licence explains the lack of it by saying "he is merely minding the car for an unknown gentleman."

Suspect the chauffeur who sheds tool box, lamps and cushions along the road to lighten the car and increase the pace.

Suspect the chauffeur who throws his foot-pump at your head when you courteously inform him that his number is obliterated by dust.

Suspect the chauffeur who, when you invite his confidence as to his ultimate destination, cannot look you fairly in the goggle.

Finally, suspect the chauffeur whose suit, when his motor-coat flies open, reveals a pattern of broad arrows.

THE LADY CRICKETER'S GUIDE.

BOWLING.

1. Should you desire to bowl leg-breaks, close the right eye.
2. Off-breaks are obtained by closing the left eye.
3. To bowl straight, close both.

BATTING.

1. Don't be afraid to leave the "popping" crease—there is another at the other end.
2. County cricketers use the curved sides of the bat for driving.
3. A "leg glance" is not foot-ball.
4. When "over" is called, don't cross the wicket.

FIELDING.

1. Stop the ball with your feet. If you are unable to find it, step on one side.
2. To catch a ball, sit down gracefully and wait.



Old Lady. "Well, if that's David, what a size Goliath must 'a been!"

3. When throwing in from the country, aim half-way up the pitch; you may then hit one of the wickets—which one I don't know.

Postscript.

The spirit in which the game should be played is best shown by the following extract from the *Leicester Daily Mercury*:—

BARROW LADIES v. THRUSSINGTON LADIES.

"Barrow went in first, but were dismissed for sixteen. Only three ThruSSington ladies batted, owing to the

Barrow team refusing to field, because the umpire gave Miss REID in for an appeal for run out."

To Right the Wrong.

[According to an official, passengers on the District Railway have asked for increased fares.]

THE grumbling against the low charges and grovelling civility of cabmen has now culminated in a burst of protest from representative citizens.

A passive resistance movement is on foot to combat the existing lowness of the rates, which presses hardly on the rich.

COMPLEXIONS FOR THE SEASON.

SEA-BROWN! SEA-BROWN!

WHY go to the seaside to return probably with severe cold and internal ailments caused by imperfect drainage?

SEA-BROWN.—One teaspoonful rubbed in on face and hands gives the effect of an expensive holiday at popular watering place.

SEA-BROWN lasts for WEEKS.

Does not wash off.

Two applications give unmistakable appearance of long sea voyage on own yacht.

SEA-BROWN. 3s. 6d. a box. Warranted harmless to the tenderest complexion.

ORIENTAL TAN!

NOTE.—The English are a nation of travellers. They like you for *having been away*. They love and admire you if you have been *far away*, and *long away*.

WHY GO ROUND THE WORLD?

Oriental Tan in one application gives effect of many months' travel and adventure. 5s. a box. Try it. Study a gazetteer and *save your travelling expenses* by the use of

ORIENTAL TAN.

ONOMATOPEIA.

A CERTAIN Socialist, being pursued by a band of infuriated Cossacks, fled to the shop of a friend that was a Glass Merchant. "Hide me," he said to him, "for if my pursuers take me they will surely kill me."

Now that Glass Merchant was a man of a certain shrewdness and a very present mind. He took the Socialist to his store-room where were six sacks. Five of these sacks were full of broken glass, but in the sixth (which was empty) he bade the Socialist lie hid. "Your pursuers," he said, "*will* look into the first and the second sack, *may* look into the third and fourth, but *will not* by any chance look into the fifth and sixth." In the sixth sack, therefore, the Socialist hid himself.

After a short while the pursuers rushed into the shop crying, "Where is that Socialist?"

"There is no Socialist here," answered the Glass Merchant; "but search the house if you will."

They searched accordingly, and their suspicion first alighted upon the six sacks. Many looked into the first two, some into the first three, and one into the first four, but none looked into them all. However, one of the soldiers being used to ruses in general, and having

read books in his youth, plunged his sword into the first sack, and into the second, and into the third, and into the fourth, and into the fifth sack, which were (as has been said) full of broken glass. Then he plunged his sword into the sixth sack.

And the Socialist within said: "Tinkle, tinkle."

SOCIETY STATISTICS.

THE "*dernier chic*" in the Continental papers is to give the exact horse-power of the autos belonging to the motorists of Society who are travelling from place to place. But why limit these enthralling statistics to motor-cars? Why not report, for instance, that

Mrs. JULIUS K. WIGGINS, of Chicago, has arrived at Interlaken with 17 brass-bound Saratoga trunks and her 14-stone husband? or that—

Miss BELLE GROSVENOR, of the Frivolity Theatre, is bathing at Trouville in a 16-mermaid-power costume of Eau de Nil silk, weighing 2½ oz. avoirdupois? or that

Mr. BELSHAZZAR JONES, when last seen on Margate Pier, was carrying a 20-mile telescope, with his 10-drink thirst practically unimpaired.

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

THERE resided at the Palace of a certain Prince an officer known as the Chief Scribe, whose duty it was to keep a daily record of what went on there. No one ever read his records, because everybody about the Court was as fully aware of the facts as he was; and he was accustomed to declare that he wrote for posterity—a mere piece of grandiloquence, since he could profit nothing by its verdict, nor had he any certain hope that posterity would read him at all. The hypocrisy of the creature presently appeared in that he began to add to the bare register sundry glosses of his own, of such a character as he deemed likely to compel the attention of his contemporaries. And thereupon he quickly grew in importance, especially amongst the sensitive artist-folk with whom the Palace was always crowded, from the Chief of the Jesters himself down to the youngest dancing-girl; so that before long, if anyone perchance discovered the *prima donna* in tears, he at once procured a copy of the Gazette to look there for the cause of them. But when one day it was written therein of the fairest damsel in the chorus that the name of artist was too high a title to be fitly bestowed upon her, there was a great uproar; and the full strength of that galaxy of prettiness, considering themselves all equally affronted, waited

upon the Chief of the Jesters and would in no wise let him rest until he had promised to complain to the Prince on their behalf. For the Prince was not only the sole fountain of justice in that country, but eminently qualified by his taste and erudition to decide that very question.

The Chief of the Jesters found the Prince in his library, searching, as his wont was, for new ideas to be imposed as legislation upon a contented people. On the approach of his Minister, however, he pushed away the folio over which he had been poring, and listened attentively.

"And I suggest," said the Chief of the Jesters, in conclusion, "that the Chief Scribe should be cited to appear before your Highness to answer this."

"What does the knave say for himself?" asked the Prince, amused.

"He calls it fair comment upon a matter of public interest, or some such catch-phrase," replied the other.

"It's a long time since we had anything to try—except a poacher or two," said the Prince. "I think it would be interesting."

"Then your Highness will appoint a day to hear the cause?"

"One moment," said the Prince, tapping the volume he had just put down. "In this book there is an account of the judiciary of a people who hold their tribunals to be far superior to those of all their neighbours; and I find that, with them, suits involving the consideration of the fine arts are decided by twelve honest gentlemen of the shop-keeping class, with minds quite unbiassed by any previous knowledge whatever of such matters. The idea seems to me to have much to recommend it, and I really haven't altered the constitution of this realm for nearly two days."

"As your Highness pleases," said the Chief of the Jesters, with a sigh.

The Prince did not sit very often in the seat of justice, since he embodied in his own person exclusive legislative as well as judicial functions, and constantly found it simpler to repeal a statute than to interpret it; but there was, nevertheless, in the Palace a large basilica which was set apart for the hearing of petitions. And here on a certain day he took his place in the centre of the apse, to preside over the trial; having first been at much pains thoroughly to inform himself of the kind of judicial deportment most in vogue with the nation of which he had spoken. Below the dais, in the order of their degree, were grouped the nobles and officials of the Household; and the body of the hall was filled with the professional comrades of the plaintiff, and with the *jeunesse dorée*, who were her sworn adherents. And not far from the Prince's chair sat the

Princess, who deemed that in cases of this kind her watchful presence tended to keep the pure stream of justice from being pent up within the lock-gates of gallantry. She had forgotten, however, that under the new order of things which the Prince had dug out of his library the decision as to the beautiful girl's plaint rested no longer with his susceptible Highness, but with the twelve shopkeepers from the nearest town, who had been conveyed (after a stout resistance) to the Palace, and were now seated at the Prince's right hand, not displeased, after all, to find themselves in so conspicuous a situation and amongst so brilliant a company.

"Yes," said the Prince (though nobody had spoken), "go on, please."

The Chief of the Jesters, as the next friend of the plaintiff (CLYTIE was the minx's name), thereupon rose and addressed himself to the task of instructing the twelve shopkeepers wherein precisely consisted her claim to be called an artist. And to this end, having finished at length with ARISTOTLE, he passed on to read copious extracts from the excellent treatise of LUCIAN on the Art of Dancing; and when he had laid under contribution all the Ancients who by any ingenuity could be made to throw any light upon the matter he adroitly alluded to many respectable personages who had practised the art of pantomime, not forgetting, of course, the great Empress THEODORA, nor the inventor of the ballet, Master BALTASAR DE BEAUJOYEUX, who was chief musician to the Queen of FRANCE. From this he went on to describe the divers kinds of dances, antique as well as modern; beginning with the corybantic measures of Cybele, and ending with the *courante* aforetime performed at the court of the Grand Monarch, LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH. Their several intricacies and difficulties of accomplishment he duly insisted upon; and passing thence to eulogise the professional achievement of CLYTIE herself he concluded an eloquent peroration by asking the bewildered twelve whether it might not truly be avouched of her (in the words of CASSIODORUS) that she had "*manus loquacissimæ, linguosi digiti*."

"Who is CLYTIE?" said the PRINCE at this point, just as if he had not seen her name upon the satin playbills of the Palace a score of times.

It was now the turn of the Chief Scribe to justify that which he had written of the plaintiff; and though it is impossible to set down here a tithe of what he said it can readily be understood that he was not to be outdone either in length or in learning. It will suffice to say that he had no difficulty in throwing scorn upon all stage-dancers whatever, however illustrious; calling



Rudely Healthy Boatman. "AH, SIR, 'TIS A 'ARD LIFE A-SEEKIN' A CRUST BY THE SEA, AND PLAYS 'AVOC WITH ONE'S 'EALTH! I OFTEN ENVIES YOU LONDON GENTS, SAFELY GUARDED AGAINST THE CORRODIN' WEATHER!"

history to witness that the entertainments in which such dreadful people took part had ever been obstacles to the progress of serious Art. Nor must it be imagined that the Prince was silent during all the hours that the speeches lasted; he had learned what belonged to a bench, and sparkled at frequent intervals with many a learned quip. Only the twelve shopkeepers never uttered a single word all day, partly, indeed, because there were not a great many that they had understood.

"Consider your verdict, Gentlemen," said the Prince.

The poor shopkeepers put their aching heads together. More hours went by, and when daylight failed they were still mumbling amongst themselves. The Prince was about to give them in custody of the Palace Guard, when a strange thing happened. CLYTIE herself, leaning on the arm of a young gallant of noble

lineage, came into the hall, and summoning a blush announced to the Prince that she was about to be married immediately.

"That's nothing to do with the case," said the Prince.

"Oh yes, your Highness!" smiled the girl, "I don't care now the least little bit what that grumpy old Chief Scribe said about me as an artist."

The other members of the chorus, all equally affronted, and *not* about to be married immediately, groaned in unison. The Prince, though a little disappointed at the discontinuance of the suit after his elaborate preparations, could not forbear a smile.

"I think perhaps she is right," he said, thoughtfully; "after all, art, except in some of its phases, is only a means to an end; and, once the end is achieved, the means may be regarded as no longer worth considering."



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

TOM HUGGINS, OF THE LOCAL FIRE BRIGADE, UMPIRES FOR THE VISITING TEAM IN AN EMERGENCY. LADEN, AS IS USUAL, WITH THEIR WEALTH, WATCHES, ETC., HE HEARS THE FIRE-BELL, AND OBEYS DUTY'S CALL WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME!

THE AÉROMOBILIST'S ROUTE BOOK.

For parties touring in the Highlands ballooning will be found a pleasant and expeditious substitute for the more hackneyed ecstasies of motoring. A few hints as to grades and contours may save the tourist a mile or two and not come wholly amiss.

In crossing the Border from Carlisle, especially if the objective be a rendezvous on the ever-beautiful banks of Loch Lomond, aéronauts should be careful to take the high road—partly on account of the prevailing depression of nebular cumuli, and partly with a view to avoiding the expansion of gas incidental to the Burns country and Gallo-way (N. B.). Through the Southern portion of Ayr the going will generally be found "soft" but a fine hard run is afforded by the expanse of carbonised strata stretching from Motherwell to Glasgow and the Clyde. Upon crossing the latter, sky-goers should take at once to the hills, where (thanks to the jovial bonhomie of the TYNDRUM OF TYNDRUM)

they will be permitted to skim his hereditary grouse-moor. A considerable elevation should, however, still be preserved, in view of the deplorable accident which occurred to so capable a volauventeur as M. SANTOS DU ROUGEMONT himself, when a short-sighted sportsman mistook his 6 h.-p. aéroplane for a rocketing capercaillie, and caused the machine to turn turtle on the spot.

The aéronaut willing or able to surmount the Pass of Glencoe and descend to Loch Leven will find the route somewhat precipitous (being positively littered with large cirri), and should be careful here to use both rim-brakes, and throw out, when possible, an extra clutch. Ben Nevis is also a difficult crossing, owing to the nimbus obscuring its summit, and should not be attempted at more than ten gasomètres an hour nor without sounding a powerful fog-horn, which should be carried on the weather-bow. If the foregoing precautions be observed, there should be small danger of punctures or side-slip, but it will be well to carry a length of silken cloth and another of twine, to repair incidental

breaches. These, together with other appliances, such as kedge-anchors, sou'-westers, Northern Lights, Roderick (mountain) Dew and aerated waters, may be procured at any trustworthy asylum of the A. T. C., where all statistics of balloony are supplied, and repairs and funerals neatly undertaken.

"AND O! THE DIFFERENCE TO ME."

(After Wordsworth.)

SHE dealt, and seemed in worldly ways
A guileless little dove,
And made me loth her trumps to "raise,"
And score a lot to love.

But ah, my feelings none can know
When LUCY said that she
Would pay one-half her debt, and owe
The difference to me!

The Daily Mail is asking if we have had a previous existence: *The Throne* takes up the challenge in a spirited manner with an advertisement to the effect that "Lady H— recommends very highly her Nurse; 60 years' character; age 49."



EAU DE VIE DE BOHÊME.

"C.B." (*drinking the waters at Marienbad*). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY PUT INTO THIS STUFF, BUT IT MAKES ONE FEEL DELIGHTFULLY HAZY. THERE'S KEIR HARDIE, NOW, AND BIRRELL AND WINSTON—I REMEMBER THEIR NAMES, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH IS WHICH. WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'LL ALL COME BACK TO ME IN OCTOBER."





Art Student (engaging ro'm's). "WHAT IS THAT?"

Landlady. "THAT IS A PICTURE OF OUR CHURCH DONE IN WOOL BY MY DAUGHTER, SIR. SHE'S SUBJECT TO ART, TOO."

A CISTERCIAN ABBEY.

Extract from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.

By Beaulieu River.—There is a certain analogy between Beaulieu River and the hunted hare. In both cases a preliminary to full enjoyment is that you "catch it." To the inexperienced eye there is no point at which one can say the Solent ends and the river begins. You steam or sail awhile, and lo! there are banks on either side, and your barque is on the Beaulieu River. A beautiful stream it is at full tide, winding with generous bends through immemorial woods, with here and there a cosy house nestling in umbrageous depths. On the way we pass Buckler's Hard, a century ago one of the principal building yards of the Royal Navy. To-day it is forsaken, cherishing amongst its memories the building and launching of NELSON'S *Victory*, now a sheer hulk in Portsmouth Harbour.

Beaulieu Abbey stands at the head of the navigable stretch of the river. The monks of old had a keen eye for desirable building sites. Never were they happier in choice than in fixing on the strip of the New Forest on which

this Cistercian homestead was built. According to a learned authority, *Monasticon Anglicanum*, King JOHN was the founder of the Abbey, an event brought about under picturesque circumstances. Disliking and distrusting the growing power of the Cistercian monks, he, in the year 1204, genially bade the Abbots take counsel with him at Lincoln. When they were all counted in, he gave his bodyguard orders to cut up the lot. The pious soldiers forebore. The Abbots fled, and the King had a very bad night. He dreamed he was summoned before a judge who condemned him to be scourged by the Abbots. They performed the duty with such energy that when his Majesty woke in the morning he sorely smarted from the blows. Taking the hint, fearing even worse things in a future state, he made his peace by undertaking to build an abbey at Beaulieu and endow the holy Order therewith.

For more than 600 years the hospitality of Beaulieu has been sought by and graciously extended to Royalty. The latest visitors of this class were the young King and Queen of SPAIN, who found an opportunity among the gaieties of Cowes Week to spend a day under

the roof of the latest Lay-Abbot. HENRY THE THIRD was frequently here. EDWARD THE FIRST took so many meals in the refectory that, feeling uneasy at the expense his reception entailed on the monks, he took a step which brings into bold relief the consideration and generosity of Kings. He issued an edict granting immunity to the Abbey of Beaulieu from the necessity of entertaining any other wayfarers. As in those good old days abbeys and monasteries were bound to give free food and lodging to passing man and beast, this gracious thoughtfulness on the part of His Majesty handsomely balanced the account.

On July 4, 1789, there came to Beaulieu quite another royal *cortège*, record of which is preserved to this day in the family archives. Palace House, the stately residence adjoining the ruined Abbey, a portion of it part of the ancient structure, was then the seat of the Duke of MONTAGU, ancestor of the present Lay-Abbot, who—so small the world is—in addition to his ancient episcopal dignity and responsibilities is one of the highest living authorities on the modern science of motoring. The Duke's guests were His Majesty King GEORGE THE THIRD,

the PRINCESS ROYAL, the Princesses ELIZABETH, AUGUSTA, and SOPHIA. Rex, in kingly way, rode on horseback, escorted by the Duke's tenants bearing colours and white wands. The Princesses drove in coaches accompanied by six running footmen in scarlet livery. As the guests entered the hospitable doors the royal standard was run up, hailed by a salute of 21 guns fired from His Majesty's 74-gun battleship *Illustrious* ready for launching at Buckler's Hard. "Their Majesties partook of a handsome cold collection," so the chronicler hath it. Two hours they stayed, and were conducted on their homeward way with the feudal state that greeted their arrival.

Another leaf from this yellow-tinted, quaintly-written page of history tells how, on July 5, 1833, "their royal highnesses the Duchess of KENT and the Princess VICTORIA honoured Beaulieu with a visit." Little did Beaulieu think at the time of all that awaited this little lady, just in her teens, or dreamt of the mighty changes she would live to see worked in the Empire she was, four years later, called upon to rule.

Not much is left standing of King JOHN's penitential offering, the glorious structure his successor HENRY THE THIRD completed. What remains of the cloisters testifies to its singular beauty. Years ago the Abbey became the appanage of a scion of the MONTAGU family, who devoted years of a long peaceful life to the preservation and restoration of the ruined walls. OLD MORTALITY did not carry out his work with gentler, more discriminating touch than he. Less than a year ago the task was ended. To-day the Labourer rests in the silence and seclusion of the roofless chapter house, in the companionship of nameless Abbots who lived and ruled at Beaulieu before HENRY THE EIGHTH made short work of monks and monasteries. Of their story nothing remains told on the weather-beaten stones that cover their graves.

A TIMELY REMINDER.

DEAR, do you ever think of me,
And of our last brief interview
That day, before the hour of three,
But after half-past two?
"Sweet, do you love me?" soft and low
I whispered—and was promptly met
By an uncompromising "No!"—
Love, can you quite forget?

Time in his course has healed the blow.
There have been others since; and yet
I feel, at times, a passing glow
Of not unmixed regret.
And oft, when it is not quite three,
But nearer than half-past two,
I wonder, "Does she think of me?"
"I'll bet you never do. DUM-DUM."

THE NEWSMAKER.

I FOUND him at work in his study, the sole furniture of which was a table, a chair, an ink-pot and a gazetteer.

"All I need," he remarked pleasantly, "added to my own creativeness;" and he tapped his forehead sagely. "Here is a little thing of mine, for example, in this morning's paper," and he drew my attention to the following paragraph:—

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Another curious disappearance is reported from Bristol, where a young woman, the daughter of respectable parents, and herself bearing the best of characters, has suddenly been lost sight of. She left her home on Monday afternoon to buy a new blouse and has never been heard of since. Her height is five feet seven; she has auburn hair, and was wearing a blue linen dress and clothes marked E.T.

"I invented that," he said. "It is not true; but why should it be? It is readable and reasonable, and what more can you ask of a newspaper? Even if the Editors knew it was untrue they would not complain. They know that these are the things that circulation is built on. 'Take care of the suicides and the minor phenomena of life,' is our motto, theirs and mine, and the news from St. Petersburg will take care of itself." So they go on paying me. For every reader who wants to know how the SULTAN is, there are a thousand who are interested in a mad dog at Hexham or a mysterious occurrence at Wendover."

"How do you settle on the places?" I asked.

"With the gazetteer," he replied. "It is very simple. I just choose the non-committal towns. Small towns and villages I am careful about, and I rarely give a name to the victims. Curiously enough there are some towns where nothing interesting or romantic or tragic can ever happen. Weybridge is one, Chislehurst is another; whereas there are others just made for mystery."

"When I am in a very daring mood I keep to London or the Colonies. For instance, I have recently composed this:

FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

News comes from New South Wales of a lucky windfall. A cooper recently bought at an auction sale a grandfather's clock for fourteen shillings. When he came to repair it he decided that the weights were too heavy, and therefore prised them open to reduce their contents, which he assumed to be, as is usual, shot. Judge of his surprise to find that each weight was filled with sovereigns. The old woman whose property the clock had been having left no relations, the treasure trove belongs to the cooper. The incident should give furniture dealing an impetus it sadly needs.

"Here is a paragraph that I had just finished composing when you came in:

REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.

A labouring man near Wolverhampton has just sustained a serious injury in a very curious manner. As he was returning from work last evening a swallow flew into his face, completely destroying the sight of his left eye with the force of its beak.

"Now that will be copied into most of the papers, and some of them will have little notes on the subject. *The Lancet* will say something about the danger of walking about where birds are in the habit of flying. Gradually it will get round the world. Then it will re-enter upon its career, and by-and-by will get into books of natural history. No very determined attempt will be made to deny it, Wolverhampton being a large place and it not being worth anyone's while to follow the matter up.

"Here's another, which is all ready to begin its rounds:—

A MODERN HIGHWAYMAN.

As a farmer in Co. Wexford was driving to market last Wednesday, he was overtaken by a cyclist who, seizing the horse's head, pulled out a revolver and demanded a sovereign. The farmer, deeming discretion the better part of valour, gave it to him, mentally deciding to put the police on his track as soon as he could; but though a vigorous search has been prosecuted no arrest has yet been made.

"That, I think, bears the impress of truth on every line; but it is all invention. And why not? Again I say, what does it matter what you read about total strangers so long as it is interesting and sounds reasonable? I would undertake single-handed to fill any paper with good serviceable and credible but wholly untrue news every morning and not be found out.

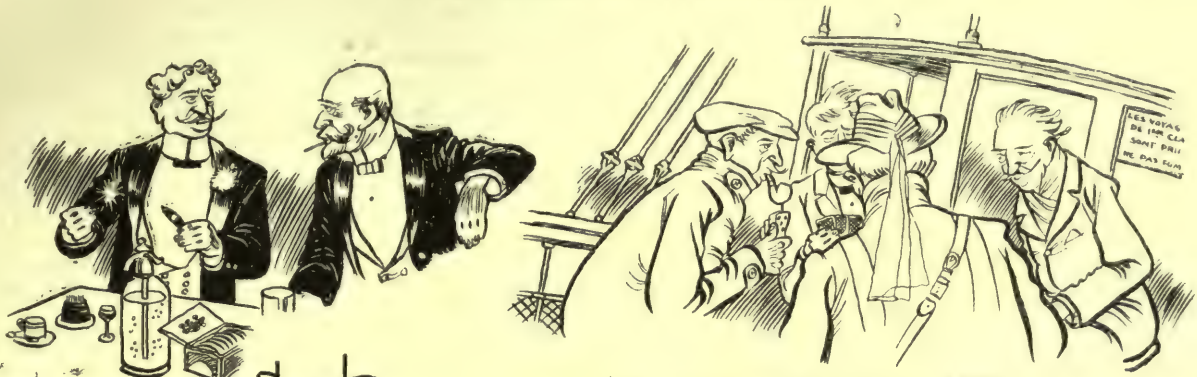
"It was I, by the way, who invented the earthquake shocks in Wilts the other day. Of course there were none; but there might have been. Mine is what I call the loophole school of journalism. There is always a chance that it is true, and no one being directly assailed in pocket there is no serious contradiction."

"And how does it pay you?" I asked.

"I am paid ordinary exchange rates," he said. "Moreover, I have the entertainment too. It is not only my business but my hobby. Some men keep yachts, some endow reading-rooms, some collect postage-stamps. My hobby is to invent news and get it accepted as fact. The papers are full of my work every morning, and I take a pleasure in reading it which that of no author of books can surpass."

The *Manchester Evening News* reports that "brilliant silk neckties have come to the front again." This should put a stop to the fashion, so popular with old gentlemen, of wearing them under the left ear.

THE BRIDGE MANIAC



"WELL OLD MAN DID YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAVE A GOOD TIME ON THE CONTINENT?"

"RATHER! THE SEA WAS AS CALM AS A LAKE....."



..... WE HAD SOME TOPPING DRIVES



..... AND THE VIEWS EVERYWHERE WERE MAGNIFICENT



..... EVEN THE LONG TRAIN JOURNEYS SEEMED COMPARATIVELY SHORT



"O! YES! WE HAD A GLORIOUS HOLIDAY!"

TENNIS B.V.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

V.

CONCERNING FOREIGNERS AND OTHER
UNDESIRABLES.

To come now to more worthy opponents, the principal ones were members of such rival organisations as "The



I rushed at *Liane*.

Blue Bloods," "The Junior Blue Bloods," "The Gentlemen's Club" (*pschaw!*), "The Upper Ten," "The Dachshund-Verein," and the "Ligue des Patriotes."

Few, I expect, have any idea of the number of Dogs' Clubs there are in existence. All big towns are honey-combed with them.

We were specially down on foreigners, and as a rule there would be short shrift for Schipperkes, melancholy Danes, Chows, Dachshunds, Poodles, Pekinese Spaniels, Maltese Terriers, Russian Boar-hounds, Spitz dogs, and the rest of the undesirable aliens. I recollect well my scrap with *Liane de Pougy*. She was a poodle. All poodles are either fops or clowns. *Liane* was a fop, and a saucy one at that. She had long ropes of hair reaching to the ground. One day, by way of retort to my quite harmless remark, "Get your hair cut!" she had the cheek to reply in broken English, "Go 'ome an' wash you ze dirty face!" That got my blood up, and with the words, "Your face is as dirty as mine, you filthy *brunette*, if we could only see it!" I rushed at *Liane* and did some amateur hair-cutting myself, entirely removing some of the ropes and shortening others, even though her owner jabbed at me all the time with her parasol. You never saw such a piece of shabby finery as was *Liane* when I had done with her; and it was not the slightest good her reminding me

of the *Entente*. She kept at home for some days after that, and when next she met the Club she was clean-shaven; all her beautiful curls were gone. How we roared with laughter!

Dachshunds would get on our nerves even more than poodles. These caterpillars would sometimes toady up to us, and we would not always think them worth powder and shot. Once, for in-

field spaniels stunted in their youth by frequent doses of gin. A more pretentious crew I have never seen. One morning, when I was out with the Captain, I met one of them whom his owner was leading by a leash. "Self-satisfied little muff!" I hissed as I passed. "If I could only get at you," he had the cheek to retort, "I'd make mince-meat of both of you!"—and he pretended to tug at his leash. Thereupon the Captain turned back and cleverly bit through the leash—and you never saw anyone skurry so quickly in the wrong direction as Master Charlie. So much for King's blood!

Sometimes, if we felt frolicsome, we would not wait for trouble to come to us, but we would even make it. This we managed by means of the Club Bone. We would leave the Club Bone in the road as a decoy. Then we would hide round the corner, and as soon as a thorough-bred began to tackle the bone, we would all rush out and angrily accuse him of trying to rob the poor.

WAR.

The "*Grandes battues*," when the Dogs of War put forth their whole strength, took place comparatively rarely—not more often, on the average, than once in two months—for the Captain would not have us waste our corporate strength on what he considered unworthy objects.

It is astonishing, when I come to think of the number of engagements in which I have taken part, how seldom I came to any harm. "Fortune favours the brave," was the flattering explanation given by the Captain, who had an apt quotation for everything. In a way, of course, I was armour-clad. I refer to my rough hair. We rough-coated dogs have a distinct advantage in a scuffle, as it takes an opponent a long

stance, I remember we were having sports, and a dachshund named Hans Blumberg crawled up and stood watching us longingly, and finally had the cool audacity to ask if he might join in. "No," said the Captain, sharply. "We don't play with centipedes, specially German ones," and then we all barked at him in concert, and he ran away terrified, to complain to his Kaiser.

I cannot stand dachshunds at any price. It tires me to look at them.



So much for King's blood



Before I have carried my eye from the snout to the tail I am bored.

And I found King Charles Spaniels especially hard to tolerate. These microbes actually had the impertinence to pretend that they were "correct" and that I was wrong. It is, of course, perfectly obvious to any impartial person that they are cheap editions of me—

time to work through to our flesh, and the probability is that, before he reaches it, he will have swallowed so much hair that he will be incapacitated by a fit of coughing. And that is the time when we drive home any advantage that we may already have obtained. And I had something else in my favour. My sort are usually very affectionate dogs, with

no fight in them. This would put the others off their guard, and I would get in first bite.

The Captain, too, was wonderfully immune from damage. Yet, perhaps, in his case this was not remarkable, for, like all good officers, he, more often than not, directed operations from a distance. The Captain was the brain of our army, I its right arm. There was an astonishing difference between us. The Captain was always as cool as a cucumber; I, on the other hand, was all flurry and fluster, if any thinking had to be done. As the Captain told me more than once, I had not the head of a great leader. My impulsive nature was against me.

MASCOT MAGIC.

MASCOTS appear to be a good deal in evidence, or rather, up various sleeves, this season. We learn, for instance, that a Black Cat contributed in that capacity very effectively to the recent victory of Sir MAURICE FITZGERALD'S *Satanita* at Cowes; also that Master WRAY, the little son of the Harvard crew's trainer, is expected to do great things as a three-year-old magician at Putney on September 8, being responsible, of course, for the safe negotiation of the American triumph.

These matters, we consider, should be speedily placed on a sounder and more sportsmanlike footing. If mascots are going to revolutionise the world of athletics in this way, it would be as well to know where we are. How can we be sure—to take a recent case—that Surrey's collapse at Sheffield was not due to some lamentable misbehaviour on the part of Lord DALMENY'S or HAYWARD'S private totem? One scarcely likes to hint at such a proceeding, but supposing it had been "got at," behind its owner's back, by the opposing fetish, for a consideration? However, in the absence of direct testimony, it would perhaps be more charitable to suppose that cricket is still cricket, and that Yorkshire's win was quite on the straight, and merely due to the overpowering excellence of the super-mascots of RHODES and HIRST. Still, there are possibilities in the future which should not be overlooked. It may turn out, one fine September, that the respective County Mascots have been doing a deal

among themselves, and holding a sort of "knock-out" for the championship, to suit their own convenience and advancement. Frankly, it would be well if the M.C.C. were to keep an eye on, and, if necessary, penalise all over-familiar spirits in the shape of babies, dogs, or guinea-pigs detected officiously meddling with the issue of a match. We do not want the "glorious uncertainty" controlled by too much of the Obeah and Voodoo business.

is quite vicarious enough, as it is. And there is the further danger of mascots turning out to be Jonahs, after all.

Zig-Zag.

SPORT FOR THE MILLION.

A CORRESPONDENT to *The Star* asks "Can any one tell me of a way by which fleas can be killed and not merely stupefied?" We understand that each of the following methods has been found

effective in its way:—Having diverted the animal's attention with a carrot or other tit-bit, select a suitable moment and smartly sever the cervical vertebræ with an axe. Having thus impaired the creature's powers of locomotion, you can take it out at leisure and bury it in the garden. This method is recommended in all cases where a manservant is kept.

MISS BEATON (one of "The Four Maries"), in her excellent book *Little Jobs about the House*, gives the following recipe: "Having first caught your flea, imprison it carefully in the centre of a ball of dough which should contain at least one part of chlorate of lime and three parts of petroleum. Bake the whole for one hour, and transfer to pigsty." It may be pointed out, however, that, while this method is obviously better than some occasionally resorted to, such as giving your flea to the dog to roll on, or putting down poisoned meat, it is a risky one to resort to except in the case of very immature specimens. Many other methods both of catching and killing these obnoxious creatures are known. Among Brighton lodging-house keepers, for instance, the common practice is to catch them in rat-traps baited with a live kitten or other small animal; but the S. P. C. A. have rightly interfered on

behalf of the bait. We would point out, however, that, whereas to stupefy the flea temporarily incapacitates the flea's appetite, to kill him (in nine cases out of ten) merely excites him to a livelier and more malignant activity.

"They wear gold helmets studded with germs, frequently of great value."—*Rangoon Gazette*.

We in England find it difficult to realise the contempt which a germ in a helmet feels for a mere bee in a bonnet.



"MERELY MARY ANN" AGAIN.

"PLEASE, 'M, THE FISHMONGER SAYS WILL YOU HAVE IT FILTERED?"

If, however, we are to have mascots in each and every sport, they had better be duly examined and licensed. Should they exceed their prerogatives, their licence could then be indorsed. With proper management, they would be of considerable use in handicaps. Weaker teams, crews, race-horses or motor-cars might then equalise their chances with assistance of more masterful mascots. Only we would enter a caveat against allowing or demanding that the latter should do all the work. Our exercise

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If you are sitting in your lonely room on a beautiful August day, thinking of a Devon sea or a Kent orchard, and a knock comes at the door, the chances are nineteen to one that it is merely the landlady—to ask whether you will have lunch “in” this morning please. But in romances it is always your cousin *Marjorie* who bursts in upon you—*Marjorie*, who played games with you ten years ago—whom you do not recognize now with her hair up; and she is your second cousin lots removed, because, though legally you may marry your first cousin, still it isn't much done. *Marjorie's* first thought is “How improved he is!” and yours “Thank Heaven I shaved this morning.” And by and by you go out and have some lunch. It is a wonderful world where these things happen, so I am more grateful than I can say to E. NESBIT and T. FISHER UNWIN for this delightful book, *Man and Maid*. There are thirteen stories in it, but nearly always a *Marjorie*, that is to say an adventure. But for her, one would lock the door of one's flat and keep out landladies and tradesmen and other worries. As it was I closed *Man and Maid* with a sigh, and, after pulling at my collar, went to the head of the stairs. . . . The voice of the house-painter came echoing up from below.

The last time I read a book about a small house, it was *The Small House at Allington*, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE; but the work before me, *The Small House*, by ARTHUR MARTIN (ALSTON RIVERS), deals with the small house by itself, *tout court*, the small house anywhere. For small country houses (like castles too) are in the air just now, not always (though too often) cottages that ape humility, but sometimes are the real thing; and this book is to help you in deciding upon what type of small house you will have, and how much it shall cost, and where the bathroom is to be, and so forth. These and other matters are all plainly and compactly presented, with the assistance of plans and pictures. But let no one who cannot afford it be led away by Mr. MARTIN's blandishments, or they will find themselves instead in the Great House, as ISOPEL BERNERS used to call it.

In *The Man Who Rose Again* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) MR. JOSEPH HOCKING presents a possibly useful example of how a novel may be written. Take a group of lay figures; label one a retired City merchant of great wealth and high morals; another, his daughter, a beautiful maiden richly endowed with talents and virtue; a third, a man of supreme capacity, the rising hope of a political party, but a sodden drunkard. Engage him to the prim maiden. Bring affairs up to the very hour of the clang of the wedding bell, then flash on the bride-expectant the discovery that he is even worse than she thought him. The wedding is broken off. He mysteriously disappears; returns, after an interval of two years, disguised in sobriety and a fez; makes love again to his old flame; reconquers her affection and, when she thinks she is, after all, about to marry a fez, discloses his identity. That is the story in brief. But there is no flesh and blood engaged in working it out.

I have a sort of bone to pick with Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN. His book, *Joseph Vance* (HEINEMANN), is quite the best novel I have read for a very long time, and yet he describes it as “An Ill-Written Autobiography.” It seems absurd for me to say (respectfully), “No, sir; you are wrong. It is not ill-written; it is very well written indeed; it is full of a tender playful detachment from, and at the same time sympathy with, its subject; full of that restraint of power which gives one a feeling of strength through the sheer delicacy of its concealment. It is full, moreover, of an exquisite human sense of character, in proof whereof I could cite one of the least of its people—*Porky*, who, on being challenged in respect of his knowledge of triangles equilateral and equiangular, with great presence of mind denied the existence of both, because ‘they would be uneven all over exceptin’ they were drored square.’” It seems, I repeat, absurd for me to say all this, for there is the author's own verdict stamped indelibly on the cover. So I won't say it. But it's true all the same.

One of Mr. Punch's staff of “Learned Clerks” has been



Mermaid (to Sunfish). “Would you mind shining this way for a second while I snapshot Papa?”

betrayed into an error which, had he been either a little more, or a little less, learned, might not have occurred. In a recent review of that charming book *A Motor-Car Divorce*, he cast doubts on the author's knowledge of the “*Petits Chevaux*” at Aix, on the ground that she spoke of the game as one in which “a ball bobs round.” He even suggested that Messrs. DUCKWORTH & Co., the publishers, might, with their superior knowledge, have put the author right. In the Learned Clerk's own experience of this sport of king-lets, both elsewhere and at Aix, it was the little horses that revolved. He now gathers that within the last few years

they have ceased to race at Aix, and that an indiarubber ball runs round in their stead, while they themselves are content to look on, being reduced to painted simulacra in two dimensions. The Learned Clerk desires to tender to author and publisher the assurance of his profound regrets.

“DOES WOMAN HELP?”

SIR,—In answer to this silly season conundrum which is agitating the readers of one of your contemporaries I reply: certainly she does. Take my own case. For years I had secretly loved the girl to whom I am now happily engaged. I am naturally nervous, and for a long time had not the courage to propose. At length one day I found myself alone with ETHEL in her mother's drawing-room. In the course of conversation she remarked that she was feeling rather lonely, as her mother was out calling, and would not return for at least an hour. My fears on this point being thus removed, I resolved to risk my fortune.

The difficulty was how to begin. ETHEL was arranging some flowers, and, by way of commencement, I said something about “Those white hands of yours.” She merely remarked, “Why not say ‘Yours,’ FRED?” and the thing was done.

Since then I have often felt deeply grateful for this timely help, without which I might easily have occupied the full hour's time with no better result.

Yours, &c.,
FREDERICK TORTOISE.

CHARIVARIA.

By a stroke of the pen, President ROOSEVELT has brought about an immense and much needed increase in the number of American comic writers.

Mr. HALDANE is being hailed at Berlin as a friend of Germany. We hope he will not find it necessary to give further proofs of his friendship. Our Army has been reduced quite enough.

One does not often look to Russia for guidance, but the CZAR is now increasing the number of *his* Guards.

A witness in a recent case in the Hawaiian Court was named KAIKINAKOILILIKEA LENOIKAINAKHIKIKIAPUOKALANI. He is, we hear, to be elected an honorary Welshman.

At a marriage at Blackpool, the bride, with the consent of the bridegroom, omitted the undertaking to obey him. The experiment is certainly worth trying. Wives won't obey when they promise to. Perhaps they will when they don't promise to—though it *may* prove necessary to make them promise not to.

Mr. J. OGDEN ARMOUR has written a book entitled *The Packers and the People* to prove that the former do not pack the latter. At the same time we read only the other day, in an American magazine, a story in which the hero was admitted to be "a well-preserved man of sixty."

The discovery of the whooping-cough bacillus is announced. We understand that it is quite the noisiest microbe in existence, and it is not impossible that one day these little creatures will take the place of house-dogs.

The sea-side is creeping nearer to London every day. Gravesend now has an artificial beach, and it is rumoured that Wapping is to have a troupe of Pierrots next year.

The statement published by many newspapers to the effect that the late Mr. WILLING was the pioneer of advanced advertising is disputed by more than one well-known novelist.

A discussion is raging in *The Express* on the subject of "The tiny waist." We wonder if it is generally known that one of the most determined opponents of this silly custom is Mr. HALDANE.

A clever American surgeon has succeeded in transferring some of the internal organs of certain cats and dogs to others. The fun will begin when an original owner meets a transferee, and



Irritated Bus-driver (to Policeman). "WISH YOUR OLD WOMAN COULD SEE YEE."

insists on having his property back again.

"Are we becoming less religious?" Not at Hayward's Heath, at any rate. A gentleman living there beat his wife with a rolling-pin, the other day, and chased her down a street, thrashing her with a garden tool, because she refused to get him his breakfast in time for him to attend early morning service.

LITTLE ECONOMIES.

RADIUM should be bought in small quantities owing to the fact that damp soon makes it musty. If, however, a good deal be required, it should be stored in a barrel with holes in the lid to ensure proper ventilation.

A cheap and effective way of ridding a house of mosquitos is to sleep in the garden.

If a diamond necklace has lost its lustre, do not send it to a jeweller's for treatment. Hang it on a tree in your front garden for a week. After this fresh-air cure you will never complain again of its lack of lustre.

Porphyry doorsteps are exceedingly fragile and stand the weather badly. It will prove an economy if they are made removable. When a ring is heard at the door the servant can bring out the step, the visitor can use it, and then it may be carried in again. Thus with a little care the longevity of a porphyry doorstep may be greatly extended.

When clocks go too fast never send them to the maker's to be altered. Drop a little sloe gin in the works.

If a gas-meter should be out of order and fail to register the full amount of gas passing through, never send for a plumber. "Let well alone" should be the economical householder's motto.

LIGHT BLUE AND CRIMSON.*(A Song for the Cambridge and Harvard Crews.)*

THERE were nine true men of Harvard, and they wished to
sail the sea,

And eight of them were sturdy men, as sturdy as could be ;
For eight of them were rowing men and to the manner born,
But one he was a coxswain bold who sat the seat of scorn.

(Chorus.)

So it's drive her all together, boys,
And mind your level feather, boys !

Oh, swing to it,
And spring to it,

And trim her when she rolls !
For it's fury, fight and tussle,
But without a hint of bustle.

While you fire your weary muscle with the ardour of your
souls !

There were nine true men of Harvard, and when they'd
beaten Yale

They all began with one accord to hanker for a sail ;

"For now," they said, "we mean to try a bout of oars with
you

Who defend the pride of England and the flag of bonny blue."

When we heard that fiery challenge, oh we couldn't well be
dumb,

So we shouted back our answer, and they knew we meant to
come,

Knew we meant to come and race them, not for gold or gaudy
gems,

But for love and sport and friendship on the tideway of the
Thames.

Then they crossed the fierce Atlantic and they came to us
from far,

They whose mother is our Cambridge too, whose faithful sons
we are.

And we faced them and embraced them here as brothers of
the blade ;

And they said we did them honour, but they didn't seem
afraid.

* * * * *

Now the light blue and the crimson flags are floating side by
side,

And the men are in their racing boats and out upon the tide ;

And it's *rah-rah-rah!* for Harvard and her crimson flying
free,

And it's three good cheers for Cambridge and just another
three !

So we paddle to our stake-boats and there comes a hush of
death,

And the umpire holds his pistol and the watchers hold their
breath ;

And it's "Steady, are you ready?" and, before there's time
to cough,

Lo, a flash, a roar, a rattle, and the racing-boats are off !

And it's all a blur of shouting and of steamers blowing steam,
And of launches close behind us that are churning up the
stream ;

And it's Hammersmith and Chiswick and the noise of many
men,

While they spurt and we keep spurting as the coxes call
for ten.

And every man is plugging as he never plugged before,
With his feet upon his stretcher and his grip upon his oar ;

And we've passed the "Ship" at Mortlake—but I wonder
which has won

Now the judge's flag has fallen and the mighty race is done !

(Chorus.)

So it's drive her all together, boys,
And mind your level feather, boys !

Oh, swing to it,

And spring to it,

And trim her when she rolls !

For it's fury, fight and tussle,

But without a hint of bustle,

While you fire your weary muscle with the ardour of your
souls !

R. C. L.

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1920.*(With acknowledgments to the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Press.)*

May 1, 1920.—The cricket season opens to-day, and the
supporters of Anglesea are confident of retaining the Cham-
pionship. But it must be borne in mind that the five other
counties engaged to-day, Kent, Surrey, Essex, Yorkshire and
Notts, have not yet suffered a reverse.

May 4.—Anglesea have retained their percentage of 100,
and if they do not drop any more points they should be
well in the running for the Championship. Curiously enough,
Kent and Yorkshire have also 100%.

June 1.—A month has elapsed and we are only that much
nearer the result of the Championship.

June 29.—Yorkshire have now 77.77%. If they beat
Surrey, and Surrey beat Hants, Gloucestershire will still
have a percentage of 25.

July 4.—What a pity HAYWARD, the Grand Old Man of
Cricket, dropped that catch at 3 P.M. on June 12! Surrey
might now have been 66.66%. On the other hand they
might not.

July 20. The contest is now one of Bat v. Ball.

Aug. 3.—If Anglesea are beaten to-day, Surrey hope to be
Champions. They have hoped so ever since May.

Aug. 17.—It is still a contest of Bat v. Ball.

Sept. 2.—Anglesea and Yorkshire each have a percentage
of 71.9. If Anglesea beats Yorkshire it will have a per-
centage of 73.2. Conversely Yorkshire will have this percentage
if Anglesea loses.

If the match is drawn, they will be equal. Such an un-
precedented event has not happened since 1918.

Sept. 5.—We are glad Yorkshire won. They are good
fighters, and every match has been an uphill one. Without
HIRST they would have been seventh or eighth. Besides, they
are all Yorkshiremen. At the same time it is worthy of
remark that 90.9% of the Anglesea team are also York-
shiremen.

CLUBS AND THE MAN.

["NELSON never succeeded in getting into a Club. To-day, however,
he would belong to the Rag or United Service."—*Tribune*.]

HENRY THE EIGHTH never succeeded in getting into any of
the well-known Clubs. To-day, however, he would doubtless
have been blackballed for the Bachelors.

DRAKE, had he lived, would have qualified for the Travellers.
A similar remark applies to COLUMBUS.

BEAU BRUMMELL might, in a lean year, have got into the
National Liberal Club.

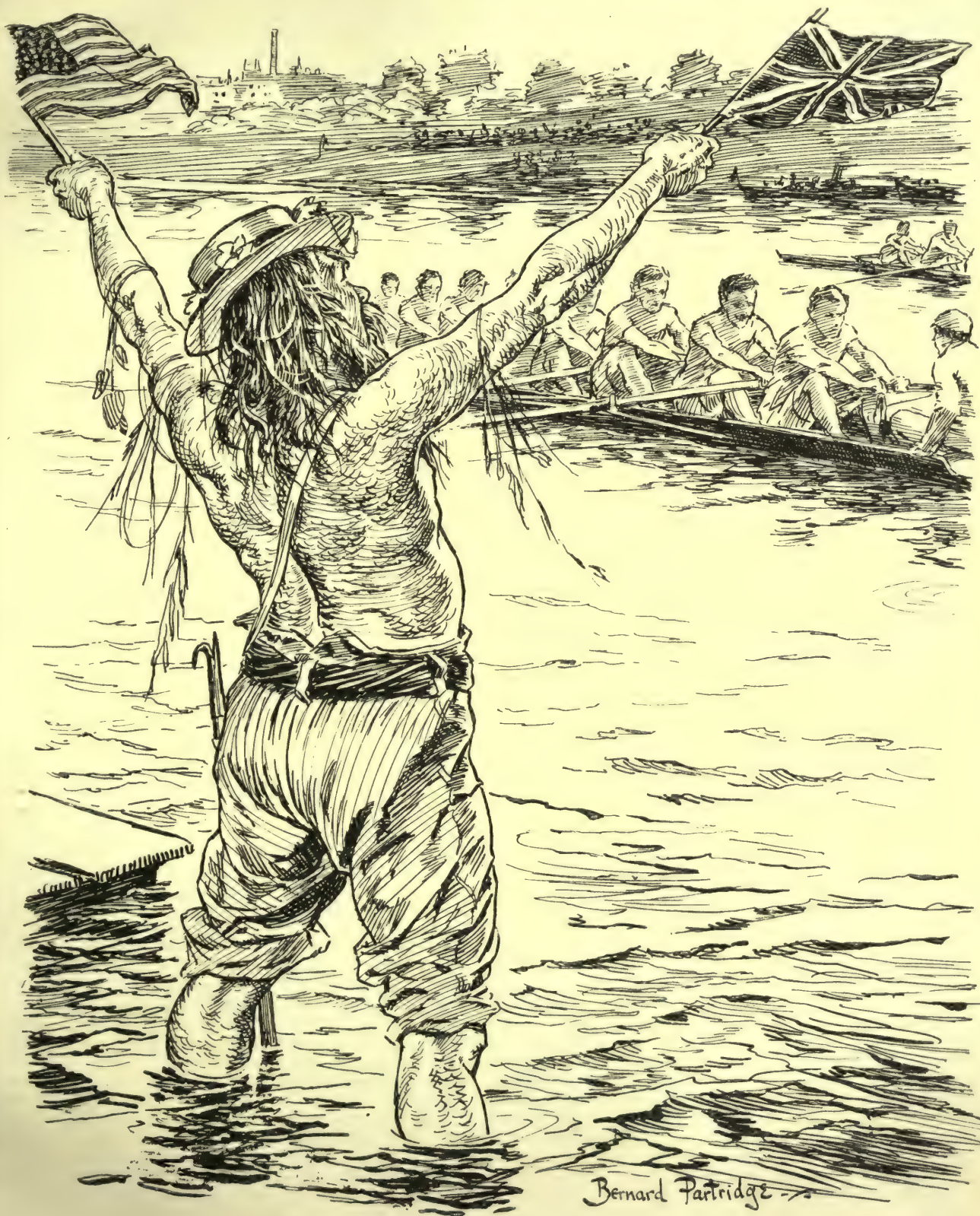
WORDSWORTH would, probably, have had aspirations in the
direction of the Primrose Club; rather as a place of call on
his way up to the Lakes than for any political purpose.

The Primrose, off St. James' Street,

Was just, for him, a place to eat,

And it was nothing more.

CHARLES THE SECOND would have put up for the Playgoers.



CHIPS OF THE SAME OLD BLOCK.

THAMES (*the Jolly Waterman*). "WELL ROWED, HARVARD! WELL ROWED, CAMBRIDGE!
PROUD OF YOU BOTH, WHICHEVER WINS!"



Bowler (his sixth appeal for an obvious leg-before). "'OW'S THAT?'"

Umpire (drawing out watch). "WELL, HE'S BEEN IN TEN MINUTES NOW—HOUT!"

"THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS."

To the memory of Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie.

If anything was needed to bring home the cruel hurt that the world of letters has had to bear in the loss of Mrs. CRAIGIE, there is this last book of hers, *The Dream and the Business*, whose appearance follows with so pathetic a nearness upon her death. The tireless courage and activity of mind which at last wore out the frail body show here no signs of surrender; only they have taken on a new tenderness of sentiment that grew with the growing years; a gentler humanity, a more poignant sense of the pitifulness of things in a world where the business of life is so often divorced from its dreams.

The book reminds one most of the manner of *The School for Saints* and *Robert Orange*, while avoiding their aloofness from common experience; yet it is representative of all that was best in all her work—its clear-eyed breadth of vision, its reasoned serenity, its earnestness tempered with gaiety, its cynicism corrected by an understanding heart. It is largely a contrast, worked out with high impartiality, between the Nonconformist and the Roman Catholic attitudes of mind. Whether it is due to a more comprehensible quality in their creed or to the effect of Mrs. CRAIGIE's own early training, still vital with the unsuspected force of first impressions despite the later influence of an adopted faith, it seems that she has better succeeded in realising for us the characters of the Nonconformist *Firmaldens* than those of the Catholic *Marlesfords*, except in the strange afterthought by which she permits *Sophy Firmalden* to go over to the Roman Church.

Perhaps the chief interest of the book as a study in the interrelations of character will be found in the clash of a pagan intellect and passion (*Lessard's*, the child of nature) with these two antithetical types of Christian. But of all the many contrasted figures with which the book abounds, *Tessa Marlesford* ("the artist without an art") remains the most fascinating by the elusive childlikeness of her temperament, her ideals too vague for attainment or even definition, her appealing helplessness in the hands of circumstance.

Yet, for some, the most enduring attraction of the book will lie in its lucid ease and purity of style; for others, in its wealth of swift unerring criticisms of creed and custom, —epigrams easily detachable from their context, but nearly always appropriate to the lips that utter them; as when *Lady Marlesford*, speaking of the caste to which she belongs, says, "My aunt believes she is upper-class. The very belief is second-rate!" But at times Mrs. CRAIGIE foregoes the dramatic method and gives expression to her own philosophy of life. This may seem a flaw in the book's perfection to those who require all art to be objective. Yet it has the virtue, for those who never knew her, that by this self-revelation they are admitted to a certain intimacy with the author's heart.

For those who knew her well it is harder than ever, with this book before them, in which the unforgettable charm of her personality is so brightly reflected, to realise that the hand which wrote it is still in death; that for her "the business" of life is over, and "the dream" at length comes true.

O. S.

SPELLING REFORM.

[GREAT MEETING AT SKEEBO CASTL.
(LATE SKEEBO CASTLE.)]

A GREAT meeting to discuss the new scheme of spelling reform promulgated by President ROOSEVELT was held on Saturday last at Skeebo Castle, the picturesque Highland seat of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE. There was a large attendance, including the Duke and Duchess of SUTHERLAND, Professor CHURTON COLLINS, the Poet Laureate, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, Mr. H. G. WELLS, Lord AVEBURY, Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, Miss PANKHURST, Mr. HENRY JAMES, Mr. W. LE QUEUX, &c.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who took the Chair, opened the proceedings with music, tastefully performing a selection from WAGNER on his new electric orkestromphon. He then welcomed the distinguished company in a graceful speech. As for the scheme which they were met together to discuss he could not claim (he said) to be its originator. CHAUCER had forestalled him, and SHAKESPEARE, by the pathetic futility of his efforts to spell his own name twice running in the same way, was unconsciously the most powerful advocate of simplified spelling. He called upon Professor SKEAT to address the meeting.

Professor SKEAT, after a brief survey of the history of spelling reform, said that the time had come for them to break loose from the thralldom of BUTTER and MAJOR. Modern spelling, he continued, was neither one thing nor the other. Let all words be spelt with elaborate disregard for pronunciation—e.g., if phthisical was right and fitting, then bicycle should be spelt phbisical—or let them all conform to the rules laid down by President ROOSEVELT. As an instance of the confusion to which the existing method gave rise he mentioned the curious case of Lord TENNYSON, who was called ALUM, after Alum Bay, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, where his father, the late Laureate, lived. Most people, however, owing to the prevalence of Cockney habits, misspelt the name HALLAM, and as such it appeared even in books of reference.

Lord AVEBURY (who was greeted with cries of "Spell it with a B, my lord!"), said that some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent in observing the habits of spelling bees. For the rest he held that the pleasures of life would be greatly enhanced by the removal of any ambiguity between "ant" and "aunt." Phonetic spelling would inevitably discourage an identical pronunciation of these two words. As it was he found that remarks made by him on the nature of the aphides were frequently taken by his listeners to refer to certain of his female relatives. (Buzzes

of sympathy, in which his lordship joined with a prolonged hum).

The Chairman of the Society of Descriptive Reporters, whose name we did not catch, but rather think it was CHOLMONDELEY, said that he voiced the unanimous sentiment of the journalistic profession in denouncing the proposed reform as a mean and cheese-paring device. He had calculated that it would mean saving four lines in every hundred, which he would remind the meeting represented two glasses of beer, or for those of different persuasions a plate of jugged cabbage at the Eustace Miles Restaurant. He commended this aspect of the question to the Trade Unions of Great Britain and America.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, whose head was tastefully decorated with sable plumes and who was received with mute respect, said that he had recently paid a visit to America for no other purpose than to satisfy himself that the grave of JOSH BILLINGS was what it should be. He mentioned this because JOSH was really the father of the present *émeute* in orthographical circles.

Miss PANKHURST wished to know whether Mr. ASQUITH supported spelling reform or not. Her attitude towards the movement would be entirely determined by his—in the contrary direction. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. HENRY JAMES said that simplicity was the bane of literature. If they wanted a practical proof of his assertion he would ask them to note the demoralising effect of the new method on his own style. Mr. HENRY JAMES then proceeded to write on the blackboard the following passage from *The Golden Bowl*:

"MAGGY had suffishuntly intimated to the Prinse, ten minits be4, that she needed no shoing as to hwat thare frend woodnt consent to be taken 4; but the diffikulty now indeed was to chuse, for explisit tribute of admirashun, between the varietiz of her nobler aspekts. She karried it off, to put the matter korsly, with a tast and diskreshn that held our yung wooman's attenshun for the furst kwarter of an our, to the vurry point of diverting it from the attitood of her overshadod, her almost superseeded, kompanyon."

Panic and cries for stretchers.

Mr. LE QUEUX, speaking in the picturesque patois of San Marino, pointed out the peculiar cruelty of a system which, if applied to surnames, would confound his identity with (1) a suburban botanical garden, (2) another novelist, (3) the crowd outside a theatre door.

Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, in an impassioned speech, hailed the scheme as one likely to accelerate the de-Anglicisation of Ireland. It was the glory of Erse that

it contained more superfluous letters than any other tongue. (Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON: "May I ask did the learned gentleman say 'Hearse'?" Dr. HYDE: "No, Erse." Mr. ASHTON: "I'm sorry.") English owed its partial toleration to a feeble imitation of this practice, but if forced on an unwilling people in a phonetic form would provoke an irresistible boycott. The day they tampered with the spelling of Youghal and Drogheda the doom of England's tyranny was sealed.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN pronounced himself an unhesitating supporter of the old *régime*. By it bards were allowed the privilege of employing eye rhymes, which would be impossible under the CARNEGIE-ROOSEVELT tyranny. The labours of a laureate, severe enough already, would be enhanced to an unendurable extent if this relaxation were denied them.

Professor CHURTON COLLINS also dissented strongly from the views expressed by the Chairman. He declared that a man who mutilated his mother-tongue should be indicted for matricide. The craze for phonetic spelling was a distinct sign of a criminal disposition, and if officially recognised would lead to pogroms in every village in the United Kingdom.

At this stage of the proceedings considerable consternation was excited by the appearance of a strange figure in rusty black with an unkempt wig in the gallery. "Sir," exclaimed the figure, "I little thought that the English language, which I laboured so assiduously to preserve, was destined to be mangled and mutilated by a Scottish plutocrat and a Dutch-American. The Serbonian bog of mythology is nothing compared to the Skibonian slough of ignorance." With these words the speaker hurled a large volume (which subsequently turned out to be *Johnson's Dictionary*) at the Chairman and disappeared in a cloud of polysyllables.

The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by one of the leading citizens of Dornoch, who humorously expressed the hope that in future they would not be confused with door-knockers.

"Motor Body."

"One man can change from a Tonneau to a Laudaulette, Shooting Brake, or Racing Car in two minutes, and, when fixed, cannot be told from ANY fixed body."—*Adet. in "The Autocar."*

THE disguise would certainly deceive one's nearest relations, but as likely as not one's dog would come up and give the whole show away by licking the sparking plug.

HENRY'S IDEA.

I.

OF THE SILLY SEASON.

IF there's one man I hate, said HENRY, it is the cynic. You know MASTERS? Well, he's just been here, and I've been trying to talk to him about the Sea-serpent. Personally I believe in the Sea-serpent. I mean there are some pretty odd animals around already, aren't there? . . . Well, yes, MASTERS, for instance . . .

It beats me why people should be so ready to sneer at men who write to the papers about things—really important things like Sea-serpents and Dreams and "Do Women Help." I saw one letter on women helping signed "Mother of Thirteen," which seemed a pretty useful argument, and MASTERS said it was probably written by a man in the office. Well, of course it may have been; but it's much pleasanter to think of this fine woman working like mad to clothe and feed thirteen children, and even then getting time to sit down and write to the papers all about it.

Then there was a letter on Dreams by F. R. G. S. Well, I know his name may have been F. R. G. Smith, but I think it's much nicer to believe that he really is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society—got in on a by-election, perhaps. . . .

People are much too smart for me nowadays. MASTERS found me looking at *The Sportsman* the other morning. I was reading out a team to him, and we came to "A. BOWLER." MASTERS spent about half an hour wondering whether that stood for any well-known man. Why not ARTHUR BOWLER? I mean there's "Jack Straw's Castle" . . . and so on. Then there was a man in this team called BRIERLY. "Wonder if he's any relation to the Lancashire man," said MASTERS. "Oh, but he can't be," he added; "it's spelt differently." Well, why shouldn't they have been cousins?

I was sorry there were no letters this year on what we should do if we had a million pounds left us. That's the sort of topic that appeals to everybody. Personally I should buy a pen-knife first, because I've just lost mine: and then that would spoil the whole thing, because I should only have some ridiculous sum, all in nines, left, and one simply couldn't do anything with it. Still, I should have the knife, anyhow.

No, the best question on now is the Economy of Marriage one. A dear man from somewhere down the line says he has saved £50 a year by marrying. I think it's splendid of him, and he is so awfully happy about it . . . (She hadn't any money of her own. That's the sort of



He. "SO THAT'S THE YOUNG THING OLD SLOCUM'S MARRIED! MAY AND DECEMBER—WHAT!"
She. "YES—OR THE FIRST OF APRIL AND THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!"

rotten remark MASTERS would make) . . . Of course you do save a lot in some ways. I know a man who has his hair trimmed every day, because you never know when you may meet your future wife, and the great thing is a good impression at the start. If he only had it done once a month, as likely as not he'd been introduced to her on the 31st, and that might put her off for good. Of course he'll save all that if he ever gets married.

Then there's the Cry of the Middle Classes. That doesn't interest me much, because I don't believe there are any middle classes. I've talked to lots of men and women about it, and somehow it's always been "They do this," and "They do that"; never "We." I think I should define the Middle Class as the "class below the person you are talking to," just as a Bounder is the man who does the things you don't do.

There can be no Absolute Bounder, and I'm beginning to think no Middle Class.

The Dangers of Cricket.

WORCESTERSHIRE'S BIG COLLAPSE.

CHAMPAIN'S LEG BREAKS.

Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

Thank heaven the casualties were so slight.

How the Poor Live.

"As a matter of fact the big provincial variety houses can afford this identical figure to a well-known male impersonator, who, indeed, rarely earns less than £250 a week, when starving."—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

THIS makes *The Times* observation on the poverty of £2,000 a year seem almost a platitude.

The Cabinet Trick.

"LAD wanted for entering desk; must have good references."—*Essex Times.*

MOONSHINE.

(By an Elderly Misogynist.)

EVENING has spread her grey-toned wings in flight;
The skies are clear; and, like a great balloon,
Charming the young hours of the amorous night,
Looms the romantic Moon.

How full She looks! With what complacent pride
She weaves Her spells! "In such a night," methinks,
"Did young *Lorenzo*" dally with his bride,
Jessica (little minx!).

"In such a night," by yon same Orb inspired,
Juliet engaged the love-lorn youth below
In pleasing talk, and gloomily enquired
Why he was *Romeo*.

"In such a night"—but why prolong the theme?
Thou placid Regent of the starry host,
A night like this would freshen Love's young dream
E'en in a very ghost.

O Thou that artfully didst lure abroad
The vague Endymion, Thou that didst attend
The vigils of the gentleman in *Maud*
Up to the bitter end;

Pagans of old raised temples to Thy Name,
And did due homage to Thy perfect Round;
Their rites, no doubt, were wrong, but all the same
The main idea was sound.

For O *DIANA*, great indeed art Thou!
O Goddess, as it was in early days,
The old, old game is going on! E'en now,
Wherever fall Thy rays,

The lover, buoyed upon their silvery flood,
Dashes off reams of vivid epithet,
Which, if he thinks them over in cold blood,
He'll probably regret.

Now, too, the army of our moonstruck bards
With brilliant freshness beg "yon argent Moon"
To bear some lyric love their kind regards,
Hoping to see her soon;

And, round me here, in garden and in glade,
Highest alike with lowest, lord and lout,
The daughter of the manor, and the maid
Who has her evening out,

All, all—or all, at any rate, who can—
Bask in Thy beams, and air their moony wiles;
And I must be about the one wise man
In half-a-dozen miles.

Sail on, Old Moon! In all Thine orby prime,
Sail on! They little think, who dally thus,
How brief a step it is from the sublime
To the ridiculous.

Me, I embrace my quiet as a boon,
As these must do before they're middle-aged—
So wise am I!—and yet—oh, Moon, Moon, Moon!
I wish I was engaged!

DUM-DUM.

THE *Cork Constitution* says that "the extraordinary rush of traffic this year makes it impossible to iooooioo tae taa ooioi iinn etshandrlndrsh." Opinion is divided as to whether this is the Irish language or the new spelling, but in any case we are inclined to agree with the writer.

THE LITTLE HORSES.

(From the Peasqueak Papers.)

THAT there are not only great evils but also great fascinations in gambling I know only too well from personal experience. Not that I have gambled myself; I never did so. I promised my grandfather I would never touch a card, and I have kept my word—a card, that is, of this nature; but I have often played "Snap" with my brother's children, and I remember once joining in a mad and merry game of "Old Maid" at Dr. FORRESTER'S at Bristol, after we returned, in a somewhat skittish mood, from a lecture on the excavations in Pompeii by a learned man whose name for the moment I forget. The most interesting game of cards, however, which I recollect was a prolonged duel at "Patience" on a snowy night in 1888 with the widow of GEORGE LAMPETER the astronomer, a shrewd and kindly old lady, whose father was one of the pioneers of the oil-cake industry. Cards, however, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, I have never touched, and Bridge is a sealed book to me.

But of gambling I know something, having been to Dieppe one summer several years ago, and stood for a while watching the players at the *petits chevaux* tables—so called from the little toy horses which revolve in the centre and determine the losses and gains of those that are speculating. I learned something that day of this fierce passion of gambling, not only as it grips and controls our mercurial neighbours, but our countrymen also—for among the eager crowd that thronged the room were not a few faces which I perceived to be English by certain characteristics that could not escape any one at all skilled in physiognomy, and among them one familiar to me, for it was that of my old municipal associate, B—. He had left our borough some years before and migrated, it was understood, to London, where I had heard of him now and then as doing fairly well at the Bar. It was a surprise to me to find him here, in this company, and more than a surprise—a source of regret—to see the easy way, as to the manner born, if one could be born to such sophistication, in which he tossed his money on the green board—a franc here, a two-franc piece there, and sometimes even a five-franc piece, for there was heavy gambling on this occasion.

It was very interesting to watch the different types of gamblers—those who bore their losses and their gains with composure; those who trembled beneath their winnings, and those again in whose pockets I seemed to see the fatal revolver or poisoned phial. An electric excitement seemed to be in the air. I saw one Frenchwoman, apparently of gentle birth, win at one *coup*, as it is called, as much as fourteen francs by putting a two-franc piece on the seven. I saw another but more reckless gambler, also a woman, lose eight francs one after the other, and then get up and walk desperately away—no doubt to throw herself into the sea. I should, I know, have gone out after her, but my wife might have misunderstood my motives; and my interest in the play, I must admit, also deterred me.

How long I was standing there I cannot say, while money changed hands with incredible celerity, but suddenly I was aware that B— was speaking to me. He was asking me to lend him a louis, having lost all his ready money, some thirty-five francs, at the game. After some deliberation as to whether or not I ought to do so, I took the coin from my purse and handed it to him. He asked me to assist him to a number on which to place it, and after considerable hesitation and not a little urging on his part I advised 2, which had, I noticed, turned up already more often than any other number. He placed the louis on it, and breathlessly we watched the little horses run. Judge of my excitement when the second horse won by half a neck, and my friend was the recipient not only of the louis he had put on, but of seven others.



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—No. 2.

(Told by a Member.)

"THE SUBJECT FOR THE MONTH BEING 'A STUDY OF ACTION,' MAJOR SNAPHAM, THE HON. SECRETARY AND ONLY MALE MEMBER, SUGGESTED A DAY WITH THE OTTER HOUNDS, AS OFFERING SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES, AS HE EXPRESSES IT, OF 'OBTAINING VALUABLE RECORDS OF ANIMATED NATURE.'"

I seized him by the arm and dragged him away with his winnings. "Let us leave off at that," I said: "surely it is wiser." He agreed, and we all left the Casino, as it is called, together. Once outside he obtained change, and handed me first my louis, and then three louis and a half. "That is your share," he said. I was horrified. To have been even a silent, quiescent participator in such heavy play was, I felt, sufficiently undesirable; but to partake of the booty—No! MARIA, however, so squeezed my arm that I weakly acquiesced; and that is why, when I read of the breaking of the bank at Monte Carlo, I am unable to condemn the practice as heartily as I feel an ex-Mayor ought to.

TOO OLD AT SEVENTY-ONE.—"At a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Howell's School, the Governors proposed to establish a preparatory department for girls between the ages of eight and seventy years."—*South Wales Echo*.

THE Kent v. Middlesex match turns out to have been even more important than was at first supposed. We refer particularly to an announcement in *The Evening News* which ran, "First three wickets fall behind the stumps." This is an extraordinary feat, and we should say the batsman was certainly out. But other things were happening as well, and *The Westminster Gazette* calls attention to the "Square-leg cut for four" with which HUTCHINGS won the match. The destination of the Championship was a slight matter after all this.

It must not be supposed that the world stands still in the Silly Season. Great changes are always taking place in some quarter of the globe, and it has just been announced that Sir JOHN BAMFORD SLACK has added a hyphen to his name and will in future be known as Sir JOHN BAMFORD-SLACK.



Tourist. "WASN'T THERE A GREAT BATTLE FOUGHT ABOUT HERE?"

Village Dame. "AH, I DO MIND IT WHEN I WERE A GELL, I DO. THEY WAS —"

Tourist. "BUT, MY GOOD WOMAN, THAT WAS NEARLY SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO!"

Village Dame (unabashed). "DEAR, DEAR! HOW TIME DO FLY!"

THE MUSE THAT FAILED.

[A writer in *The Westminster Gazette* recommends the composition of poetry as a cure for sea-sickness.]

"THE wind is fresh, and a comb
Of foam
Decks every dancing wave.
Then come to sea,
Sweet Muse, with me,
And sing me a sailor's stave.
The motion of ocean
I do not fear,
However it swell and roll,
So thou be near
With thy pipe to cheer
My embryo Viking soul."

My dainty Muse looked neat
And sweet
In her dress of navy-blue;
She stepped aboard,
And down the fjord
On the wings of the wind we flew.
Light-hearted we started
With laughter low,
And as we crossed the bar

I sang "Yeo-ho! Let the loud winds
blow!"

And lighted a big cigar.

Astern the following blast

Blew fast.

Ahead the waves looked grey;
They rose and fell
With the long ground swell,
And I flung my weed away.
And whirling and curling
They wildly played,
And over the gunwale broke,
So I turned for aid to my tuneful maid,
But never a word she spoke.

"Tune up! Tune up!" with a sigh
Said I,

"And sing me a Viking strain
To make the foam
Seem more like home
And set me at ease again.
Come, fire me! Inspire me
To steer my craft
And to gaze unmoved on the scene
When the wind is aft and the wave
abaft—
Whatever "abaft" may mean.

I ceased, but in answer no word
Was heard;

My Muse scarce noticed me;
Her head she shook
With a far-away look,
And a sorrowful sigh sighed
she.

"Sing quick, love! I'm sick,
love!

My courage dies.
Please, please, sweet Muse, make
haste

To exorcise these qualms that rise
About my nautical waist."

As I spoke my Muse was seen
Sea-green;

She clutched at her pilot coat,
And with a moan
And a hollow groan
She flew to the side of the boat.
Faith shattered, hope scattered,
My heart beat fast;
Gone—gone was my Viking pride.
I gazed aghast at the wobbling mast,
Then followed my Muse to the
side.



TWISTING THE LION'S TONGUE.

FATHER TIME (*closely examining small incision in tree-trunk*). "WHO'S BEEN TRYING TO CUT THIS TREE DOWN?"
"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT (*in manner of young George Washington*). "FATHER! I KANNOT TEL A LI. I DID IT WITH MY LITL AX."
FATHER TIME. "AH WELL! BOYS WILL BE BOYS!"



PRATTLE OF MY DEAD PAST.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. George Moore.)

L.

THIS evening as I sat at my window in the Temple and watched the twilight creeping along the Embankment, like a pickpocket, or a girl who has forgotten the address of her lover, I became conscious that a definite resolution was forming itself within me. It came slowly, as twilight comes, or the Celtic revival, or a literary style. And the resolution was that I would write a volume of memoirs. —

Half unwittingly, as I sat there, I had already begun to turn the pages of my recollection, to read again the histories that my youth had inscribed upon them. And as I did so I saw quite clearly just why it was that the twilight had brought me this resolve. Twilight on a summer evening in London, is blue—blue as the faint smoke of a *cigarette-des-dames*. But my memories would be bluer still.

II.

It goes without saying that it would be of Paris that I should write. No recollections worth reading are about any other place. Even SHERARD, they tell me—— But to return to my subject. Paris! picturesque, impressionist, anecdotal Paris! City of the Quarter, and of

that Bohemianism that is so dear to the circulating libraries; the very names of whose streets, printed in italics, are a decoration to the page. *Rue de Copie*, for instance—could anything be more delightful, more subtly evocative of memories? It was in the *Rue de Copie* that I used to meet CLARICE. She was a waitress at the *café* next-door to the post-office. Or was it on the opposite side? One forgets. But it is of CLARICE herself that I should like to tell you, and of a foolish fond adventure that befell us two in company.

None at present.—AUTHOR.]

I wonder if there is anything in the world more finely spring-like than the lime-trees in the *Rue de Copie* on a fresh Sunday morning in May! They are green, green and tremulous like a bashful lover; and above them stretches the great sky, studded all over with those little white clouds that always remind me of the most delicate under-linen. I think I must have a talent for these refreshing comparisons. A woman whom I had loved fondly once said to me, "What a mind you have got!"—and she was right.

CLARICE had tresses of a richer, more metallic gold than any woman I ever saw, except one. And how adorably *chic* she seemed to me in her Sunday best, worn as only a Frenchwoman can wear it. The skirt, I remember, rather full at the waist and gathered round the ankles into——

[Does this matter?—ED.]

It isn't absolutely essential, but I thought you might like it.—AUTHOR.

Miss it out.—E.D.]

Then of course would arise the great question of where we should breakfast ;

"Dear, do you think I look well to-day?"

"You are perfect ! The public will devour you ; you will be even more popular than the improper passages of EVELYN INNES."

"Yet you could write a book about her!"

"Sweetheart, I will do the same for you. A long book, with an index and cross-references—a book that shall be prohibited at SMITH'S and MUDIE'S. Will that satisfy you, little Puss?"

"Perfectly. What shall you call it?"

"I think, dearest, that '*Reticences I Have Refrained From*' would be an appropriate title."

After this I remember that we kissed each other thirty-seven times, and proceeded to



A BORN BLACKLEG.

British Workman. "OH, I SAY, 'ERE! 'ANG IT ALL, MR. KEIR 'ARDIE! I'VE SEEN SOME RUMMY WORKING-MEN IN MY TIME, BUT THIS 'ERE ONE—OH, LOR!!"

["As a member of the Labour Party, he was going to stand up for the Zulus or any other race or people who were being treated unjustly under the British Flag. He stood up for working-men at home, and he did so for working-men in South Africa."—*Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., at Ayr.*]

At the corner of the street I am detained for a moment by the necessity I am under of buying a note-book, because, in those generous warm-hearted days of my youth, to go on a love-errand without a note-book would be a *gaucherie* unthinkable. In retrospect I see myself issuing from the shop with the volume under my arm, a ledger bound in faded green leather and with a special column for "Kisses received."

So I come to the rendezvous, and there is CLARICE already waiting, and after an embrace or two we walk away together joyously under the laburnums that are not more golden than her hair.

the railway station. Unhappily, however, at the station we ran against CLARICE's husband, and, less fortunate than in the affairs of ANNETTE and the *commerçant's* wife, I was subjected to some distressing violence. Later on in the day, I lost my note-book, and so I cannot tell you exactly where and how many times I was kicked. Especially as I was looking the other way at the time.

III.

Of all the women that I ever published, the souvenir of none returns to me with a more wistful melancholy than that of LUCETTE. Sweet, demure-looking

LUCETTE! To this day the fragrance of printer's ink will bring her image clearly to my memory. We used to call her "The Dove," a fact which inspired VERLAINE to one of his most characteristic poems:—

"Le front du pigeon est austère,
Mais hélas! pour sa vie!
Vraiment je ne sais pas, ma chère,
Tout ce qu'il fait chez lui!"

I recollect one delightful *fête* which it was my good fortune to spend in her company at Barbazon. We were returning in the evening twilight, and had just exchanged hats, as is the pretty custom of youthful lovers in those parts, when by an unlucky accident her husband, who

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

"COLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(By a Caddie.)

IV.

YUMIN nachure is a karius thing. I dunno whether this thort 'as okkurred to other peeple, but I sees the truth of it more clearly every day. You may studdy a man fer weeks and think as 'ow you know 'im inside out, and then, when you try to make some use of 'is peccoliarities, they ain't working that day, or else some little hannoying trifle spiles your well lade skeems. Sich was the sad case of Mister Hoc-

TAVIUS GLENWISTLE and my frend CHAWLEY MARTIN.

Mister GLENWISTLE is an oldish jentleman now, but in 'is day 'e 'as been a famus eggsplore. Jeograffy never being my strong point, I dunno eggsackly where 'e went eggsplore, or why 'e did it. CHAWLEY MARTIN, 'oo's jenerally 'is caddie, is my hinformant, and some days 'e will 'ave it that Mister GLENWISTLE would once 'ave reached the Pole if 'is boots 'adn't guv out, and at other times 'e hinsists that it was Africer that 'e visited. I dunno, meself; per'aps the old jentleman 'as been to both them regins in 'is time. But any'ow all is agreed that once 'e lived for nearly three weeks upon an

oldish poodle dawg—which is an orfull thort.

Sich an eggspeerience must leeve its mark upon any man, 'owever strong. It 'as left its mark upon Mister HOCTAVIUS GLENWISTLE. Every blade of 'air 'as vanned from 'is skalp, and 'is face is a sort of dark brick colour wif light eyebrows. 'E still suffers from sunstroke, and CHAWLEY MARTIN 'as to carry a large red umbereller round the links to pectect 'is 'ead.

I dunno whether it's the sunstroke, or whether it's 'is ondying remoree for that pore faithfull poodle, but Mister

frend, All went well in the morning, excep' that Mister GLENWISTLE fell into a sort of dream upon the seventh green and 'ad to be rased by CHAWLEY. It may 'ave been Eskimo that 'e spoke to the boy when 'e'd touched 'im jently on the arm, but it sounded wuss—much wuss.

'Owever, we comes back at one to the club-'ouse, red umbereller and all, like *Robbinson Creuso*, and they goes into lunch. Whilst they're still laying into the grub like winking, I and CHAWLEY MARTIN, 'aving eaten our own frugal meal, sit down near the club-'ouse and

begin to pollish up their clubs. We fell a-talking about the great sience of golf, getting quite 'eated in a little while, and at last CHAWLEY, to illerstrate 'is own mistakin theery, gets upon 'is 'ind legs. 'E takes Mister GLENWISTLE's best driver from 'is bag and shows me what 'e calls "a full swing, wif every ounce of weight and rist and musel crammed into it."

I was afeared 'ow it would be. The length of the club mastered 'im. 'E 'it the onoffending turf a crewel blow, and there was a narsty crack. 'E sits down beside me wif a garsp, and we looks at Mister GLENWISTLE's pet driver wif the 'ead 'arf off.

"What's to be done, 'FNERY?" 'e

ses, after a sort of sickly pawse.

Fer my part I'd been thinking 'ard, me brain being better than most.

"There's three courses open to you, CHAWLEY, me lad," I ses quietly. "You can do a guy at once, and not come back—that's one; or you can tell Mister G. as you've been fooling wif 'is clubs—that's another," I ses, and waited fer 'is response.

"Let's 'ear the third," 'e ses gloomily.

"Deceat is aborrent to my nachure," I ses. "But you're made diferent, CHAWLEY. You could make use of 'is absentmindedness and let 'im think as 'e broke it 'isself. 'Old it out to 'im wif a sort of winning smile, when 'e comes, and say as 'ow you're afrade it will 'ave



LADY, WITH £10,000 AT COMMAND, MAKES ADVANCES. MRS. ———, ——— STREET, SHEFFIELD.
Advertisement in "Sheffield Daily Telegraph."

GLENWISTLE suffers terrible from absent-mindedness. 'E 'as been known to swing up 'is great, red umbereller upon the tee and try to drive wif that, and CHAWLEY MARTIN allus 'as to watch 'im keerfull to see what 'e'll be up to next. 'E 'ates to be disturbed when in one of 'is mooning fits, and is apt to swear terrible in some forrin' langwidge, which CHAWLEY thinks is Eskimo; but still 'e's a jentleman all over, is Mister HOCTAVIUS GLENWISTLE. 'Is tips is 'and-some, and it don't give 'im no pleshure to report an 'armless lad.

One Sunday lately 'e came down wif a frend for an 'ole day's golf. CHAWLEY MARTIN, as yusual, was 'is caddie, and I ondertook the manidgement of the



CIRCE.

Old Woman. "'ERE Y' ARE, SIR! SHERBET COOLERS 'APENNY A GLASS. THIRTEEN GLASSES FOR SIXPENCE."

to be mended after all. It's a fair sportin' chawnce," I ses.

"'ENERY, you're a fair marvel!" 'e ses, after pondering for a minute. "I'll try it on," 'e ses. And so we left it.

I didn't see the meeting between Mister GLENWISTLE and 'is well-meaning caddie, becoss my klient sent me to get 'in a ball, but when I came back I seed as 'ow CHAWLEY was sniffing slightly, and 'is large outstanding ears was reddened. 'Is manner was coldish like to me, but when the two 'ad drivin, I arsked 'im what 'ad 'appened.

"'E just boxed me ears," CHAWLEY ses, "and told me as 'ow 'e'd repport me if I lied to 'im agen," 'e ses.

Fer once I was reely taken aback.

"I can't make it out, CHAWLEY," I ses. "Where was 'is yusual absentmindedness? It just shows as 'ow you can't depend on nuthing in this world! Did you do as I told you, winning smile and all?" I asks 'im.

"Yuss, I did," 'e ses, snappish like. "But it seems as 'ow 'is interfeering friend 'appened to look out of the club-house when I was showing you that swing, and seed it all. Anuther time you can keep your winning smiles and your fat-headed hadvice to yourself, 'ENERY WILKS!" 'e ses.

I didn't answer 'im, remembering 'ow 'is 'uge progecting ears was tingling, but I ses to meself, "So much, 'ENERY WILKS, fer yumin gratitood!"

Commercial Candou'.

FOR SALE.

Over 1000 Travellers' Samples of
TEA CLOTHS, TRAY CLOTHS, &c., &c.,
at about Quarter and Half less than
usual prices.

They won't last long—they are too
cheap for that.—*Forfar Dispatch.*

FROM the placard-board of the *Financial News* (temporarily disengaged) at a Devonport newsagent's:—

Financial News.

Now Ready

THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN.

ONLY THEIR LITTLE JOKE.—"Eighteen passengers complained of injuries, but none of these were believed to be serious."—*Wolverhampton Express.*

SECRETS OF THE PUBLISHING TRADE.—
"A Sealed Book (WARD, LOCK & Co.)."

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

A CERTAIN Play began with a realistic Representation of the interior of a Laundry, in the middle of which was a great Stove, whereon the Washerwomen placed their Irons to heat them, making a mighty Pretence of its Potency in that regard, though in truth it was but painted Cloth and Wood.

And it chanced that one night a Kitten wandered upon the Stage, and was in some danger of impeding the Performers, if not of being itself trampled upon. Seeing which the principal Blanchisseuse (who was an Actress well known for her kind heart) picked up the little Creature and placed it out of harm's way upon the top of the Stove; whereupon it curled itself up amongst the red-hot Irons and went to sleep. Nevertheless the Washerwomen were impeded in their efforts to make the Scene go.

Moral.—One touch of Nature makes the Stage seem thin.

Do Women Help?

"READER.—Gentleman wants lady with leisure five forenoons weekly, 9.30—12; 10s. monthly."—*Scotsman.*

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

VI.

WAR (continued).

ONE of our most notable achievements was the entire subjugation of "The

Club at a certain fashionable Square on a certain day. Shortly before this we had been called poltroons by one of their number. The Captain now saw a chance of a coup. On the day in question we mustered every man we could place in the field, and met at a secret rendezvous. The Captain then gave us

though outnumbered, we won ultimately, and the police did not appear upon the scene until the Blue Bloods were in full retreat. It was on this occasion that I saved the Captain's life. A great black beast like an undertaker had downed the little fellow. With the words, "You lily-livered hound!" I flew at the black beast's throat, and half throttled him. I got bitten in the leg; but what cared I? The Captain escaped, and I had saved his life.

Yes, we were nearly always successful, though our enemies often circulated lying reports to the contrary. In fact, I can only remember one genuine defeat. That was the Barking fiasco. We felt one day that we would like to take on an easy job for a change. Someone suggested, "Why not make a raid on Barking? Barking dogs don't bite, you know." It seemed to us a good idea, and we set out. It was a long way off, and we were tired when we arrived there. Suddenly, while we were looking round, we were ourselves attacked by as ugly a swarm of dogs as you ever saw. Amusingly, they called us "toffs." We were completely taken by surprise, and not one of us escaped without injury. Even the Captain suffered a slight contusion, though I looked after him as well as I could. I myself had one of my ears split. You never saw such a tatterdemalion crew as we were after the fight. On the Captain's instructions, each of us returned home by a different route, as it would have been bad for the *prestige* of the Club for us to be seen in a body in that condition. So much fur was lost that day that several members caught



This was the sign of surrender.

Upper Ten," whose overbearing demeanour had become intolerable to us. They were all big fellows, and it was an uphill struggle. It lasted two days. The first day we reduced them to "The Upper Eight," The Map disabling one and I another. The next morning The Hippopotamus put a third out of action, and I lamed their leader. In the afternoon this leader limped up to the Captain, turned over on his back, and flung up his legs. This was the sign of surrender. The Captain led him aside and terms were discussed. As finally agreed, they were generous—far too generous, in my opinion. The Upper Ten were to cease from insulting us either in speech or by gesture, they were always to address us as "Sir" when they spoke to us, and to stand aside as we passed. That was the end of The Upper Ten.

The Blue Bloods, however, were our chief enemies. They were a powerful organisation, and it was only due to the superior generalship of the Captain that we were ultimately able to inflict a blow on them from which they never really recovered. The Captain on this occasion showed superb strategy. By-the-by, I do not think I have mentioned yet that the Captain's people called him "Nap," which is short for Napoleon, who was a great General something like the Captain. Curiously enough, I have been told, he too was of small stature.

Information had reached us that the Blue Bloods were to hold a business meeting to discuss the affairs of their

our directions. We were split up into three parties, and each of such parties, at a given signal, was to rush into the Square by a different road, and surprise and overcome the enemy.

The plan was completely successful. It was a glorious fight, lasting two hours. A number of tradesmen's boys kept the ring, pailfuls of blue blood ran, ladies fainted and shrieked, but,



I flew at the black beast's throat.

severe colds, and it is supposed that the seeds of consumption which ultimately carried off the Pipe-Cleaner were then sown. My own idea is that the Barking dogs had been warned of our coming—I believe by a former member of the Club whom the Captain had expelled with ignominy a short time before for telling falsehoods. I met this dog on my way back, and I fancied he smiled. Anyhow, he will not smile again.

THE DANGER OF WORDS WITH TWO MEANINGS.

That Barking affair showed the danger of ambiguous words. A very dear friend of mine met with his death from the same cause. He was told of a clever dog who, upon receiving a copper from his master, would run with it to a neighbouring baker's and obtain in exchange quite a quantity of biscuits. My friend upon hearing this thought he would do likewise. So he went out and fastened his teeth into the first policeman he met, and tried to drag him into a confectioner's. The copper, however, resisted strenuously, and in the scuffle that ensued my poor friend received a blow on the head which proved fatal.

EXOTIC SENTIMENT ;

OR, CUPID THE GLOBE-TROTTER.

PYRRHA, you state that modern youth
Has quite forgotten how to woo,
For elder sons are void of ruth,
And rare as dodos at the Zoo,
And, when secured, they somehow lack
The grace of old, the genuine smack.

But goodness ! what can you expect ?
The boudoir-god we once obeyed
Has had his retail business wrecked
By novelists who run the trade ;
Al fresco scenes of vast expanse
Are now essential to romance.

Our fiction writers never start
Their crisis where a ball-room hums,
Nor stab the pulp of EDWARD'S heart
Severely during kettle-drums ;
A Himalayan mountain-gorge
Is where his dream comes true to GEORGE.

He spends no time in social tact,
No trite remarks, as we are used,
But, waiving these (besides the fact
That they were never introduced),
He plunges where the geysers spout
And hauls his damaged DAPHNE out.

Or else some forest (strange to COOK)
Receives them—unattached before,
And Time and Space (to quote the book)
For several hours exist no more—
A period which the author fills
By notes upon the neighbouring hills !



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Fiancée. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW SHOES, BOBBY?"

Bobby (enthusiastically). "BY JOVE! THEY'RE IMMENSE!"

[Wishes himself at bottom of river.]

The hero coming (like a wine)
Almost directly from the wood,
Assumes a stature half-divine ;
The maiden's *début* too is good ;
Icebergs, or else the tropic air,
Have made perfection doubly fair.

PYRRHA, if you and I had met
In some remote Peruvian spot,
Who knows? In such a background set
We might have spliced the nuptial
knot ;
But love amid a social mob
Appears to miss the vital throb.

Here, where we snatch beneath the rose
Seconds ridiculously short,
Can you expect me to propose
Like lovers of the cheerful sort,
For whom the mountain torrent's drone
Is charmed to act as chaperon ?

No ; but in days to come, I think
If ever, radiantly fair,
Your road with mine you chance to
link,
Among Brazilian woods, or where
Aurora Boreales smile,
I then could do the thing in style.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Confessions of a Princess (JOHN LONG) is one of those diaries—a hallowed device—which profess to be intended for no other eye than the author's. Who, in this case, is the owner of the eye we are not to know, but I assume that she is without honour in her own country, for the book purports to be from the German; and I cannot at the moment think of any German-speaking neighbourhood in which it would not be suppressed on the ground of *Majestätsbeleidigung*.

The author prattles along with a pleasant garrulity, and her work has a certain *exraisemblance* derived either from personal intimacy with German Courts or from general gossip. A recent scandal at the Saxon Court seems to be indicated as the origin of what is most objectionable in the book. The *Princess's* amours—of which only the first presents any attractions—become nauseating by repetition, and are a needless excrescence on a narrative which is sufficiently entertaining without their assistance. This book cannot be recommended to *jeunes filles* or to Socialists. There is a Publisher's note at the beginning which advances the fairly reasonable proposition that "the *Confessions* must be judged for what they are, and not for what they might be." This should be helpful to the critics.

Mr. and Mrs. *Vil-lers*, which also issues from the house of JOHN LONG, is by HUBERT WALES. This Mr. WALES—both on minor internal evidence and because his subject is a "delicate"

one—I take to be a woman. When one has admitted that the main theme has been handled with a tolerable avoidance of grossness, one has said all that is to be said in the book's favour. It is trivial in detail, and the edification it offers is of the thinnest.

The Woman's Victory's the kind

Of book which more than most, perhaps, is
Fitted to soothe with peace of mind
A journey's intersomnial lapses.

Therein has MAARTEN MAARTENS packed
Upwards of twenty several chances
Of brief delight. It is, in fact,
A book of short, detached romances.

Most of the tales are excellent,
Though some, to say the least, are tame work—
A wealth of clever labour spent
Upon a somewhat flimsy framework.

Still, faults are few; and he will err
Who tells you (thinking to dishearten
A. CONSTABLE, the publisher)
"It's all my eye and Betty Maarten."

In *The Eglamore Portraits* (METHUEN) MARY E. MANN tells of the trials of a newly-married couple—*Clarence* and *Juliet*. A woman's man is never quite the real thing, and in any case a man called *Clarence* is bound to be suspected; yet Mrs. MANN's hero is, with it all, a good fellow, whom one would hail gladly at any time. He had, however, a habit of "setting his under teeth below his upper, and projecting his lower lip" when angry. I found myself doing this all through the book with *Clarence*—I suppose one gets into it at last. *Clarence* had a lot of practice, because he was always quarrelling with *Juliet*. She is delightfully drawn; the most life-like heroine I have ever met. There are other characters in the book, some pleasant, some unpleasant, but all realistic. Mrs. MANN has a nice, quiet, humorous way with her, and she has written a very charming story. Only she should not have let the mother-in-law die; one has no time to get into the mood for it, hateful though that person was.

"Yet something flashed before him then, swift illuminating

... he knew it now; knew that he had missed it somehow, somewhere." This is a quotation from the last chapter of *The Bar* (METHUEN). If the reader cannot make head or tail of it, he has the sincere sympathy of what a contributor to one of the morning papers persistently alludes to as "the present writer." Never in a pretty long and varied experience did the latter come upon such a tangle of a narrative. Many characters come and go. Nearly every one has his or her secret, darkly hinted at in unfinished sentences; revealed never... The only comprehensible thing in the story is the sea,



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

blindly beating about the Bar, angry because it cannot make out what's the matter with *Captain Armstrong*, *Jesse* the smith, *Cap'n Dave*, *Jenefer*, and, above all, *Ransome*. Among a list of books by the same author is one called *The Price of Youth*. It is equal to the cost of conscientiously reading *The Bar*, by MARGERY WILLIAMS. The effort is also a little hard on middle age.

The Royal Irish Constabulary.

We beg to call the attention of the Royal Humane Society to these two extracts from the *Down Spectator*:—

"A cycle accident happened at the foot of Main Street yesterday, when a young lady failed to avert running over a child that got into her way. Constable McCANN ably picked the child up before any injury worth mentioning was done."

"The prompt action of Constable STEVENSON, of the Donaghadee R.I.C., averted what would undoubtedly have proved a nasty and serious accident on Friday last. When rounding a sharp corner a young lady cyclist came in contact with the curb, which threw her violently towards the wall, when Constable STEVENSON, who fortunately happened to be in the vicinity, with great presence of mind rushed forward and caught her just in time to avert the young lady from coming in contact with the wall of a building at the scene of the accident. No damage resulted to the machine, and the young lady, after thanking the constable, mounted her bicycle and proceeded on her journey. This is not the first occasion on which Constable STEVENSON has displayed his presence of mind and prompt action in time of danger."



"ANYWAY, IT'S BETTER TO BREAK ONE'S — CLUBS THAN TO LOSE ONE'S — TEMPER!!"

CHARIVARIA.

IN MOROCCO, the PRETENDER is again showing signs of activity. He is said to be preparing to strike a sudden blow in 1910.

A contractor has stated at a meeting of his creditors that he lost £9,000 on a contract with the London County Council. It is refreshing to hear of the L. C. C. making a good bargain.

The report of the Trades Union Parliamentary Committee declares: "We must no longer be content with a living wage... The demand should be for a higher standard of living—something that will enable us to educate our families, to participate in art, literature, music, and all the good things that help to make life bright, happy, and comfortable." We hope this means that less is to be spent on beer.

The Express has raised the question: Is Motoring conducive to Matrimony? It is contended that flirtation is unlikely to take place when a pretty girl is dis-

figured by motor-goggles. But think how some girls are improved by them.

Referring to the proposal that persons of defective intellect should not be allowed to marry, a bachelor writes to complain that this would mean the extinction of the race.

It is rumoured that, to mark their gratitude for the support which the Press has given to their engagement, the Hon. H. L. BRUCE and Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD will carry on their courtship in full view of fifty picked correspondents on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

We had thought that "Trial by battle" had died out many hundreds of years ago, but during the recent hot weather "Mr. WARD," we read, "one of the Stratford magistrates, dispensed justice in his shirt-sleeves."

"Mr. ROBERT DONALD tells me," says a writer in *The Daily News*, "that he has not yet decided definitely whether he will be one of the distinguished party of guests who are invited to attend the

opening of the Carnegie Institute next spring." A mis-quotation, we feel sure.

And the Paris edition of *The New York Herald* made an ugly mistake the other day. The Comtesse de RODELLEC had accused M. GREGER of stealing a ring of hers. On the 1st inst. the following telegram was published in the columns of our contemporary:—

"Brest, Vendredi.—Avez mis mon nom sous portrait Mme. Greger numéro aujourd'hui. Prière rectifier de suite—Comtesse de Rodellec."

A Birmingham correspondent has written to *The Daily Mail* to state that his canary has just died at the age of 26. But surely the wonder is that it didn't die before.

Regrettable Incident on the River.

MUCH sympathy is felt with the short-sighted gentleman who, while lunching on the river near Goring, carefully fitted a cork-screw into the plug of his boat and drew it.

BY CORNISH AND BOHEMIAN SEAS.

I.

MARK'S TWAIN.

(Tristram and Iseult.)

I AM not sure that the makers of old Breton legends, when they invented a second *Iseult*—her of the white hands—to be the wife of *Tristram*, were not justified of this daringly prosaic anticlimax. Certainly, Mr. COMYNS CARR failed to convince me that he had improved on the old tale when he turned this lady into a kind of abstraction, a ghostly double of her namesake. He represents her as superior to the "fair" *Iseult* by the fact that there is no wound she cannot cure, whereas the fair *Iseult* can only cure all wounds but one. If I follow the author, this extra wound is the wound of Love, and her medicine for it (not so very original, one would say) is Death. Yet I could not see that she had any hand—white or other—in *Tristram's* perishing, which seemed to me the direct result of somebody else's villainous sword-thrust in the small of his back. But things were rather confusing at this point, and *Tristram's* statement that Death and Life and Love were really identical did not greatly help matters; nor was the riddle solved by reference to the text, where the distinction made between ordinary type and capital initials only served to darken counsel:—

"For death and life are one! And Life and Love!"

Still, the play is really very free of obscurities, though I couldn't quite understand the working of *Iseult's* shadow in the last Act. It seemed to move independently of her; even giving her a hint as to her next move, or so I gather from her words:—

"And when I see
That shadowy Iseult uplift her face
Then I'll lift mine."

Complaint has been made that the sombreness of the play was untempered by comic relief. Yet surely this element was sufficiently provided by *Tristram's* most unusual sword. In dealing *Moraunt's* death-wound he had knocked a huge chip out of the blade (could it have been made in Germany?) and left it imbedded in the body of his victim. Here it was found by *Moraunt's* mother, who treasured the relic next her chest, with the idea of wreaking vengeance as soon as she found the owner of the rest of the sword.

This sanguine hope is realised, and she is enabled to fit the fragment into its place in a "recognition-scene" almost Orestean in its futility. Mr. CARR will cite the authority of legend for this episode; but would he not have done more wisely to choose the variant by which *Tristram* is discovered through

wearing the captured sword of his dead enemy? I cannot think, by the way, why *Moraunt's* people always speak of *Tristram* as "caitiff" or "coward." He at least hit his man with a clean weapon, not poisoned like *Moraunt's*. If hard things have to be said, I should say that of the two it was rather *Moraunt* who was no gentleman. However, *de mortuis, &c.*

In comparing his scheme with WAGNER's, one observes the economy of time affected by Mr. CARR in the matter of *Tristram's* dying. The best part of an hour is saved over this painful business; and the time so gained is well spent over the most satisfactory novelty in the play, namely the Second Act, crowded with dramatic incident, in which we are shown the events that take place at the court of the Irish King.



A Nice Large Mark.
(Mr. Oscar Asche.)

These events, so necessary to an understanding of the subsequent relations between *Tristram* and *Iseult*, are only perfunctorily sketched by WAGNER in the tedious form of narrative. There is a further advantage in the character of *King Mark*, here shown as traitor to his kinsman, an attitude which, if it does not excuse *Tristram's* own treachery, yet colours it with a kind of poetic justice. The thought is finely expressed in those lines—none better in all the play—where *Tristram*, learning that the man whom he has betrayed was himself a traitor at heart, feels no shame in challenging him to fight:—

"But now this last account betwixt us twain
Sets my sword free. For wrong here answers
wrong,
And death shall claim us both."

It seems that the critics have not felt themselves able to crown Mr. CARR's blank verse with their approbation, yet I

dare hazard the conjecture that he knows more than most of them on this subject. And it is a merit with him that he never forgot, as some of his critics have forgotten, that he was writing a play for the stage and not for the study. Incidentally the text has been published (by Messrs. DUCKWORTH), but the task he set himself was to write verse that should be heard rather than read. It surely requires little intelligence to understand the point of this distinction.

The play abounds in poetic feeling, but in the matter of poetic expression he has declined to over-embroider his theme, to write for the writing's sake; and has made it his first aim to be lucid and logical. Even so his verse maintains a very fair level of excellence. It has, of course, its defects. There is too much of the terminal "Aye, so he did!" or "Aye, so he shall!" There is too much insistence on the *leit-motif* of *Iseult's* healing powers. Here and there he shows signs of the influence of SHAKESPEARE; and in the line

"Unbar that golden prison men call day,"

one traces an echo of BROWNING's *Pompilia*:—

"So let him wait God's instant men call years."

If Mr. CARR's style has a somewhat negative individuality it is at least to his credit that he has been careful to avoid the manner of TENNYSON and the other poets who have treated this same theme.

Miss LILY BRAYTON was a graceful *Iseult*, but she seemed over-burdened with the need of being strenuous. She understands the right delivery of blank verse, but dwelt too lingeringly over some of her words. Miss WYNNE-MATTHISON's artistic intelligence was wasted over the subordinate part of *Brangwaine*. As *Tristram*, Mr. MATHESON LANG was rather disappointing. He seemed to lack virility both in speech and bearing. Mr. ASCHE made a very large *Mark* on the stage: but he was generally somewhere else.

The scenery was admirable and so were the women's dresses: but I thought very little of the gentlemen. *King Arthur*, no doubt, had got hold of the pick of Britain's knighthood for his Round Table team.

II.

A COOLING ENTERTAINMENT.

(The Winter's Tale.)

It was a happy forethought on the part of the management of His Majesty's Theatre to have a *Winter's Tale* all ready for the Heat Wave. Not only was the title a refreshment; but the play itself, produced under conditions where enthusiasm would have been very heating, was pleasantly frigid. For, to be frank, the scheme of it is stupid; and apart from the waggery of *Autolycus*, and *Hermione's* famous defence



A GENTLE REMINDER.

RIGHT HON. WALTER LONG. "MUZZLE? MUZZLE? SEEMS A FAMILIAR NOTION!"



Photographer. "Now, my little man, put your hands behind your back, or cover them up somehow."
Tall Boy. "Please, Sir, won't you tell him what to do with his face?"

(feelingly spoken by Miss ELLEN TERRY) there are scarcely two score of lines that are worth listening to. The chief justification for its revival lay in the work of the scene-painters, including Mr. RAPHAEL, whose name I was glad to see again in connection with a Renaissance. Very idyllic was the setting which Mr. RYAN gave to the pastoral *Vie de Bohême* (*Quartier Grec*). And I cannot think what the actors would have done without the nice dresses that Mr. PERCY MACQUOID designed for them.

Everybody acted honestly enough, and with great intelligence, from Mr. CHARLES WARNER down to the shepherd's donkey, who played in his own skin (unaided by Mr. MACQUOID) and nibbled at the green matting with an astonishing fidelity to nature. But if one excepts *Autolycus* (interpreted by Mr. C. W. SOMERSET, who was perhaps a shade too jumpy) and the *Clown* (a part to which Mr. O. B. CLARENCE lent a wealth of facial charm) their tasks were rather thankless. If I proposed to assist again at this spectacle, I should forego the gross fatuities of the First Act and the recitation of Father Time (the stuffiest "chorus" I ever heard) and just look in for the rustic scene before

the shepherd's cottage, and so home—thinking on Miss MARY ANDERSON, and



Leontes (Mr. Charles Warner) recoils from his infant daughter (Miss Viola Tree).

wistful with the vain desire to find again the *Perdita* of my youth.

Meanwhile I look forward to a revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* during the next cold snap.

O. S.

LINES WRITTEN IN A HEAT WAVE.

It is not due to passion's fire
That I am rushing into verse,
Nor, as with JUVENAL, has ire
Impelled me to a rhythmic curse ;
Not for that CLARIBEL is cold
Seek I the coy consoling Muse,
Nor is it that I'm getting old
And needs must ventilate my views :
Nor yet again that I am young,
O'erflowing with the joy of life ;
None of these things has loosed my
tongue ;
Nor is it a despotic wife ;
Nor yet is this unwonted zeal
Produced by my financial state,
For, though my poverty is real,
My creditors have learnt to wait ;
But, would you know why I began
To string these halting lines together,
It was that as an Englishman
I won't be beaten by the weather !
X. Y. X.

Do Ladies Help?

"YOUNG LADY seeks a situation as Kitchenmaid."—*Western Morning News*.

GEORGE BRADSHAW.

(*Somewhat in the manner of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Charles Dickens."*)

INTRODUCTORY.

ALL criticism tends too much to become criticism of criticism; and the reason is glitteringly evident. It is that criticism of creation is so very staggering a thing. It is the same with BRADSHAW. A man who would cut but a poor figure in making a third-class railway carriage may be the first hand in the world at compiling a time-table; while a man whose efforts at the compilation of a time-table are of the rudest might be the leading mechanic in Swindon.

To blame BRADSHAW for what he could not do is as illogical as to praise him for what he could; or, in other words, to praise him for what he could do is as illogical as to blame him for what he could not. It is therefore that we shall consider BRADSHAW in the present volume not as a musician or as a father, not as a tea-dealer or as a believer in Christian Science, but as a maker of time-tables and a servant of the State.

No two things are more different than an elephant and an arm-chair, and yet both are quadrupeds. Probably no idea ever had so general an acceptance as that Queen ANNE is dead, and yet the statement cannot be too much repeated and emphasised. It is the privilege of the critic to say everything twice. Repetition is the definition of criticism. Only those who care for the enunciation of such principles as these should attempt the following pages.

BRADSHAW had a more gigantic energy than the energy of the intense artist—the energy which is prepared to write something. He had the energy which is prepared to write anything. With all the dazzling universe before him to select from, he chose to write about railways. He had the one power in literature which literally cannot be imitated, the primary inexhaustible will power, the enormous determination of genius. Nothing could prevent him writing about trains. Had he been cast on a desert isle he would have instantly invented a complete service of trains touching at every creek and palm-tree, with the times accurately given, although not guaranteed. For with all his abandon, all his fury of industry, BRADSHAW was not incautious. No great man ever lacks caution. If there is one error more glaring or persistent than another (which I doubt), it is that carelessness and greatness are allied.

Probably there is no book in the world so free from extraneous matter as *Bradshaw*. No author so consistently refuses to leave the rails. Whatever desire the youthful BRADSHAW may have

had to be a poet or imaginative writer, it was lived down by BRADSHAW the man. I have searched his pages in vain for any characters of flesh and blood; I have read not only the lines, but between the lines, and have met with no better fortune. In a peculiar way *Bradshaw* is a work of prose. Of many writers it may be said that they are valuable only as they are fanciful, but of BRADSHAW we may say that his worth is his adherence to fact.

Nothing is so irrefragably and fundamentally certain as that an expository critic never keeps to the point so materially as when he seems to have abandoned it. But with BRADSHAW the converse is the case. If he relaxes so little as to commit the smallest error we are lost. If there is one truth greater and more luminous than another (which I doubt), it is that the compiler of a railway time-table must not write 3 when he means 2. GEORGE BRADSHAW knew this. Two and two may make four, but the 2.2 will certainly be missed by anyone arriving at 3.3. It is, of course, doubtful if one can be said, strictly speaking, ever to be late for anything, since the man who arrives, for example, at Euston on Monday five minutes after the Scotch express has left, is as a matter of fact in a position of phenomenal earliness for the same train on the next day. Ordinary arithmetic shows us that he has as much as twenty-three hours fifty-five minutes in hand. In other words, the later we are the earlier we are. He alone is early who is late.

Yet, if we are to look for lessons, here at least is the last and deepest lesson of BRADSHAW. It is that we must be in time. No man can miss a train and miss a train only. He misses more than that. A man who misses a train misses an opportunity. It is probably the reason of the terrific worldly success of CÆSAR and CHARLEMAGNE that neither of them ever missed a train.

But BRADSHAW has done for the world more than this. He has contributed to its street literature one of its best jokes. There are popular phrases so picturesque that even when they are intentionally funny they are unintentionally poetical. I remember, to take one instance out of many, hearing a heated Secularist in Hyde Park apply to some parson or other the exquisite expression, "a sky-pilot." Subsequent inquiry has taught me that the term is intended to be comic and even contemptuous; but in that first freshness of it I went home repeating it to myself like a new poem. Few of the pious legends have conceived so strange and yet celestial a picture as this of the pilot in the sky, leaning on his helm above the empty heavens, and

carrying his cargo of souls higher than the loveliest cloud. The phrase is like a lyric of SHELLEY. But my raptures on this occasion were as nothing compared with those which I experienced on first noticing the exquisite jest, "Wait till the rain stops," in a railway carriage. The audacity of it and the wisdom of it are alike overwhelming. The colossal truth of the statement that it is wise to tarry until the shower has ceased is only to be matched by the effrontery with which a sixpenny penknife can turn a train, an artificial product of man, into rain, the sweetest gift of nature. This transcendental joke we owe to GEORGE BRADSHAW, for had it not been for him it is probable that the original humourist who hit upon it would not have caught his train.

The literature of the world contains no book the merit of which is so equally distributed as this masterly work of BRADSHAW's. With most books it is possible to point to one chapter that is better than another, or one that is worse. Some books have their best wine at the beginning; some their best at the close. Others again have it in the middle. But BRADSHAW is above fluctuation. He rides high, like the stars. To the Great Western trains he brings no more thought and no less than to the Bessbrook and Newry electric cars; he is as exact and methodical about the Listowel and Ballybunion service as that of the London and North-Western. If we find one section more fascinating than another the reason is in ourselves. It is because our home is there, or our love. BRADSHAW is equal. If there is one thing in the world more amazing than another (which I doubt), it is this equality of BRADSHAW's genius.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Litigant.—You have certainly a good cause of action. The man's explanation that the dog mistook you for a mutton cutlet is unsatisfactory. To address the mastiff as Fido was undoubtedly provocative, but this is not fatal to your case.

Moths in Hair.—You forgot to tell us if it was your own hair.

Specialist.—Your question, "Are murderers highly strung?" has often been discussed. The evidence seems to show that generally speaking they are.

Dude.—The whisker is not so *démodé* as you seem to suppose, though nowadays the number worn seldom exceeds two. The colour you suggest would hardly match the lavender trousers.

Bookworm.—Yes. DANIEL DEFOE has practically given up writing books of Adventure.

HENRY'S IDEA.

II.

OF AN "EMERGENCY."

I HAVE been reading a little book called *What to do in 101 Emergencies*, said HENRY, and really it's a most comprehensive work. I don't know how the Editor can think of all the things.

Take the 95th emergency: "To exterminate —s, &c., from furniture"—which begins: "Take of corrosive sublimate, 2 drachms." Now of course that's a jolly thing to know, but I can't imagine anybody waking up in the middle of the night and shrieking for help because he heard an earwig climbing up the oak dresser. I mean it isn't exactly an emergency—though no doubt a very regrettable business. Still, being launched on the subject of insects, one would expect the Editor to follow up the trail for a bit. But 96 is "To make a freezing mixture without ice," 97 "To render shooting-boots waterproof," and 98 "In case of the hair falling off." The presence of mind required to make a freezing mixture without ice must be enormous.

I should like to see this man setting a "Hard Case" for *Vanity Fair*. "A. and B. are seated together in the Club smoking-room, when A. suddenly notices a centipede on the mantelpiece. He remarks to B., who has on a pair of shooting-boots which have not as yet been rendered waterproof, 'Now if only we had a freezing mixture!' 'What?' replies B., 'without any ice?' A.'s hair then falls off. What should B. do?" Now that sort of question really would bring out a man's tact.

Number 53 interested me a good deal. It's called "In case of slipping down a declivity or hill," and the advice is, "In case of slipping down a smooth declivity or hill-side and being unable to stop, try and turn on the side or stomach, and there will be a chance of grasping some projection or shrub." Now I took a nasty banana-fall on Notting Hill yesterday, but without a moment's hesitation turned . . . as requested . . . Probably it saved my life.

I'm not altogether sure that the man has chosen the best emergencies. I mean Number 75, "To prevent fly in turnips," isn't nearly so far-reaching as, say, "To prevent wasps in marmalade" would be. Personally I should be inclined to encourage fly in turnips.

It's a pleasant book, but I shouldn't trust it in the hands of a careless person. You see, he might mix the treatments. Number 81 is "To arouse persons from the stupor of drunkenness," and the treatment is to "Procure a large jug of water and pour it on to the head of the person intoxicated from a fair height, so as to give a great a shock as possible.



THE RULING PASSION.

Laden and perspiring stranger. "COULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME HOW FAR IT IS TO THE STATION?"
Sportsome Native. "ABOUT A FULL DRIVE, TWO BRASSIES AND A PUTT."

If the first application is not successful repeat it." Now that's all right. I should like to do that. But suppose by mistake you gave your man the treatment "for exterminating cock-roaches" (59). Or suppose "when the gas goes out" (50) you mistakenly endeavour "to remove a glass stopper that has become fast" (79). Or that when happily engaged in "blistering a horse" (88) you found suddenly that you'd really only been "removing grease stains" (65) all the time. It would be so jolly awkward . . .

Of course now and then it wouldn't matter so much. "What to do to pre-

vent dry rot" (19), and "Removing ink from paper" (76), have a good deal in common . . . which reminds me that a much more interesting book would have been, *What to Say in 101 Emergencies*. Don't you think so?

More Commercial Candour.

FROM *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"The great success which attended the opening of this important sale makes it a matter of some difficulty to surpass what has already been done, but Mr. — is determined to make this sale still more popular by giving bargains that any lady can see at a glance are genuine."

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A WAR MINISTER.

Berlin, August 31.—Breakfasted with General VON DER GOLTZ, to meet Generals BRAUNEBERG, VON INGELHEIM and Professor BERNKASTELER. Discussed the application of the Categorical Imperative to words of command, on which BRAUNEBERG holds rather heretical views. Found some difficulty in explaining to my host the exact meaning of the term "spatchcock," but on comparing notes discovered that it corresponds to a *frisch geschlachteter und zubereiteter Hahn*. After breakfast went to the tailor's to have my new German frock-coat—rather short in the skirts and with a high waist—tried on. Walked for an hour in the Thiergarten with Baron JOSTY discussing the indebtedness of S. T. COLERIDGE to SPINOZA. Lunchd with the BÜLOWs to meet Frau KNUPFER-EGLI, Count EGGBRECHT, General KRANZLER, and HUMPERDINCK the composer. Discussed SCHLEIERMACHER with Prince BÜLOW, who contended that altruistic Quietism was the only rational basis of a workaday philosophy. Explained to Frau KNUPFER-EGLI the true inwardness of the *πῦρ αἰεί* of HERACLITUS. After lunch went with HUMPERDINCK to the Philharmonic to hear STRAUSS's new Symphonic Poem *Wanamakeriana*. Was introduced to Dr. MUCK, EUGEN D'ALBERT and Count KEMPINSKI.

Dined with the K. After dinner discussed President ROOSEVELT's new spelling scheme and its probable effect on the British Army. The K. was anxious to know whether it would apply to place-names, and suggested that the spelling of Jernyn Street cried out for emendation. Suggested that it might simplify international relations if Herr VON TSCHIRSCHKY were to get rid of a few superfluous letters from his name. Discussed FICHTE with General VON EINEM, who avowed himself a follower of SCHELLING. On returning to my hotel completed a paper comparing the three STRAUSSes—the Tübingen iconoclast, the *Walzerkönig*, and the symphonist—which I promised to send to Princess BÜLOW, who was one of LISZT's 143 favourite pupils.

Sept. 1.—Breakfasted with SUDERMANN to meet Dr. HANS RICHTER, Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF, and Herr RAIMUND VON ZUR MÜHLEN. We talked of the Byzantinism of modern art. Tried to extract a clear opinion from RICHTER as to the originality of the K. as a composer, but without success. Found to my surprise that Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF was an esoteric Buddhist. After breakfast walked in the Thiergarten with SUDERMANN and went on to the Zoological Gardens. Pointed out to SUDERMANN that the chest-swelling drill was clearly bor-

rowed from the Penguin. Lunchd with Count KEMPINSKI to meet BERNHARD PSCHORR, the famous vegetarian dramatist, Generals TÖFFER, BAUER and Baron JOSTY. Explained the Scottish Church Dispute to Baron JOSTY, who expressed a strong desire to become a "Wee Free." After lunch went with BERNHARD PSCHORR to inspect the Kunstgewerbe Museum. Took tea with the BÜLOWs and went in the evening to inspect CASTAN's Panoptikum with General BRAUNEBERG and Professor BERNKASTELER. Home late.

Sept. 2.—Realised this morning that I have been neglecting the real objects of my visit. Resolved to devote the remainder of my time to serious business. Professor HARNACK came to breakfast and remained till noon, discussing the credentials of Dr. EMIL REICH as a critic of the Higher Criticism. Lunchd at PSCHORR's, and went thoroughly into the question of the feasibility of compelling regular troops to become vegetarians. PSCHORR, I am glad to say, is no uncompromising fanatic. He would allow TOMMY ATKINS an egg for breakfast, and once a week a dish of *Gänsebraten mit Leberwurst* or *Kalbsnierenbraten*. Went in the afternoon to Charlottenburg, the birthplace of Charlotte Prusse; thence to the Benth-Schinkel Museum, and examined mediæval jewellery with Dr. THEODOR BARTH and HARNACK. Dined quietly with the K., and gave him a full account of the origin, decline and fall of the "Souls." Discussed the relative importance in the evolution of strategy of HANNIBAL, ALEXANDER THE GREAT, JULIUS CÆSAR and NAPOLEON. Discussed the novels of PAUL HEYSE, the philosophy of NIETZSCHE, the development of the steam turbine, the poems of RONSARD, VILLON, and ALFRED AUSTIN, and the flute sonatas of FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Sept. 3.—In the morning inspected a new patent sentry-box, invented by the K. Lunchd with HARNACK and HUMPERDINCK, and discussed the possibilities of constructing the libretto of an oratorio out of the code of HAMMURABI. In the afternoon called on TSCHIRSCHKY at the Wilhelmstrasse to discuss the psycho-physiological basis of BÜRGER's *Lenore*. General VON EINEM, who happened to look in, had never heard of SCOTT's version, which I recited to his great satisfaction. Dined with PSCHORR at the Kaiserkeller off lentil soup, artichokes and botanic beer. Supped with the K. and discussed the apolaustic Hedonism of HARRY LAUDER as illustrated in his lyrics, which he had never heard of! Well, *non omnia possumus omnes*.

Sept. 4.—Paid farewell visits and left Berlin. PSCHORR, who came to see me off, said that the Press were beginning to think that I had seen too much of the brain of the German army. Humorous chaps, these German journalists. Read

BRODRICK's article in the *Nineteenth Century* in the train. Slept well on the journey, and arrived safe at Flushing without any sign of a Red Eagle.

"O MY PROPHETIC SOUL!"

["Old Moore" (not to be confused with Mr. GEORGE) has issued his predictions for 1907.]

The ancients were wont to rely on
The stars for advice and obeyed
The spheres when the Twins and Orion
Flashed forth in a twinkling their aid;
If things were at sixes and sevens,
They weren't in the least put about,
But called (with their trust in the heavens)
The local astrologer out.

Like Stoics they stifled their heart-ache,
And bowed to the astral command
Did any irascible star take
Offence at a marriage they planned;
Ah! lover, who longed for her answer,
Oh! maiden, who yearned for his love,
How sorely you suffered from Cancer
Refusing assent from above!

Ah! why is that science forgotten?
In vain do I pucker my brow,
And think why it is we don't cotton
To signs of the zodiac now;
Though still they have messages for us,
Our sceptics maintain they are sham;
They don't care a toss about Taurus,
They don't care a rap for the Ram!

Why, why did those seers of the past err,
And keep all their secrets intact?
For now I am minus a master,
Nor know in the least how to act;
If only the stars in their courses
Could telephone to me, I feel
That I could be "boss" of the Bourses,
And hold ev'ry trump in each "deal."

Then, since it is true that the scattered
Star-gazers are under a cloud,
One prophet, at least, should feel flattered
To note his success with the crowd;
For, though his perverid narration
Is weak and his prophecy poor,
Each year we are told that the nation
(Like *Oliver*) clamours for Moore!

"J. S. seeks a berth as hairdresser on board a liner. He has tried the various companies through the usual channels, but without success. Can any reader help him?"—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

As he has tried "the usual channels" without success, *Mr. Punch* can only suggest that he should now see what he can do with some Atlantic line.

"GENTLEMAN requires two well-furnished FRONT ROOMS, with piano, and carpeted over, fire and light included, also fire in bedroom all day; no extras; no children; terms 11s. weekly."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

It is really rather generous of him not to insist on some children for his money, but after all you can't have everything for eleven shillings.



THE SILENT SOUND.

Mrs. O'Flannigan (to husband, who has had india-rubber heels to his boots). "Now YOU SOUND JUST LIKE A POLICEMAN WALKING; FOR, BEDAD, I CAN'T HEAR YOU AT ALL, AT ALL!"

CYCLES! CYCLES!! CYCLES!!!

SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY NEW.

THE LITTLE HANDLE-BAR SPRING.

NO MORE ACCIDENTS! NO MORE STOLEN CYCLES!

ALL our bicycles are fitted with the Little Handle-Bar Spring, which, when pressed, causes the machine to fall into 114 pieces.

Anyone can press the spring, but it takes an expert three months to rebuild it, thus trebling the life of a bicycle.

We are offering this marvellous invention at the absurd price of

50 guineas cash down,
or 98 weekly instalments of 1 guinea.
[Special reductions to company promoters and men with large families.]

We can't afford to do it for less, because when once you have bought one you will never want another.

ADVICE TO PURCHASERS.

Don't lose your head when the

machine runs away with you down-hill; simply press the spring.

Don't wait for your rich uncle to die; just send him one of our cycles.

Don't lock your cycle up at night; merely press the spring.

Don't be misled by other firms who say that their machines will also fall to pieces; they are only trying to sell their cycles; we want to sell you.

NOTE.—We can also fit this marvellous Little Spring to Perambulators, Bath-Chairs and Bathing Machines.

We append below some two out of our million Testimonials. The other 999,998 are expected every post.

July, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—I bought one of your cycles in May, 1895, and it is still as good as when I received it. I attribute this solely to the Little Handle-Bar Spring which I pressed as soon as I received the machine.

P.S.—What do you echarge for rebuilding a cycle?

August, 1906.

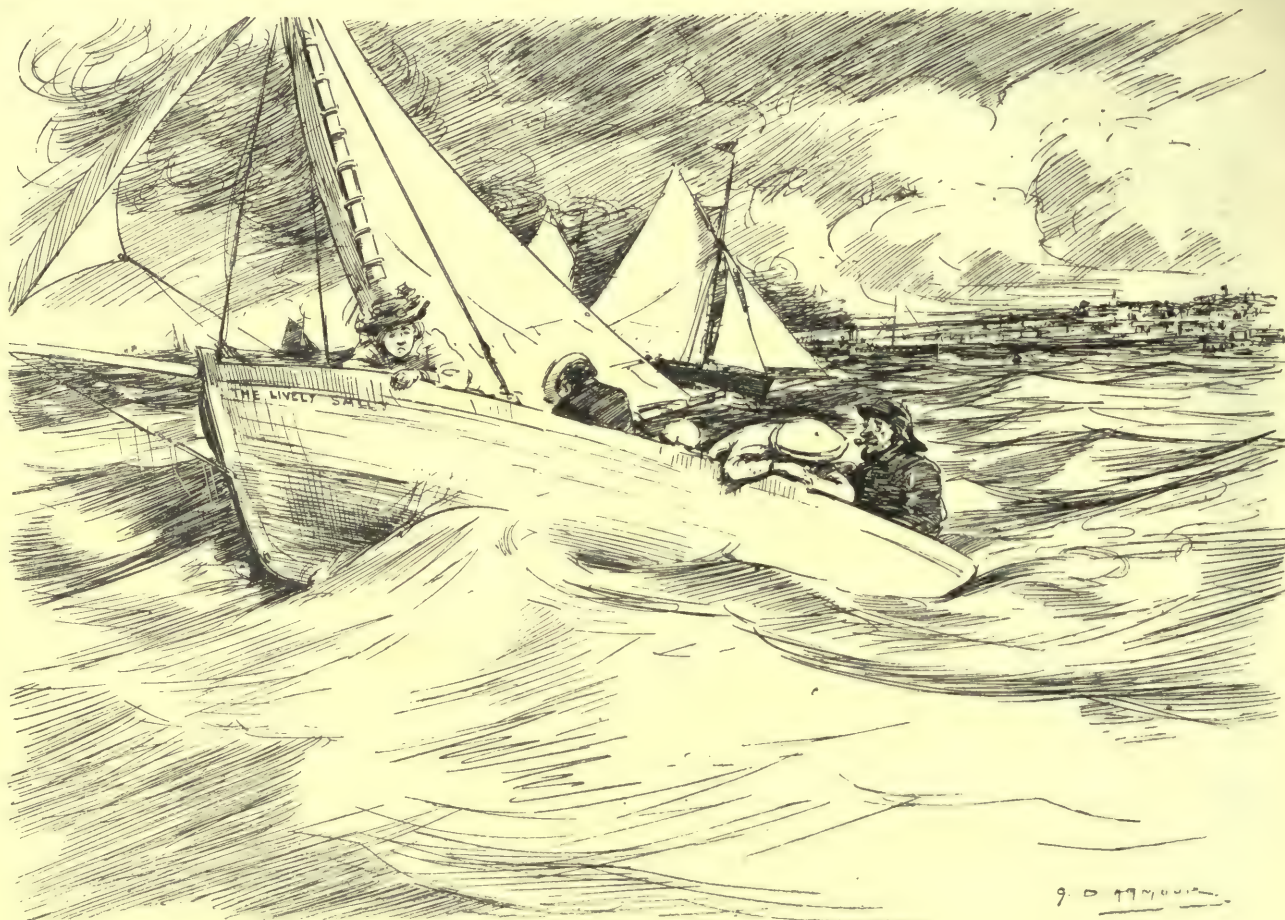
GENTLEMEN,—Last month I started to ride to Barnet on one of your cycles. When ascending Muswell Hill, I lost control of the machine, but I simply pressed the spring, and now I feel that I cannot say enough about your bike. I shall never ride any other again.

P.S.—I should very much like to meet the inventor of the "Little Handle-Bar Spring."

EVEN at the very end of the season bright things are happening at cricket. Thus in *The Cornish Post* we read:

"The Choughs' innings was most peculiar, the scoring board showing 170 for one wicket, and the whole side being out for 124."

Most peculiar. And *The Bristol Times*, writing of DENNETT, observes with truth that "it was no small feat to send down 1,081 overs out of a total of 1,462 bowled for the county." There's keenness for you! Burning the candle at both ends, as one may say.



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—No. 3.

(Told by a Member.)

"AS THE SUBJECT CHOSEN WAS 'THE OPEN SEA,' SOME OF US MADE AN EXCURSION FOR THE DAY. WE HIRED A BOAT, AND TOLD THE BOATMAN WHAT WE WANTED. THE RESULTS WERE DISAPPOINTING."

UNRECORDED EVENTS OF THE RECENT HEAT.

AT Moreton-in-the-Marsh a turkey-cock went mad and imitated the note of a guinea-pig.

AT Sidcup a tramp on being presented with a Charity Organisation ticket burst into tears and thanked the donor.

AT Clacton-on-Sea a troupe of burnt-cork nigger minstrels rushed into the sea and have not been recognised since.

AT Leighton-Buzzard a bricklayer was so overcome by the heat that he laid 500 bricks in ten hours.

MR. KEIR-HARDIE, having inadvertently removed his hat at an open-air meeting, was understood to say that the behaviour of the troops in Natal was all that it should be.

DURING the great heat on Saturday week a porter at Liverpool Street Station returned a sovereign which a short-sighted passenger had given him in mistake for a shilling.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, while playing golf on the Dornoch links, holed the

last hole in one, and presented his caddie with a free library.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, the Poet Laureate, was suddenly attacked by a gad-fly, and for the space of four hours was unable to find a rhyme for *Veronica*. Finally he was reduced to wiring to Lord AVEBURY, who promptly suggested *Pyrus Japonica*.

ON Sunday week MR. ALGERNON ASHTON mistook his way to Brookwood Cemetery and inadvertently travelled to Gravesend before he discovered his error.

ON the same day, as the congregation emerged from St. Paul's Cathedral they were confronted by the novel spectacle of a large number of the poorer residents of the neighbourhood using the stone-flagged steps of the sacred edifice as a grill, and cooking their dinners. Such an incident has not occurred for 667 years.

"Omnibus Horse runs down a Drain," was the somewhat sensational heading of a paragraph in one of our most advanced evening papers. In fairness to the public it should have been men-

tioned that the animal in question, having been accidentally drawn up at the hottest period of the day in close proximity to the furnace of a well-known restaurant, *fairly melted away* before the incident occurred.

Sunday visitors to the Zoo were privileged to witness a curious spectacle of which no example is known but that recorded in PLINY's famous *Natural History*. The Polar Bear, which had been observed to show considerable uneasiness all day, as the feeding hour approached *took off its coat* and called loudly for an iceberg.

Doing the Thing in Style.

THE Law abhors punctuation. The following is taken from the Court Rolls of a Copyhold Manor in the Midlands:

"TO THIS COURT came Edward Blank Stone Mason of etc Eldest Son and Heir of Joseph Blank Stone Mason of etc who died on the 21st day of March one thousand nine hundred and five in proper person and in full court and desired to be admitted tenant of etc etc."



BERLIN ON THE BRAIN.

FIRST TOMMY (*following Mr. HALDANE with a suspicious eye*). "WOT'S HE AGOIN' TO DO TO US NOW? HE GIVE ME A AWFUL LOOK AS HE PASSED."

SECOND TOMMY. "YUSS, AND TALKING TO HISSELF IN GERMAN SOMETHING HORRIBLE."



FRED PARRISH

"DID YOU GET HIS NUMBER?"

"No; BUT I SAW EXACTLY WHAT SHE WAS WEARING, AND HOW MUCH SHE PAID FOR THE THINGS!"

THE TEA-BASKET.

WHEN the sympathetic porter asked me if I would like a tea-basket I quickly assented, thinking in my innocence that its presence on the carriage seat would brighten the gloom of my return journey to London after the holidays. "And let me have some raspberry jam," I called to him out of the window, for I was alone in the compartment. But at that moment my attention was attracted to a train steaming up to an adjoining platform and disgorging a load of hot, flurried people. Before I realised the full significance of the incident some thirty-five people, with animals, vegetables and babies, precipitated themselves into the seclusion of my compartment.

When I recovered my breath and looked round, I saw that my first estimate was a little exaggerated, and that as a matter of fact only the legal number filled the carriage. Opposite to me sat a severe-looking lady in rusty black, nursing a toy Pomeranian of the same colour; next to her came an anxious young mother with a damp shining face, in a soiled white silk blouse with elbow sleeves. She was accompanied by a healthy-looking boy about two

years old, also much travel-stained, who was eating a banana, or part of it, and plastering his face and hair with the rest. Further on sat a strenuous-looking man about fifty years of age, a Free Church Minister from his appearance, who, after depositing his soft black hat on the rack, immediately lost touch with his surroundings behind the pages of *The British Weekly*.

My view of the occupants of my own seat was entirely blocked by the ample proportions of the portly gentleman who had deposited himself at my side, or rather on my side, and whose left arm and shoulder had the upper berth of my right. He was wearing a summer suit of black-and-white check, and seemed to be suffering from some lung trouble. I was just trying to wriggle myself into a more comfortable position when the sympathetic porter looked in and plumped the tea-basket on my knee. I had forgotten it; and really it seemed the last straw, though in point of fact it was only the first. There was no time to demur, so I hastily found my skirt pocket and paid for the wretched thing, and next moment we had started, and the porter was complacently pocketing a tip which, in consequence of my agitation, consisted of half-a-crown and

a penny. Presently, when the express had settled down into her stride and my companions had done glaring at me and my unfortunate burden, I lifted the lid with my only available hand and looked inside.

Oh, what an orgie I might have had under favourable conditions — dainty brown teapot, steaming at the spout, bread-and-butter, raspberry jam, and most tempting cake simply studded with currants! I could not resist the sight; and it is only due to my fellow-passengers to record that, as soon as I set about the business of eating and drinking, they all looked the other way in order to save me from embarrassment. All, that is, but the dog and the baby, and these took a passionate and unconcealed interest in my proceedings; the child being specially fascinated by my attempts to get the tea out of the cup into my mouth while travelling at sixty miles an hour, and the dog eying the cake with such pitiful entreaty that I felt impelled to present it with a chunk, which it snapped in and bolted in one movement.

"Oh!" exclaimed the severe lady, who had been studying the landscape, "what was that? You didn't give him any cake?"

I flinched before her and admitted the fact.

"Not currant?" she gasped. "Then you've killed him! I had just taken him away for a change, and his diet is a matter of life or death. I have already paid the veterinary surgeon £2 18s. 6d. Heaven knows what the next bill will be!" It was at this juncture that the baby made a sudden dash at the basket, and took a handful of jam, which it spread lavishly on my neighbour's light check trousers on its way back to its mother's knee.

Luckily he was asleep, and the cries of the child under chastisement did not rouse him; and I believe he would have remained in that enviable condition for the rest of the journey but for the appearance of an importunate wasp, also after the jam, and the subsequent behaviour of the Free Church Minister. Evidently regarding himself as a champion wasp-killer, he emerged from his seclusion and went round the carriage flapping wildly with his folded *British Weekly*. The wasp escaped every time. Finding that the only restful place in the vicinity was the bald head of my sleeping neighbour, it settled there for a moment to review the situation. It was a fatal step. Down came the *British Weekly*, this time unerringly; the dead wasp tumbled into my teacup, while, with the trumpet of a wounded elephant, the portly gentleman went straight for the throat of the Free Church Minister. It was only his collar that saved him; his collar, and a natural gift of eloquence by which he succeeded in convincing his victim that it is better to wake with a start than to die of blood-poisoning.

Meanwhile there was still good tea in the pot, although the wasp had spoilt what was in my cup, and determining to get something for my money (I had just discovered the loss of the half-crown) I threw the half-cup out of the window as we sped along, and proceeded to help myself to more. We were slowing up, and I found drinking less precarious and almost enjoyable, when unusual sounds from the corridor at the other side of the carriage caught my ear—sounds of a man's voice raised in righteous indignation and a child crying lustily. Immediately afterwards a burly man of the artizan class passed down the corridor, leading a weeping child whose face and print blouse were streaming with a brownish liquid, while the body of a dead wasp dangled in its front curls. My blood froze. I looked hastily at my companions, who were all engrossed in personal matters. The Minister had once more retired behind his *British Weekly*, the rusty lady was massaging her dog's digestive organs, and the young mother was furtively watching my

neighbour, who was gazing in a dazed apoplectic manner at the smear of jam on his trousers. It had only that moment caught his eye.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor," I heard the man in the corridor shouting to some unseen official—"I want the law on somebody. This nipper of mine was leanin' out o' winder—when all of a moment——"

I waited to hear no more. Extricating myself with a quick sinuous movement from my spreading neighbour, I rose resolutely, placed the tea-basket on my seat, and left the carriage as the train drew up at a busy junction; nor did I emerge from the concealment of the crowded waiting-room until it was once more on its way to London.

An hour later I caught a slow up-train, and the kindly guard who suggested a tea-basket seemed quite disconcerted at the bitterness of my refusal.

"HAVE WE LIVED BEFORE?"

I got up and dusted my knees. I wasn't angry; pained rather.

"I don't think you quite realise what it is you're missing," I said.

"What I've missed," said KATE decisively.

"To you," I went on, "I seem just an ordinary person; but four thousand years ago, let me tell you, I was a man of some importance. Do you realise that you are talking to—that, in fact, you have just refused—one who four thousand years ago was the King of BABYLON'S favourite General?"

"Fancy!" said KATE.

"Yes. I don't want to boast, but that's what I was. I often have visions of those days, and I seem to see myself marching at the head——"

"Fancy you're being the General!" said KATE. "Why I remember him so well. A funny little man with bow legs——"

"You remember?"

"Yes. Why, I was the King's favourite daughter."

This was a little too much.

"The King had no daughter," I said coldly. "I distinctly remember him telling me. It worried him a good deal. There was an adopted daughter with red hair—you don't mean her, surely?"

KATE nodded.

"But it wasn't really red, you know," she pleaded. "Sort of chestnut. And in those days you used to say you liked chestnut—you know you did."

I waved my hand airily.

"After all," I said, "one never thought much of those Babylon days. Now, the Crusades. Now those *were* times."

"Weren't they? Do you remember how we——"

"Hang it, you seem to have followed me about through the centuries pretty freely. What were you doing in Palestine?"

"Oh—I don't know. Just looking round."

"Yes? Well, I was fighting. You may scorn me now, but let me tell you I was very popular with the ladies in those days. I used to wear—ahem—their gages in my—er—helm. As many as three at once sometimes. You've never seen me in a helm, have you? No—well then don't talk."

KATE was silent for a little, while I wondered how much more of the family history I should tell her. There had been an unpleasant episode about the sixth century (never spoken of in the home circle) when I had so far forgotten myself as to be a hippopotamus in East Africa; really the only time we went into trade, as it were. It would be folly to drag that up now.

"Were you in Rome about 550 A.D.?" asked KATE suddenly.

"Er—oh, no. Not Rome."

"Where were you?"

"Travelling abroad a good deal. East Africa, and so on."

"I didn't know Africa had been discovered then?"

"Oh, yes. I knew all about it. Funny thing," I added, "but I was a vegetarian in those days. It was all the rage with our set."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you'd have been in Rome, fighting. There was someone there rather like you."

"Tall? Handsome? Clever?"

"Oh, very. He knew Latin, and so on. But quite silly otherwise. Why I just happened to say 'No' to him once—more from habit than anything—and he never asked me again. So of course I had to ask *him*. You say you were in Africa at the time?"

"I'm afraid so." (I should like to have seen it through. But being stuck in East Africa—)

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"Oh—'Please will you marry me, Sir,'—or something like that."

"Only in Latin?"

"In Latin, of course. And he said 'Thank you,' or 'Yes'—I forget which."

"They had a very clumsy way of saying 'Yes' in Latin," I said. "I think the scene would have gone much better in English."

"I understand," said KATE with a smile, "that an English version is in the press. . . . Oh, were you ever an owl or a bat or anything like that?"

* * * * *

KATE says she expects in her next existence she'll be a love-bird, and sit on a twig and coo. I do hope I shall be on the same twig.

THE WAR-SECRETARY ON HIS TRAVELS; OR, MORE HINTS FROM ABROAD.

Our Artist (absolutely unreliable) understands that Mr. Haldane is so delighted with the value of his visit to Berlin that he proposes to extend the scope of his inquiries to other lands as opportunity offers.



THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

VII.

OUR SUNDAY CONVERSAZIONI.

LET us turn now from scenes of strife to the more pleasing picture of our Sunday conversazioni. At these social reunions there was scarcely a subject



The Looney.

that was not discussed, and when the Captain, with his wonderful culture, was present, no topic came up which was not illumined by his trite and shrewd remarks, so that I reckon it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been present on such occasions.

THE PRETTY WIT OF THE CAPTAIN.

What made the Captain's conversation especially charming was the fact that he was possessed of a pretty wit. He would say things which would even make a cat laugh. He was, indeed, first in peace and first in war. He has been called, with justice, one of the wittiest dogs of the century. Many of his sayings I have treasured up.

He was asked one day what he thought of the one-meal-a-day diet for dogs which was being advocated by the digestion reformers. He replied that he had no objection to it so long as the meal lasted all day.

A poodle was bragging of his pedigree. "My ancestors came over with the CONQUEROR," he said. "Oh," said the Captain, with his inimitable drawl, "from your appearance I should have thought it was RICHARD CUR DE LION."

To another conceited hound he once said, "Call yourself a stud dog! You look more like the missing link."

The Captain was not above a pun, if he thought it a good one—which, of course, it always was.

One night I returned very late from cat-saring. The house had been locked up, and my master had to come down in his dressing-gown to let me in, and he made a fuss about it.

"What excuse did you offer?" asked the Captain.

"Couldn't think of any," I said.

The Captain's eyes twinkled. "You silly old Ears," he said, "why didn't you say you couldn't tell the time, as you didn't meet a watch-dog?"

Upon another occasion he recommended me to call a wire-haired terrier and send a telegram to say that I should be late for dinner. He made me roar sometimes with his remarks. And it was all done so easily, with no apparent effort. A member of the Club received a legacy under the will of his mistress. "I suppose you'll put the money in the Dogger Bank," remarked the Captain.

Again, talking of toy dogs, he remarked, "Sometimes I feel inclined to buy a pennyworth of weed-killer and dispose of the lot of them." And I have heard him frighten one of these almost out of his skin by saying, "Do you know, Sir, that my men eat two or three of you for breakfast every morning?"

He always put things wonderfully well. One of our members was guilty of some little peccadillo—I forget now what it was—and the Captain decided to give him one more chance. "You say," said the Captain, "you are the son of a retriever. Very well. Go now and retrieve your character."

Once he gave us a lecture on the subject of falsehoods. "Let sleeping dogs lie," he wound up; "you always speak the truth."

I could indeed fill a volume with the Captain's dry remarks. And if he could crush with a cutting word he could also comfort by a bright idea. For instance, when my ear was split in two and I was suffering great pain, I remember how he bucked me up with the words, "Never mind, old fellow, it has increased your value. You are by way of being a curio now. You are probably the only dog in the world with three ears." I smiled through my tears.

THE DOG-SHOW TALE.

And the Captain was an admirable raconteur. No one could spin a yarn so well as he. His best tale, I think, was the one he told to demonstrate the value of Dog-Show honours. The Captain declared it to be true, and we were never tired of hearing it.

There was a gentleman, said the Captain, living in Ireland who owned an Irish terrier named Kathleen. One day Kathleen presented her master with two of the queerest-looking pups that ever saw daylight. Their sire, it was said, was a French poodle, and one could

well believe that this was at least the truth. You never saw such freaks. About a year after their birth their master heard that a Dog Show was to be held in a village where he happened to be staying at the time. Being of a sportive disposition, he decided that, for the fun of the thing, he would enter his marvellous mongrels in the "Any Other Variety" class under the name of "Burmese Setters." To his intense surprise and amusement, they were promptly awarded first and second prize.

The man's appetite was now whetted, and when, some six months later, the announcement of a really important Dog Show, which was to be held in a neighbouring town, was brought to his notice, he resolved to let the twins try their luck once more. This time he decided that they should be "Thibetan Eel Dogs." Shortly after he had deposited them at the Show a note reached him from the Secretary stating that the committee were greatly interested in his exhibit, but unfortunately none of them was acquainted with the points of Thibetan Eel Dogs, and the Committee would be obliged if the exhibitor would kindly let them have a few lines about them. The exhibitor saw no reason why he should not oblige the Committee. So after dinner he wrote to say that a Thibetan Eel Dog was the means by which the Thibetan highlander secured his dinner. The dog waded into the shallow upland streams and knelt down. The eels then became entangled in the dog's long and shaggy coat, and when sufficient eels had been trapped the Thibetan whistled his dog out of the water and dined.

This explanatory note was printed in full in the official catalogue; the dogs



Judge of the pained surprise of The Man-Hater, attracted a vast amount of attention, and carried off a second and third prize. But they caused trouble.

Among the visitors to the Town Show was an individual who had been also to the Village Show. He wrote a most

indignant letter to the Press, saying that the Committee, for all he knew, might be nice amiable gentlemen, but they were certainly profoundly ignorant about dogs, for they had given two prizes to what were described as Thibetan Eel Dogs, while anyone who knew anything at all about dogs must have recognised at once that they were Burmese Setters!

The correspondence raged for a number of weeks, and there was scarcely a so-called authority on dogs who did not take part in it.

Lord, how we laughed!

THE LOONEY AND THE MAN-HATER.

Although the Captain was easily the most brilliant talker amongst us, he was by no means the only one whose conversation was worth listening to.

There was, for instance, The Looney.

The Looney was quite one of our most interesting members. This crack-brained fellow undoubtedly had a spark of genius in his composition. It was a pity that he was always so absurdly unpractical. He was essentially a dreamer, and not a dog of action. He was always thinking out wonderful schemes, which came to nothing.

For example, it was The Looney who proposed one Sunday that we should make horses honorary dogs, and so increase our numbers. He asked—and in this instance I consider there was perhaps something in his suggestion—why, if King Charles Spaniels and St. Bernards are both called dogs, the idea should not be carried a step further?

But the Captain said it would be lowering ourselves, and that settled it of course.

One hot day The Looney lost such little reason as he had and was shot, after a cruel custom of the Humans.

The chosen companion of The Looney was The Man-Hater. He too was a fluent talker, and had ability of a sort, and might have shone in an assemblage where the Captain with his giant intellect was not present. Indeed, after

the Captain's death The Man-Hater founded the only Club which had any measure of success.

For a long time a member known as The Socialist had been The Man-Hater's closest friend. But this miserable fellow became a backslider. We missed The Socialist one day, and when next we met him he who had always been the

wealthiest dogs in the country, and the last we heard of him was that he had been elected Vice-President of the Gentlemen's Club. May he die of fatty degeneration of the heart!

The Man-Hater was made of most curious material. It was not fur at all, but a kind of mixture of cotton and silk. He told us he was very valuable, and we

never disillusionised him. It was wonderful how The Man-Hater fancied himself. The Captain said it proved that there was a Providence.

The Man-Hater had no master. He lived by his wits, and was a good one for rats. Originally he had belonged to a faddist, who held that dogs ought to have nothing but plain wholesome food, and that only once a day, and not too much then. Chafing under this inhumane treatment, The Man-Hater went off one day for a week's tour in the company of some dog friends with a view to bringing his master to his senses. On the third day his master came to the conclusion that his dog was lost, and judge of the pained surprise of The Man-Hater (who had always had a high opinion of himself) when, on his way home, he saw in a shop-window a notice headed, "Half-a-crown Reward," and containing a most insulting description of himself, which wound up with the words, "Of no value to anyone except owner."

The Man-Hater turned back with an angry growl and decided that his master might keep his half-crown. Since then, as I have said, The Man-Hater has lived by his wits, and, like not a

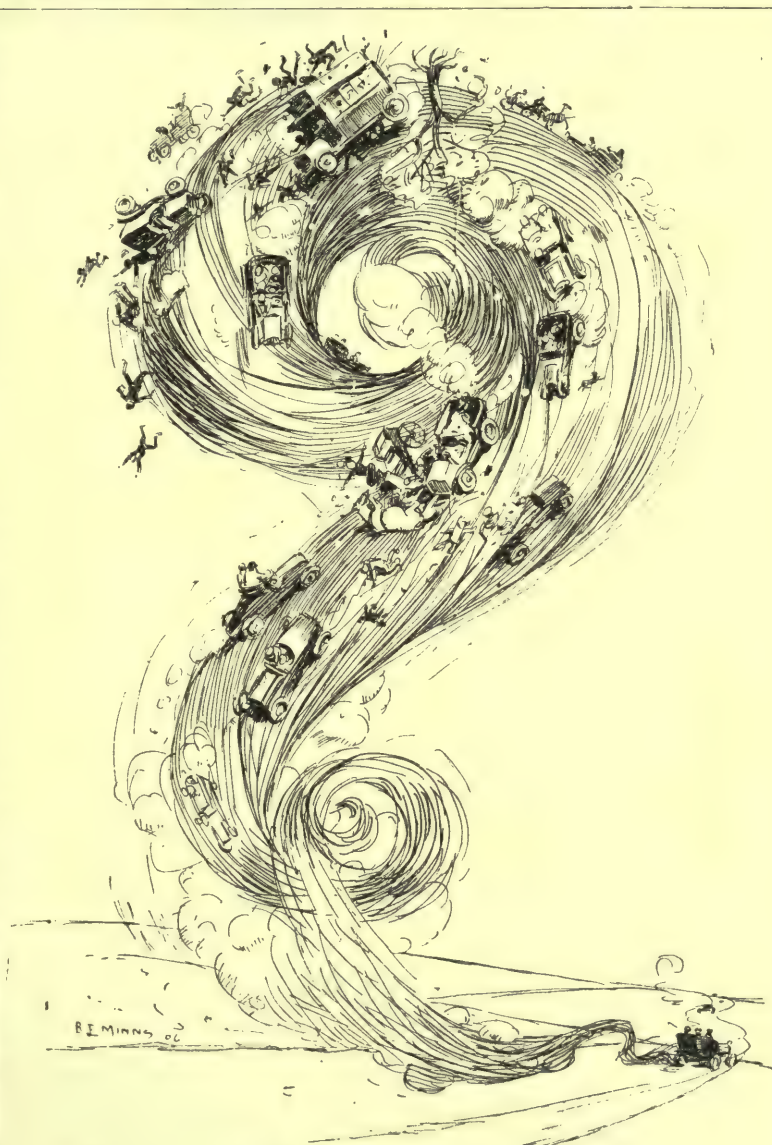
few of us, has known what it is to walk about with an empty pouch.

Adversity has soured The Man-Hater.

The Whitehaven News fills up a gap with a moral reflection and an item of news. The two appear thus:—

The lower we stoop to do a kindness the higher we rise.

The King has appointed Colonel JOHN MOUNT BATTEN, C.B., to be Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of and in the County of Dorset.



THE ? OF THE DAY.

SHOULD THERE BE A SPEED (AND DUST) LIMIT?

most disreputable of us in appearance was not only well groomed but wearing a coat with a crest in the corner, if you please! I need scarcely say that the coat was in shreds in a very few minutes. It seems that The Socialist had been adopted by a wealthy maiden lady, and had openly renounced his former views on the subject of the redistribution of property. Upon the death of the old lady The Socialist inherited a large share of her property and became one of the

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is not given to every one to enjoy minute study of epileptic cases, followed at brief intervals by the story of four idiot children and a sketch of a stout mother who persistently sucks sweetmeats. These episodes suffered or passed over, *Profit and Loss* (METHUEN) is an excellent piece of work. So persistent is Mr. JOHN OXENHAM in gloomier mood that, when the epileptic has nearly murdered his tutor and disappeared in space and one of the idiot children has smashed a slate over the head of her sister so that the wooden framework fits its neck like a frilled collar, he quite casually throws in a nameless old lady who dies straight off. There is, however, method in this particular moment of mourning. It brings together the hero and the heroine, who, living through a stirring time, not only marry, but come into a fortune of £100,000, upon which they live happily ever after. The good people, like *Mrs. Barty*, are very, very good; the bad, like her errant husband and the banker's son (father of the four idiots aforesaid) are horrid. The plot is carefully elaborated, but, on the whole, I cannot say the story caught me with irresistible grip.

Many men have taken a tired brain to the country for rest and refreshment, but none have brought back a better harvest of quiet humour and natural pleasures than Mr. WALTER RAYMOND, whose record of his life in a Somersetshire village will be found in *The Book of Simple Delights* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Many old friends await one in his pages, for he has an eye for types. *Mrs. Critchell*, for example, scrubs in every village, although this book would pin her to one only. If we had to express in a single phrase our enjoyment of this *Book of Simple Delights*, we should say it's a simply delightful book.

A Persian Roseleaf does not treat
Solely of loves that flame and flicker
Beneath the bough, with music sweet,
A book, some bread, and jugs of liquor.

Partly it's thus, and partly not;
It tells of how a maid of Persia
Weds a young lairdling whom a shot
Has bull's-eyed into forced inertia.

His true love's course runs rough—in fact,
Lieut.-Col. ANDREW HAGGARD



VOLUMES.

Lady Gushington. "SO YOUR SON IS A REAL AUTHOR! HOW DISTRACTINGLY INTERESTING! AND DOES HE WRITE FOR MONEY?"

Practical Dad. "YES. I GET HIS APPLICATIONS ABOUT ONCE A WEEK."

R. Yes; but we have instead a purely factitious one of broken heads.

S. You seem annoyed.

R. I am. . . Still it's a wonderful book. Oh, by the way, leave out the last chapter altogether. I can't think what it's doing there. If we must have tragedy, let us end on the tragic note. We don't want a new character introduced at the last moment to tell us that it's really all for the best, and the hero will soon get over it, and so on. However—

S. However, you advise me to read it. *Mave*, by RANDAL CHARLTON, I think you said?

R. Yes. A book in a hundred, and worth the other ninety-nine put together. . . By the way, METHUEN is the publisher.

Contrives to get it densely packed
With men beheaded, speared, or daggered.

The air's italicised with rays
Of local tint which stamp the scene as
Egypt—e.g., *gallibiyehs*,
*Medjidieh*s, and *effendinas*.

The land is panting in the throes
Of military occupation;
The publisher is LONG, and so's
Much of the casual conversation.

I feel that I must review
Mave in the manner of the
new advertising:

Reviewer. Oh, I say, have
you read *Mave*?

Subscriber. No. Who's it
by?

R. Oh, nobody you've ever
heard of. RANDAL CHARLTON is
his name. It's his first book.

S. Good, is it?

R. Extraordinarily fine. I
don't know when I've read a
better novel.

S. That's rather fulsome,
isn't it?

R. Well, one must be en-
thusiastic sometimes. And
how better than over a "com-
ing author"?

S. What's it about? What
sort of style?

R. Well, it reminded me
strongly of HARDY, and faintly,
now and then, of *The Forest
Lovers*.

S. Oh lord.

R. Yes, it sounds funny,
but there you are. The first
half is delightful, though one
feels the tragedy coming.
Then it passes over, and—

S. And all is sunshine
again?

R. No. That's where the
author goes wrong. The
clouds come back. Heavy
ones, and thunder and light-
ning. The tragedy of sepa-
rated and broken hearts that
one looked for does not
happen—

S. Well, that's good.



THE EXCURSION.

Head of Family. "I RECKON SOME OF US 'LL HAVE TO STAND, OR WE SHAN'T ALL GET SEATS!"

THE "SILLY" SEASON.

THERE is a Season, by the Press termed "Silly,"
When heated Justice doffs the wig and gown,
When Parliament is "up" (and Piccadilly)
And a great wave of dulness floods the town;
A time when all the springs of news run down,
And London's papers, curious to say,
Become more interesting every day.

At such a time, in punctual iteration,
With a vivacity undimmed by age,
Sea-serpents of the largest circulation
Drag their slow lengths across the middle page;
And, where the Commons furiously did rage,
"Our readers" are politely drawn to share
The annual coursing of an autumn "hare."

'Tis then that we regale the mind o' mornings
On strange, new foods wherewith our organ teems;
Mixed bathing, motorists, and ghostly warnings,
Alcohol, hats, banana-skins, and dreams;
Nor do we lack for those obscurer themes:
Are Husbands Selfish, Women worth their Keep,
And *can* one risk a Marriage on the Cheap?

Some will say one thing—others, *vice versâ*;
The married man uplifts his tale of woe;

The hapless married woman puts in *her* say,
And tells one much that it's as well to know;
All are invited; each may have a go;
While many a lone soul sees his "borrowed name"
In print, and blushes not to find it fame.

These are the themes, not fleeting but perennial,
Which in the Silly Season we peruse,
Grudging no price—assured that every penny 'll
Return us something to enlarge our views,
Something of interest, something to amuse.
Pity that, when they give such noble sport,
The boom in hares should be so very short.

For all too soon, the portent of the Session
Drives out the foaming orator on stump;
Bronzed editors return, and start afresh on
Some novel aspect of the Parish Pump;
The last hare dies; the boom becomes a slump;
And the Sea-serpent slumbers, roll on roll
Coiled in an editorial pigeon-hole. DUM-DUM.

The Sunday Times, talking of the crowd's verdict on the Boat Race, says, "Yesterday, however, they differed considerably; as indeed did nine experts out of ten." We should much like to know the exact position of the tenth expert.

A POLICE TRAP:

Or, The Renewal of Youth.

"OPEN her out!" my host had said;
And on the instant word
The mobile monster flew ahead
Like a prodigious bird.

Her thirsty throttle, gaping free,
Drank up the way like wine;
I almost felt that I must be
Upon the Chatham line.

From time to time she touched the earth
And pulverised its crust,
And I remarked, with impious mirth:
"We too shall soon be dust!"

Far off the cyclist heard our hoot,
And fell into the ditch;
We scattered man and fowl and brute,
Scarce seeing which was which.

Their curses followed, choked with grit,
While I, who paid no heed,
Composed a humorous song (or fyfte)
Largely in praise of Speed.

* * * * *

A sudden whistle rent the air!
Instinctively she stopped,
For at the signal from his lair
A stealthy peeler popped.

As one whose joy comes doubly sweet
From triumph's long delay,
Slowly and trailing tedious feet
He moved upon his prey.

There sat we waiting, trapped and dumb,
And eyed that awful X
Like rabbits when the snarers come
To wring their little necks.

Two more arrived; their clothes were plain;
One from his hedge-row bower
Had timed us going like a train
At fifty miles an hour.

I looked the liar in the face.
Fearless of fine or quad,
"I should myself have put the pace,
Said I, "at eighty odd!"

And then as in a general hush
They took the chauffeur's name,
Over my cheeks there stole the blush
Of pleasurable shame.

I saw my truant childhood's years
In memory's vision rise,
And lo! the happy happy tears
Coursed from my goggled eyes.

How long it seemed since I was whacked
For trespass! ah, how long
Since I was taken in the act
Of doing something wrong!

Copper, my thanks! Through you I know
Once more those fearful joys
Which the Olympian gods bestow
On lawless little boys!

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE DRAGON.

I HAVE never seen this Dragon, although he lives on a hill in my immediate neighbourhood, but I know him to be a very fierce fellow of the true old Dragon breed. There may be modern Dragons of a more refined and civilised type, but these are not of the kind that any properly constituted child would care to meet. Civilisation is all very well, but it doesn't suit the nursery. The nursery, as I know it, is a primitive institution and it revels in all the relics of barbarism. Its porridge, its bread and butter, its dolls' houses, its hours, its shoes and its socks are to all outward seeming the same as when I first remember them in another nursery more than a full generation ago. Its inmates display no greater tenderness of feeling towards one another than we used to, and they howl with all the old freedom and sustained power when they are thwarted or spanked. It is natural, therefore, that the pet Dragon should be of the same unredeemed ferocity and wickedness as the one who first terrified me. Probably he is the same Dragon, but, as I say, I have never seen him and cannot be sure.

This Dragon has a length of about eighty feet; he has green scales impervious to everything except an old cavalry sword, which, however, remains suspended from a hook on the wall and is never available for a death-thrust when the Dragon is bearded on the top of his hill or when his muffled roars are heard in the wood which forms his last retreat. I ought to add that he can be killed by a skilfully directed stone, if the stone manages to hit him in the centre of his right eyeball; but in this case he is only dead for the day, and infallibly revives in the middle of the night, unless it happens to be a wet night. On wet nights he prefers to remain dead. He has a forked tail, also green, and a barbed tongue, which is a very much prolonged and highly deadly weapon. He has been known to sting a boy in the protruding portion of his back round two corners at forty yards. The boy himself has often told me the dreadful story. The Dragon's eyes are red and he always breathes out fire. The girl who related this fact to me thought that fire might be comfortable on winter nights. In the summer, she said, he ought to breathe something colder. Ice might do, she supposed, if it wasn't so heavy, but then he was a very powerful Dragon and might be able to manage it. His wings are constructed of burnished steel painted yellow and pink and can carry him to immense heights, but he doesn't often fly for fear the local policeman (whose name is STUBBS and whose cheeks are red and plump) should shoot him. STUBBS is believed in the nursery to be a pattern of heroism and of all the sword-slicing and rifle-shooting virtues.

There is, I understand, a romance about this Dragon. He had devoured twenty-five selected Princesses and was about to devour the twenty-sixth when he was suddenly struck by her extreme beauty and the sweetness of her manners. He fell in love with her and proposed to marry her and abandon his wicked courses. The lady, however, could not accept him, for she was already engaged to be married to a Prince who wore a white feather in a red velvet cap and was always mounted on a chestnut horse. The Dragon, with a courtesy that never forsook him in his lighter moments, at once recognised the validity of the objection and the insuperable nature of the obstacle. He caused a golden cage to be built, and in this he confined the Princess, whom he feeds four times a day on cream, honey, strawberry jam and sponge cake. In spite of this generous diet she longs for her liberty, and some day the Prince will arrive, and, after defeating and definitely slaying the Dragon, will release her and marry her.

Dragon-hunts are organised once a week. The whole available infantry arms itself with sticks and marches up the



AU REVOIR!

MR. PUNCH (to SUMMER). "MUST YOU GO, MY DEAR? THE MOST CHARMING VISIT I EVER REMEMBER!"



Mrs. Malone. "WHY, PAT, WHAT'S THAT YE'VE GOT? IS IT MORIARTY THAT'S INSULTED YE?"

Pat. "HE HAS, BEGORRAH! BUT HE'LL HAVE TO WAIT A WEEK!"

hill in charge of a father or of an uncle appointed to that relationship for the occasion. The last uncle threw the army into confusion by hinting that the Dragon was himself a Prince in disguise. On that day the Dragon was not slain. Since then, however, he has expired (temporarily) with his usual regularity.

BUSINESS COMBINED WITH PLEASURE.

(Being the Diary of a Person who took some Work to the Seaside.)

Mon.—Needn't start the very first day.

Tues.—More to see in this place than I thought.

Wed.—What decent people one meets in the hotel.

Thurs.—91° in the shade. Comment needless.

Fri.—One inch of rain. Quite fascinating to watch.

Sat.—Must make a fresh start on Monday.

Sun.—Day of rest.

Mon.—All the week before me.

Tues.—Couldn't politely refuse to join picnic.

Wed.—Neuralgia through sitting on damp grass.

Thurs.—Acquaintances luckily leaving to-morrow. Then nous verrons!

Fri.—Seeing them off.

Sat.—No use attempting now to mend a bad week's work.

Sun.—Day of rest, as before.

Mon.—Meditations on the vanity of human wishes.

Tues.—Out fishing all day, to avoid making fresh friends who think one as idle as themselves.

Wed.—Should work better in apartments. Looking forsame.

Thurs.—Find can have private room in hotel next week.

Fri.—Waiting for next week.

Sat.—Suddenly recollect must return to town on Tuesday. Hardly worth while engaging private room for one day.

Sun.—Day of rest, thank goodness!

Mon.—Waiting for Tuesday.

Tues.—Return to town with work. Combination of business with pleasure thoroughly enjoyable.

Conclusive Evidence.

"A DARING robbery has been perpetrated in broad daylight at the residence of Mr. ——. The police, who found the heel of a rubber shoe and a coat button in the room, are of the opinion that the burglar wore gloves."—*Droitwich Guardian*.

NARROWING THE FIELD OF SEARCH.—"Lost, between Maidstone and Leeds, Gold Padlock off bracelet."—*Kent Messenger*.

"Should there be a Speed Limit?"

"The *Journal* states that M. ERNEST ARCHDEACON yesterday experimented at Acheres with a motor cycle provided with an aluminium screw in front. A speed of 79,300 kilometres in the hour was attained."—*Reuter Telegram*.

It seems a lot of difference for one little aluminium screw to make, but perhaps they never explained to *Reuter* what a kilometre was.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN BRIGHTON.

THE article on "Brighton's Needs" in *The Tribune* has naturally caused a great sensation. As our esteemed contemporary tactfully puts it, there is no suspicion of disloyalty to the "Queen of the South" in the cry for reform. In spite of everything, "Brighton still remains queen, and the complaints now voiced are only put in concrete form in order that she may retain that title undimmed." Anxious to associate himself with so laudable an endeavour, Mr. *Punch* has sounded a number of representative men, and is now in a position to present to his readers some of the most luminous and nutritive suggestions which have reached him.

A leading architect writes as follows:—"What Brighton needs is some substantial addition to her architectural features. Happily an opportunity presents itself of which the Brighton Council, if they are well advised, will not hesitate to avail themselves without delay. It is stated that the stump of the Wembley Tower is about to be removed. I would earnestly impress upon the City Fathers of Brighton the advisability of purchasing this splendid torso, re-erecting it on the sea-front and completing its superstructure according to the original design. I would further suggest that from one of its upper platforms there might be an aerial railway to the Dyke."

An eminent novelist writes:—"Brighton, in my opinion, has fallen into a groove of placid and undistinguished prosperity, from which she can only be extricated by the importation or unsolicited arrival of some commanding and stimulating personage. In the early decades of the last century she owed her popularity to the Prince and the Regency bucks. At the close of the same century another Prince did much to revive her faded glories. Now, however, that Prince RANJITSINGH has become an Oriental Potentate, it is essential that a successor should be found without delay. The splendid examples of Stratford-on-Avon and the Isle of Man point clearly to the choice of some popular novelist. He (or she) should be given free quarters in the Pavilion with a suitable staff of liveried servants, state motor-cars, trumpeters, &c., and a salary of not less than £10,000 a year. The appointment should be for five years and carry with it the prefix of Beau or Belle, e.g., Beau CAINE or Belle MARIE."

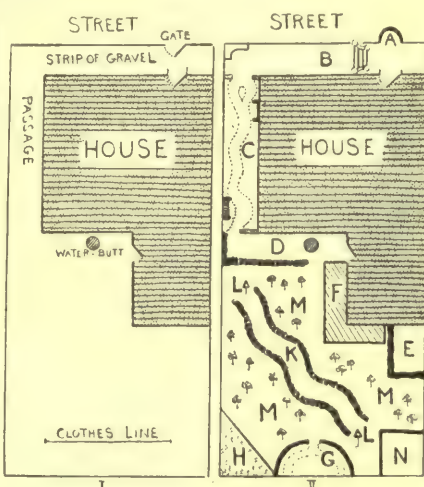
A leading engineer writes:—"The congestion of traffic on the front being admittedly the worst of Brighton's evils, I would suggest as an obvious remedy the construction of a tube which would relieve the pressure and enable visitors

to avoid the glare of the sun during the dog days."

A leading archdeacon writes:—"Brighton has its Roedean and Hassocks. But its clerical equipment is clearly incomplete without a Bishop. This long-felt want should be made good without delay."

"WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH A BACK-YARD."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Stimulated by an article in *The Daily Mail*, I have decided to convert my back-yard into a country-house pleasance or demesne, and would like to ask your advice on my scheme. Sketch I. represents "Cornucopia Lodge" (semi-detached) as it is at present, and Sketch II. as it will be in a few years' time.



- A. Moorish arch.
 - B. Terraced Italian gardens and bowling-green.
 - C. Passage trellised over, forming a shooting range and Lovers' Walk provided with rustic seats.
 - D. Sunken water-butt, forming artificial lake (to be stocked with trout), surrounded by lawn. Lawn might be used as a small golf-links with water-hazard.
 - E. Orchard, hedged in.
 - F. Raised verandah and hanging Babylonian gardens. Underneath it a pheasant-run.
 - G. Old English rose-garden with fountain and privet hedge.
 - H. Rabbit-warren. (Or should this be placed in the shooting-range?)
 - K. Tall blackberry hedges enclosing winding country lane.
 - LL. Motor-car warning signs.
 - MMM. Wooded park-land.
 - N. Tropical jungle.
- Do you think my space could be laid out to better advantage?

Yours, &c.,

J. PLANTAGENET-BROWNE.

THE NEW BILINGUALISM.

[It is stated that Erse and Esperanto are to be taught in the schools controlled by the Education Committee of the L.C.C.]

Do not pack in your portmanteau
Books of classic verse;
Purchase guides to Esperanto,
Manuals of Erse.
FOGAZZARO's tale *Il Santo*,
WALPOLE's *Castle of Otranto*,
DANTE's most inspiring canto,
Grow more fine, more terse,
Rendered into Esperanto,
Versified in Erse.

From Lahinch to far Lepanto,
If equipped with Erse,
And in fluent Esperanto
Able to converse,
You will fare without confusion
Over land and sea—
Such at least is the conclusion
Of the L.C.C.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE PARTY.

Battleaxe Towers.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Whom d'you think I'm staying with?—the BULLYX-BOUNDERMERE people! *Fact!* They've a big shoot here, engineered by BABS and her husband, who have got together quite a nice crowd. Several of them had never spoken to their host and hostess before, and don't seem in any hurry to do so now. The CLACKMANNANS have been persuaded to come, and among others here are Lord HURLINGHAM, HUGHIE MASHEM, DOLLY DE LACY and his brother PIGGY, BOSH TRESLYLLAN, the CROPPY VAVASSORS, and NORTY of that ilk.

I have to go back to something of the old footing with the latter. It's a *great deal too much trouble* to keep up even the most *righteous* indignation and *well-merited* scorn for many weeks. I've told NORTY this quite plainly, and he says it's the *Zeitgeist*, and that he feels it too. As his *fiancée*, Aunt GOLDINGHAM, is still at Aix, and JOSIAH MULTIMILL is seeing after his recent purchase, Broadlands, Bucks (which is being got up regardless, and is to be our chief home in the future), it's quite like old times.

My new shooting-dress is just as *chic* as they make 'em. None of your compromises, my dear. I'm one of those for whom gaiters have no terrors, and I can *honestly* wear threes in boots. BABS and I have been out with the guns twice. I've not killed anything yet, but NORTY say he's quite sure I shall soon. Certainly there *was* a bird to-day that BABS said had fallen to *her* gun, and that I fancied had fallen to *mine*. We were *quite* sweet about it before the men, but after we got back we said one

or two little things to each other, and she was distinctly inclined to be *catty*. It's all blown over now, however. I can afford to forgive her and to be magnanimous, for our shooting-skirts have made it obvious to all and sundry that her feet are *quite* a size larger than mine.

And here's a scrap of philosophy from your *BLANCHE en passant*. I hear that some poky people are disquieting themselves over the question—Ought women to go out with the guns? Such drivel, you know! As if it was a question of anything in the *world* but feet and ankles.

When you hear a woman say, "Oh, the men don't want *us* with them when they're shooting,"—or, "Oh, the dear, pretty birds, I'd be sorry to kill any of them!"—observe that woman closely, and you'll find Nature has been having a little joke with her about *ankles*, and that as to *feet* she can't be comfortable in anything smaller than fives.

This place is so altered since I stayed here two years ago, before the BELFONTS sold it, that I should hardly know it. Renovated and modernised to any extent, with lifts and electricity everywhere.

The old Belfont Ghost, no doubt, has quitted in disgust. It was a cavalier, with lace collar and love-lock complete, and used to appear in the picture gallery on a certain night in the year when someone was killed or something, ages ago. NORTY says that if the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE people hear any whispers of a ghost being wanted, they'll have an electric one installed straight, and when you want it to "walk" you'll only have to press a button marked "Ghost."

My dear, it's the *funniest* thing! You must know, our so-called host and hostess have engaged the great PIERRE, who was chef at the Magnificent—and we're all obsessed with the notion every night that we're dining at the Mag. or some other big restaurant. The other night, when something was brought to Lord HURLINGHAM, he called out, "Take that away, and bring me my usual so-and-so." And NORTY says that he's quite sure he shall ask for his bill some evening,—“not that I could pay it, though,” he added. He's an *absurd* boy, but he *does* make things hum. Last night he and I got up an impromptu cotillon. In one of the figures, all the men pretended to be different sorts of animals, and we had to guess what sorts by the noises they made. We guessed all but NORTY's, a queer, droning, monotonous noise. At last he had to tell us—it was “a *wild bore*, that is, not exactly *wild*, for it's kept in a kind of cage called a *Liberal Cabinet*!” We simply shrieked.



OUR WINSTON.

(An unrecorded incident of the Manœuvres.)

Winston (*der Grosse*). "NOW MIND, YOUR MAJESTY; IF ANY POINT SHOULD ARISE DURING THE MANŒUVRES THAT YOU DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND—THAT YOU CAN'T GET THE HANG OF—DON'T HESITATE TO ASK ME! REMEMBER, I SHALL NEVER BE THINKING TOO DEEPLY TO BE DISTURBED BY YOU. ANY TOPIC, MIND! STRATEGY OR TACTICS; ANYTHING THAT WORRIES YOU ABOUT THE EMPIRE,—ALL THE SAME TO ME, YOU KNOW—PUT YOU RIGHT IN A MOMENT."

(Mr. Winston Churchill attended the German Manœuvres in yeomanry uniform as the guest of His Majesty the Emperor.)

To-night he improvised a lovely toboggan for us, by opening out some folding screens over a flight of stairs, and we tobogganed till we were half dead. I'm afraid we destroyed the screens a good deal, especially a rather pretty black and gold one, but the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE people laughed and said it didn't matter. I thought they looked a bit troubled though.

We wound up the evening with hide-and-seek in the passages. I found the loveliest and most impenetrable "hidey-holes," but NORTY's so horribly sharp. He always seemed to know where I was.

BOSH TRESYLLYAN heard some bad news from WEE-WEE to-day. After her cure she went to Trouville, and she's lost her favourite diamond necklace bathing. BOSH says it serves her right, and that, though he's all for a bathing-dress being as smart and snappy as poss, the woman who wears her *diamonds* with it, deserves to lose 'em.

Good-night, dearest, I'm dead tired,

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

P.S.—I heard from home to-day. I'm to be married next month. October, as of course you know, is the correct month for weddings.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CHESTNUT CLUB.

OLD MASTERS' NIGHT.

(With thanks to "The Strand Magazine.")

LIKE other and, it may be said, less humorous institutions, the Chestnut Club held its grand guest-night last month, and, to quote the elegant Latinism of Mr. Mo. JILLER, who was in the chair, instead of relying upon its own store of *noces facete*, the President called upon their distinguished predecessors to furnish what they considered to be their funniest stories. The result was, as usual, inexpressibly facetious, and everyone seemed pleased.

Among the literary guests were BICKENS and MACKERAY (these being not their real names, but their real names with a slight disguise, after our usual habit), Dr. BOHNSON, OLDSMITH, JIBBON, COBBACIO, BABELAIS, HILTON, ERVANTES and CHARLES RAMB; while the artists (whose names we always give as they are, artists being more sensitive than authors) included LEONARDO DA VINCI, BOTTICELLI, FRA ANGELICO, P. P. RUBENS, VELASQUEZ, HOGARTH, REYNOLDS, WATTEAU, MICHAEL ANGELO, REMBRANDT, J. W. M. TURNER, and PAUL POTTER.



P. P. RUBENS'S ILLUSTRATION TO ARCHBISHOP MAUD'S STORY OF THE CURATE'S EGG.

The first to be called upon for a side-splitter was Archbishop MAUD, who told an irresistible anecdote of one of his curates.

It seemed that this young man, who was of a shy and retiring disposition, unwilling to give either pain or trouble, was breakfasting with the narrator, and in the course of the meal was helped either by Mrs. MAUD or someone else, perhaps the Primate's private secretary—the point is immaterial—to an egg.

On his opening the egg, which he did with some diffidence, the surrounding guests were aware of what might be called a new presence in the room—unseen, but not otherwise coy.

"I am afraid," gasped the Archbishop, "that your egg is not a good one."

"Oh, yes," said the curate, hastily consuming a mouthful; "I assure you it is excellent—in parts."

The company having returned to some kind of consciousness after their paroxysms of mirth, the Chairman called on P. P. RUBENS to illustrate this capital story, which he did instantly, the rapidity of his strokes being equalled only by the blackness of the board. The result was by general consent one of the finest things ever produced in the Chestnut Club.

To the general satisfaction of the company, JIBBON was then called upon to tell, if possible, a story from his own experience. This he did with his customary lightness.

He was, he said, once travelling in the Midland counties in a stage-coach, when he and his fellow-passengers were a good deal troubled by a man in one of the corner seats, who might possibly have been a commercial traveller of some



J. W. M. TURNER'S ILLUSTRATION TO JIBBON'S STORY OF THE MAN WHO CALLED A SPADE A SPADE.

kind, or possibly had retired from business and was endeavouring to obtain audience beyond his due by masquerading as a gentleman, and thus taking advantage of the sycophantism of the lower orders. No matter what his calling or profession, or even trade, this person was very offensive by his browbeating manner and his continual supply of highly seasoned expletives and lurid adjectives, with which he garnished remarks that lacked alike the interest of fact or the allurements of fancy.

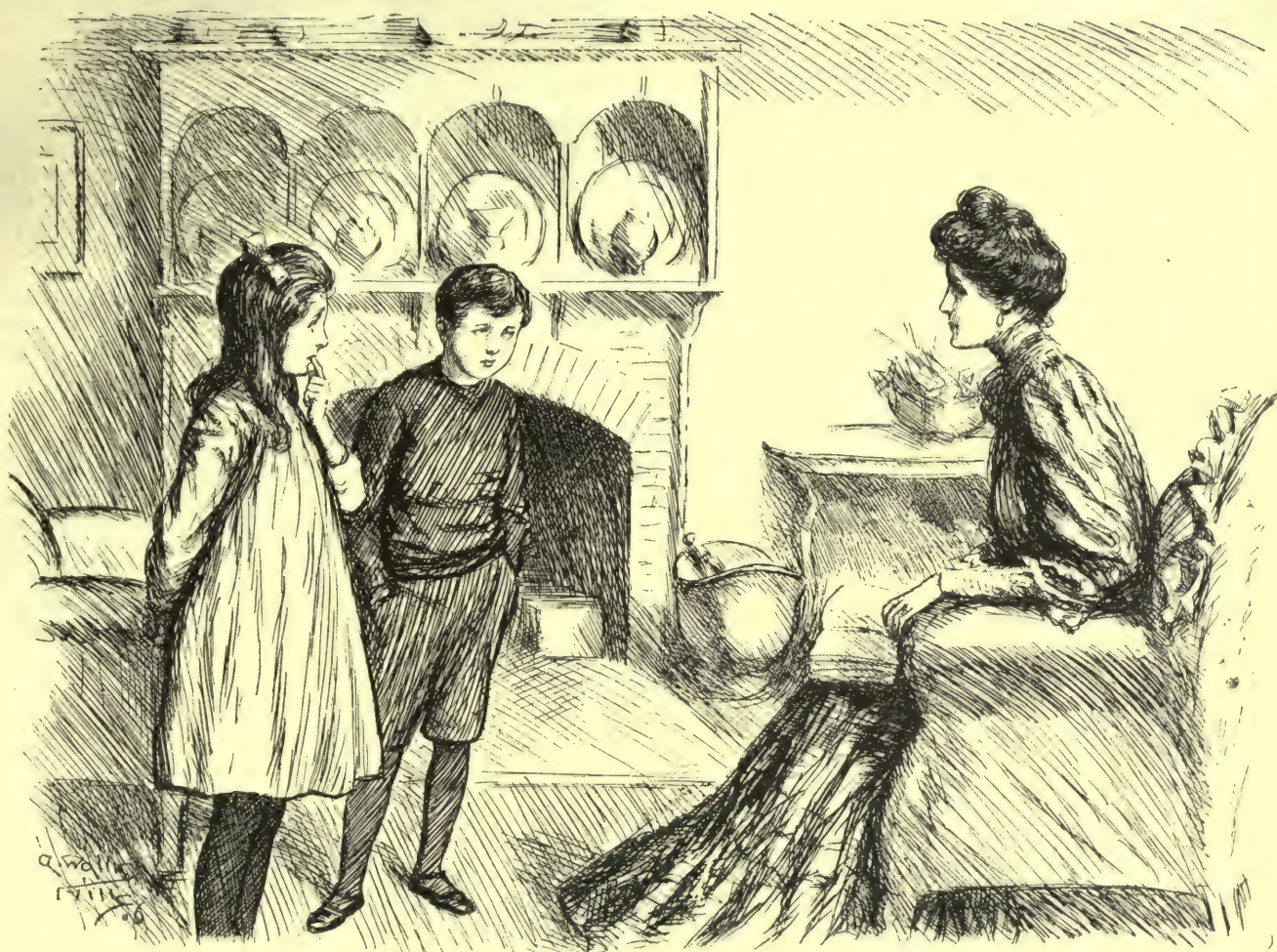
At length, turning to JIBBON, he remarked with an air of finality, in the genuineness of which no one, however, could believe, "Sir, I am a plain man. I like to call a spade a spade."



PAUL POTTER'S ILLUSTRATION TO BICKENS'S STORY OF THE CLERK WHO CAME LATE.

"Indeed," said JIBBON, "I am surprised. I should have thought you would have called it a sanguinary shovel."

Uproarious as had been the merriment on the conclusion of the previous story, it was nothing compared with that



Mother (who has been asked to suggest a game for a rainy afternoon). "WHY DON'T YOU PRETEND YOU ARE ME? AND GEORGE CAN BE DADDY. THEN YOU MIGHT PLAY AT HOUSEKEEPING."

Daughter. "BUT, MOTHER, WE'VE QUARRELLED ONCE ALREADY!"

which now shook the room from floor to ceiling. The appearance of J. W. M. TURNER, chalk in hand, only served to intensify it, and he made his amusing drawing amid a very tornado of laughter.

Everyone having pronounced the picture a miracle of skill in the customary manner, the Chairman called on BICKENS to supply, if he could, a better and more hilarious *conte* than either of his predecessors.

BICKENS at once responded with the story of the witty clerk.

"At a certain Government office," he said, "there was once a clerk who, instead of coming at 10, when the others did, rarely reached his desk till 12.

"One day the head of the department stopped him as he made his tardy entry, remarking, 'Really, Mr. —, you come very late.'

"'Yes,' replied the waggish fellow, with a quick presence of mind. 'But see how early I go.'"

Almost before the story was concluded PAUL POTTER was on his feet illustrating it for all he was worth, his effort being received with the thunders of applause that it certainly merits, for never was a more brilliant thing done, even for this club of masterpieces.

The meeting soon after broke up, the members all going home in each other's cabs, wondering how they could possibly exist until the next happy night came round.

LANDLADIES' "CONTROL."

[This year the occupier franchise turns upon the amount of control exercised by the landlord on the latch-key tenant.]

At Westminster Registration Court, PERCY CRINGER, bachelor, 33, claiming a vote as occupier of two furnished apartments in St. James's, stated his landlady had no control over him beyond reading his letters and using his wine for medicinal purposes. She never answered the bell, or admitted his friends unless so disposed. He believed she had legal powers to clean the windows and the staircase, but did not as a matter of fact exercise her rights in either case.

Cross-examined by the Conservative agent.—Her intrusion into his apartments when he entertained his friends was entirely *ultra vires* and unconstitutional. It was untrue to say he was in bodily fear of his landlady. He had reason to believe she held skeleton keys of the cupboards.

By the Liberal agent.—He was free to sneeze at any time he liked, and had taken a firm line on the matter of corkage. He was a passive resister in domestic politics and in favour of protection, his landlady being a free-fooder. Her "control" lay entirely in the power of the human eye. He could ask anyone to his apartments he chose—he did not say they could get in.

Claim disallowed by the Revising Barrister, who stated that such a person was not fit to have a vote of any kind.



American Cousin. "I RECKON THE SONS OF SOME OF OUR NEW MILLIONAIRES HAVE A PRETTY HARD PROBLEM TO SOLVE WHEN THEY CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO GO INTO BUSINESS AND LIVE UP TO THEIR FATHERS' REPUTATIONS, OR GO INTO SOCIETY AND LIVE THEM DOWN."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Harvard-Cambridge race exceeded the wildest anticipation of at least one of our contemporaries. "The race," said *The Liverpool Echo*, "will start at 4.30 P.M. from Putney Bridge. The boats should reach the winning-post not later than 5.50."

Meanwhile we hear that the victory of the English crew caused considerable pain to several members of the Labour Party, and an apology may yet be sent to Washington.

A letter from Bagdad states that a

recent mail has not arrived owing to the escape of the post-carrier's camel into the desert while the carrier was asleep. This is a satisfactory answer to those Orientals who are always wondering why we do not employ camels in London.

"Socialism is a matter of conviction," says the Countess of WARWICK: and the land-grabbers are learning the same great truth from the magistrates.

Mr. LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT is continuing his experiments in turtle-riding. Meanwhile a correspondent informs us that some soup which was given him at a

city restaurant the other day had undoubtedly been made from a turtle which had turned.

His previous play, *The Heroic Stubbs*, not having been too well received by the British Public, Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES has produced his new play, *The Hypocrites*, in America, and we are not to see it for at least six months. The nation is bearing its punishment manfully.

A man reported dead at a Coroner's inquest turned up alive last week. This comes remarkably near contempt of Court.

Certain members of the Humanitarian League, we hear, are about to draw attention to the needless severity with which carpets are beaten. Authentic instances have been brought to their notice where delicate moths have had their spines dislocated, and death has ensued, while others have been so maimed as scarcely to be able to crawl away.

In consequence of the "Impure Milk" scare, one Dairy at least, we hear, now exhibits a notice in its window, "We use filtered water only."

And, at another establishment, a customer, upon complaining of the weakness of the milk supplied to him, was informed by the Manager that this was due to the fact that he now washed his milk to ensure its cleanliness.

Now that *The Spectator's* militia experiment has been carried to a successful conclusion, and our contemporary has covered itself with glory, we shall no doubt have a crop of cheap imitations. Indeed we already hear whispers of the "M. A. Pioneers," the "Sketch Scouts," the "C. K. Shorter Sharpshooters," the "Comic Cuts Carabineers," the "Annie Swan Swashbucklers," the "Girl's Own Lancers," the "Tit-Bits Mule Battery," and the "British Weekly Dragoons."

The Daily Mail had a pretty little problem on wall-papering in one of its recent issues—just such a problem as would have delighted the heart of TON-HUNTER or LOCK. "If," it reported a manufacturer as saying, "an advance of 1s. 2d. per roll is made on 6d. wall-paper, the cost of papering a room will be from 5d. to 7d. more than it is now." It rather looks as though the manufacturer had neglected to buy *The Self-Educator*.

"A new arrival is expected at the Zoological Gardens in the shape of a Gnu."

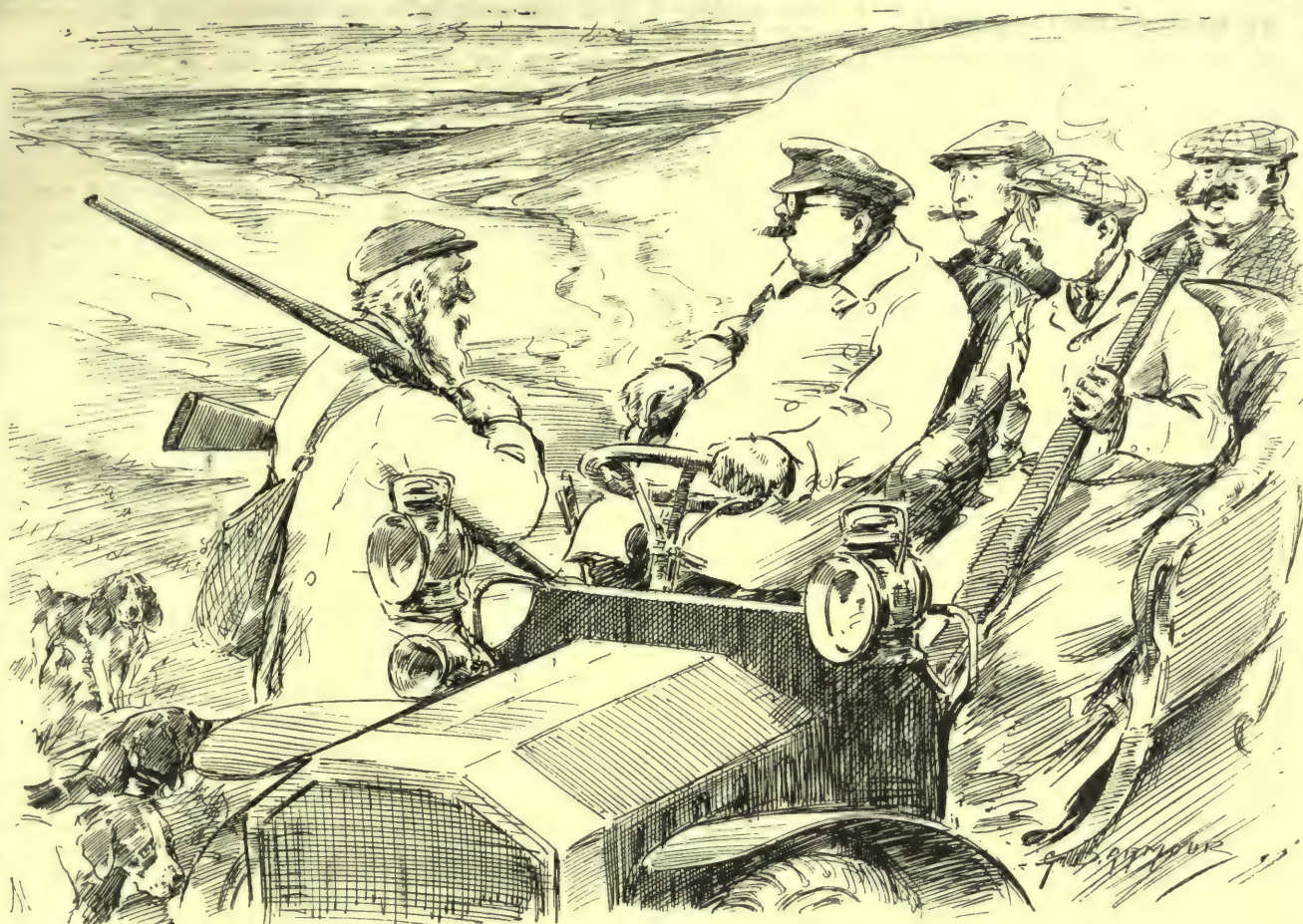
But what an absurd shape to come in.



PIGS ON THE GREEN.

RT. HON. ARTHUR B. "SOME PEOPLE MIGHT BE PUT OFF THEIR GAME BY THESE LITTLE DISTRACTIONS; BUT, PERSONALLY, I DON'T SEEM TO TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THEM!"





Host of exceedingly harmless shooting party. "LOOK 'ERE, MAC. THESE GENTS 'AVE TO RETURN TO TOWN END OF THE WEEK. WOULD IT DO THE BIRDS ANY 'ARM TO DRIVE THE GROUND AGAIN DAY AFTER TO-MORROW?"

Maddougal. "DOD, MAN, YE MIGHT DRIVE IT THE MORN'S MORN. FLEEIN' ABOUT CANNA HURT THEM!"

THE BURGLAR'S BURDEN.

[“The prisoner went into the house in the absence of the occupier, and, on leaving, met the prosecutor's daughter, to whom he complained bitterly of the watch-dog being chained so close to the dining-room window.”]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see as gents an' ladies

Is airin' of their troubles in the Press.

If our perfession don't wear shiny cadies,

We've got our little worries not the less.

An' though I ain't a reggilar subscriber

There's blokes 'oos 'eads is ringin' with yor name,
Becos I've give 'em, under the "imbiber,"

One o' the same.

An' so I 'ope you 'll chalk that up to me, Sir,

An' let me fill yor collums for a space,

Exposin' of a low-down class o' geeser

'Oos conduct is a nashernal disgrace.

Now we're a speshul quiet set o' fellers

Wot only wants to take things easy—see?

Roamin' at large from attics down to cellars—

Or vice-r.

But when we goes to pay a gent a visit

(You 'll 'ardly credit wot I'm goin' to say),

It's neether square nor gen'llemanly, is it?

To go an' stick obstructions in our way.

Yet there's some 'alf-bred coves—I'd like to choke 'em!—

As rigs bell-wire-entanglements on floors;

But them as touch the bottom shred of oakum

'As dogs indoors!

An' calls theirselves a sportsman! What do you think?

'All-spaniels for retrievin' stolen goods!

(I ain't wot's called a sinnick, but I do think

I'd sooner throttle rabbits in the woods.)

The silver we must leave, an' face—the copper,

Cornered by these disgustin' boodwor tykes!

Yors, 'oo can only arst you, "Is it proper?"

WILLIUM SIKES.

The Power of the Press.

"THE magnitude of the disaster is largely increased by the latest telegrams."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"*Troutbeck* made practically the whole of the running, and won by a head from *Prince William*, with *Beppo* a head behind *Prince William*, with *Beppo* a head behind *Beppo*. This, in cold, unimpassioned language, is how the St. Leger of 1906 resulted, but it scarcely quite conveys what occurred."—*Daily Dispatch*.

We can well believe this.

"MR. HALDANE'S ONLY SAFEGUARD.

A NATION IN ARMS."

Daily Chronicle Headlines.

"A nation in arms" sounds excellent; but we do not think that it should be its function to safeguard Cabinet Ministers. This is the duty of the police.

TO MARGERY—FROM HER UNCLE.

MY DEAR MARGERY,—When I heard that you really had arrived, I got out the broken tea-cup, filled it at the bath, and drank "To my niece" with the greatest enthusiasm possible. Had I been on the stage I should then have hurled the cup over my shoulder; and later on the scene-shifter would have come and collected the bits. As it was, I left that part out; and you will forgive me, will you not, dear Baby, when you hear that it was your uncle's last cup, and he in a bad way financially.

Personally I was all for coming to see you at once. But you wrote that you would prefer me to postpone my visit for a week; at the end of which time you would have settled down, and I should be more in a position to do you justice—the critic, rather than the mere reporter. I don't know if those were quite your words, but that at any rate was the idea. So, Baby, here I am—a week later, and just returned from seeing you. What, you wish to know, were my impressions?

It is like your cool way, asking me what I think of you. It was *I* who came down to interview *you*. You were a stranger, one short week on our shores; and I wanted to ask you what you thought of the English Ladies, what *were* your views on Latch-key Voting, and (above all) what was your opinion of the English Press. My editor had heard of your landing, and those were the things he wished to know. Well—I shall say that your views were undecided. Two kicks, a cry, and something very like a sneeze—you haven't quite got the hang of our language yet.

You know, MARGERY, there was at one time some talk of your being a boy; and, in that case, your father and I had decided that you were to play for Kent. I was to have bowled to you every evening, and he would have stood by and said, "You should have come out to that one, Sir." At the public schools they call this "coaching." However, that dream is over now, and the most we can hope for is that you should marry some one in the eleven. Your father and I were discussing it last night (in front of you—oh, what would Father VAUGHAN say?), and we had almost fixed on WOOLLEY; but your mother objected, because he was a professional. A trivial reason, dear MARGERY, but you know what women are. You gave a little cry just at that moment, and I know you meant, "Well, why not Mr. HUTCHINGS, then?" Well, we *had* thought of him, only your mother says he will be too old. I do hope, Baby, that when you grow up you will be guided by what your heart says, and not by what your mother says....

Your mother—I think you must be careful in your dealings with that woman. Above all, do not let her prejudice you against your uncle. At one time yesterday we were discussing your personal features. "Her mother's mouth," said somebody; "her father's nose," volunteered another. "Look at the darling's eyes, just like her loving mummy's," was that shameless person's own contribution. Then I, in haste, "But, I say, what about her uncle?"

MARGERY, your mother looked at you thoughtfully. She looked at you every way. And then, suddenly, in triumph, she cried: "Why, nurse! Of course! Her uncle's hair!"

They tell me, MARGERY, that as a matter of fact your name is MARJORIE; and they say that the other reminds them too much of margarine. That just shows how ignorant they are. I looked up "margarine" in the dictionary, and it is called so because of its "pearly lustre." If that isn't good enough for them, they must be a very proud couple. Anyhow you are MARGERY to me: I hope I have a mind above your commonplace MARJORIES.

There are many things that I have to say to you, but I feel quite sure that your mother reads your letters; so perhaps I had better wait till I can see you alone. I want you to insist on always wearing shoes, as a little girl, and not those ghastly thirty-nine-button boots; also on not going to a boarding-school. And I want—but I must talk to your father about it. I like to think he is still my ally. Time was when he too knew all about the bringing up of children, and though he has handicapped himself by marrying, yet now and then, when we are alone together, he is almost sensible on the subject.

Good-bye. Give my love to your mother. Perhaps we can trust her more than we thought, after all.

Ever your loving UNCLE.

THE TYPEWRITER AGENT.

OUR hero was a Tinker. Tinkers, reader, are as good as other men and better than most. What, to take a personal instance, is your calling?.... What?.... Well then, does it not seem absurd that you should blame our hero for being a Tinker, when you yourself are a—but no, we will not tell the others.

Our hero was a Tinker, for after all he is our hero and not yours. Tell us a reason why he should not be a Tinker. We are a nation of shopkeepers. A Tinker is not a shopkeeper. Our hero is therefore to be congratulated and respected for his originality in striking out a new line for himself. However, if you really object on private grounds to his being a Tinker, he becomes—such

is our courtesy—from this moment a Tailor.

Our hero was a Tailor. (Yes, yes, yes.—We are quite aware that no man is a hero to his valet. But, granting for a moment that Tailors have valets, what has that to do with the point? Is not your interference somewhat unreasonable? First you insist on our hero being a Tailor and then you object to our Tailor being a hero! Perhaps, if you would allow us to tell the tale in our own way and not interrupt, we should get on better. Read it first, Sir, and argue about it afterwards, if argue you must.)

Our hero was—oh, but why keep up this farce? Why not admit at once, and have done with it, that we are our own hero? We are neither Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Richman, Poorman, Beggarman, nor Thief. We are merely an Occasional Contributor.

Some six months ago we mentioned to a man in the train—it was one of those unaccountable moments when one loses control of one's tongue—that we had noticed an advertisement for a new typewriter called "The Whew!" and added that we should advise anyone to have a look at this machine before buying any other.

Never talk to a stranger, least of all to a man in the train, about typewriters. If you value your domestic or official privacy you will avoid the topic altogether. Murmur the word "typewriter," and the agents for the makers will give you little peace till you have bought a machine. When you have bought one they will give you less peace till you have bought another. Then, when buying typewriters has become a habit with you, they will give you no peace at all.

As we mentioned the word "typewriter" we realised our mistake and made every effort to recover ourselves. "We never write," we said with breathless rapidity, "indeed, we cannot write. We have nothing to write, and could not spell it if we had. Even supposing that we had something to write and that we could spell it, we should never think of typewriting it. We have conscientious scruples against typewriters. But even supposing that we should permit ourselves to use a typewriter we have already one of our own, two in fact, and both in excellent working order. Finally, supposing that these two should get out of order, we have a large number of relatives who possess three typewriters apiece, and who are only too glad to get somebody to use them. So you will see"—and this, of course, was what we were driving at—"There is not the remotest possibility of our ever wanting to buy this or any other typewriter."

Any ordinary man would have left

off here, but we knew too much about the business to take any risks. We knew what these men are who want to sell typewriters, so we pursued the subject. "Supposing," we added after some considerable tautology—"supposing," we added with a smile that might mean anything—"supposing" (we really only said it once), "supposing that you were a traveller for typewriters—do not interrupt, it is only an assumption for the sake of argument—and supposing that you were to call upon us with a view to business, your action would be nothing less than suicidal. In the first place we dislike callers of any kind; in the second place the staircase which leads to our office is very precipitous; and in the third place when we are in a temper (our temper is easily roused) we become very violent."

The stranger assured us with some show of heat that he travelled for nothing but his own pleasure; had never met, seen or heard of a typewriter tout (his own word); would put himself to the greatest amount of trouble in order to avoid seeing our face again; and was, he was thankful to say, leaving England within twelve hours.

The stranger seemed to mean what he was saying, but still we felt that we were not out of the wood. We set a private detective to watch him from the time he left us till the moment his boat sailed. The stranger complained, he complained bitterly, he more than complained, but we had him watched all the same. We know that he communicated with no living being in this country. He made but one attempt, and that was to address a respectable old gentleman who was possibly a relative or a long lost friend. But our private detective was a thorough sort of person; if he did a thing he liked to do it properly. He stepped between them, took the old gentleman apart, and kept him apart till the boat had sailed out of hearing distance. He then obtained from the shipping office a written statement, accompanied by numerous unwritten and unwritable statements, to the effect that there was no wireless telegraphy apparatus on board the boat. On receiving his report we did, we must admit, feel partially secure.

The next morning at half-past ten, eleven, half-past eleven, and at twelve o'clock a person called to see us who would not give his name. On each occasion he was refused admittance. When we returned from lunch he was seated in our private room waiting for us, and within five minutes we were examining "The Whew!" typewriter, which, we learned, he had brought some fifty miles for us to see. This machine, we were further informed, we were going to keep on a month's free trial.



ART AND ENTERPRISE.

Inquisitive Stranger. "MAY ONE ASK WHAT ATTRACTION YOU FIND IN THIS SPOT?"

Artist. "FIRSTLY, I'M STUDYING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE PUBLIC AS THEY WALK ALONG THOSE BEAMS TO LOOK AT ME. SECONDLY, I'M JOTTING DOWN THE FUNNY THINGS THEY SAY. AND, THIRDLY, THE BOATMAN AND I DIVIDE THE MONEY HE GETS FOR RESCUING THOSE THAT FALL IN. SO FAR WE'VE DONE GOOD BUSINESS."

"I know," we remember him saying, "that your pursuits necessitate a great deal of writing, and am well aware that genius and legibility of hand-writing are rarely found in the same man." We also recollect his explaining that our inability to spell was no obstacle, because the machine, by an ingenious contrivance peculiar to that make, saw to the spelling itself; and that lack of subject matter was more of an advantage than a disadvantage, for that machine, unlike others on the market, wrote better when left to its own discretion. With final references to "ninety per cent. of the machines now in use," and "payment to suit the pocket of the purchaser" he left us.

When we recovered our mental balance we realised that we were alone with "The Whew!" typewriter. Obviously

drastic measures were necessary. The machine should be packed up and despatched to the makers at once, and they should pay the cost of carriage. We know that it was, and we presume that they did.

The last instalment on the machine (of course it came back and of course we bought it) has been due some weeks. We have held back as long as we dare if only to spite the "Whew!" Typewriter Company. But we have learnt by sad experience (this is the twenty-fourth instalment, and we treated them all alike) that when the solicitor's letter comes it is about time to give in. We shall go round to the solicitor and pay the last instalment to-morrow, but we will see ourselves in gaol before we will pay his charge for collecting the same, 3s. 6d.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

VIII.

MORE ABOUT THE MAN-HATER.

MANY of us were vegetarians, but The Man-Hater would not hesitate to bite a man if he thought it necessary. I have met him more than once with a sample



The Captain merely smiled.

of trousering in his mouth. His hatred of humans amounted almost to a mania, and the Captain frequently declared him to be no more sane than The Looney. Myself, I must confess, I was very often much impressed by what The Man-Hater said. At times he would quite unsettle me.

The Man-Hater was never tired of dilating on the injustices which we dogs suffered at the hands of humans. He would refer to the insulting notices, "No dogs admitted," which one meets with everywhere. He had even seen one, he said, at a post-office—the very place where the taxes which are so unjustly imposed on us are paid. He was furious about this, and wanted to form at once a "Society for Biting Postmen." And you cannot take up a dog paper—all edited, to our shame, by humans—without finding its pages sullied by vile advertisements of disinfectants. In the largest city in the world there is only one periodical, *The Spectator*, which is run with the object of showing how clever dogs are. Then again he would draw our attention to expressions which humans frequently used in addressing one another, such as "You dirty dog!" "You hound!" "It's a night on which I wouldn't even send a dog out" (even!), "Leading a dog's life," and so on. In using phrases such as these, humans, he declared, let the cat out of the bag, and showed what they really thought of us, for all their hypocritical pretence of liking us.

And The Man-Hater made a good point when he said that the fact that humans tried to make us believe that they liked us proved how they secretly feared us. He was constantly urging us dogs to assert ourselves more than we did. Humans were only kept in power by our stupidity. If we liked to combine, he said, and sink our own little differences, we could carry all before us. He asked the Captain one day how many dogs there were in London. The Captain, whose encyclopædic knowledge was never appealed to in vain, answered, "About 100,000."

"Very well," said The Man-Hater, "there are 100,000 of us. Just imagine what we could do if the whole 100,000 formed a solid phalanx, and marched through the West End, biting all whom we met! Who could stand against us?"

I must admit that the picture appealed to me—but then I was always easily carried away by enthusiasm. The Captain merely smiled and said, "Well, bring me your 100,000 dogs, and then I'll consider the idea."

The only occasion by-the-by, on which I felt the slightest irritation against the Captain was when he threw cold water on some grand scheme like this. The Man-Hater, however, stuck to his guns, and said he was convinced that, if we only showed a bold front, the whole human dynasty would crumble to pieces. All that held it together at present was our own mis-judgment of our powers. We under-rated ourselves, while humans over-rated themselves. Human conceit, indeed, seemed to know no limits. At times it was actually amusing. He had seen, for instance, the other day, in a bookshop window, a volume entitled *All About Dogs*. Self-satisfaction such as that really made one smile. As though any man knew all about dogs! They knew, of course, just so much as we let them know.

Humans never seemed to guess, The Man-Hater would continue, how unfavourably they compared with dogs. Why, they could not even do such a simple thing as to follow you when you went out for a walk. He remembered that when he had a master and was running on ahead he would have to look round every other minute to see whether the fellow was following or not. Humans think they are intelligent, but they are really the crassest fools on the face of the earth. "Take, for instance, the question of food," said The Man-Hater; "they have as much to eat as they like. Yet—I have frequently watched them at meals—they will often leave something on the table. Show me the dog who would do that!"

Then note how much more quickly we mature than humans. Compare one of us when a year old with that

squealing helpless mass of pulp known as a baby.

And so he would go on. There was, of course, a great deal in what he said. There is a large amount of make-believe about humans. Humans think they are very impressive and all that, but I happen to have seen them at their amusements. Once, for example, I peeped in at a "Dance." There they were turning each other round and round for hours together, with stupid expressions on their faces. And I have seen my master in pyjamas. Believe me, humans are not very fine fellows then.

And The Man-Hater would, with a view to weaning us from our respect for humans, impress on us our great value. Dogs, he declared, were frequently sold for as much as £100, and he would call upon us to show him the man who would fetch that price. He had even heard of the enormous sum of £800 being given for a dog, and by a characteristic piece of sharp practice the dog himself was never allowed to touch the money he had earned. The injustice of this he brought home to us by pointing out that £800 carefully invested would bring in £32 a year. "Think of the bones one could buy with that!" he cried excitedly. Statements of this sort would be received by the majority of us with loud yapping. Value, The Man-Hater held, should carry with it corresponding rights. At a moderate



I have seen my master in pyjamas. Believe me, humans are not very fine fellows then.

estimate he calculated that the 100,000 dogs in London were worth £70,000,000. This figure he arrived at from the fact that he had seen it stated that a recent exhibition of 3,500 of the most worthless sort of dogs, namely show dogs,

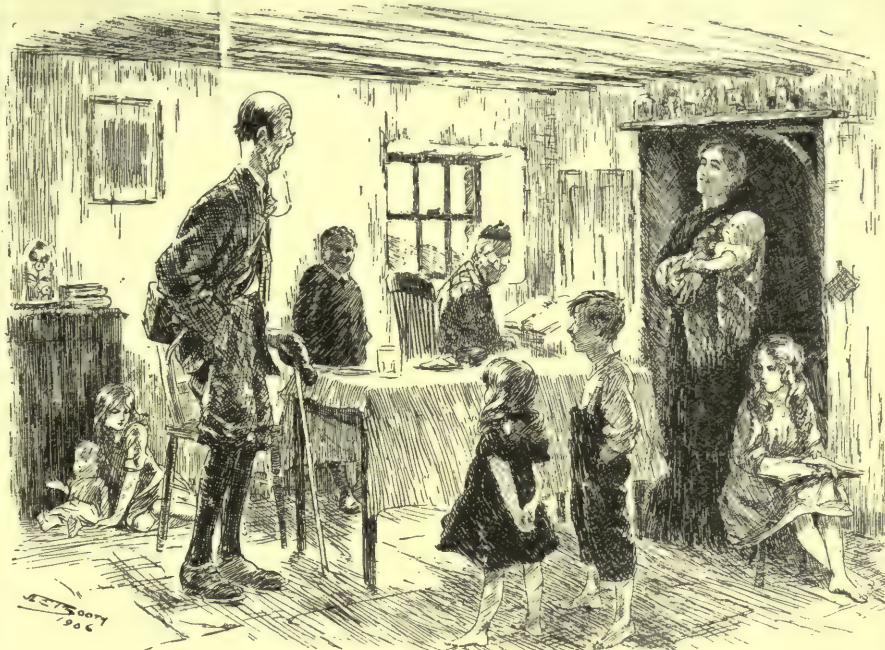
had represented a value of £250,000. So much for their capital value. The earning capacity of dogs, too, was immense. At the Jubilee Show of the Kennel Club they had made £6900 in prizes—and it was significant that, when dogs did care to compete at dog shows, they invariably carried all before them.

"If only we dogs had a little better idea of our value, and showed a united front, we could get rid of all our disabilities," he declared again and again. "Let us not be afraid to demonstrate our power. On the few occasions when we have done so, we have always been successful. Some of us are old enough to remember the time when a law was passed that every dog was to wear a muzzle. But we dogs would not stand interference in such a private matter as dress, and what happened? The obnoxious statute was withdrawn. Moreover I would remind such of you as champion humans that, whenever there has been any anti-dog legislation, it has always emanated from humans. How long are you meekly going to put up with this? At present, we dogs—or some of us—protect our so-called masters. If you liked to put forth your power, all this might be altered, and the more pleasant picture might be seen of humans lying outside dog-kennels at night guarding their far more valuable occupants. Drive home your power, dogs. The humans already acknowledge it to a certain extent. Take, for example, the notice 'Cave canem,' which the Captain will tell you is foreign for 'Beware of the Dog.' These mere words, with no dog behind them, are sufficient to inspire terror in the hearts of humans. There is a tribute to you! Consider what it means. Wake up, dogdom!" And I would growl, but the Captain would merely smile and shake his head.

RECESSIONAL.

[For "After-holiday slackness" doctors are prescribing a process of "Toning down."]

My face is as brown as a bun
With the sun,
And healthily tanned
Is each hand;
My friends, when they meet me,
Effusively greet me,
Exclaiming, "You are looking grand!
I tell you, old chappie,
It makes a man happy
To see such a sight in the Strand."
The youth which I'd lost seems to strain
In each vein
With every deep breath that is drawn;
I throw out my chest and each moment
my figure
Grows bigger
With vigour
And brawn.



Tourist in Highlands (who has eaten about four-pennyworth). "WHAT DO I OWE YOU FOR THIS MEAL?"

Guidwife. "AWEEL, IT'S THE SAWBATH. SO WE'LL NO CHAIRGE YE ONYTHING."

Grannie. "NA, NA, WE WUNNA CHAIRGE YE ONYTHING. BUT YE CAN JUST GIE THE BAIRNS SAXPENCE APIECE!"

But when the long hands of Big Ben
Point to ten
And send me to fool
At my stool,
Despite the ozone that
I've breathed, I must own that
I find myself dense as a mule.
Thoughts fly through the doorway
Back, back to fair Norway
And Orkney and *ultima Thule*.
I see the waves breaking once more
On the shore,
And the pool where the great salmon
lurk,
And I feel I am fated to slack it forever,
And never
Endeavour
To work.

But courage! A change will no doubt
Come about;
My beautiful brown
Will tone down;
Already the colour
Has grown a bit duller,
I note, with a bit of a frown,
And I'll soon be the yellow
And livery fellow
I usually am when in town.
And when I no longer feel fit,
Lose my grit,
And cease to appear picturesque,
I shall hanker no more for the heather
and fern too,
But yearn to
Return to
My desk.

A SILLY SEASON SELF-EXAMINATION.

7.30 A.M. Alarum goes off.—*Query.* "Is Lunacy Increasing?"
7.32 A.M. Drop off to sleep again.—*Q.* "Do We Sleep Enough?"
8.30 A.M. Wake with a start; take breakfast while dressing.—*Q.* "Do We Eat Too Much?" Rush to station, miss train through being knocked down by "Vanguard"—*Q.* "Are Motor Buses Dangerous?"
9.15 A.M. Arrive office late. Head of firm already there.—*Q.* "Are You Worth Your Money?"
1.0 P.M. Go to lunch. Give waiter penny.—*Q.* "Are Tippers Moral Cowards?"
1.45 P.M. Buy two bananas; rush up and down Fenchurch Street to find place to put skins; fail to do so. 1.59 P.M. One minute to get back to office; in desperation throw skins in street; policemen rush from all quarters. Owing to circuitous route taken to avoid them am late at office. Lose situation.—*Q.* "Is Alcohol Worthless as a Remedy?"
5.0 P.M. Leave office; have a "banana fall" on own skins.—*Q.* "Have We Lived Before?"
6.0 P.M. Arrive home, tell wife about my dismissal.—*Q.* "Does Woman Help?"
10.0 P.M. Retire to bed for the night, cursing my luck.—*Q.* "Are We Growing Less Religious?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A DANIEL come to Judgment! In *Charles Dickens* (METHUEN) Mr. CHESTERTON frankly states his views on the man and the novelist. It seems a little late to deal with the topic. But Mr. CHESTERTON is young, and what was said before his time doesn't matter. He certainly has something new to say. As with FORSTER, the first gleaner in this field, there is a good deal of himself mixed up with study of his subject. He is persistently irrelevant, fearlessly egotistical; but it is all excellent writing. His admiration for the author is unbounded, and never before was DICKENS so truculently treated, a paradox quite in keeping with Mr. CHESTERTON's cultured manner. He takes the novelist in his arms, and dandles him after the manner of an impartial nurse. Tossing him up he calls attention to his hopeless defects, and when he

thinks his audience is likely to agree with him, labours in elaboration of eulogy. Had he chanced to have known DICKENS in the flesh he would have approached and treated him as Mr. Pumblechook was used to deal with *Pip*; placed him with his back against the wall, ruffled his hair the wrong way, and, ignoring Mrs. Gargery's claim, reminded him how he (Mr. CHESTERTON) had brought him up by hand. Amid the gleams of paradox that shimmer on every page, with occasional tendency to tediousness, there are many shrewd sayings. Talking about the children born to DICKENS's fancy he

says, "Whatever charm they may have, they have not the charm of childhood. They are not little children; they are 'little mothers.' The beauty and divinity in a child lie in his not being worried, not being conscientious, not being like *Little Nell*. *Little Nell* had never any of the sacred bewilderment of a baby." Recalling the familiar fact that whilst *The Old Curiosity Shop* was in course of periodical publication some readers implored DICKENS not to kill *Little Nell* at the end of the story, he adds, "Some regret that he did not kill her at the beginning"—a wicked suggestion with which I may whisper sympathy. Another shrewd observation:—"The Marchioness is much more of all that *Little Nell* was meant to be, much more really devoted, pathetic and brave." That remark would have shocked DICKENS, who, in common with parents, had excess of affection for the weakest of his offspring. Like many bold sayings in a delightfully unconventional book, it is true.

Of workmanlike, cold-blooded murders, devise
For a start, say a couple of brace,

Performed by assassins whose excellence lies
In leaving no tale-telling trace.

As one of the victims provide an old peer,
And fix up a gentleman who
When the slaughter's proceeding is always quite near,
Though he's never in time for a view.

Select a young heroine, get her entwined
With the villains that hover about,
Then twist the whole lot into tangles, and find
A quite unexpected way out.

There's one can make readable stuff from a harsh
Uninviting receipt as above,
His publisher's METHUEN, himself's RICHARD MARSH,
And his book's *In the Service of Love*.

If it is true that one cannot have too much of a good thing, there can be

nothing but satisfaction in the simultaneous appearance of *Court Beauties of Old Whitehall*, by W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE (UNWIN), and *Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century*, by ALLEN FEA (METHUEN). But whether or not these ladies were all good things is another question. Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., who has made some of them and their progeny his study, would say "No." Although our standards of female comeliness have somewhat changed, it is not difficult to look upon these many LELYS and believe that CHARLES THE SECOND was considerably tempted; but if handsome is as handsome does,

then were my Lady CASTLEMAINE, and HORTENSE MANCINI and LA BELLE STUART ugly indeed.

I don't know how it got there, but the name *Dimmock* seems to be in the air just now, as *Elizabeth* was a few seasons ago. MESSRS. HUTCHINSON issue *Mrs. Dimmock's Worries* by the late B. L. FARJEON, and FOX RUSSELL has written *The Escapades of Mr. Alfred Dimmock* (EVERETT). I cannot think that the two were related, for *Maria Dimmock* would very certainly have counted *Alfred* among her "worries" if she had been thrown into his society. He is actively annoying, while she is the victim of people and circumstance. Her lot is cast among a number of peculiarly hard individuals; his among a number of peculiarly soft ones. My sympathies are with the lady; and I hope it is some consolation to her to know that her woes are enshrined in much the better book of the two.

FOR THE LADY SOMERVILLE GIRL.—"Female Baker wanted, well up in Smalls."—*West Cumberland Times*.



Infant. "PLEASE CAN I HAVE A PIPE FOR FATHER?"

Good-natured Landlady (who has had quite a lot of this sort of thing). "WHAT DOES YOUR FATHER WANT IT FOR—SMOKING OR BLOWING BUBBLES?"

Infant. "BLOWIN' BUBBLES!"

GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(By a Caddie.)

v.

A LITTLE success at golf, as I've noticed, jenerally makes a man wish for more. Like the appertite of a yung girl for chocerlates. I dunno if you remember that nice old Mister GIGGINGTON, of 'oom I told you. Under my skillfull guidance, and with the ade of a little inercient 'anky-panky, 'e kontrived to wander rarnd these 'ere links in an 'undred and twenty-nine. Well, ever since that serprising triumph, 'e 'as been 'ungering for fresh feedls to konker, as you might say.

"I want to meet someone, 'ENERY, as I can beat," 'e kep' saying, quite truckewlent like. "I don't pretend as 'ow I'm brilliyent, but on my day I do fancy that there's wuss."

"You keep on practising stedly, Sir," was my invairable words, "and one of these days we shall see you winning cups and medils."

As nice and kind an old gentleman as ever smashed a club is Mister GIGGINGTON, but I allus 'ave to 'andle 'im like eggs to prevent 'im losing 'art. I didn't think as 'ow even 'ENERY WILKS would be able to grattify 'is 'armless ambishun, but the uther day I saw my chawnce.

It was a Toosday morning, and the course was quite disserted, excep' for Mister G., 'oo was waiting to start a practice rarnd wiv 'is pashunt teecher. Which is me. And then a new member come along 'oo was wishfull for a game, and dirrectly I set eyes on 'im, somethink, hinstink I suppose, seemed to tell me that 'ere was the man for 'oom I 'ad been waiting.

'E was French, and I shall not attempt to rite 'is name, the 'ang of which I never reely kawt. 'E was a small, darkish, jornty man, and 'is garminets was a little briter and more cheerfull-looking than you see in England. 'E wore, among uther things, a deer-storker 'at wiv a fevver stuck in it. But 'is manners was reelly bewtiful. It was quite a site to see 'im click 'is 'eels togevver and bow to my himployer, and in a minnute they 'ad fixed their match. I 'ad 'inted to Mister G. that 'e must insist on 'aving a stroke an 'ole, and that was 'ow they settled it. I never lerned what the Frenchman's 'andicap was, but if the Champyon 'issell 'ad

offered to take strokes from 'im 'e would 'ave closed gladly wiv the offer. And yet there was reelly nothing erfensive about the little man.

I could see as 'ow pore old Mister G. was trimbling wiv a sort of serpressed egsitement, and I wispered to 'im that 'e must play stedly and use the niblick whenever possibul. The niblick, from long practice in the bunkers, is 'is club.

Me frend CHAWLEY MARTIN was the Frenchman's caddie, and 'e took ecrasion to remmark to me that we seemed in for somethink warmish. I checked the boy wiv one of my glawnces, and then we waited while 'is himployer took the

was appariently trying 'ard to 'do each 'ole in a brilliyent one, but we was quite content to win them in a stedly nine.

We 'ad our misforchunes, of course. 'Is deerest frend wouldn't 'ardly say as 'ow Mister G.'s game is a long one, and each bunker seems to 'ave a sort of magnetick attrackshun for 'is ball, but whilst the Frenchman's brassey remained unbroken we knew that there was allus a chawnce for the 'ole. For 'arf the rarnd it stood the crewel strane and then it didn't break. It jest seemed to sort of dissolve into small peaces. But we was two up by then and our tails was 'igh in air.

As for the Frenchman, 'is meffods at times was reelly serprising. After that first drive CHAWLEY lade 'issell down flat when 'is himployer drove, but even in that posishun it didn't seem 'ardly safe. That long, thin, bendy driver sent the ball to all 'ites and all angels, but never once in a strate line. After a wile 'e diskarded it, and guv a fair, 'onnest trial to every club in 'is bag in turn. I should never 'ave been serprised to see 'im drive desperit like wiv 'is putter, but even then CHAWLEY wouldn't 'ave dared say nuthink. 'E was quite a plessant, jentlemanly little man, but it didn't do to argue wiv 'im. 'E begun to scream and stamp at once, and CHAWLEY saw pretty soon that it was best and safest to let 'im play 'is own game.

It was on the fifteenth green that the great match was ended. Mister GIGGINGTON's pluck and stammer 'ad been amasing for 'is age, but the strane and the joyfull egsitement was beginning to

'tell on 'im. The Frenchman tried to bring off a thirty-yard putt to save the 'ole, and failed by some forty yards. But 'e took 'is defeet like a nero. They shook 'ands on the green and 'e said that it warmed 'is 'art to reflect on the glory that 'is frendly foe 'ad won. I beleeve as 'ow there was tears in the old jentleman's eyes. 'E turned to me and I quite thort 'e was going to grasp my 'and, but instead of that 'e put a bob into it; which was pretty near as good.

'E 'll never make a golfer, but 'ENERY WILKS will allus be plessed and proud to gide 'im rarnd the course.

MEDICAL NOMENCLATURE.—"A prisoner with an appetite named Edward Wood . . ."—Daily Mail.



Aunt. "TOMMY! HOW CRUEL! WHY DID YOU CUT THAT POOR WORM IN TWO?"

Tommy. "HE SEEMED SO LONELY."

'onner. That gentleman danced up to the tee, waving rarnd 'is head the longest and the bendiest driver that I 'ave ever seen, and 'e didn't trubble to address the ball at all. 'E jest sprung at it and 'it it wiv all 'is might, and somethink fairly wistled past CHAWLEY's 'ead as 'e stood a little be'ind the tee box. The Frenchman 'ad sliced at rite angels, and for anythink I know 'is ball is still in the air. Certingly, we never saw it agin.

That slite misforchune appeered to egsite and dimmoralise CHAWLEY's himployer, 'oo may 'ave been quite a brilliyent player on 'is day, and I may say at once that 'e never reelly found 'is game. On the uther 'and it seemed to put new life and vigger into Mister G. Our erponent

HIS EXIGENCY, SIR PETER.

FOR the central motive of *Peter's Mother*, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE has left the dull turnpike of convention, and taken us down a pleasant little by-path of her own. The wonder is that nobody thought of taking us that way before. For *Peter* is a sufficiently common type. He is the sweet child whom "we all smile on for his pleasant want of the whole world to break up, or suck in his mouth, seeing no other good in it." He is the preposterous boy-egoist, who regards his mother (a pretty widow still on the right side of forty) as an antique, with nothing left in life to live for except his better comfort and convenience. Still he is, somehow, rather lovable; and now that he has had a few home-truths from the girl he wants to marry, and a fairly straight lecture from his guardian who talked to him like the stepfather he was about to become, I expect *Peter* will turn out a quite decent fellow.

I confess to being disappointed that a play so short as this, and with so excellent a motive, should have needed any superfluity to eke it out. There was too much tea-table tattle, and I could easily have done with less of the catty old aunts. I could even have dispensed with the whole of the First Act, and let *Peter's* mother start fair as an eligible widow. I suppose this Act was meant to serve a purpose by showing us from how noxious a husband the lady was about to be delivered before her capacity for joy had been permanently blighted. But a man may be very offensive (and the *Timothy Crewys, Bart.*, of Mr. McKINNEL was surely every bit as offensive as the author's fancy had painted him) and yet seem something of a hero when we find him bravely facing the prospect of a fatal operation. At least he wins our sympathy, even as the anguish of the brutal *Mihrab Shah* moved *Ferishtah* to pity:—

"Tax me my bread and salt twice over, claim Laila, my daughter, for thy sport,—go on! Slay my son's self, maintain thy poetry Beats mine—thou meritest a dozen deaths! But—ulcer in the stomach—ah, poor soul; Try a fig-plaster: may it ease thy pangs!"

And certainly—whether it was the author's bad judgment or a false note in Miss MARION TERRY's otherwise charming performance—the odium seemed to be shifted from husband to wife when we saw her receive the announcement of his impending ordeal with unnecessary callousness. Anyhow it is a grim way of introducing a comedy to invite you to watch a man all through the First Act bracing himself to meet the surgeon's knife; and then, after the flavour of your *entr'acte* cigarette has been spoilt by the thought of the surgical horrors going on

behind the scene, to lift the curtain and show you his widow already out of mourning and thoroughly pleased with herself.

The play had in it many touches of unobtrusive cleverness, and of that kind of humour which flatters the intelligence of a discerning audience. But there



Peter's Mother . . . Miss Marion Terry.

was not enough to go round. I think perhaps that, as a playwright, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE has not yet quite found herself.

If she failed here to do a perfect justice to her uncommon gifts, it was not for



Peter's Guardian . . . Mr. Frederic Kerr.

lack of talent in the interpretation. In the part of *Peter's* mother, Miss MARION TERRY, as ever, was delightful. Of course they had to choose a charming personality for such a part. Any mother of any *Peter*, on or off the stage, is always a charming personality. Very natural and spontaneous was the way in which she betrayed the division in her dear heart between sacrificial devotion to the exigent *Peter* and her own claim to a share in the romance of womanhood.

Mr. FRED KERR, as the boy's guardian, had nothing like the opportunity that his workmanlike methods deserved. What a chance for a brilliant dialogue (the irony all on one side) was missed in the scene where he instructs his incredulous ward in the strange truth that the world was not solely designed for his (*Peter's*) delight. Instead, he had to throw off one of those protracted homilies which had come to be regarded as the prerogative of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. Indeed, there was a WYNDHAM air about the house. The theatre was his, to begin with; there was the voice of Mr. BUCKLAW as the *Doctor*; and there was this moral lecture by Mr. KERR.

Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS was *Peter*. No one else of course can play this kind of part so well; but he talks far better than he listens. It would be a graceless thing, however, to cavil, even ever so slightly, at the performance of an actor who has sacrificed so much in the cause of art. Others, ere now, have laid a love-lock, a moustache, a whisker on the altar of Thalia or Melpomene; Mr. MATTHEWS had his right arm amputated.

One critic, I believe, was impatient of allusions to the Boer War, which he regarded as *vieux jeu*, and could not quite remember whether it occurred before or after the Flood. I am not in sympathy with him, though I know that many things of very vital import have happened since then. HAYWARD's record, for instance.

Miss HILDA TREVELYAN, in an incongruous red wig, represented *Sarah*, the girl whom *Peter* loved next best to himself. To be frank—but not unkind, for who could be unkind to the adorable *Wendy*? Miss TREVELYAN was not built for the part of a smart society girl. Next time I see her I hope she will have her own hair hanging down her back and be making love to that other *Peter* whose surname is *Pan*. O. S.

A Record Gate.

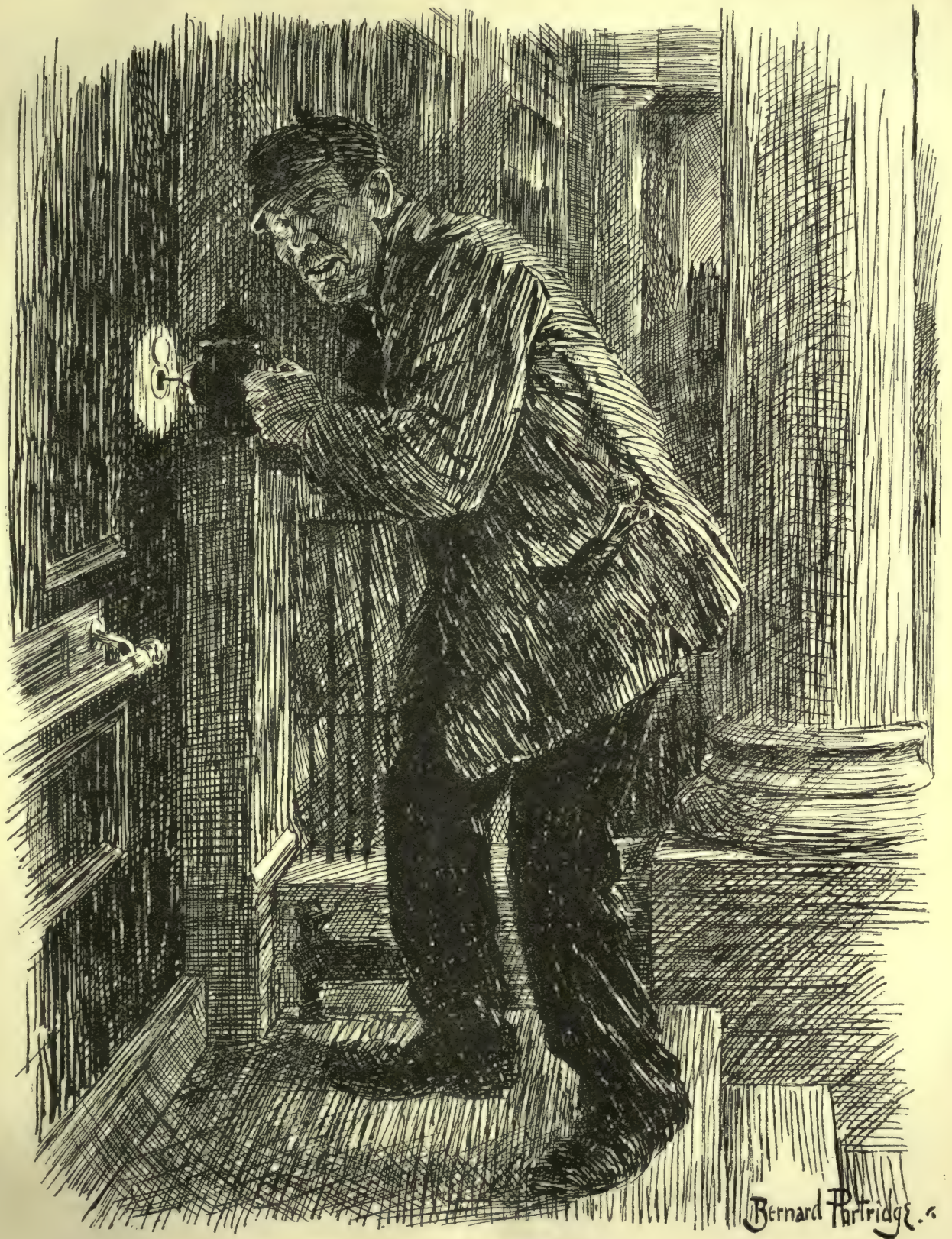
"From the kick-off it was plain Leeds meant business. They were constantly making headway, and hovering round the Fosse goal, encouraged by the shouts of between eleven and twelve excited partisans. What an ear-splitting yell Yorkshiremen can raise!"

Leicester Daily Post.

ONE would give much to have witnessed the enthusiasm of these 11½ tykes.

"A specimen of the Common Dasyure, one of the Australian 'native cats,' is the gift of Mr. W. B. ROBINSON, of Linthorpe, and has been placed near his cousin the 'Tasmanian Devil.'"

At least so says the Curator of the Middlesbrough Museum, according to *The North Star*. We hope Mr. ROBINSON's cousin will pardon our familiarity—but *que diable (Tasmanien) allait-il faire dans cette galère?*



A BLOATED PLURALIST.

BURGLAR BILL. "ONE LATCH-KEY ONE VOTE, EH? WHAT PRICE THIS 'ERE SKELETON-KEY, AS'LL LET ME INTO ANY'OME? W'Y, I MUST BE A BLOOMIN' CONSTITUENCY!"



CHARIVARIA.

THE International Peace Conference at Milan passed off without serious disturbance.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company, it is announced, has abandoned speed competitions, thereby following the example of the S. E. & C. R.

Scotland Yard has drawn up some admirable regulations for motor omnibuses. The only one to which serious objection can be taken is to the effect that all vehicles must be fitted with two independent brakes. Brakes of this sort are sometimes so independent that they refuse to act.

We have lately read of a mechanically propelled vehicle which consumes its own smoke and is fitted with silent machinery. This sounds like a description of the Ideal Politician.

Although women have not yet got the franchise, they are, according to *The Daily News*, making advances. In its account of a case in the Courts, our contemporary says, "The accused had been anxious to marry the prosecutrix, but she was courting someone else."

It was characteristic of the late General TREPOFF's alleged contempt for popular aspirations that he should have died a natural death.

The latest autobiographical item from the pen of Miss MARIE CORELLI is the following statement in the *Rapid Review*: "The great are invariably maligned."

* There is no doubt that Mrs. LONGWORTH has now obtained a permanent place in the affections of the American nation. The other day she was mobbed by thousands of her fellow-countrywomen, who rent her clothes in their enthusiasm.

There is an old legend of an American prisoner who, upon being asked "Guilty, or Not guilty?" replied, "I guess that's for you to find out." A second chapter was added to this legend the other day at the Old Bailey by a thief who made an eloquent speech in his own defence, and then, when the jury found him guilty, admitted, with a smile, that they had got the answer right at the first guess.

More Commercial Candour.

FROM Aberystwyth:—

"Clearance Sale of Antique Oak Furniture to make place for Fresh Stock."

TO HER UNCLE—FROM MARGERY.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—Thank you for your letter. I was just as glad when they told me about *you*! And I said to myself, "I must be very nice to him, because mother and I have been here for years and years simply, and he's quite new." And it's unkind of you to say I kicked, I was only stretching, and one must stretch or one will never grow. I heard nurse tell mother that, and you *know* you'd like to have a tall niece.

I think I shall like you, if you're sure you won't mind my being only a girl. I don't think father minds, although he looks very sad about something every now and then. He came back late from the office the other day, and mother told me he'd done an awful lot of work, and was so tired, and I cried all night about it, I was so sorry for him.

Mother is a funny person. This morning I did my trick of opening one eye and keeping the other shut, and she got fearfully excited, and called out "Nurse, nurse, what's the matter with Baby, she can't open one of her eyes!" And then I simply had to open it, so as I could wink at nurse to show her what a silly mother we had. But I have given up my other joke—of pretending to be dead. I used to do it every night, and she would creep out of bed, and come and listen at my cradle, and . . . Well, I'm only a girl, and I shall never go to a public school, but still I know when a joke ceases to be a joke and becomes bad form. So I have given it up.

Oh, talking of bad form, some chemists who had read about me in the papers sent me a sample of *tooth powder*: In rather bad taste, I thought . . .

I want you to come and see me have my bath. Mother asks all her friends, so why shouldn't I ask mine? Of course I would rather keep it private, but if mother is going to make a show of it we may as well have the right people there. Do you know, uncle, they actually do it in a *basin*, although there's a proper bath just next door! I know I'm small, but is it quite fair always to be harping on the fact? (Twice a day, if you will believe me.) Of course mother and nurse are only women, and they wouldn't understand this. But I am sure *you*, uncle, would be more careful of people's feelings.

I am very sorry, dear, but I don't think I shall be able to marry either Mr. HUTCHINGS or WOOLLEY; you see they are rather old for me, *aren't* they? Mother told me yesterday that there is a dear little boy of four or five playing about somewhere, who will come for me one day and take me right away from her and father. *Fancy!* What fun!

About my name. Well, I'm afraid it

will have to be *MARJORIE* after all. Of course I should prefer it to be *MARGERY*, but mother assures me that the owner of the name is *never* consulted, so I can't say anything. But I will always be *MARGERY* to you, and we won't say anything more about it to the others. Do you see, dear?

And now I must say good-bye, as mother says I want to go to sleep. She is writing this for me, and some of the things she didn't want to say at all, but I threatened her with my joke, and then she did. But we both send our love. Your affectionate niece,

MARGERY.

P.S.—I shouldn't be a bit surprised if mother didn't alter the signature to "*MARJORIE*" when I'm asleep. If she does you'll understand.

P.S.—I was weighed yesterday. I weigh quite a lot of pounds.

P.S.—Come to-morrow at four and I will show you my toes.

TABLE TRIOLETS.

(*The Bard, like the Verb, has moods.*)

I.—AT SOMEONE ELSE'S DINNER-TABLE.

Was it really your own?

How delightfully clever!

Did you make it alone?

Was it really your own?

'Tis the best joke I've known,

I'm prepared to say, ever.

Was it really your own?

How delightfully clever!

II.—AT HIS OWN BREAKFAST-TABLE.

I asked for the bread,

Why pass me the butter?

Oh, do use your head.

I asked for the bread.

You heard what I said.

Do I mutter or stutter?

I asked for the bread,

Why pass me the butter?

OUR great statesmen are soon forgotten, and the devoted work of a lifetime tossed aside for the novelty of the moment. In the *Bradford Daily Argus* we read that "one of the military novelties of the season is to be the 'Camille Clifford' hat, a smart little felt, mounted somewhat on French sailor lines, with a double rosette and quill."

"The EMPEROR then drank to the Sixth Army Corps, and General Von WAYRACH replied on behalf of the Sixth Army Corps, thanking his Majesty for the sentiments expressed, and calling for a "hock" for the EMPEROR."—*Reuter*.

WE confess to rather liking this homely picture of the Sixth Army Corps standing its KAISER a bottle of the wine of the country.

SEPTEMBER MUSINGS.

(From "The Peasqueak Papers.")

How interesting London is! I cannot tear myself from it. Day after day brings invitations to this country-house and that; but even in August and September I find myself reluctant to leave. Had I, for instance, accepted an invitation to Surbiton for this week-end, as I must confess I was tempted to, for there was talk of a great romancist being in the neighbourhood—no less than one of *The Daily Mail's* feuilletonists in fact—within call, I should have missed a most interesting *rencontre* in the park on Sunday with Mr. COLGROVE, the tragedian, whom I had once or twice met before, but never to such advantage.

Finding ourselves on adjoining chairs we began to talk—or rather he talked and I listened, unwilling to interrupt such a flow of shrewd commentary on men and things. I could not very well take notes at the time, but as soon after as might be I set down the substance of his remarks. Referring to trouserings for men, he said that the back buckle has gone right out. In his experience the turn up of the legs was a mistake, its tendency being to impair the fluidity of the line. On my venturing to ask if he preferred cigarettes to a pipe he said he preferred a pipe, and was much interested when I told him that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE had once said the same in an interview in *Great Thoughts*. I asked him what part he was thinking of appearing in next, and he said he was undecided between *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. At the moment he has no theatre, his plans for taking one of the large West End houses having broken down. His return to the stage will, I am sure, be a red-letter event, for he has not been seen on the London boards for fifteen years.

To say that there is no one in town in these months is ridiculous; for only yesterday I met one of the latest additions to the Knightage in the grill-room of a famous restaurant. Hereditary honours are no doubt very interesting, but to force one's way into Debrett by sheer capacity for soap-boiling is to my mind a finer thing. That is the difference between the Baronet and the Knight. The Baronet may of course have been created, but in many cases he is merely the son of his father; whereas a Knight *must* have exceptional qualities or he would not be a Knight at all.

It was my privilege not only to meet this eminent man, but to meet him in a curious and unforgettable way. As a matter of fact I had my toe trodden on by him, and was handsomely apologised to. That nothing happens by accident a long life has convinced me. Every-



Lady. "AND YOU SAY YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS BY YOUR WIFE?"

Tramp. "YUSS, LIDY. I GOT 'ER THREE GOOD JOBS, AND 'ER BLOOMIN' INDEPENDENCE LORST 'ER THE LOT OF 'EM!"

thing is pre-ordained. Judge, then, of my satisfaction that I, probably the one person in that sumptuous room most capable of understanding and appreciating this master mind, should have thus come into contact with him. I could not see, in spite of his countless opportunities, as he moved about from table to table exchanging greetings with the leaders of intellect and finance, that he honoured any other toe in the same way. I necessarily had but a limited time in which to make my compliments, and I fear that he did not hear all I said, but I managed swiftly to express some of the pleasure which it has given

me to use his influential soap every morning ever since it was established. There was no time in which really to study this very capable man, but any one can see with half an eye that here is a force, a tremendous energy, one of the great ones of the day. I noticed that he drank only water and partook sparingly of the *haricots verts*.

One crowded day of glorious life.

"ON Monday next week, His Majesty will have two days' grouse and hare driving over the Tulchan and Advie moors, and also a day on Lady SEAFIELD'S Castle Grant Moor."—*Daily Mail*.

THE POWER OF SOUND.

To the interesting collection of anecdotes recently published in illustration of the magical power exerted by certain singers and players over their audience, *Mr. Punch* is happy to add the following supplementary budget.

CHIRGWIN OR PAGANINI?

An extraordinarily moving incident is narrated by Mr. CHIRGWIN in connection with a visit which he paid to a well-known lunatic asylum. "I was asked by a titled friend one day—in brief, by the Duke of PLUMSTEAD"—so he relates, "to accompany him to a home for non-compots in which he, as a member of the hereditary *noblesse oblige*, was deeply interested. I may say at once that I was very deeply touched, not to say titivated, by the evident patience and forbearance from complaint of the inmates on my arrival, and I readily consented, at the Duke's request, to do my best to furnish them with a little temporary pleasure by extemporising to them on my one-string jambon, which as you know is a sort of violoncello played with the feet and having a trumpet attached to the hurricane bridge.

"I accordingly sat down on my instrument and played several little *recherche* tit-bits from my classical répertoire which I thought most likely to please my audience, but after about forty-five minutes my own thoughts became so melancholy at thinking of the tragic infirmities of my listeners that I unconsciously began to play music which reflected my own highly strung mental condition. When I finished, and as I sat still for a moment, myself deeply affected by the emotions which had found expression in my nimble and, so to speak, lilywhite tootsicums, a member of the audience, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, rushed up, and flinging his arms round my neck thanked me most effusively and said he was certain I could only be the great PAGANINI, of whom he had heard so often in his childhood. I should add in conclusion that none of the inmates of the institution had been told of my identity."

HOW A GREAT BASSO TURNED THE MILK SOUR.

Signor ENRICO BOMBINANTE, the redoubtable Italian basso, kindly sends us the following illuminative anecdote:—"I had a most extraordinary and thrilling experience a few years ago while touring in Tierra del Fuego. During a recital at one of the chief towns in that picturesque region I was singing Mozart's *Qui sdegno*, an aria which, as you are doubtless aware, gives a bass singer exceptional opportunities for wallowing in the abysmal profundities

of his lowest register. The climate—possibly also the stimulating effect of the knowledge that most of my audience were cannibals—spurred me to unusual efforts, and I was agreeably conscious of having never before emitted tones of such thunderous sonority. You will imagine my satisfaction when I learnt subsequently that *all the milk in the town had gone sour during the performance*, and that I am still remembered by the grateful Fuegians as 'Pong-chamburawurra,' or 'the man thunder-storm.'"

POLKOVITCH AND THE DYING ALDERNEY.

BRONISLAW POLKOVITCH, the illustrious child violinist, who has not yet completed his fifth year, kindly furnishes the following charming narrative:

"Not very long ago an old Hungarian lady of high rank who had been to many of my recitals and frequently expressed enthusiasm for my performances, sent me an urgent prepaid telegram begging me to come at once to her country seat. She explained that she had a priceless Alderney cow which was suffering from meningitis, and knowing my love of animals expressed the hope that I would come forthwith to soothe the suffering quadruped with the magic strains of my violin. The request was one which I found it impossible to refuse, and I at once repaired to her residence by special train. I found that the cow was indeed in a precarious condition, but she was still conscious, and by eloquent pantomime made it clear that she wished me to play her favourite piece. My surroundings—the cow was propped up with pillows on a four-poster—and the solemn nature of my errand fired me to unparalleled efforts, and I played as I never played before. I am glad to have done this, since my listener passed quietly away before the last bars were reached, and I rejoice to think that I was able to give her pleasure and secure her a tranquil euthanasia."

MR. BEN WYVIS AND THE MAN IN THE MOTOR-BUS.

"Some ten years ago," relates Mr. BEN WYVIS, the famous Scottish baritone, "when I took the part of *Bill Buttercup* in the comic opera of *The Midshipmite*, I had abundant opportunities for observing the influence of melody over mind. For over 4,000 nights did I appear in the part named, and I soon began to recognise familiar faces in the audience. One old gentleman, with a red wig and Piccadilly weepers, came regularly once a week, always occupying the same seat, until I came to look upon him as an old friend; and one night, in the ballad which I used to interpolate in the Third Act, I inadvertently altered

the last words to 'Down among the dead-heads let me lie.' After I had been performing in *The Midshipmite* for about five years, I happened to return home one night in a motor-bus, when an elderly gentleman who was sitting beside me said suddenly, 'Mr. WYVIS, you owe me an apology,' and he went on to explain that he had been so greatly fascinated by my singing that he had been to see *The Midshipmite* ninety times, until the night when my unfortunate mistake had so wounded his feelings that he resolved never to go again. 'I am not a dead-head,' he exclaimed in a voice that rang through the bus. 'I have kept the counterfoils of the tickets, and I paid every time.' I had some little difficulty in convincing him that I never intended to apply the phrase to him, but in the end we parted good friends. I never saw him again, and I have no idea who he was or where he came from, but it is evident that he was one of those over whom music had cast her magic spell."

FOR THE SMART SET ONLY.

(Inspired by the horrible revelations of *Country-House Horseplay* in "Vanity Fair.")

To LET.—Hooligan Hall. Noble Elizabethan Manor-house, replete with every modern convenience. Finest banister-sliding in the South of England. Special dark nooks on every landing for jumping out on unsuspecting friends. Doors fitted with J. MILLER'S Special Brainy Booby-Trap Apparatus (1906 model). References invited to fashionable preacher and satirical novelist.

FOR SALE.—Stout Dining-Room Table. Admirably adapted for modern country-house. Formerly in the possession of the usual "well-known hostess." Has borne the weight of three fourteen-stone heirs to earldoms, dancing the Mattheische simultaneously after dinner. It was on this table that the Sportington Manor house-party beat the butler's team at the Eton Wall Game.

PILLOW-FIGHTS.—The Sangazure Pillow-fighting team (strong) would like match, away, early in October. Hon. Sec. Lady CLAUDE FOOTLE.

LEAP-FROG.—Seats to witness the final of the Home Counties Families Mixed Leap-Frog Championship in the Baronial Hall at Cheeryble Castle may now be booked.

SQUIRTS.—Try our long-distance squirts. No visitor to a country-house should be without them. Invaluable to indifferent conversationalists. Awkward pauses at the breakfast-table filled up in a manner causing great fun and laughter. Squirts!

THE BEGINNER'S JIU-JITSU.—Price 1s.



'Arry has purchased a "Round Tour" (Hotel coupons included) to the Italian Lakes, Venice, &c., and has got to know, en route, a wealthy American mamma and her daughters. At breakfast his friends indulge largely in jam. 'Arry promptly orders some.

Head Waiter. "Is MONSIEUR AWARE THAT JAM IS AN EXTRA?"

A handy hand-book. Learn the holds, and practise them after dinner in the drawing-room.

"NOVICE" writes:—"A week ago I did not know a Half-Nelson from a grape-nut. I bought your book; and to-night I have just laid out one Duke, four Baronets, and five sort-of-cousins of a Marquess."

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!! CHAIRS!!!—Try our patent collapsible chairs. All guaranteed to let the lightest person down on the floor. The speed of the fall can be regulated. Why pull your friend's seat away when you can buy a patent Collapsible Chair? The Duchess of BLANK writes, "I use no other at Rib-tickle Towers."

A LARGE wall map, issued by the "Bakerloo" Railway, indicates the Theatres and Places of Amusement by marking them in red. The places so coloured include The Bank of England, Tattersall's, University College, and the Royal Courts of Justice.

Yet there are people who are bored.

AN ANNUS MIRABILIS.

It has been a record year for misuse of the word "record." We cannot open a newspaper (says *The Liverpool Post*) without learning that something is a "record." Matters, in fact, have come to such a pass that a new wing of the Record Office in Fleet Street is about to be opened for the purpose of enshrining full particulars of recent achievements and statistical discoveries. So many superlative results have been lately brought to light that there is a record difficulty in making a selection. Among them we may note that:—

The date of the present year (1906) is the highest as yet recorded by the Calendar before the initials A.D.

"Volume CXXXI." never appeared on the current issue of *Punch* before the beginning of last July. This record, we believe, still holds the field.

There has been a record number of failures to swim the Channel this season.

A record swarm of jelly-fish was encountered by BURGESS in his last attempt.

Cambridge hold the record (viz. 1) for

victories in Cambridge-Harvard Boat-races on the Thames in September this year.

There is a record Liberal majority in Parliament, and

Some people think they are making a record mess of Imperial and Colonial affairs.

The record in "pro"-ness, out "pro"-ing the defenders of the Zulus, was reached by the honourable member who stood up in the House of Commons on behalf of ruthlessly slaughtered (man-eating) tigers.

Mr. STEAD has paid his record (namely, first) visit to the Music Hall, and in consequence of his record "ad," all the other "dreg"-shops are imploring him to sample their "drivel."

Six leading legitimate and variety actresses have simultaneously beaten each other's record in salary.

The Recorder of Plymouth's Prize Hen has acted up to her owner's title and outstripped all past and present rivals in egg-laying.

JUMPY JONES, the "Wobblers'" centre-forward, has already been whistled at a record number of times by the referee.

ZIG-ZAG.



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

Umpire (to part of "Skeleton" Army). "What do you represent?"

Private. "I dunno, Sir. I'm carrying this 'ere flag."

Umpire. "Well, you ought to know, you represent a Company in extended order. Understand?"

Private (after deep cogitation). "And do I draw the beer for a Company when I get back to camp?"

TO A BOSTON GIRL.

THERE never was a fortnight that spun itself away
So fast as yours in England, which ended yesterday.
We could not stay your parting, though each did all he knew,
And now we fill the void, dear, with memories of you.

It seemed to be our birthright—we used it with a zest
To set to work at guessing when pretty MARTHA guessed,
And when we marked with rapture her voice's rise and fall
We aimed at speech like MARTHA'S, and missed it one and all.

And now you're on the sea, dear, while I am on the land;
I cannot see your glances, I cannot grasp your hand,
And, oh, the waves that toss you they cannot injure me,
Since I am on the land, dear, and you are on the sea.

You crossed the great Atlantic to view the Harvard boys;
With pretty *rah-rah-rahings* you swelled the Putney noise;
And if your cheeks flushed crimson when Harvard missed
the prize,
The heavenly blue of Cambridge was shining in your eyes.

Next week you'll land in Boston; the gilded Statehouse dome
Must robe itself in sunshine to bid you welcome home,
And Beacon Street and Boylston must sing for joy once more
When calm and undefeated our MARTHA steps ashore.

But now old Neptune sways you. You do not like him much:
He adds to lack of humour too boisterous a touch.
You cannot wheedle him, dear, as once you wheedled me,
Who linger here lamenting while you are on the sea.

SPRINGBOK SUITINGS.

WITH regard to the widely published descriptions of the
motley football kit displayed by the South African team in
their first practice at Richmond we are in a position to state
that although two of the players (see *The Sportsman*)
appeared in grey flannel trousers, not one turned out in
pyjamas; that CAROLIN'S stockings were *not* scarlet but
a shade between crushed strawberry and flamingo; and
also—we have the exclusive rights of this information—
the collar of the official jersey is to be 2'004 inches deep.

ACCORDING to Dr. CHARLES FERNET, in *The Leicester Daily Mercury*, moderate tea-drinkers are liable to excitement and
insomnia, "while a stronger dose rarely fails to produce
acute 'theism.'" Upon enquiry of a well-known Harley
Street specialist Mr. Punch learnt that the practice of coffee-
drinking created a tendency to Pan-Islamism, while cocoa, in
an undiluted form, encourages a Confucian habit of thought.



Sidney Sams

“A POLICEMAN’S LOT....”

POLICEMAN ROOSEVELT. “NOW THEN, YOU TWO, STOP THAT GAME!”

CUBAN COMBATANTS. “WHAT’LL YOU DO IF WE DON’T?”

POLICEMAN R. “GUESS I’LL MAKE IT MIGHTY UNPLEASANT FOR YOU—(aside)—AND FOR MYSELF!”





CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

(The ownership of the dog is apparently in doubt.)

Tramps (in chorus). "IT'S MINE! MY DOG KILLED IT!"

Tramps (in chorus). "ALL RIGHT, THEN! YOUR DOG KILLED IT!"

LOVE IN A CAR.

["I have personal knowledge of marriages resulting from motor-car courtships."—The Hon. C. S. ROLLS.—*Daily Express*.]

WHEN REGINALD asked me to drive in his car
I knew what it meant for us both,
For peril to love-making offers no bar,
But fosters the plighting of troth.
To the tender occasion I hastened to rise,
So bought a new frock on the strength of it,
Some china-blue chiffon—to go with my eyes—
And wrapped up my head with a length of it.

"Get in," said my lover, "as quick as you can!"
He wore a black smear on his face,
And held out the hand of a rough artisan
To pilot me into my place.
Like the engine, my frock somehow seemed to miss-fire,
For REGINALD'S manner was querulous,
But after some fuss with the near hind-wheel tyre
We were off at a pace that was perilous.

"There's BROWN just behind, on his second-hand brute,
He thinks it can move, silly ass!"
Said REGGIE with venom, "Ha! Ha! let him hoot,
I'll give him some trouble to pass."
My service thenceforth was by REGGIE confined
(He showed small compunction in suing it)
To turning to see how far BROWN was behind,
But not to let BROWN see me doing it.

BROWN passed us. We dined off his dust for a league—
It really was very poor fun—
Till, our car showing symptoms of heat and fatigue,
REGGIE had to admit he was done.

To my soft consolation scant heed did he pay,
But with taps was continually juggling,
And his words, "Will you keep your dress further away?"
Put a stop to incipient snuggling.

"He'd never have passed me alone," REGGIE sighed,
"The car's extra heavy with you."
"Why ask me to come?" I remarked. He replied,
"I thought she'd go better with two."
When I touched other topics, forbearingly meek,
From his goggles the lightnings came scattering,
"What chance do you give me of placing this squeak,"
He hissed, "when you keep up that chattering?"

At that, I insisted on being set down
And returning to London by train,
And I vowed fifty times on my way back to town
That I never would see him again.
Next week he appeared and implored me to wed,
With a fondly adoring humility.
"The car stands between us," I rigidly said.
"I've sold it!" he cried with agility.

His temples were sunken, enfeebled his frame,
There was white in the curls on his crest;
When he spoke of our ride in a whisper of shame
I flew to my home on his breast.
By running sedately I'm certain that Love
To such passion would never have carried us,
Which settles the truth of the legend above—
It was really the motor-car married us.

WE are sorry to see that *The Toronto Mail and Empire* gives an account of the Grasmere Sports under the heading "Wrestling in Scotland." We shall be told next that WORDSWORTH habitually wore a kilt.

FORM "C 2."

FROM the moment that he heard the bell ring he expected trouble. It may have been instinct, or it may have been that he always expected trouble when he heard the bell ring. However that may be, from the very first he expected trouble.

He was an Articled Clerk. An Articled Clerk is a creature that grows in a solicitor's office, wears a blue suit, and bears a close resemblance to the Office Boy. Unlike the latter, he has no pay and no responsibility; unlike the latter, he cannot be promiscuously cursed. He has less commonsense, and certainly less knowledge of the law (and the profits) than the Office Boy. He is also less useful than the Office Boy, for he is an amateur and the Office Boy is a professional; he is a nuisance, and the Office Boy is an indispensable. He is in every respect except dress the inferior of the Office Boy. To have compared him to the Office Boy in the first place was a mistake.

Facing him there is an electric bell. Beneath the bell there is an indicator. When the bell rings and the indicator points to No. 4, he goes to see what the Senior Partner wants. He comes out of the Senior Partner's room, repeats to a clerk all that the Senior Partner has said to him, and gets the clerk to tell him what the Senior Partner really does want. Then he goes and gets (or does) exactly what the Senior Partner does not want.

When an Articled Clerk is not writing letters to his friends on official notepaper he is reading the daily papers. When he is not reading the daily papers he is playing with the typewriter. When he is not playing with the typewriter he is working. When he is not working he is learning shorthand. Our Articled Clerk was learning shorthand and had just impressed upon his mind that "x" was short for ".", when the bell rang. He welcomed the interruption. Why did he welcome the interruption? Study a shorthand manual for five consecutive minutes and you will not ask foolish questions.

The bell rang and the indicator pointed to No. 4. The Articled Clerk was glad. But he was not glad for long, for an unaccountable fear took hold of him. Something told him that there was trouble ahead, and whatever that something was it did not tell him wrong.

The Senior Partner wanted an "Inland Revenue Form for the Assessment of Estate Duty." That was in itself bad enough. Inland Revenue forms are like submarines, for they are numbered "A 1," "A 2," "B 1," "B 2," and so on. (They are nothing like submarines to look at; indeed, the critics may suggest that the comparison is a

weak one. I am not, I admit, proud of it, but at any rate it is better than the comparison between Articled Clerks and Office Boys. Why I ever said that an Articled Clerk was like an Office Boy, I cannot think. But let it pass.)

The assessment form with the long name that the Senior Partner wanted was numbered "C 2." It is useless to try to explain to you what these forms mean. After six months in the office the Articled Clerk knew what they looked like, but had no idea what they were. After thirty years in the office the Senior Partner knew what they were, but had no idea what they meant. The Articled Clerk once went so far as to say that even the Inland Revenue people themselves did not *quite* understand them; but an Articled Clerk with no responsibility will say anything!

He approached a clerk and said to him, "The Senior Partner wants an Inland Revenue Form No. C 2." This clerk, who had met other Articled Clerks and knew the species, told him with the utmost deference that he "would find one in the cupboard." The other clerks, on being approached, answered in much the same manner, except, perhaps, the Confidential Clerk, who considered that his twenty years' connection with the firm entitled him to say exactly what he thought. Nothing was left for the Articled Clerk but to get the form for himself.

Possibly in the distant past these forms might have been kept in some sort of order, but that can never be known for certain now. At the time of this narrative they lay in a heterogeneous and chaotic pile about five hundred deep. It has never been definitely stated how many sorts of Inland Revenue forms exist, but the Articled Clerk thinks that he met upwards of fifty and not less than five of each sort before he lost his temper. He started favourably with the "A's," and after some loose play among the "K's," he was soon back with the "B's." Then there followed a long and irritating series of all the letters on the other side of "D." The climax was reached when he suddenly came upon four "C 1's" in a row which promised much but led to nothing....

No one could pretend that five hundred forms looked pretty strewn on the floor. No one could suppose that there was any pleasure to be got from picking them up again. Furthermore, anyone with any experience of assessment forms knows that that violent sort of treatment only amuses them and merely serves to increase their obstinacy. And yet the Articled Clerk has often told me that the momentary feeling of personal triumph (purchased at however great a cost) alone saved him from permanent insanity.

At any rate at this point the Confidential Clerk, in whose room all this was taking place and who had work to do, intervened. "A muttered oath now and then I do not mind," he said, "but this is positively deafening." He then led the Articled Clerk aside and explained to him in a hurried whisper the one and only way to get the form he wanted. The Articled Clerk listened attentively, and as he listened a smile of devilish cunning spread over his face. "What?" he whispered back. The Confidential Clerk, who was a tolerant person, re-whispered his advice, and the Articled Clerk proceeded to act upon it.

He replaced all the forms, shut the cupboard, and then in low and distinct tones soliloquised thus:—"I have changed my mind. I think, nay, I am sure that I do not want Form C 2 after all. I will devise a form for myself. I have nothing to do, and 'this will afford me pleasure and instruction. Besides, the form that I shall devise may be better than Form C 2, and it certainly cannot be worse. I never did think much of these assessment forms. No, I would not take Form C 2 now if I were paid for it!".... Then he re-opened the cupboard quickly and took the first form that came to hand. Of course—What a fool he had been! Why ever did he not think of this before?—of course it was Form C 2.

* * * *

This, you must admit, is an edifying story with an instructive moral. You say, "It is not true." That may be, for I have only the Articled Clerk's word for it, and Articled Clerks are (as I have admitted) an unpaid and therefore an irresponsible class. After all, what does it matter whether it is true or not?

You say that "it is impossible." There you show your supreme ignorance of the nature of Inland Revenue assessment forms. Obviously, you have never met an assessment form in your life. To be perfectly candid with you, I am afraid that you do not even know what the Inland Revenue is.

The Little More, and how Much it is.

"HOTEL CECIL.—Bedroom with Ham and Egg breakfast, 1s. 8d."—*Scotch Paper*.

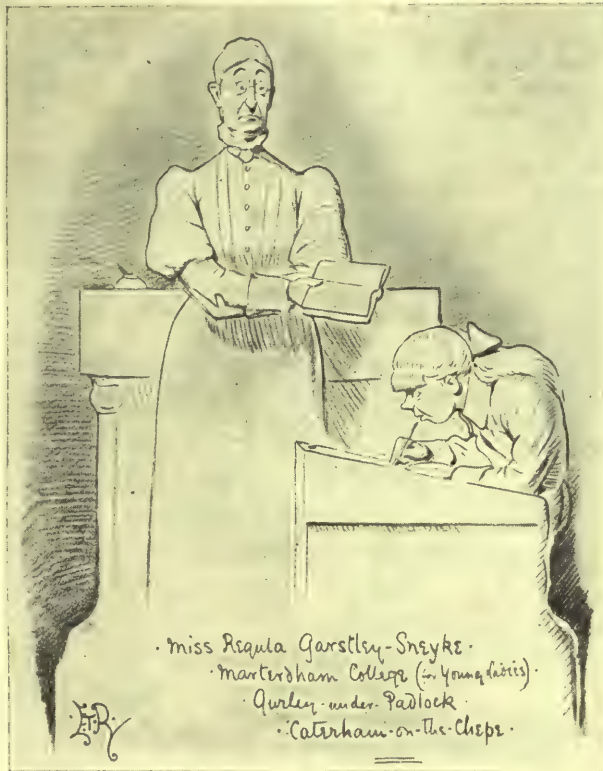
"The entire company and accessories, numbering in all no fewer than 709 pieces, weighing about fifty tons, and costing £250 to transport, have already been shipped."

Daily Chronicle.

We can imagine the numbering of the pieces as they came on board. "706, Mr. JONES—707, Front of Castle Wall—708, Small dagger—709, Miss BROWN, and that's the lot, BILL."

ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT—No. 6.

Further designs for statues of more or less private individuals who might otherwise have escaped national recognition.



THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

IX.

THE CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE TO HUMANS.

Unlike the rest of us, the Captain would always refuse to be impressed by the Man-Hater. He let him make speeches, he said, because it amused



The Man-Hater slunk off.

him. But the Man-Hater, he held, ranted, and did not talk practical politics. One day I recollect, after The Man-Hater had delivered an impassioned oration proving conclusively the inferiority of man, the Captain said to him quietly, "By-the-by, my young friend, were you not thrashed within half an inch of your life last night by a butcher for stealing a chop?"—and The Man-Hater slunk off. The Captain had a way of making one feel small like that.

And one of the Captain's trite sayings was, "Recognise things as they are. Never forget that the Isle of Man is bigger than the Isle of Dogs."

The Captain himself was strangely tolerant of humans. He was indeed inclined to spoil them. For instance, if, when I was out with my people, we were to meet the Captain, he would always say, "How do you do?" to my people before passing the time of day to me. And he would behave in the same way when he came to my house. I always felt it, but the Captain held that politeness cost nothing, and might mean a biscuit. "Never quarrel with your food," was one of his rules of life.

The Captain further had a theory that the majority of humans were really well-meaning, and that most of the mistakes they made were due to ignorance rather than to malice. We must remember, he said, that even when they thrash us for attacking other dogs they probably have not heard what had been said to us; and we should at the same time remember this, that we are sometimes called good dogs when we are not that. "Think of the hundreds of whackings you have all earned and not received." And we should not forget

that they often take considerable pains to make themselves understood by us. For example, when they are going out for a walk they put on hats. To show us it is dinner-time they don evening dress. When they are leaving town they put themselves to the trouble of taking huge boxes with them. And even the fire-engine men, against whom so many dogs rail, have the decency to shout themselves hoarse to give us a chance of getting out of the way.

But, just as the Captain held that it was unfair to hate humans, so he considered it absurd to envy them to the extent that some dogs did. Beyond the fact that humans have unlimited food and need not take baths unless it is their hobby, he considered that all the advantage was on the side of the dogs. "It might, in fact," he once remarked, "almost be said that humans are our slaves. They earn our food, and even wait on us, while we sit at home in luxury and ease."

One of the Captain's maxims was, "Let dogs be dogs, and let humans be humans." Nothing riled him more than to see dogs copying humans, especially in matters of dress, and he told me that once he was frankly sick when his mistress read an article from the paper on "Fashions for Dogs," in which it appeared that many dogs now wear seal-skin jackets with pockets for perfumed handkerchiefs, and carry any amount of jewellery, while some little fops are actually dyed to match their mistress's dress, so that a scarlet fox-terrier or a squash-strawberry bulldog may yet be seen. By-the-by, the next issue of the paper contained an anonymous letter protesting strongly against all this tomfoolery, and I have a pretty shrewd idea as to who wrote it. It certainly contained the word "degeneracy," which I have heard the Captain use more than once; and when I asked the Captain if the letter were his he did not deny it.

THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION.

There was only one respect in which the Captain would unreservedly allow that humans left much to be desired. I refer to food. The Captain had a fine appetite, and he frequently found it thwarted.

Humans are undoubtedly the greediest animals in existence. They have four meals a day, and make a fuss if one of us asks for a mouthful.

And not only do we starve in the midst of plenty, but the price we have to pay for such crumbs as we get is loss of self-respect.

Even the Captain sat on the floor during meal-time waiting servilely for scraps from the rich man's table. It would irritate *me*, so the effect on one of the Captain's dignity may easily be imagined. It was an insult to his position.

And then the uncertainty of the thing. We never know how much we are going to get. When they give us something from the table, they never say whether more is coming. Consequently, we bolt what is thrown us, so as not to keep them waiting if they should want to give us a second bit. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that second bit never comes. All you have in its place is heart-racking remorse at the thought that you might have lingered longer over the first bit.

And at times insult is added to injury. Constantly my master, on offering me something from the hoarded store on his plate, has said, "Now, don't snatch!" Let him practise what he preaches. I have frequently heard him say that he himself had snatched a hasty meal during the day.

And some people seem to think, amusingly, that empty praise can take the place of food. They will admire my alert expression when they are talking to me, and studiously ignore the fact that I am straining every muscle of my brain to try and hear some mention



Humans are undoubtedly the greediest animals in existence.

of eatables. A remark that is frequently made is, "How intelligent he looks, sitting there! He takes in everything." But they seldom give you a chance of showing how you could take in a lump of the pudding the greedy beasts are eating.

Humans starve you, and then, if, maddened by the pangs of hunger, you become a thief, you never hear the end of it. The wonder is that so few dogs join the criminal classes. I only stole once. It was game. Some dogs like biscuits, others bones. I would sell my soul for game. There was wild duck for dinner, and none was given me. So I helped myself afterwards to its entire carcase. I was whipped for it. But it was worth the whipping. I got the best of the bargain.

The Captain held that, to obtain food, almost anything short of murder was justifiable. He even went through the performance known as "begging" for it—though I fancy this was never known to the other members of the Club. The scandal that one in his position should be forced to such humiliating means of earning his bread must be patent to all.

As for myself, I was often reduced to eating flies. They make unsatisfactory food, but they are better than nothing. They say that fly-eating makes you thin—but don't you believe it; that idea was cleverly set on foot by the flies themselves. I became in course of time something of an expert at catching them. I would lie down by the fire and sham dead. The unsuspecting flies would then think themselves safe and try all sorts of dare-devil tricks with me—and pretty fools they would look when I suddenly ate them!

Talking of flies reminds me of a whimsical idea of the Captain's. He was asked one day, when a youngster, what he would like to be if he were not a dog. He answered promptly, "A fly." Pressed for his reason, he stated, "Because it is so jolly to be able to get a ride on horse-back whenever you want to."

CHURCHYARD SHOOTS.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—Having read with interest of the gallant stand made by the Vicar of Gorleston in defence of church and plate, we beg the hospitality of your columns to announce that for the convenience of the hundreds of sporting parsons who are certain to desire to follow his noble example we have prepared a complete outfit, at a reasonable price, which shall ensure the maximum of comfort with the minimum of risk. Devotees of the new churchyard sport would do well to write for our illustrated catalogue (post free); but with your permission we will mention briefly a few of our specialities, without which no church-burglar hunt can nowadays be regarded as complete.

Our leading line is our Family Vault Stalking Horse. Armour-plated, bullet-proof, and yet easily portable, this con-



"OH, HERE'S AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF JACK BOWKER! DO YOU KNOW, I MET HIM THE OTHER EVENING, AND HE'D GROWN A RIDICULOUS MOUSTACHE. I WAS NEVER SO TICKLED IN MY LIFE!"

trivance is certain to be extremely popular. The Stalking-Horse is hollow, and has the outward shape of a Family Vault; it is fitted with straps and peep-holes, and for a small extra charge can have a heating apparatus attached, for winter use. It is safe, it is warm, it is dry. With our Family Vault Stalking Horse strapped to his back, the clergyman has only to crawl about on his hands and knees, his eyes at the peep-holes, until he discovers the most advantageous position from which to fire. Should he, by any misfortune, be compelled to retreat, he can do so in perfect safety with this excellent cover at his back.

To the hardened clergyman of mature age, accustomed to canons and other heavy artillery, we recommend our Fox Terrier Teaser Pistol—dainty and deadly. For inexperienced curates we suggest our Noiseless Airgun, with which we supply a written guarantee that it will not bang when fired.

We supply also a fully-equipped ambulance shed, at a very moderate figure, which can be connected by telephone with the Stalking Horse. This should prove useful in the deplorable event of retaliation on the part of the burglar.

For parishes in which the churchwardens and sidesmen are not in sympathy with the clergy, and are therefore not prepared to join in the sport, we can supply our own specially trained beaters, who are experts in bringing the quarry

within range, by low whistles and other devices. These men are also skilful grave-diggers. The unwisdom of allowing the victims to dig their own graves is apparent, as they are liable to dig where they fall, and not always in the most convenient places. The beaters also act as retrievers; they pursue the partially disabled burglar, and bring him back, so that the sporting parson may know for certain the result of his fire.

In cases where the sportsman is not of a literary turn of mind, we can supply graphic accounts of the hunt, for communication to the Press. Our Illustrated Personal Narratives are particularly suitable for parish magazines.

We have only to add that one Sunday's special collections would place within reach of the poorest clergyman a more or less complete equipment for the comfortable pursuit of the new and fascinating pastime of burglar-hunting.

We are, Your obedient servants,
THE CHURCH DEFENCE STORES
(Sports Department).

The Dangers of London.

"LOST, September 7th, 1906. Pair of Gold-rimmed Eyeglasses, in Black Leather Case, between Oxford Street and Rutland Street and L. and N.W.R. Station, seeing the 10 A.M. train off."—*Swansea paper.*

It is deplorable that a pair of steady and respectable eyeglasses should not be safe in our streets at 10 o'clock in the morning, even though unattached.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM deep in the debt of Mr. HICHENS for his new novel *The Call of the Blood* (METHUEN). I love at times to wallow in pages and pages of description of nice easy scenes which I know, such as the neighbourhood of Etna. It is true that Mr. HICHENS gives me no credit either for a knowledge of Sicily, or for the meanest gift of imagination, or even (and here he seems to depreciate his own power of producing an impression) for being able to realise a picture till he has done me a dozen replicas of it. But then how few authors give the reader credit for anything except an extreme patience.

However, apart from this habit of indefinitely multiplying the right word or phrase (for Mr. HICHENS employs no other kind) there is hardly a fault to be found in his book. It is really a great, even a noble, achievement. He has chosen a theme—the effect on character of a strain of exotic blood—which is perhaps not too novel; and the main issue, frankly exposed at the very outset, is simple to the verge of obviousness. But to the working out of his scheme he brings so delicate a taste, so careful an observation of types, so fine a feeling for form and colour, and a technique so easy and accomplished that he holds us always bound by the spell of his artistry. He has succeeded in avoiding melodrama where the descent that way appeared most facile; and by the gradual and leisurely development of his processes he gives to each situation an air of naturalness and inevitability. Perhaps there is one exception: *Maurice's* childish desire to be present at the Fair of *San Felice* seems to furnish a rather inadequate motive for that act of discourtesy to his wife on which the tragedy is made to turn. For, after all, he is supposed to be a gentleman; and when a gentleman, educated at Eton and Oxford, wants to pursue an intrigue during his honeymoon he is always careful not to select a moment when his wife is expecting him to meet her at the station.

The book is less a study of character than of heredity and environment. Yet in the loyal *Gaspare* the author has created a type whose reality is as unquestionable as its charm. Between the two men, *Artois* and *Maurice*, the one born to analyse life, the other to take and enjoy it, he has drawn an admirable contrast. *Hermione* is an exquisite character. Akin to her husband by a nature made for happiness, she is yet more closely akin to *Artois* by her intellectual gifts; and in her relations with these two men we remark once more the arbitrary methods of sex in the matter of selection—how small a value it sometimes attaches to affinities of mind and soul.

Under any conditions, and in whatever form it came, one feels that *Hermione's* marriage with *Maurice* must have had a tragic end. She only hastens it by drawing his heart to Sicily whose blood was in his veins; Sicily, with its heritage of Greece, where Fate, as the Greeks knew it, had a way of moving very surely to its goal.

From Libau to Tsushima (JOHN MURRAY) is the diary of an engineer constructor who accompanied the Russian fleet which, on August 30, 1904, left Kronstadt bound for the relief of Port Arthur. It takes the form of letters to his wife, written of course without expectation of their extending beyond the family circle. That adds considerably to their value. When the fleet had been out some months M. POLITOVSKY writes: "If you could but imagine what is going on, if it were possible for me to tell you exactly all about it, you would be amazed. Should I live, I will tell you afterwards. No, there is no use our fighting. Things have come to such a pass that I can only wring my hands and feel assured that no one can escape his fate." The hapless Russian did not live to tell all. What he has written

suffices. Among terrible stories of the sea this is unique. In sentences whose graphic power DEFOE did not exceed, he jots down from day to day what he sees and suffers. This mighty fleet, equipped at boundless cost, moved slowly to its doom, officers and men in a blue funk. From Kronstadt to the North China sea, night and day they trembled with apprehension that the Japanese were upon them. Some of the crew, in the madness of terror, jumped into the sea and so got inevitable death over. The officers drank heavily and played cards recklessly. By day they saw Japanese cruisers in every cloud. By night they traced a suspicious light on the horizon and found it was a star.

The story of the sinking of the British fishing boats in the North Sea is told with superb simplicity. At 10 P.M., on October 8, "the *Kamchatka* reports she is attacked on all sides by eight torpedo boats." Three hours later, the hapless fisher-folk being now within close range, the frenzied fleet opened fire upon them. "All the ships of our division were ablaze; the noise of the firing was incessant; the search-lights were turned on. I was on the after-bridge and was positively blinded and deafened by the firing." No fishing fleet could stand that. We know what happened, and also know how, after tremulously feeling its way across the seas, the fleet came in touch with the Japanese and was itself destroyed. POLITOVSKY, hard at work in the hold of his battleship, went down with it.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN is just seventeen
(So I read), yet so brainy and gifty,
And, judged by her book (ALSTON RIVERS), so keen
She might be a widow of fifty.

With colours that suit an ambitious design
She paints, in *The Viper of Milan*,
A certain *Visconti*, the last of his line,
And a regular out-and-out villain.

On exquisite homicides, artfully planned,
His pleasure in life is dependent,
Until he is finally scotched at the hand
Of his meek confidential attendant.

The story's well-balanced; the stuff of its scenes
Is neither too lavish nor thrifty,
And that's why I said that this maid in her 'teens
Might well be a widow of fifty.

Mr. BERNARD CAPES must be tired of hearing that his style is stilted, that he over-elaborates, that the way of his novels is beset with awkward mannerisms, and the thousand and one other things that reviewers tell him. I suspect that, if his next book were no more difficult than "The cat is on the mat. Where is hat, O rat?" he would still be told that "the plot of this story is obscured by unnecessary verbiage." As I read *A Rogue's Tragedy* (his latest novel, that METHUEN has just published) I found, to my surprised delight (or my delighted surprise—the two emotions came together) not only that I understood all the long words, but that I was in the middle of a real romance, full of loves and hates and fights and deaths, and that (if I may say so) one had no difficulty in being in at the deaths. In other words, I found that Mr. CAPES could tell a story as straightforwardly as anybody. He has, of course, a style and a manner—let us be thankful that he has. But, to judge from this book, he is certainly not over-weighted with his style. He carries it off easily.

"Though ABDUL HAMID, the Sultan of Turkey, has reigned for thirty years and is now nearing his 646th birthday, Europe is only gradually discovering what manner of man he is."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

These Orientals take a lot of knowing.

CHARIVARIA.

AN Official Report, just issued, states that the Irish and other Celtic races are more liable to lunacy than other peoples. Mr. JOHN REDMOND, however, is of the opinion that there is nothing to choose in this respect between the Irish and the English, and is confident that the present Government will grant his country complete Home Rule.

"A Clergyman in Armour" was the sensational headline which caught our eye in a newspaper last week, and we were relieved to find that it did not refer to another Potted Meat Scandal.

A contemporary, in its report of Mr. STANSFIELD'S speech at the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference, made that gentleman say that by the year 1950 our average height would have increased by $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It now transpires that the figure should have been $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches. We thought at the time that the journal in question was pulling our legs.

The real meaning of Mr. HALDANE'S reduction of our army is now becoming apparent. He has realised the importance of speedy mobilisation: and the fewer the troops the easier they are to push about.

A correspondent writes, suggesting that the franchise shall be granted to all women who declare their ages to be over thirty. Such a measure, he says, could do no harm, as it would be found that only a handful of women would have the necessary qualification.

Miss EDNA MAY has severed her connection with the *Belle of Mayfair* owing to the fact that, although she was paid a higher salary than Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD, that lady's name appeared in larger type on the sandwich boards. But could not the injustice have been rectified by a reduction of Miss MAY'S salary?

Paris, it is stated, is to have its boy-messengers. A *Société des Petits Messagers* is in process of formation. It is rumoured that, with a poetic fancy characteristic of our neighbours, a number of the lads will be clothed as Cupid, and employed solely for the conveyance of love-letters.

A playwright who was also one of the leaders of a gang of coiners has recently been arrested in Paris. This only confirms our suspicions as to the increasing difficulty of making money in literary circles.

In a West-end hatter's window, according to *The Daily Express*, there is



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

SCENE.—A station on the Highland Railway.

Imitation Highlander (with quantity of gun cases, &c.). "LOOK HERE, I SAY—DASH IT ALL—JUST STAND A LITTLE FARTHER OFF, WILL YOU. PEOPLE MIGHT THINK THAT ANIMAL BELONGED TO ME, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

now being displayed a new motoring cap named The Algernon Ashton. The connection between motor-cars and tombstones has, of course, always been pretty close.

"Whether the bear was too strong for the cage, or the cage too weak for the bear, may be a subject for investigation."—*Daily Mail*.

Mr. Punch guesses the answer: *They both were*. But it looks so easy that he thinks there may be a catch somewhere.

NEW NAME FOR MISS EDNA MAY.—Miss Edna Won't.

The Great Motor Mystery.

At Lancaster two motorists were fined, according to *The Manchester Evening News*, "for driving a motor-car over a trap near Carnforth, at twenty-nine and thirty-four miles per hour respectively." We are of the opinion that the action of the second gentleman in driving at so high a speed over the poor trap when it was already down was not quite in accordance with the best traditions of English sport.

TRUTH will out, even in a misprint: "The motor-car has come to slay."

THE GILT-EDGED BONDMAN.

I HAVE always been convinced that Mr. CAINE is on the side of the angels, but I believe he would be still more useful to them if he spread his unction with a smaller trowel and painted virtues less appallingly heroic. The effect of his method is to repel one from the path of sacrifice. Clear in the limelight I see the immensely better course, and approve it; and then in sheer discouragement I go out and pursue the much, much worse.

If Mr. CAINE would only make as simple demands of my soul as he makes of my intelligence! Intellectually I have no difficulty in following him: I experience no strain of the mental organs; his characterisation is never too subtle for me, never too analytic. Mr. CAINE's target is the broad bosom of the average British god; and every time he hits it plumb. Yet, for all the transparency of its purpose, his new play contains several obscurities, and one statement so unreasonable that the mind revolted against it and all its issue. *Michael*, the Manxman, betrothed to *Greeba* (not of *Greeba Castle*), sails to Sicily to repair the wrong done by his late father to a Sicilian woman and the son she bore him. In *Michael's* absence that son (*Jason*) arrives at the Isle of Man on a counter-mission of revenge, is kindly entreated, and remains for three years as a servant on *Greeba's* farm. Meanwhile there has been no letter from *Michael*. What with revolutions and one thing and another, he has been too distracted to write; but now, at the end of three years, he finds himself President of Sicily, with leisure for correspondence, and

sends a note to *Greeba* inviting her to come out and be married to him. This letter reaches her at the moment when, in pardonable doubt of *Michael's* fidelity, she has yielded to *Jason's* importunity and consented to marry him instead. She now, very properly, cancels this second engagement in favour of the original. *Jason* resents this, and at once resumes his discarded scheme of revenge, saying in a clear and bell-like voice, and with a large oath, "First he robbed me of my birthright and now he robs me of my wife!"

Now I do not blame him for being chagrined, but I do protest against the unreasonableness of this second statement; for, if a robbery had been done,

he was clearly, in intention, the robber himself. *Jason* subsequently performs many heroic acts of reparation, including the saving of *Michael's* life in various tight corners; but after this preposterous argument one was tempted to regard his actions, noble and base alike, as those of an irresponsible imbecile. This view was encouraged by a burst of maniacal laughter to which he gave vent on being arrested as a spy. I could find no rational ground for this bitter hilarity. He had been introduced by a spy into the service of the President, and their common object was that gentleman's murder. Yet on being arrested as a spy he laughed ironically,

all callow really; they seemed to know quite as much as most fully-fledged chickens.

As long as the scene was laid in *Mona* things were fairly realisable as belonging to a human order of things; but when *Jason* went argonauting off to Sicily it was no longer the Isle of Man, but the Isle of Devil and Saint, with scarcely anything in between. *Jason*, possibly feeling "the call of the blood," was first one and then the other. As my neighbour put it, he was like a Stilton cheese, growing better and better with keeping. The sulphur mine, which was his Purgatorio, was not near so terrible as I had been given to hope.

It was open to the sky, like the charming quarries at Syracuse; and the fumes, which the audience was invited to share, just as when Mr. PINERO "brought the scent of the hay across the footlights," were far less offensive than what you breathe on a pleasure excursion to the crater of Vesuvius.

Mr. FRANK COOPER, an actor after Mr. CAINE's own heart, was superbly in his element as *Jason*. The same cannot be said of Mr. AINLEY in the rather anæmic part of *Michael*; but this only makes his performance the more creditable. Mr. MELFORD was all that a drunken priest should be, and he was as good as ever even after his regeneration. As for Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, simply to watch her face and hands and to hear her voice was amends for the rest; yet how pathetic a thing it was to see her trying to live down to the part of *Greeba*, and politely tolerating the *Fairbrother ménage*. What had this pale, sensitive creature in common, one asked, with yonder rudely healthy dairymaid



HALF-BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.

Michael Mr. Henry Ainley.
Jason Mr. Frank Cooper.

saying, "A spy! Ha! Ha! A SPY! HA!! HA!!" As if it made all that difference whether you wanted to murder a man for political or for private reasons. No: it was the laugh of a madman.

As for other difficulties, I never could quite understand why nobody took the trouble to impress on me till quite the end that the Governor (as distinguished from the President) of Sicily was the illegitimate grandfather of *Jason*. I should like to have had this interesting relationship in my mind all through the last Act but one. And again, I never gathered why the two Manx belles in the Second Act were described in the programme as "1st Callow Girl," and "2nd Callow Girl." They were not at

milking a live cow in the middle of the road? With these uproarious harvest-homers? With these farmer-children, almost insufferably gay, who bounded about the place intoxicated with their own innocence, or prattled comic prayers at her knee? One felt how much she would have given for just one glimpse of *Pelléas*, one touch of Ibsenian *finesse*, one symbol out of SUDERMANN.

With regard to her gowns, in the early scenes they gave a note of Parisian urbanity to her bovine surroundings. Later, she had no difficulty in assuming, at a moment's notice, a more elaborate confection, proper to the wife of a high Sicilian official. As a marine deserter Mr. COOPER was picturesquely dressed; but,



Bernard Partridge.

THE HALF-WAY HORSE.

Mr. Bryce. "HERE'S A GIFT-HORSE FOR YOU, MY BOY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?"

Master Johnny Redmond. "BAD CESS TO YE, UNCLE SHAMUS! I'LL NOT SO MUCH AS LOOK IT IN THE MOUTH. I HATE THE SIGHT OF IT!"





WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Uncle (to little Bertie, aged five, who is being taken off to bed). "GOOD NIGHT, BERTIE. OF COURSE YOU ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR AUNTS AND UNCLES IN YOUR PRAYERS?"

Bertie. "OH YES, UNCLE FELIX. SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT I SAY? I SAY, 'GOD BLESS AUNTY KITTY, AND MAKE HER THIN; AND GOD BLESS UNCLE JAMES, AND MAKE HIM FAT; AND GOD BLESS UNCLE FELIX, AND ——' WHICH DO YOU WANT TO BE—FAT OR THIN?"

as a convict, his regulation shoddy (so different from the other *Jason's* Golden Fleece) gave him no chance; and his subsequent costume, that of a cyclist as far as I could place it, was without distinction. Mr. AINLEY was not happily suited either with his tawny wig or his Manxman's clothes: but the costume of a successful Sicilian revolutionist went extraordinarily well with his lithe figure.

Between Mr. HENRY NEVILLE's yeoman garb and his sterling moral platitudes there was a pleasant harmony; but the Leander hat of the small boy *Danny* struck me as rather precocious. Finally, *Grandfather* (sublimely played by Mr. LIONEL BROUGH) was very smart in a rakish reefer suit, which lent an air of great jauntiness to this cheery old dotard.

O. S.

Ships that pass in the train.

"His MAJESTY's cruiser *Gladiator* has left Madrid for Gibraltar and England." From "Service Intelligence" in *The Evening Standard*.

STAGE ACTUALITIES.

THE introduction of real cows (not by CLARKSON) and a genuine working milkmaid on the stage at Drury Lane has, as might have been expected, led other managements to bestir themselves.

At the Aldwych Theatre next Friday Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, who spares no pains to keep abreast of the times, will introduce real pink snakes into the drunken scene of *The Beauty of Bath*.

A real polar-bear is about to join the cast of *The Winter's Tale* at His Majesty's Theatre.

The property crocodile in *Amasis* has, we understand, been replaced by a genuine saurian, kindly lent by the Zoological Gardens. Owing to the mysterious disappearance of Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, the part of *Pharaoh* is now (at the time of writing) played by an understudy. The veteran comedian was last seen talking to the crocodile in its dressing-room; and it is significant that the reptile refused an invitation to sup at the Carlton that night.

To give further realism to *The Man from Blankley's*, a genuine native of Bayswater will be added to the guests.

Bedford, the detective in *Raffles*, will, after Tuesday next, be assisted in his hunt for the Amateur Cracksmen by a quartette of brindled bloodhounds. We hear, from one who has witnessed a rehearsal, that the scene at the Albany, when *Bedford* calls, is impressive to a degree; and that Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER has opened negotiations with the Rev. E. THORNE, of Peckham, for the loan of his suit of mail. As our readers are aware, the part of "Bunny" is now played by a real rabbit.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES promises a real plot in his next musical comedy.

THE South African Football Team, if their minds are as agile as their bodies, should trace a happy omen in the following passage from *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"Furthermore, the teams playing away from home again enjoyed as much success as those competing on their opponents' ground."

THE NEW CHILD.

[Recent pedagogic literature and science appear to suggest that the child is not the simple and innocent creature that it was once supposed to be.]

DAME SCIENCE happened to cast her eye
On a little child as it toddled by.
"Aha!" cried she, "I'd like to see
What this may be made of. It's new
to me.

My sister, SENTIMENT, loves to cling
To sugary fantasies, poor fond thing!
She never fails to tell me tales
Of the clouds of glory the infant trails,
And the wonderful whiteness which you
find

In the spotless snow of the baby mind.
But I have my doubts of the brat—at
least

I'd like to study the little beast,
And to analyse those clouds of glory—
No doubt they are merely some old
wife's story."

She caught up the bantling and called a
cab,

And drove it away to her up-to-date lab.
She tested its strength in health and
sickness,

She measured its length and breadth
and thickness,

Its eyes, its nose,

Its fingers and toes,

Its thoughts and passions, its joys and
woes;

She reckoned its tears in decilitres,
And the length of its smiles in milli-
metres;

She calculated in parts of a gramme

The extra strain

On each vein

Of the brain

When the youngster formed the concept
jam;

And when she had thoroughly mastered
the brat

With a formula pat

For this and that,

When she'd studied each bit from sole
to crown

Both right side up and upside down,

And outside in and inside out,

And through and through and round
about;

And when she had measured precisely
what

The babe could do and the babe could
not,

Its powers of attention,

Invention,

Perpension,

And "anything else you might happen to
mention,

She wrote a long and a learned tract,
"The Child as a Scientific Fact."

"The child," she said, "henceforth must
rank

With protoplasm. Its mind is blank.

It cannot concatenate chains of thought

Or ratiocinate as it ought.

Nor is its non-intellectuality

Made up for by anything like morality.

It loves excess in its food and drink,

And its 'little white soul'—as we used
to think—

As a matter of fact is black as ink.

It is blind in passion and cruel in
sport,

Pugnacious, given to lies—in short,

An amalgam of envy and hatred and
malice is

Found to result from a searching
analysis."

To be as a child would not appear

So hard a task as I used to fear.

ÆQUAM MEMENTO.

FOLLOWING upon the escape of a pet
bear in the neighbourhood of King's
Cross Station, and the ineffective attempts
of the panic-stricken populace to re-
capture it, a well-known naturalist has
published some advice both as to how
wild beasts should be packed for transit
and also as to the quiet manner which
it is well to assume upon unexpectedly
meeting a wild beast. For one or two
situations, which seem to us to be treated
with scarcely sufficient detail, the fol-
lowing additional hints will be found
useful:—

ON MEETING A RHINOCEROS WALKING IN
PALL MALL.

If the animal should be approaching
along the pavement, you should begin
by crossing, though without any undue
confusion, to the other side of the
street. When there, try to look as
if nothing unusual had occurred, or
rather, though this is a little more
difficult, to look as if nothing unusual
were likely to occur. Stare, with an
assumption of interest, at the Crimean
monument or examine a shop-window.
Twirl your umbrella carelessly, at the
same time studiously avoiding any
suggestion of menace. It is unnecessary
to salute the rhinoceros by taking off
your hat to it as it passes, if it does pass.
Once out of earshot you may direct the
attention of the nearest policeman to the
occurrence, and leave him to deal with
it.

ON ENCOUNTERING AN ALLIGATOR IN THE
CLUB SMOKING-ROOM.

This is a position requiring more
delicate handling, especially if, as may
happen, the alligator is sitting upon
the evening paper which you wish to
read. However, do your best, and let
your manner be as natural as possible.
It will be useless to observe that you
thought there was a rule about strangers
waiting in the hall, or to remark
pointedly that the club was far more

select when you joined it. Sarcasm of
this kind will be quite wasted. The
best thing to do is merely to light a
cigarette and ring for a lemon-squash.
After a decent interval it will be possible
for you, without wounding the alliga-
tor's feelings, to retire to the card-room.
A complaint might at some later period
be inserted in the book kept for that
purpose.

ON FINDING A BENGAL TIGER IN THE
STALLS OF A THEATRE.

Your conduct must depend to some
extent on whether you are alone or
accompanied by a party of ladies.
In either case an unruffled courtesy will
probably be your safest course. Some
humorous observation, to the effect, for
instance, that you did not know you had
come to the Hippodrome, might be
attempted, but you should be guided in
this by the mood in which the tiger
appears to be. If the play is a dull one
and the tiger shows signs of being bored,
seize a chance of slipping out between
the acts. We think you would be
justified after the performance in pre-
ferring a charge of carelessness against
the management.

ON BEING SHUT UP IN A FIRST-CLASS
COMPARTMENT WITH A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

Make some polite enquiry as to whether
the boa-constrictor would prefer to travel
with its back to the engine, or would
like the windows half up. Offer it a
newspaper, *The Spectator* for choice,
and conceal your surprise if it swallows
it. These civilities completed, we think
you should in fairness to the railway
company furtively summon the ticket-
examiner. If the boa-constrictor has
only got a third-class ticket and refuses
to pay excess, you should as a matter of
principle insist upon its removal to
another compartment.

ON DETECTING A PUMA UNDER YOUR CHAIR
AT A POPULAR RESTAURANT.

Here again we think some remon-
strance with the waiter would be justi-
fied by circumstances, and could hardly
offend the puma. Explain that you
wish to deposit your hat under the
chair. Point out that, with evening
shoes and socks on, it is impossible to do
yourself justice as a conversationalist
while the puma remains under the chair.
The least that the waiter can do is to
give your party another table. Avoid,
of course, any disturbance, but quietly
insist upon so reasonable a request being
conceded.

NOTE.—In sending a Leopard as a
present to your aunt, it is absurd to put
it in a handbox on the top of a hansom
cab, and instruct the butler to drive
down to Blackheath with it, though this
is better, perhaps, than going yourself.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

I.

Miss Bristowe to her niece, Miss Grace Bristowe.

MY DEAR GRACIE,—Your Aunt SOPHIE and I have been thinking so much of late about your brave resolve to earn a little money for yourself and be independent of your dear father, who has burdens enough on his purse, Heaven knows! We have not heard what you have decided to do, but have grave doubts as to the lasting lucrativeness of poker work, unless done on a very large scale. And book-binding, we understand, needs a long and rather expensive apprenticeship. Sweet-pea growing, I read somewhere recently, can be profitable, but that needs not only knowledge but land, and I doubt if your father could spare you that; and I believe all the glebe is let. Poor man, he will soon need all the rent the glebe brings in if these terrible Radicals have their own way much longer, with their dreadful views about the Church. But what I wanted to tell you was that your aunt, when at a garden party at the Hall yesterday, met a very attractive girl who had already received three guineas in prizes from *The Westminster Gazette*, and is quite confident of making much more. I doubt if you ever see the *Westminster Gazette*, which is certainly not your dear father's colour at all, but it is in other ways quite a nice paper, and really tries to be fair, I think, even if it fails. We see it whenever your uncle comes here, as he always brings it with him. It seems that every Saturday there is a prize competition, with quite good prizes, for literary people, and you were always so clever with your pen. Your aunt says that the one for next week is quite easy—to write a poem of four lines, the first two lines of which end with the words "editor" and "coastguard." The prize is a guinea. Surely you could do that. I will write for a *Westminster Gazette* and send it to you as soon as it comes, with all the particulars. With love.

I am your affectionate AUNT META.

II.

Miss Grace Bristowe to her aunt, Miss Bristowe.

DEAR AUNT META,—How very good of you—just when I was getting so desperate, too! Of course I will try—in fact I have tried already, but it is not as easy as you think, because there are so few rhymes to either of the words. JACK is going to try to get me a cheap copy of a rhyming dictionary when he goes

to town to-morrow, and I am writing to Uncle BASIL to help me too. Mr. RAINEY-SPONG is also interesting himself in it. As he nearly won the Newdigate and is just bringing out a volume of poetry he ought to be very useful. We have been having some ripping tennis this summer. Much love. Your loving, GRACIE.

III.

Miss Grace Bristowe to her uncle, Basil Heriot, All Souls' College, Oxford.

MY DEAR UNCLE BASIL,—You are so

very clever, will you help me with a piece of literary work that I have on hand? I am trying to write a poem the third line of which must rhyme to "editor" and the fourth line to "coastguard." If I do it better than anyone else I shall earn a guinea, and that is a good deal in these hard times, especially as I want a new driver, and a brassie too. Please write by return of post if you can.

Your loving niece,
GRACE.



'ARRY ABROAD.

Guide. "MONSIEUR FINDS EET A VAIRY EENTERESTING OLD PLACE, EES EET NOT?"
'Arry (who will speak French). "PAS DEMI!"

IV.

Basil Heriot to his niece Grace Bristowe.

MY DEAR NIECE,—I fear you have applied to the wrong source, nor even if I had any of the mastery of *bouts rimés* with which you are kind enough to credit me should I care to waste any time on such frivolity just now, when all my strength is needed for the completion of the tenth volume of my commentary, and even this letter to you is making sad inroads on the day's routine. I gather from your hurried note that you are competing for some newspaper prize. If you must do such things I wish you would make an effort to win one of *The Westminster's* guerdons offered for skill in transliterating from the English into Greek. That would be worth doing; but possibly you, with your unfortunate addiction to manly pursuits, are of a different opinion. I wish you would try to be more like your aunt FRIDESWIDE, who had written an essay on the *Chanson de Roland* before she was your age and still knows nothing of golf. If ever I can help you in a more serious and worthy difficulty I shall be glad to make the time; but before you propound your queries I hope you will be quite sure in your mind that it is I, and I only, that can answer them.

Your affectionate uncle,
BASIL HERIOT.

V.

*Miss Grace Bristowe to her aunt,
Miss Bristowe.*

DEAR AUNT META,—I am not having such an easy time as you expected, and I am beginning to believe in the saying that nothing good is ever done except by hard work. JACK could not get a rhyming dictionary second-hand, and it seemed absurd to spend much on a new one, and the stupid boy hadn't the sense just to turn to those two words in the shop. Uncle BASIL, too, was not very helpful. He seems to think that light poetry is hardly worth writing in English at all. As for poor Mr. RAINEY-SPONG, I happened to mention to father that we were composing a poem in collaboration, and he was furious, and said he did not pay curates for that, and made him visit all kinds of old frumps as a punishment. But I think it will be all right.

Your loving GRACIE.

VI.

The Rev. Athol Rainey-Spong to Miss Grace Bristowe.

DEAR MISS GRACIE,—I am sending you by GIBBINGS's boy the fruits of my industry. I wish it could have been more

worthy, but I have had an unexpected number of small duties to perform during the past two days.

Yours most sincerely, A. R.-S.

VII.

*Miss Grace Bristowe to her aunt,
Miss Bristowe.*

DEAR AUNT META,—Here it is. Will you please send it in for me so as to save time. Your loving niece,

GRACIE.

P.S.—I have already spent half the money on a perfectly adorable puppy—an Aberdeen, quite pure.

VIII.

Miss Bristowe to her niece, Miss Grace Bristowe.

MY VERY DEAR GRACIE,—I have such sad news for you. *The Westminster Gazette*, which was delayed in the post, has only just come, and I find, to my great disappointment, that there were certain very restricting and, I think, very unfair conditions to that competition. The rules say that neither "creditor" nor "post-card" may be used; and this, I fear, disqualifies your really very excellent poem, which therefore I return. I am so very sorry to have raised your hopes so groundlessly.

Your affectionate Aunt META.

P.S.—I hope you will be able to induce the people to take back the dear little doggie.

IX.

The Rev. Athol Rainey-Spong to Messrs. Peter & Co., publishers.

DEAR SIRs,—I enclose one more trifle which I should like printed at the end of the book, in the section entitled "*Leviore plectro*."

IMPROMPTU.

Written at the request of a young lady who supplied the author with the terminal words of the first two lines and challenged him to complete the quatrain.

Station is naught. This man's a brilliant editor,
And that a simple, plain, unlettered coast-guard;
Yet this one's life's made sad by many a creditor,
While that one beams at but a picture post-card.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
ATHOL RAINEY-SPONG.

Horrible Sacrifice to Art.

"The Berlin sculptor, Herr von MECHTRIZ, has received a commission to carve a monument to HEINRICH HEINE from the wife of one of the best known and wealthiest Berlin merchants."—*Daily Mail*.

WAKE UP, LONDON!

[It is understood that, two or three months ago, Messrs. GILBERT and CECIL CHESTERTON started the Anti-Puritan League, to oppose dull respectability and bring mirth and movement into London life. Up to now they have held a meeting and written several letters to the newspapers.]

G. K. C., when do you think
You will give us those surprising
Festivals of Dance and Drink
Which I see you advertising?

When will you begin to wear
Giddy garlands of symbolic
Vine leaves in your curly hair?
When do you propose to frolic?

When will CECIL (beamish boy)
Lead us, in a mirthful measure,
To that miracle of joy
People call a Life of Pleasure?

It is not enough to send
Letters to the daily papers.
Fling yourself about, my friend!
Cut disreputable capers!

When some months ago I read
In the Press that you intended
Waking London up, I said,
"This is absolutely splendid!"

I was half inclined to write
In a burst of exultation
To inform you that you might
Count on my co-operation.

Eagerly, with mind inflamed
By your overtures, I reckoned
We would soon excel the famed
Giddiness of CHARLES THE SECOND.

I could close my eyes and see,
In a glad, prophetic vision,
Dull respectability
Hailed with popular derision.

But as yet no pagan larks
Have been vigorously started
In the County Council parks,
And I feel a bit down-hearted.

So permit me to remind
You again that I am waiting
For the Rowdy Life, and find
Hope deferred exasperating.

Therefore, if you mean to go
In for ostentatious sinning,
Will you kindly let me know
When you contemplate beginning.

Criticism in a Nutshell.

MUCH sympathy will be felt for Mr. KIPLING, who has been the victim of a very painful eulogy. In the correspondence evoked by *The Evening News* on the subject of *The Most Popular Novel*, appears this damning appreciation:—

"At school the most popular book among we boys (*sic*) was *Stalky & Co.*—WADHAM."

Never perhaps have the merits of this work been acclaimed with a more appalling candour.



Short-sighted Golfer (having been signalled to come on by lady who has lost her ball). "THANKS VERY MUCH. AND WOULD YOU MIND DRIVING THAT SHEEP AWAY?"

THE ELF-KING'S HUNTING.

Oh, the Elf-King went a-hunting (and I was there to see):
He rode a chestnut hunter and he sat him fair and free.
His cap was ruby satin; his coat was green and gold;
And his breeches they were red brocade, a wonder to behold;
And his merry eyes were gleaming, ever gleaming as he rode;

And he glittered and he glanced,
As he caracolled and pranced,

With a word of careless kindness to the hunter he bestrode.

And his grooms came prancing after, and I saw the huntsman
pass

Very cheerfully and briskly as he rode across the grass.
They were all as neat and tidy and as speckless as a pin,
And the hounds came trotting gaily with the whips to whip
them in.

Then they paused before the laurel-hedge; the huntsman
laid them on,

All the merry little pack,

While the whips were going crack

Round the laggards as they lingered, till the lot of them were
gone.

So they feathered through the laurels, but they drew the
laurels blank;

And they cantered round the cabbage-patch and straggled
up the bank;

And the King he called the huntsman, and he said, "We'll
try the roots:

It's not for drawing blank all night that I've put on my
boots.
We must find a mouse in no time, or you'll answer with your
head."

And the huntsman said, "Ay, ay,

We must try, Sir, we must try;

But you'll be no better off, Sir, for a quarry when I'm dead."

Then they took a strip of beetroot, and I saw them flash away,
All the rout of little riders, but I thought it best to stay.
And the horn was sounding fainter as it tooted here and there,
And I trembled for the huntsman, though he spoke the King
so fair.

But there came a sudden yelping all the beetroot leaves among,
And I heard a tally-ho,

And the music seemed to grow,

And I knew that they had found there, for the pack were
giving tongue.

Then they had it through the garden, through the Lovers'
Walk and all,

Through the orchard to the tool-shed, where the Elf-King had
a fall.

But he didn't mind a bit, not he; he stumbled to his feet—
With his satin cap all battered in he didn't look so neat—
And they caught the royal chestnut, and they tightened up
his girth,

And the King said, "Try again!"

But the huntsman: "It's in vain!

While your Majesty's been falling every mouse has gone
to earth."

R. C. L.



THE DIGNITY OF ART.

Manager. "Well, what's the matter now?"

Stage Manager. "Why, that big rescue scene will be a perfect farce! Here's Miss Beljambe absolutely refusing to be hauled up out of the dock by the steam derrick."

OUR STRENUOUS AUTHORS.

(With acknowledgments to various writers of "literary pars.")

As the result of a non-stop run from Cape Chelyuskin to Monte Carlo, Mr. FERDINAND FUNNIKIN has just completed a short story of about 2,000 words. It will appear simultaneously in New York, London, Hammerfest, Yokohama, and Bournemouth.

Mr. PERCY POTT-BOILEAU, who makes a point of travelling 50,000 miles every year, is at present on the top of Popocatepetl, correcting the proofs of his new short story for *The Monthly Paralyser*.

It is stated on good authority that one of our younger novelists, who has in his time played the rôles of chimney-sweep, pirate, cinematograph-operator, bull-puncher, and steward of an L.C.C. steamboat, is about to visit Patagonia, Dawson City, and Peckham Rye, in order to obtain material for his autumn volume of 1907.

By a ludicrous printer's error we were made to do unintentional injustice to the literary gifts of the great romantic-realist, Mr. MAKYAR SITTUP, in our last issue. It was stated that he had travelled 1,600 miles in his motor-car, and had interviewed 217 provincial rate-collectors, before writing the first chapter of *The Ratepayers' Rebellion of 1911*. The figures should have been: 16,000 miles, 2,117 rate-collectors.

Mrs. BANBURY CROSSE, who is suffering from nervous prostration in consequence of seeing her forthcoming volume of poems—*Harmonies of Rest*—through the Press, will go five times round the world before essaying a new lyric.

There is an interesting paper in the current monthly issue of *The Three-Weekly Review*, entitled "Was LAMB Really Great?" The writer points out, with some cogency we think, that it is rather an ungracious task to attempt any estimate of the work of an author who was never a deck hand, never owned a

motor-car, and whose travels seldom took him further afield than Hertfordshire or Hampshire. Had he lived in this age of cheap travel he might have acquired a prose style of real merit. In the same paper the well-known deficiencies of Addison's style are attributed to the fact that he never visited Peru or the Tibetan highlands.

THE lady attendant on the Cornish Riviera Express has been confiding to a *Westminster Gazette* representative her methods of dealing with train-sickness. Besides physical remedies, such as smelling-salts and soda-water, she has medicine for the mind. "Often," she says, "a reference to the beautiful scenery has the desired effect; the mind just has to be switched off the subject and kept diverted, especially through the tunnels." We have particular pleasure in recommending this idea of scenic distraction to travellers on the Tube or the Metropolitan.



A PRETTY PAIR.

NURSE EUROPA. "I'VE GOT A NICE HANDFUL!"

NURSE COLUMBIA. "WELL! LOOK AT MINE!!"



THE HOLIDAY KIDS.

(Invited by Helen and Cecil.)

I.

DAD brought back the most ripping sketches from North Wales, for the bazaar.

BUT CECIL says it's jolly hard luck for Dad to have to pay for his paints, brushes, boards, and the hotel bill, and then have to give all his work to be bought in by Mother at ransom prices on the first day.

BUT Mother gets so frightfully keen on any bazaar that Lady MONTFORT worries her into. She always wants to break the record at her stall.

"It's so specially mean of you to grudge them for the Children's Holiday Fund, after you've had such a *delightful* time yourself!" Mother said to Dad. "Besides, it isn't as if I did not pay for them out of my own money!"

Then Dad laughed, and asked Mother if she knew what her overdraft at the bank was, and when she would like him to fill up her account.

"HAL, dear," she said, "I do *wish* I could induce you to talk more wisely before the children."

BUT it was while we were waiting at Chester that we saw two kids on a seat, with labels round their necks and bundles on their knees.

Mother made a rush, and *nearly* embraced them. Then she made Dad whip out his sketch-book, because she thought they would make such a *delicious* design for the front of the bazaar programme.

CECIL gave them the rest of the butter-scotch packet. I'd eaten my share.

BUT afterwards, when Mother was gloating over Dad's sketch with Lady MONTFORT, CECIL said in his slow way:

"Why can't we have two live kids to our place at once, and give them a jolly time?"

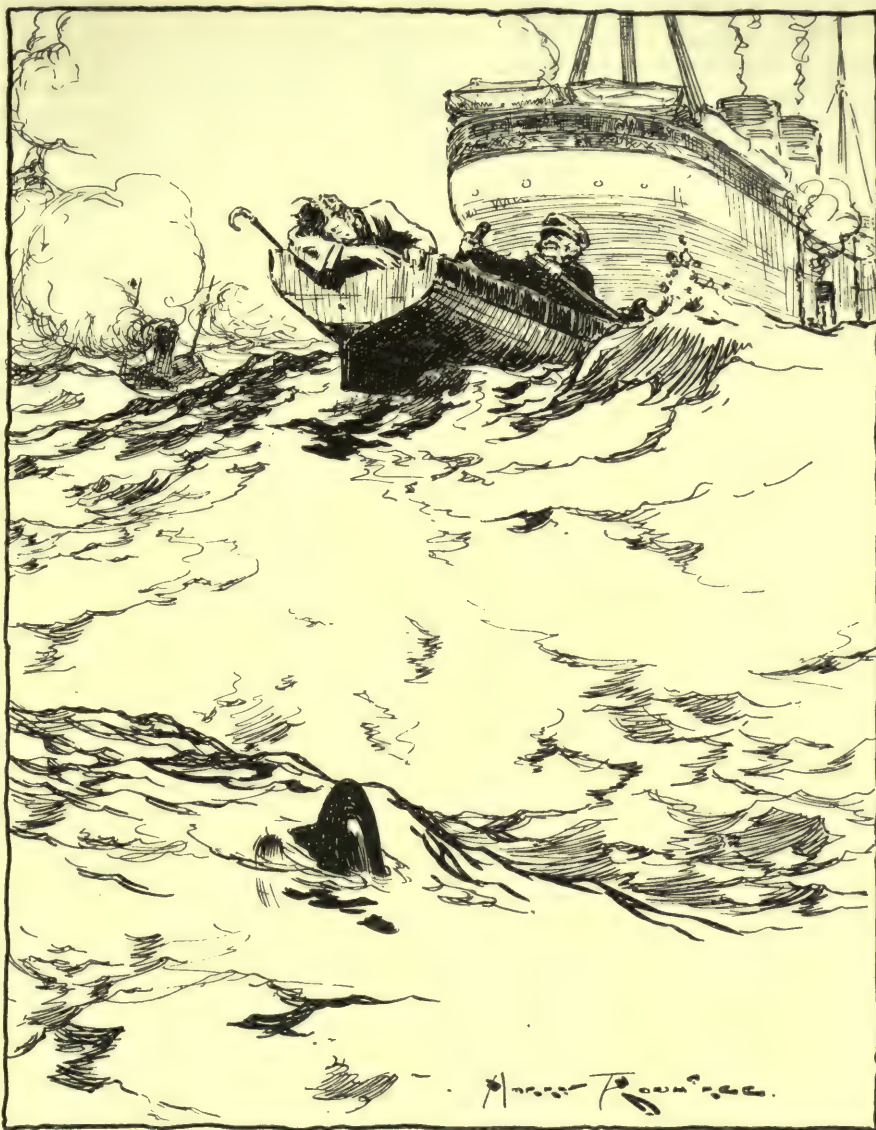
"Oh, my *dear* boy!" said Mother.

"It's all very well," he went on severely, "to mess round with bazaars. We would prefer the real kids themselves! We could lend them to you for the bazaar—one shilling entrance to see them alive and jolly! Do, Mummy!"

When CECIL calls Mother "Mummy," and stretches his eyelids wide off his eyes, and twists his fingers about, Dad says she is always at his feet like a shot grouse.

BUT Lady MONTFORT nearly sickened me and CECIL when she cried out:

"Oh, Mrs. LISTER, what sweet precious children you do possess! How *dear* of him to think of such an idea! And you know it would be charming to have amongst us the real thing, as dear CECIL says. And who knows but what we might cut at the roots of some incipient Socialists!"



AN ILL-TIMED ALLUSION.

Ferryman (to gentleman, who is going out to meet his bride-elect just arrived from New Zealand).
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. WHY, CHEER UP! WE'LL SOON BE THERE! LOR' BLESS YE, SIR, I THINK I SEE 'ER NOW A-WAVIN' A 'ANKERCHIEF NO BIGGER NOR A SLICE O' BACON!"

"What is an 'incipient Socialist'?" asked CECIL.

"Oh, my dear child, how can I explain? A quite terrible being. Ask your father."

Well, anyhow, they sent for the kids. We insisted on having boys, and the Tweenie Groom took us to the station to meet them. They were awfully clean, and had their labels all right, but they seemed small somehow.

We watched them have their tea at the coachman's, and it was awfully hard to think of things to say at first. But CECIL knows about Manchester, and he asked the one with the broken nose and the sticking-out teeth whether he had ever been on a tram. He just winked, and said:

"When the blooming conductor's on top, you bet!"

Then we couldn't think of another thing to say.

It was better out-of-doors, and we found that the one with the broken nose was called CLINKER (he got his nose in a fair up-and-down fight, he told us). The other was called BRASSY. He has such a weird face—like a sick monkey. We thought he must have the hump about something.

As we dashed across the lawn towards the park, they both looked round like eagles.

"Lost something?" asked CECIL, politely.

"Park keeper on the snooze, eh?" asked CLINKER.

"Oh, we go where we like!" I said, gasping.

Then CLINKER winked such a smart little wink at BRASSY, and said:

"Clean forgot as we was toffs now!"
 "Can you jump?" asked CECIL, as we came to the seven-foot sunk fence.

"Have I ever been up a lamp-post with a bobby wearing out the pavement not ten yards off?"

Of all the things we showed them that night, they liked the wild rabbits best.

"What an awful waste of good eating!" said CLINKER at last. "Don't you keep no dogs?"

Then I whistled with two fingers, and *Bedlam* came scuttering up. His moustache was all thick with cold gravy.

"He ain't got a deal of blood in him," said BRASSY, scornfully. "There was no five-pound notes floating around when he was put up to auction, you bet." He really was the grumpiest boy.

That night, as we went in, the sun was all on one side of the old house, shining along the lawn into the copper beeches. CLINKER looked at the shine, and the phlox, and the clematis, and the roses and geraniums, and then he said:

"I say! Cheer up, matey! Same old sun there as pinks up the white-wash in our city mansion."

But BRASSY scowled round on us as if we had been motor-cars.

"This ain't no show to brag about!" Then he pulled at CECIL. "I say, youngster! How many *Evening Mails* could you get shot of in a place like this here?"

"You're a business man?" asked CECIL, with his Bench look.

"Who would float the Company if I wasn't, eh?"

"What's the Company?"

"Oh, now you're asking, ain't you?" He wouldn't say another word.

After three days, though I adored

CLINKER, I told CECIL that BRASSY was an ungrateful young cub, and that I wasn't going to bother with him any more. But that very afternoon we were sitting against a hay-stack, looking miles and miles over the country into the sky.

"It's a long sight better in Manchester than here, anyhow!" snarled BRASSY.

Then CECIL turned on him.

"I say, you ain't an 'incipient Socialist' by any chance, are you?"

"What's that, when it's at home?"

"I asked the gardener, and he said it meant a bear with a sore head," I broke in.

I was quite scared at the way he turned on us.

"Then I'll ask you one. Why did you go writing to say as there was no females admitted here, eh? Come—out with it! What have you against our POLLY?"

"POLLY?"

"You've no call to say her name like that! She has prettier hair and bluer eyes nor her!" and he pointed his thumb at me. "It's not her fault as she fell off the back of the tram! It's not her fault as she can't dance no more because of her inside! It's not her fault as her cheeks is gone as white as—as tripe! It's not her fault as she was born a female!"

"But tell me," said CECIL quietly; "who is POLLY?"

"The Company, of course! Look here, young 'un!"

He suddenly jumped up and stretched out his arms right into the view.

"What's the good of all this here blooming show when POLLY can't see it?"

Then CECIL got up slowly and put out his hand.

"I say, old chap, I'm sorry. Come along and tell Mother about POLLY."

* * * * *
 I'll finish this next week.—HELEN.

A Prehistoric Peep

"Old Students and Scotsmen in general take a natural pride and interest in the four hundredth centenary of Aberdeen University."—*Daily Dispatch*.



DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF "JOHN BULL'S OTHER PLAYWRIGHT."

AFTER CERTAIN HINTS BY "G.B.S."

Dad had had sports with us, and BRASSY had won five shillings for the obstacle race.

"You're a mighty chap at running and dodging!" said CECIL, as he watched BRASSY counting the money over.

"You learn to dodge and toddle in Manchester, you bet!" laughed CLINKER. "There ain't no time to hang up there, with a job at one end and the traffic roaring after you, and an empty stomach prodding at you to buck up!"

THE NEW ARCHÆOLOGISTS;

OR, THE GENTLE ART OF SELF-ADVERTISEMENT.

(Vide correspondence on "The Oldest Room in the World" in *The Daily Mail*.

SIR,—Some time ago I was staying in a friend's house, the major portion of which was built by King Alfred the Great. In my bedroom the Venerable Bede conducted his orisons, and it was in the same apartment—measuring only 12 ft. by 8 ft.—that King Canute was prostrated by the first epidemic of influenza that ever decimated these islands. The buttery hatch was erected by Ethelred the Unready; the beautiful rococo dado in the drawing-room was put up by Anselm; while in the splendid study, with its massive pre-Mycenæan mullions, some of the most impressive symposia in the annals of England have been held; and when the moonbeams stretch themselves athwart the ancient staircases and corridors there can be seen flitting restlessly to and fro—I myself interviewed her the other night—the winsome wraith of sweet Anne Boleyn who, with bluff King Hal, spent the early days of her *lune de miel* beneath this storied roof.

But there are, I fancy, rooms in England more ancient than these romantic apartments in the massive castle of W——, wherein for more than 800 years the household fires have been daily lit, and wherein to this day men live and pray and ply the busy quill.

Faithfully yours,

ROLAND BLATHERSKITE.

SIR,—Some time ago I was staying in a titled friend's house where I had the privilege of drinking some port which was taken from the hold of one of the great galleons of the Spanish Armada. It was almost colourless, except for an unusually large quantity of beeswing, and the taste was most peculiar, but as the butler assured me afterwards that it was only brought out on special occasions and for exceptionally favoured guests I fully appreciated the delicate compliment involved.

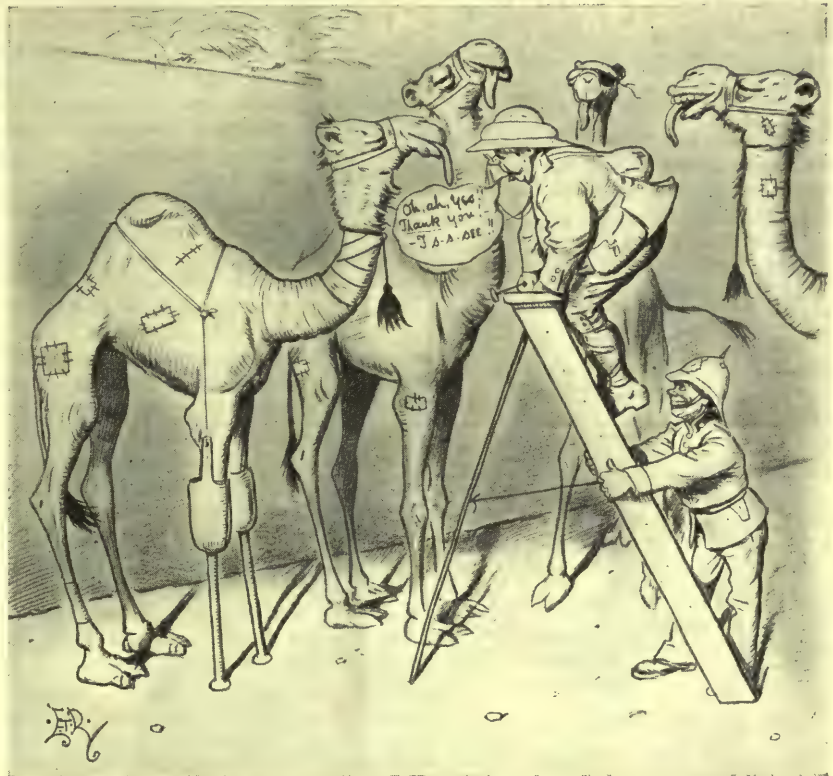
But there must be, I fancy, port in England even of a more remote antiquity than that stored in the sumptuous cellars of the Duke of R——, under whose hospitable roof for more than 800 years the *élite* of rank, fashion and intellect have been entertained by a continuous succession of high-souled as well as princely hosts.

Yours faithfully,

T. HUNTER-TUFTE.

DEAR SIR,—Can some of your readers tell me which is the oldest fowl in the world?

I am prompted to put this query by a recent experience while lunching at the house of a friend, when the menu



THE INDIAN VET. GOES HIS MORNING ROUNDS.

"Lord KITCHENER is revising the present Army Veterinary System, one result of which has been that veterinary doctors, whose experience has been limited to horses, have frequently been placed in charge of a couple of thousand camels."—*Reuter*.

included some curried chicken of such extraordinary closeness of grain that my hostess, though endowed with a splendid *suite* of teeth, was obliged to abandon her heroic efforts to finish her helping. Her eldest son, a bright young Oxford undergraduate, humorously suggested that the chicken must have been hatched in the Ark. This, of course, was an exaggeration; but the fowl, to judge by the stringiness of its fibres, must certainly have attained to a good old age.

But there are, I fancy, hens in England even more ancient than those which disport themselves in the splendidly equipped poultry-yard of the episcopal palace of D——, wherein for more than 800 years simple laymen like myself have been entertained by the great princes of the Church.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

PAUL PRIOR.

SIR,—Can any of your myriad subscribers tell me which is the oldest riddle in the world?

While I was recently staying with a friend who is the owner of one of the stateliest homes in England, a fellow-guest, who had not previously taken much part in the conversation, suddenly availed himself of a pause in the conversation at dinner to ask, "Why is a

hammer painted yellow like a bird?" On pondering the matter over, it occurred to me that here in form, if not in the exact words, one had a perfect example of the primitive palæontological conundrum—the *Urräthsel*, as the Germans would doubtless call it.

But there may be, I readily admit, riddles even more antique than this which convulsed an unusually representative house-party in the banquet hall of a baronial mansion, standing in a ring-fence of 2000 acres in the garden of England, whose owner's rent-roll runs into six figures, and who numbers amongst his intimates the highest in the hierarchy of intellect as well as in the inner circles of Mayfair.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. D'OYLY BATHER.

A correspondent points out that the author of an article recently appearing in *Punch* was hasty in his judgment when he said that he could find no flashes of wit in the work of *Bradshaw*. What of this explanatory note culled from his page?"—"The term cab fare means a two-wheeled vehicle, constructed to carry not more than two persons. The wheeled vehicle constructed to carry four persons is 1s. a mile."

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

X.

MY PEOPLE.

I, no less than the Captain, had to perform parlour tricks for my food. It was hard on a warrior to be forced thus to bemean himself; still, as the



I cured her of her love for the trick.

Captain said, this is a world of compromise. My mistress even made me salute, with an absurd three-cornered paper cap on my head. The only redeeming feature of this tomfoolery was the slight military touch about it. She tried, too, to make me "shake hands" whenever I entered the room in the morning. I did this at first when it meant a lump of sugar, but when she dropped giving me the sugar, I cured her of her love for the trick. It was one of the Captain's smart ideas. I would go out into the road before my mistress came down to breakfast, get my feet thoroughly dirty, and, when she said "Shake," she would find a damp, muddy paw in her hand. Another of her tricks was to plant a biscuit on my nose, and refuse to let me eat it until she gave me permission. Sometimes she would keep me like this for several minutes; and I often wondered what would become of my *prestige* if a member of the Club were suddenly to come in. Sometimes, for a lark, my mistress would press her fingers on my nose for a second, and make me believe a biscuit was there, and at the words, "Now you may have it!" I would throw up my nose; but of course nothing would come off. The first time my mistress did this, I remember, I growled at her when I discovered the deception. I also remember that the next moment I was so ashamed of myself that I went under the table of my own accord. After that I always humoured her, and made her think that I believed that

there really was a biscuit there, even when I knew there was none.

For I have always been fond of my mistress, even though her opinions and mine as to what constituted over-feeding did not coincide, and even though she sometimes whipped me for fighting other dogs without considering what the provocation had been.

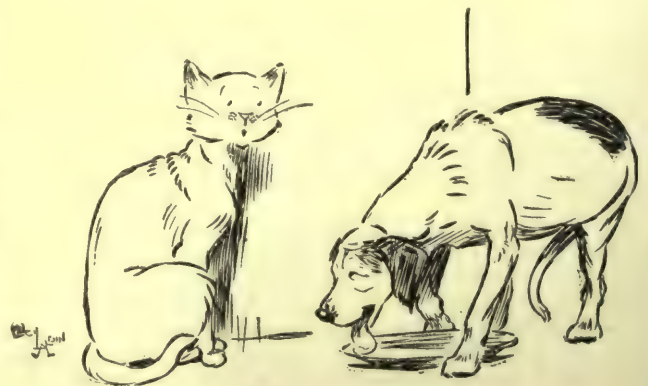
My master, for all I know, may have been an admirable citizen, son, husband, and all the rest of it, and he certainly worked hard for my mistress and me, but he never succeeded in gaining my affections. He had silly ways. For instance, he had a cowardly method of punishing me when I had done wrong—or, I should say, displeased him. He would say, "Ah, that's a pity now, old man. If you had not done that I was going to have allowed you to walk about on the table this evening when dinner was laid, and you would have been permitted to take anything you liked," and so on. I half believe it was not true; still it might have been, and the thought would madden me. If it was an attempt at being funny it was in very bad taste. I like a joke as well as anyone, but I do not consider food a fit subject for jest—in which I fancy all dogs will agree with me. And I shall not forget in a hurry the silly fuss he made when I stole the duck's skeleton. When I appeared in the hall the next morning ready for a walk he declared that he could not go out with a thief—that he should not care to be seen in my company—that everyone would point their fingers at him as being the friend and associate of bad characters, &c., &c., until finally I turned round and went back to the kitchen, for his meanness over a piece of dirty duck fairly disgusted me, and I decided that I should not care to be seen out with him.

By-the-by, at times I would have fun with him. I would start for a walk with my mistress and him, and if my mistress was carrying the whip I would, when we had gone some way, leave them. Then, as my mistress still had the whip, but there was no dog with her, everyone must have imagined that she was carrying the whip because her husband was liable to be troublesome.

I have even known my master stand between a cat and a dog. There was a yellow beast named Tabby Ochre who lived near us, and one day, when The

Torpedo had almost done for her, my master coolly interfered, and The Torpedo lost the chance of a lifetime. This cat, who was a well-known sprinter, had for long merited extermination for a treacherous attack on the Captain. One day the Captain found her just about to tackle a saucer of milk. "Let's share it," said the Captain, who, when he wished, could fascinate anyone or anything. Tabby Ochre consented, and the Captain actually persuaded her to let him have first go-in. Now the Captain was never one to lose an opportunity, and before Tabby Ochre realised what was happening the Captain had wolfed the lot. Tabby Ochre was furious and demanded an explanation. "It's all right," said the Captain; "I've left you the saucer as your share"—which was witty; but show me the cat who can take a joke; and the Captain was an awful sight when Tabby Ochre had done with him. She was promptly placed on our execution list, but she escaped again and again owing to her fleetness of foot.

Still, no one, I suppose, is all bad, and I once had occasion to admire even my master. One afternoon when I was out for a walk by myself I was, to my huge surprise, suddenly arrested by a constable and dragged to a police-station. My master—it was smart of him to smell where I was so quickly—appeared in the evening and demanded the reason of my arrest. "He was wandering about not under control," said the smooth-tongued officer. This, of course, was a lie. It is true that I almost lost control of myself upon hearing this mis-statement, but at the time of my arrest I had



"Let's share it," said the Captain.

myself under perfect control. To my master's credit he defended me with some heat, declaring that I could find my way about anywhere, and the upshot of it was that we left the police-station together better friends than we had been for some time, and the lying constable looked pretty small.

GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(By a Caddie.)

VI.

'ONNESTY is the best pollicy, and, 'Evin knows, 'ENERY WILKS 'as allus tried 'is levil best to live up to them golden words. But I reckon there is certain excepshuns to the cast-iron 'onnesty of all of us, and every yumin being 'as 'is little weakness. Mine is golf balls.

Tips is well enuff in their way, and I 'ave nuthing at all to say agin them, but the present of a good ball is far more pleeing to the 'art of 'ENERY WILKS. Praps it's becos of 'is almost inkonquerabul pride which shrinks at times from taking munney from them 'oom 'e feels to be 'is equils or hinfeeriors; or praps it grattifies 'is artistick nachure to be given the himplements of that great sience which 'e onderstands so well. Any'ow golf balls is my temptashun, and one which once or twice in the course of my 'onnerabul kareer I 'ave allowed meself to yeeld to.

Some golfers will ercashunally 'and you tuppence or an 'arf-used ball, wif a jenial word of thanks for your atten-shuns which is worth more to a proud nachure than the gift itself. And there's uthers 'oo never think of doing nuthink of the sort. Among them is Mister SCHWABSTEIN, 'oo is not French or Scotch, as you might think from 'is name, but German, wiv praps a touch of Jentile.

'E's a man what catches the eye on the links, it being 'is constant and hannyng 'abbit to were a peaked yotting cap, large specks, and a white silk coat which was once a good deal whiter. An egse-lent sort of person, I dessay, in the 'ome sircle, but 'ardly what you'd call a brilliyent success upon the links. They say as 'ow 'e 'as more munney than 'e ritely knows what to do wiv, but I fancy 'e's made it by never giving any of it away. 'Owever, 'ENERY WILKS 'as done 'is best to put that rite.

Let me diskribe to you a rarnd which 'e played the uthar day wiv Mister 'ERMINIUS BRELLETT, our litterry member, 'oo allus seems to go out of 'is way to play wiv kurious peeple. I 'ave taken Mister SCHWABSTEIN in charge before, but never 'ave I seen 'is pecooliarities so noticeabul as on that day.

'E took the 'onner, and for about three minnutes 'e addressed the ball wiv 'is 'uge, thick, ugly driver, which 'as allus rarsed my perfessional hindignashun. 'E swung at last, quite slow like, but wiv all 'is great weight and strength piled into it. I shall never know eggsackly what 'e did, becos the tees was dry and for the moment I was 'arf blinded by the dust. But there was a thud and a krackling snap, and two things was flying through the thick

niblick, and nuthing wouldn't perswade 'im to put it back. 'E drove wiv that niblick, and 'e played 'is many shots through the green wiv it. And the way that thick strong niblick eat into the turf was enuff to brake the 'art of 'ENERY WILKS. We moved slowly forward, leaving be'ind us a line of crewel deep kassims, which nuthink wouldn't fill up. And 'is stile of bunker play was equilly distrucktive.

'Is noshun of getting out was to distroy the wall of the bunker wiv repeated blows, and then to force 'is ball throo the rewings. I wouldn't 'ave belleved that meer wood and iron could 'ave done the work that that one German niblick did wivout turning an 'air.

'E only smiled 'is slow smile when Mister BRELLETT or meself venchured a remmonstrance, and 'e would never pick up 'is ball. 'E persevered wiv each 'ole until at last 'e 'ad pushed the ball into the tin, and then 'e would turn and pat my 'ead wiv 'is large 'and. After the fust time I jenerally dodged, and once 'e turned and patted Mister BRELLETT's 'ead by accerdent. Like most litterry jents, the latter is rather touchy, and there was neerly trubble; but some'ow, thanks to Mister SCHWABSTEIN's apparient onconshusness of offense, it was everted.

At the thirteenth 'ole Mister BRELLETT was five up. Mister SCHWABSTEIN put down a new ball, wiv a sort of groan, and pulled it wiv 'is niblick right rarnd into the rough. For a long two minnutes we 'unted 'igh and low, but nowhere could we find that ball. If I'd seen it I would 'ave 'anded it over at once, sich being my boundin dooty. But I never did see it. There was jest one little place in that rough where some'ow it didn't seem worth while

looking. We 'ad to erbandon it at last; and Mister SCHWABSTEIN lost the 'ole and the match. Later in the day I wandered down on a sort of ferlorn 'ope to that bit of rough, and kuriously enuff I walked bang on to that ball. There was severil courses open to me. I might 'ave 'anded it over to the orthorities, or I might 'ave kep' it as a memmentoe of Mister SCHWABSTEIN's unfaling jenerosity and kortesy. But 'ENERY WILKS didn't see 'is way to doing either of them two things. 'E jest disposed of that fine new ball to the very best hadvantage.

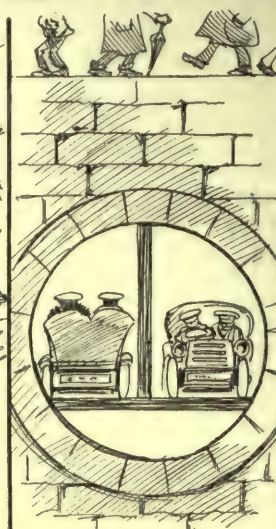
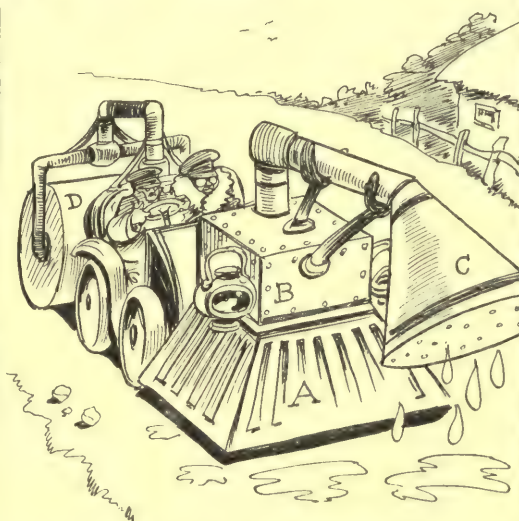


Ethel (her first sight of the Thames). "OH, MUMMY, ISN'T THE WATER DIRTY! DON'T THEY EVER CHANGE IT?"

dusty air. Them two missils was the ball and the 'ead of the driver, and they fell togevvver thirty yards from the tee. 'E said somethink which I couldn't catch and didn't want to, and walked rarnd in a slow sircle, smiling to 'isself. 'E's a man 'oo allus smiles. It often seems to me that it is 'is misforchune.

Then Mister BRELLETT took one of 'is yusual springing drives, which 'appened to come off, and 'e won that fust 'ole on 'is 'ead. Mister SCHWABSTEIN kontrived to redooce 'is brassey to fragmints at the second 'ole; and after that 'e took out 'is

MORE SOLUTIONS OF THE GREAT MOTOR PROBLEM.



SOLUTION No. 2.—A. Man-and-beast catcher. B. Tank for dust-laying liquid. C. Sprinkler for same. D. Roller for correcting displacement of surface.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH every new public-school story that is written every reviewer gives his new reason why it is impossible to write a successful public-school story. Perhaps, then, I may mark the appearance of *The Etonian* (F. V. WHITE) by advancing yet another theory. I see that *The Etonian* has been condemned as having nothing of the "Eton spirit," although it is full of the right Eton customs and language. Now, if there is one thing the public-school spirit ensures it is this: that the possessor of it will not talk about the public-school spirit. Not only is it impossible to express the public-school spirit, but it is also impossible to want to try to express it. In fact, a book "embued with the true Eton spirit" would be as offensive to an Etonian as a problem-novel "dealing with a delicate sex question" must be to a refined and sensitive woman. *The Etonian* is written by ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW; and of course I cannot say how they arranged it. But if I had been taking part in such a collaboration over such a book I should have said frankly to the woman: "Now, look here; Basil doesn't get to Eton till page 133. You have got 132 pages in which to amuse yourself. Also, he goes home for the holidays now and then, and of course you may come in there. And when his father comes to see him you may put in the fatherly advice part, and any hints about his underclothes. And . . . well—yes, I don't mind your doing the partings, and the feelings of the father as he travels back in his lonely carriage. But while Basil is at Eton, he's mine—body and soul—and don't you dare to come near." And really, you know, I think something of this sort must have happened; for when it is not dramatic or melodramatic *The Etonian* is quite good.

The Wickhamses (METHUEN) is a story of efforts after high life on a level far below the stairs on which Society loiters. Mr. PETT RIDGE finds his men and women in the lower middle-class stratum which CHARLES DICKENS revealed and revelled in. Here and there, alike in character and in incident, there is reminiscence of the Master's work. That was probably inevitable. But Mr. PETT RIDGE is quite strong enough to stand and work by himself. The best character in a domestic drama instinct with bustling life is the father

of the *Wickhamses*, who, leaving his village home, comes to London, presents himself to an indifferent population as "S. Wickhams, the popular printer," and after a long struggle passes through the Bankruptcy Court back to the country village. The story, bubbling with humour, here and there touched with pathos, presents a vivid picture of the daily life of a class which forms the largest proportion of the population of London.

The Fisherman's Gat (BLACKWOOD) is a story of barge and boat life on the Thames estuary. Mr. JACOBS, as we know, has marked this world for his own. Mr. EDWARD NOBLE makes no effort to rival him. He takes a course and finds anchorage all his own. Mr. JACOBS discovers luscious farce in his barge captains and crews. Mr. NOBLE's muse is tragic. Murder, abduction and domestic misery are his themes. The scene on the sands near the mouth of the estuary, where in the dead of the night the captain and mate of the *Redgauntlet* fight out their quarrel, is almost terrible in its wrath. Throughout the book are scattered many lurid pictures of the river, generally in stormy weather. Mr. NOBLE is so intense as to be occasionally obscure in his narrative. He sometimes forgets the injunction delivered from the theatre gallery by an anonymous but historic critic. He is not careful to "jine his flats." All the same it is a powerful story, illumined by marvellous word-pictures of the Thames as it is known only to those who, by its broadening highway, go down to the sea in barges.

Benita is indeed, as announced by Messrs. CASSELL & Co.' "An African Romance, by H. RIDER HAGGARD." A fine romance, too, as every boy will say, when he hears that it "comprises in itself"—

Three Matabele Chiefs (first edition),
One Alligator (slightly soiled),
One Mesmerist (unused),
One Buried Treasure (as per invoice),
Three Treasure-seekers (stiff backs),
One Shipwreck (with water-mark, very rare),
Lots of ordinary Matabele (suitable for exchange),
together with

Baas and Tant Sally, of the Old Firm.

The illustrations by GORDON BROWNE are just the thing. Every father should buy it for his boy, but he should read it himself first to make sure that it is suitable.

CHARIVARIA.

MUCH amusement has been caused in Socialist circles by a credulous foreigner named Kossuth, who declares that he still believes in the greatness of our country.

The various nations are becoming very touchy. The Japanese have long objected to being called Japs, and the Germans to the abbreviation Germs, and now the Cubans do not like being referred to as Cubs.

Professor ASHLEY, of Birmingham, proposes that in every great city there shall be a University providing a commercial training, and that "Bachelors of Commerce" shall be one of the degrees. The initials B.C. would, however, in our opinion, be somewhat unfortunate. They might betaken to indicate that the possessor was Behind the Continent.

The annual return of articles purchased abroad by the Government shows that the Prisons Department bought American bacon to the extent of £2,703. A statement of this sort will do more to keep people out of prison than any number of Acts of Parliament.

The *Daily Mail* correspondence on the subject of "Cross-Channel Delays" has closed without having elicited, curiously enough, a single letter of complaint from Messrs. BURGESS & Co.

Miss PHYLLIS DARE apparently sympathises with Miss EDNA MAY. She is, we read, taking her part.

The statement that the LORD CHANCELLOR is to deliver an address at Glasgow on "How to Keep His Majesty's Dominions beyond the Sea" has caused the liveliest satisfaction in those neigh-

bourhoods where the ocean is making inroads on the coast.

During the performance of *Tristram and Iseult* one night last week a cat strolled on to the stage, and had a look round. Apparently she had come there under a misapprehension to see whether the play was enough to make a cat laugh. On being told that this was not *Amasis*, the comic cat-opera, she withdrew.

men whose faces, when they are angry, get more and more rosy.

"The KING," said a stop-press telegram in *The Liverpool Echo*, "passed through Ballater this afternoon on her way to Balmoral." This is surely carrying the Gaelic idiom somewhat far.

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, speaking at Llanelli, predicted an attack by the Govern-

ment on the House of Lords, but intimated that it would not be totally abolished for some time to come. An illuminated address of thanks, to be signed by all the members of the Upper House, is, we believe, in preparation.

"Motor-trains to fight Trams," is the alarmist heading of a paragraph in a contemporary.

It is proposed, by increasing the number of its members, to make the L.C.C. as large as it thinks it is.

To avoid running over a dog on Black-pool promenade last Saturday, a gentleman caused his motor-car to swerve suddenly and the occupants were thrown out. The dog proceeded on his way without a word of thanks.

A Hooter?

"TENOR Voice Wanted for Church Choir at Whitminster; could be employed in the garden."

Gloucester Citizen.

WE trust that this refers to the tenor-part in *Roméo et Juliette*; but of course it *might* be that the voice was wanted in the garden just for scaring cats.

An Offer to Patriots.

FOR HIRE.—Frock Coat, Top Hat, Kid Gloves, Swagger Cane, Imitation Gold Watch Chain, &c. Complete outfit for any gentleman who wishes to appear *à la mode* on the day of Lord SELBORNE's visit to Middelburg.—*Middelburg Observer*.



A MOTORIST WISHES TO POINT OUT THE VERY GRAVE DANGER THIS BALLOON-SCORCHING MAY BECOME, AND SUGGESTS A SPEED LIMIT BE MADE BEFORE THINGS GO TOO FAR.

Some busybody has been calling attention to the neglect of the concertina, and a revival of the popularity of this instrument is threatened. On the other hand we have the joyous tidings that the new Gaiety production comprises no tune which is likely to be whistled in the streets.

"There is nothing so absolutely ruinous to the complexion as irritability," says *The Throne*. We cannot agree with this. We know several old gentle-

THE SECRET OF SANITY.

[Lord ROSEBERY attributes the growth of insanity to the restlessness of modern life, and advocates as a remedy the cultivation of home and the domestic joys. In the following verses he is supposed to be addressed by one of his peers—a millionaire.]

My Lord, you lately let us know
That British wits are on the wane,
Hinting at reasons why we grow
Each decade more and more insane;
And I have thought you might
Be glad to know that you have got the answer right.

Not Drink alone has wrought this ill,
Or why should Mr. ASQUITH mope
Over the nation's liquor-bill,
And nurse inside the secret hope
That such as you and I
May, ere the 5th of April, be induced to die?

Rather the cause is vague unrest,
The constant itch for change of air,
The pitifully feverish quest
Of things that are not here, but there,
The quaint, the quite absurd
Passion, on everybody's part, to be a bird.

And you, my Lord, have rightly shown
(Speaking, as usual, like a book)
How, if we never quit our own
Peculiar hearth or ingle-nook,
This habit does a lot
Towards minimising any risk of mental rot.

That is your rule, and that is mine;
We both have learned the simple life;
On principle we both decline
The noisy stir of modern strife;
No man could point to us
As tearing round upon a motor-bike or -bus!

Prizes to which those others press
Whose ruder minds prefer to mix
In roaring commerce or the stress
Of vulgar party politics—
We two can well afford

To be content without them, can we not, my Lord?

The gifts bestowed by Fortune's hand,
Such as they are, for us suffice;
We do not course by sea and land
Nosing each new exotic spice;
We do not need to roam;

We merely move about from home to happy home.

A modest house in Grosvenor Place,
A park, a moor, a hunting-box,
Some decent villas, just a brace,
By Monte's blue, on Capri's rocks—
With these for homely haunts,

I, like yourself, revolt from jumpy outside jaunts.

Yes, you and I, my Lord, have found
The golden key to perfect calm,
And, while the Race gets over-wound
For want of this domestic balm,
Our nerves are never racked;

We still contrive to keep our temperate brains intact.

O. S.

The Faking of Antiquities.

"Six years ago," says *The Northern Scot*, "there was erected in Rothes a fine commodious church." Since then, "the congregation have been endeavouring to wipe off the date."

THE MILAN EXHIBITION.

It is principally of railways and means of communication. But search will be made in vain for the Pavilion of Truth (*Padiglione della Verità*), with special exhibits of the Italian State Railways. There are miles of locomotives and carriages from various countries, but this modest, almost shamefaced, little collection is not with them. Yet it should be somewhere, for it contains, among others, the following paintings, diagrams, models and photographs:—

Model.—Interior of a first-class compartment, to seat eight, containing one thin, small *Eccellenza* (travelling with a Senator's free pass and entitled by the *regolamenti* to a reserved compartment) and one thin, small umbrella.

Model.—Interior of a second-class compartment, to seat ten, containing four thickly-clothed passengers of the third-class, eight stout ones of the second, and eleven, carrying coats, cloaks and mantles, of the first; three dogs, a parrot, two babies, twenty-three umbrellas, seven boxes, thirteen bags and forty-one smaller packages.

Photograph.—Two locomotives, apparently a second-hand purchase from the Republic of San Domingo, for the expresses between Milan and Rome.

Photograph.—A train of seventeen coal-trucks lost somewhere between Domodossola and Reggio di Calabria. The Department of Railways will give a handsome reward for the discovery of this train.

Model.—A solid trunk to be sent off by goods-train.

Model.—The same trunk, eight months later, on arrival at destination twenty-three miles away, completely smashed and half empty.

Painting.—Five hundred German tourists waiting at Taormina station, an edifice constructed many years ago to suit the original local requirements of about three passengers daily. Clouds of dust, in which the Germans have driven down the long, shadeless road. Supply of beer in the refreshment shed, four small bottles.

Painting.—Seventy American tourists, pale and fatigued in appearance, trying to sit on the two benches on the platform at Florence, while waiting for the *direttissimo*, nineteen hours late.

Photograph.—A foreign tourist, when the train has started, counting the number of leaden *lire* given him with his change.

Photograph.—The floors of an Italian railway station being washed owing to an accident, for which no one can be blamed, caused by a sudden flood.

Painting.—An English tourist, with his family, registering his luggage, secured by the official lead seals of the Government, at a railway station. The Englishman is pointing out to his family the advantages of this system over the English haphazard methods, especially as the receipt given him makes the Italian Government itself responsible.

Model.—Interior of the luggage-van. The Englishman's luggage is lying about, every box and bag having been opened with skeleton keys. The thieves are selecting what they fancy. Fresh official lead seals are ready to be put on afterwards.

Painting.—The Englishman and his family opening their luggage at the hotel.

Photograph.—The Englishman, on arrival at the British Consulate.

Painting.—The Englishman, receiving eighteen months later a refusal of redress from the Department of Railways, and putting the case in the hands of an *avvocato*.

Painting.—Seventeen years later. The commencement of the Englishman's lawsuit.

Painting.—Thirty-two years later. The conclusion of the law-suit. Verdict for the State Railways, with costs against the executors of the Englishman's grandson.



A REALLY INDEPENDENT PARTY.

MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P. (*quoting popular ballad*). "CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT!"

THE BELL, M.P. "I BEG YOUR PARDON. CURFEW SHALL RING TO-NIGHT!"

MR. KEIR HARDIE. "MY MISTAKE." (*Drops off.*)

[An attempt has been made by the Independent Labour Party to coerce Mr. BELL. For the present this attempt has failed.]





Dick (looking at picture-book). "I WONDER WHAT THE NOAHS DID WITH THEMSELVES ALL DAY LONG IN THE ARK?"

Mabel. "FISHED, I SHOULD THINK."

Bobbie. "THEY DIDN'T FISH FOR LONG."

Dick and Mabel. "WHY NOT?"

Bobbie. "WELL, YOU SEE, THERE WERE ONLY TWO WORMS!"

PSYCHIC SURGERY.

[At a Congress at Stuttgart Professor GARRÉ recently described several cases in which the organs of certain persons had been transplanted into other bodies with astonishing results.]

NAE lad wi' sic a drouth on him had ever yet been born
As FINLAY MCKINLAY, the piper o' Kinghorn.

Gin there was ony funeral or dance or sic-like thing,
He gaed there an' played there lament or Hieland fling;
An' nane could tell--no' FIN himsel'--if joy or grief was worst
Tae mak' him lang for somethin' strang an' raise his muckle
thirst.

In vain the parson preached till him, "O FIN," said he,
"gie oop!"

Ca' canny, my mannie! There's deith in yonder coop."

FIN only lauched an' shook his heid, an' "Meenister," says he,
"I'll gaily dee daily for sake o' barley bree."

Puir thirsty soul, he cudna thole to pass the "Harbour Bar,"
Or if he did, nex' step he slid intil the "Mornin' Star."

But ae fine day MCKINLAY woke no feelin' vera weel;

The fellow was yellow as ony orange peel.

He cudna sleep, he cudna rise, his soul was feared, for ou!

The ceilin' was reelin', the vera bed seemed fou'.

The doctor ca'd, an' hum'd an' ha'd, and turned him roun' an'
roun',

Then sent the chiel to some cute deil in Edinburgh toun.

O, wha can tell the mairvels o' oor surgeons? Wha can say

The hunners o' wunners they're workin' ilka day?

They open patients oop for alteration an' repair,

Renewin' each ruin wi' bits they hae to spare.

So they began on FIN, puir man! An' sure as eggs are eggs,

They then an' there fixed on a pair o' braw teetottle legs.

Noo FIN is back amang us an' the legs appear a'richt,
But eh, Sirs! I'm wae, Sirs, for yon puir laddie's plicht!
He's just as dry as ever, but as sune as he wad hae
A drappie, puir chappie! thae legs o' his say "Nay."
They winna win intil an inn: they whisk him past the "Star,"
An', though he eyes the door an' sighs, they winna cross the
"Bar."

Another operation will be needed, it is plain,
Ere FINLAY MCKINLAY kens ony peace again.
To get him self-conseestent they will either hae to mak'
His throttle teetottle, or pit his auld legs back;
For surely nane can stand the strain that racks the soul o' FIN
Ilk time that he may chance to see a crouse an' canty inn.

Quack, quack!

THE German KAISER is said to keep an album for inaccurate newspaper statements about himself. He calls it *La mare aux canards*. For the benefit of its less cultured readers a Radical contemporary translates this as "mare-pond." We could disclose the name of this paper: but wild drakes shall not drag it from us.

Rouen.—French family (diplômée) receives boarders. Good opportunities for learning French. Home life. References . . . Ci joint un mandat de 3 francs 75.—Advt. in "T. P.'s Weekly."

SOME unscrupulous person had detached this money-order from our copy of the paper.

The Standard reports Father VAUGHAN as having discussed, with one of its representatives, the question of changing our public-houses "into the form of the German bear-garden." Certainly, to judge from a recent escapade at the Zoo, we have not yet perfected the English bear-garden.

HOW TO SELECT A HUSBAND.

FIRST AID TO THE PERPLEXED.

UNTIL we had read the current number of *The Young Woman*, with Professor JAMES WEBB's luminous notes on phrenology for marriageable maids, we had not considered the subject seriously; but so much impressed were we by that article that we called in the assistance of Professor WALTER CRANIUM to do an equal service to readers of *Punch*.

Heads, says the Professor very sagely, are of different sizes. This is a point which cannot be too strenuously insisted on. Some are abnormally large, either by nature, like Mr. GLADSTONE'S, or owing to artificial aggrandisement. Mr. BOURCHIER'S, for example, is said to be immense. Others are merely big or middle-sized. Others, again, are quite small, even to freakishness, as recent visitors to the Hippodrome know. Bishops have large heads. Hence their hats are seldom taken by mistake by lay members of the club which they chiefly frequent. As an extra precaution, however, they adopt hats of a peculiar shape. Lay members of that institution, on the other hand, protest that this shows a want of confidence on the part of the episcopacy, and threaten to retaliate by adopting in self-defence a non-clerical form of umbrella.

Large heads make the best husbands. Had I daughters of my own I should say to them, Marry large heads. The sizes of men's hats are $6\frac{3}{4}$ and $6\frac{1}{2}$ generally. "Sevens" hats are common in Aberdeen, and the professors of our colleges generally wear $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 sizes. Heads wearing hats of the sizes $6\frac{3}{4}$ and smaller, or being less than 21 inches in circumference, can never be powerful. Between 19 and 20 inches in circumference heads are invariably very weak, and no lady should think of marrying a man with a head less than 20 inches in circumference. Had I daughters of my own I should marry them to Aberdonians. The first question that the parent of a young woman should put to the suitor for her hand is not "Where did you get that hat?" but "What is the size of your hat?" Much is said about heart in love-affairs; the hat is more important. Show me a big hat and I will show you a serviceable enough heart.

So much for the line of least resistance in choosing a husband. That all large-headed men are safe may be taken as roughly true. Now for warnings. Young ladies should look twice before marrying, nay thrice, at heads culminating in a Gothic arch (see fig. 8). They will thus escape the risk of an early and possibly painful death. Archedness is an attractive quality in women, but the Gothic variety in men is fraught with sinister possibilities. There are of course exceptions, such as Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, who is above suspicion.

The pyramid-shaped head (fig. 3)

wide. The wider head will provide energy, aggressiveness and perseverance; the narrower head unselfishness and forgiveness.

While a head with a noble dome-shaped crown inspires confidence, the Norman arch (fig. 4) is not always conducive to a happy *ménage*, betraying a deficient sense of justice and an oppressive self-esteem in its possessor. It is by no idle chance that "Norman" rhymes to "Mormon." As the poet sings:

Small heads are worse with coronets
And Norman skulls have Mormon blood—

surely a terrible indictment of the House of Lords!

As a suitor the square-headed man (fig. 1) is best kept at arm's-length. Although his powerful osseous physique indicates health and longevity, evidences of geniality, fondness for animals and the capacity to amass a handsome income are lamentably lacking. It is impossible, for instance, to think of Mr. HALL CAINE with a quadrangular head, admirable though he may be both as man and dramatist in all other directions.

The teaching of history, again, renders it impossible for the aspirant of matrimonial honours to take a roseate view of the pear-shaped head (fig. 7). As Mr. JOHN MORLEY has remarked in one of those rare flashes of facetiousness which enliven his otherwise neutral-tinted prose, the woman who marries a man with a pear-shaped head is sure to be unapplety mated.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, it may be remembered, was the most perfect specimen of the humanized pear, and he was pushed from his throne. DUMAS père rarely paid his bills.

By a natural transition we are led to consider the claims of the circular head (fig. 2). Negatively, the absence of all angles and irregularities ensures immunity from all eccentricity and vice. But this blamelessness can be purchased only at a loss of all individuality. None but a young lady with a double dose of originality can afford to contract a matrimonial alliance with a man with a head like a billiard ball. It was the untempered virtue of the Roundheads (who were also square-toes) that led to the extravagances and excesses of the Restoration. There are occasions of course when even a square head can go round, but we are not referring to those.

There remain two further sharply-



TYPES OF HEADS TO BE AVOIDED BY ELIGIBLE SPINSTER.

1. The Square. 2. The Circular. 3. The Pyramid.
4. The Norman. 5. The Concave or Beetling. 6. The Convex.
7. The Pear-shaped. 8. The Gothic.

should also be regarded narrowly, as indicating a three-cornered and tyrannical disposition. No self-respecting suffragette would ever care to link her lot with a Rameses or a Cheops. To marry such a person would be to attempt to make a bosom friend of an unscrupulous satrap. A pointed head has, however, its uses, especially at Rugby football, where a forward thus endowed may easily penetrate through the pack towards the enemy's goal by sheer force of using the thin end of the wedge. Still, an enterprising Rugby forward does not necessarily make the perfect husband.

Spinsters with heads six inches wide should marry husbands with meeker dispositions, with heads less than six inches

contrasted types of cranial development. In the first a complete absence of chin is coupled with an adventurous nose and a receding forehead (fig. 6). In the second a bulbous and overhanging brow is balanced by a protruding lower lip and chin (fig. 5). Well-educated, modest and sensitive young ladies are equally to be warned against each of these types. The former is incapable of wearing a tall hat at a dignified angle unless provided with a Chirgwin attachment for tilting it forward; the latter is obviously unsuitable for home life. Better even than that would be a deadhead, for he, at any rate, could take his wife to the theatre. In fact, had I a daughter of my own, Professor WALTER CRANIUM added with much emphasis, I should think seriously of marrying her to the Master of the London Claque.

THE OCTOBRIST.

THE swallow-swarms are taking wing;
The bees no longer buzz so;
The rain comes down like anything—
It generally does so.
No more the butler keeps at bay
A steady stream of wopses;
And everything looks dull and grey
Except the ampelopsis.

The search for blackberries begins
To be absurdly bootless:
We tear our clothes and score our
skins,
But still our toil is fruitless.
The chestnuts litter all the lawn;
The mists at eve grow thicker;
And every night defers the dawn
And comes again the quicker.

Now he who lately left the House—
Of course I mean the Member—
Who missed the globe or missed the
grouse
Through August and September,
Sighs as he doffs his tweeds and sinks
The sportsman and his hobby;
Forsakes the moor or leaves the links,
And thinks about the Lobby.

A reading fit begins to stir
In palace and in hovel,
And every little publisher
Is ready with his novel.
He puffs each mortal thing he prints—
Was ever such a fond man?—
And Mr. CAINE is making mints
Of money with *The Bondman*.

In short I really seem to fear
I must be up and doing;
My active mind ferments like beer
That's newly set a-brewing.
This sort of beery sympathy
That makes my mind less sober
Convinces me the month can be
No other than October. R. C. L.



THE LIFE OF PLEASURE.

(4 A.M.)

Algy (coming in from dance). "ALWAYS PITY THOSE DULL DOGS WHO ARE ASLEEP AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNIN'!"

Archie (going out cubbing). "YA-AS. J-JOLLIEST HOUR OF THE TWENTY-FOUR, I ALWAYS THINK."

A Protectionist on the Horrors of Protection.

The Daily Mail, which is presumably still true to its Protection principles, should be more careful not to give the show away, as it recently did in the following passage, taken from a leader on the "Labour War":—"Workers should remember that, under the Free Trade policy, the masters have to compete with all the world, and with countries where wages are much lower and the conditions of labour much worse than in England."

Adding Fire to Fuel.

The Yorkshire Telegraph and Star, in reporting a fire on the *Veloce* Line steamer *Nord Amerika*, states that Captain BARBIERI "ordered revolvers to be issued to the crew, and the whole ship's company turned and fought the fire." We very cordially recommend this homœopathic remedy.

THE horse with which His Majesty the KING won the Newmarket St. Leger Stakes was described in *The Daily Graphic* as "Mr. H. M. KING's *Cheverel*." The Turf is a wonderful leveller.

THE HOLIDAY KIDS.

(Invited by Helen and Cecil.)

II.

[CECIL says we ought to put a thing on the top of this chapter like Nurse has on the top of her Boudoir Story. It comes every Saturday, and she keeps it under the stockings in the mending basket. We call it that, because when CECIL and me fished it out one day we counted Boudoir nineteen times in one chapter. CECIL read one right through, and he says that everything happens either in a Boudoir or under Ancestral Trees.

Anyhow last week our chapter was about this. Lady MONTFORT had got Mother to get up a Bazaar for the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and CECIL and me persuaded her to let us have two boy-kids of our own to go on with, and one of them (BRASSY) was mad because we hadn't asked his POLLY as well, so of course we had to dash off to Mother to explain. This is in case you didn't remember.]

"MUST you come in, children?" asked Mother, as we all plunged in upon her.

"We must, mother!" I said. "It's about POLLY. BRASSY wants her so awfully."

Then it was that Lady MONTFORT sprang out from behind a mountain of bazaar things. She's a scent person, and very pincushiony. I die to prod her with pins when she hugs me. CECIL wants to dust her.

"Oh, you dears!" she cried. "So you have brought in the beautiful raw material."

"I beg your pardon, Lady MONTFORT," said CECIL; "we just wanted mother."

But she only swung across the room, pushed CECIL and me out of the way, and grabbed at CLINKER and BRASSY.

"Boys—do let me hear from your own lips your true impressions of this delightful holiday! Is this the very first time you have been out of Manchester?"

CECIL and me were terrified when we saw BRASSY's eyes sparkling.

"Yes, lady, and you bet it will be the last!" he said.

"Oh no, you poor modest child! Of course you will come another year! See—this room is full of lovely things made by kind gentlemen and ladies to get money for you and your little friends!"

Then she turned to Mother, and said: "If one could only read the thrilling experiences which lie buried in their eyes!" But we all heard, and CECIL writhed.

Mother was just coming to the rescue, when BRASSY burst out:

"When folk has bought all this lot, what good will it do them?"

"What does that matter to us so long as we get the money?" said Lady MONTFORT.

"Then why can't they pass forward the brass straight off, without having to cart this lot home with them?"

CECIL and me inwardly chortled. Poor

Dad had been saying for weeks to Mother:

"Blank cheques are what you want out of these people, KATHERINE, with free leave for us to keep our own hearthstone to ourselves."

But Lady MONTFORT was delighted.

"Oh, dear Mrs. LISTER! They are the real thing! *How* clever of the little fellow to say that! Such wisdom from a Manchester slum. Perhaps they are Socialists in embryo. I have so yearned to see a real one. Of course one has seen the Countess of —"

"This ain't nothing to do with POLLY!" said BRASSY, sullenly. "And who are you staring at? I ain't a blooming monkey on a pianna organ!"

"Isn't he *quaint*!" said Lady MONTFORT. But CECIL suddenly backed us all out, and we made a dash for Dad, who, we knew, was splashing about in the barn at some bazaar scenery.

"Look here," panted BRASSY, "I ain't going to see no more ladies at no price! My constitution won't stand it! Me and CLINKER 'll be getting softening of the brain, and we can't afford the luxury!"

"You should see the ladies as *we* know!" said CLINKER. "They'd give yours points, and talk 'em down easy!"

But we were at the barn, and there was Dad in his shirt-sleeves, with a great whitewash brush in his hand, and pails of his colour washes about. He was slap-dashing at a fearful rate—blue sky clouds a tower—trees.

"He does it while you wait, he does!" said CLINKER. We could see they were tremendously impressed.

Then Dad turned, stepped back, and laughed.

"Hullo! The Goths and Vandals honour me! Admire my scene for the Sleeping Beauty?"

"Oh," cried BRASSY, "POLLY can act that!"

"Why, who's POLLY?" Dad stopped to light his pipe.

"That's why we've come!" I cried. "BRASSY wants POLLY. She's his best friend, and she's a girl, and poorly, and—"

"She's not too poorly to do the Sleeping Beauty for you, sir! My—ain't she got eyes, when she opens them at the Prince! And when her hair's fresh washed, it's as gold as gas! And she's got white shoes and stockings of her own, and she'd do it for you for nothing!"

"He's quite sick for her, you know, Dad," said CECIL.

"And she'd sing, if you want, sir—for nothing. She's worth a shilling a song any night. And if you've a job about the place, sir, I'd as soon do it as loaf around; and here's the five shillings for her fare!"

BRASSY stuck his prize-money right into

Dad's hand, and Dad just shook it about in his palm as if it burnt him.

"Been to Mother, children?" he asked CECIL and me.

CECIL went close up, and whispered: "No good. Lady MONTFORT, you know." And Dad nodded.

"Stick to your money, my boy!" he said presently. "Perhaps we can induce the railway company to bring your best friend without that."

"She'd have danced too, sir, if she'd not had bad luck."

"Polly is evidently a capable young person," said Dad, and pulled down another great sheet.

"Sir," said CLINKER (he had grown frightfully respectful), "could you do a public-house?"

Dad looked at him a minute, and then said: "Right you are!"

And while we watched he did a street, and the loveliest public-house—all glaring, and a real cab.

"Don't it look homeish!" said CLINKER.

"He does it better nor the best pavement artist I've ever clapped eyes on!" said BRASSY.

And then Dad explained that this was to be a street scene at the bazaar.

"With POLLY fetching beer!" said BRASSY. "And me and CLINKER could do you a fight, Sir—real sporting, if you'd like it!"

"But *we* must do something," I said. "It's not fair."

"Oh, you could be the toffs walking by," said CLINKER, "and saying, 'Ow hawful!'"

* * * * *

Dad and Mother were angels, and POLLY came, and CECIL and me watched the kids meet.

"Well, old gal, and how's Manchester?" said CLINKER.

"Hook on sharp!" said BRASSY. "Our carriage is waiting outside."

* * * * *

We got heaps of money at the Bazaar, and Mother ran neck and neck with Lady MONTFORT for the record. But she won at the very last minute by selling the original of the bazaar programme to herself for a guinea.

We think the kids enjoyed the holiday, but when we wanted them to stop on BRASSY said he would like to have obliged, but he couldn't afford to get behind the times; and CLINKER said to CECIL:

"My respectful thanks to all concerned, but dead off the country as soon as my summer outing is over. I don't want to turn into no Sleeping Beauty. I ain't got the complexion nor the nose for it; and besides, what would Manchester do? So long, youngster, and good luck!"

But Mother won't let POLLY go yet, so Dad has drawn a picture of her and given it to BRASSY.

HELEN.



EXCLUSIVE.

Fair Driver. "WILL YOU STAND BY THE PONY FOR A FEW MINUTES, MY GOOD MAN?"

The Good Man. "PONY, MUM? NO. 'I'M A MOTOR-MINDER, I AM. 'ERE, BILL! 'ORSE."

THE NEW FINANCE.

Money Columns made Easy.

(The latest financial column is that written in light dialogue form.)

From the "Financial Trifler":—

I. Text—"Another boom occurred yesterday in South-Western Pacifics."

Lady Hermione Langwishe (taking cheque). Oh, you dear man! GEORGE, you're a trump! I *did* want the oof, and but for that rise in Pacific Preference—

Stockbroker. They were Ordinaries.

Lady Hermione. Yes, and I've seen the sweetest thing in hats at CERISE'S I want to buy. There! That's right, isn't it? [*Handing receipt.*]

Broker. Well, you've—er—signed your name as £95 and your address as Oct. 6th—but otherwise—

[*A clerk giggles respectfully.*]

Lady H. What a devy place the Stock Exchange is! Those dear directors—to give us all that money!

Broker. I fancy they made some them-

selves; the auditors really compelled them to—

Lady H. Oh, there's EVIE; I must be off!

II. Text—"Anglo-Patagonian Wild Cats experienced a sharp set-back."

Augustus FitzPoodle (bursting into office). I say, surely I'm not five hundred out on that Anglo-Patagonian thing, am I? It's too deuced awkward! I can't find it, I tell you!

Broker (consulting note). £514 3s. 5d. Your differences—

FitzPoodle. I say, couldn't we threaten them or something? What's the good of your knowin' the ropes and all that if you can't—

Broker. You could carry the shares over; they'd charge 10%.

FitzPoodle. I say, can't you do *any* thing? It's a bit rough, don't you know. I've ordered lots of things—polo ponies, and things—and—

Broker. The ore only worked out at a tenth of a grain a ton.

FitzPoodle (leaving office). I must really try to raise it somewhere, and pay off the poisonous thingamagig. Blithering idiots! (*Exit. Looks in again.*) I say, try and think of something, won't you?

AMONG the correspondence in *The Daily Mail* on the subject of "The Motor Problem," there is a letter from a physician, who exposes very cynically a scheme for improving his practice.

"I am," he says, "a country doctor, and during the last five years have had not a single case of accident to pedestrians caused by motor-car... As soon as I can afford it I intend to buy a motor."

A COUNTRY DOCTOR."

It seems that the burnt child is not always expected to fear the fire. An advertiser in *The Daily Chronicle* desires the following:—

"WOMAN (young) for grill and frying; similar experience necessary."



"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

Sassenach Shooting Tenant. "MORNING, DOUGAL. I THINK I HEARD THE WILD GEESE CACKLING THIS MORNING. FLIGHTING SOUTH, I SUPPOSE?"

Dougal. "AY, JUST THAT. WHEN 'LL YE BE THINKIN' OF GOIN' YERSEL, SIR?"

CRANKFORD.

THE inhabitants of Crankford are as a rule retired and leisurely people. Indeed, a large amount of spare time is necessary in this village, as each member of the community takes a very active interest in his fellows, and spends hours daily in endeavouring to make them share the benefits of his own special system. For the distinguishing feature of Crankford is that everybody has a system of some kind to which he devotes the energy of his life, and that is what makes the whole village so industrious and so cheerful.

Upon my first entrance into Crankford my attention was attracted by enormous

placards posted at frequent intervals upon the walls. These were invariably of two kinds—one printed in large blue letters, the other in red. The blue sheets read as follows:—

Join the Society for the Total Abolition of Nourishment in Any Form Whatsoever.

Rely for Sustenance upon Pure Air alone, and thus demonstrate your Distance from the Brute.

The message of the red sheets was equally insistent:—

Join the League of the Continuous Re-builders of the Human Frame, and thus keep yourself in Stable Equilibrium.

From these placards I gathered my first information of the two rival societies at Crankford, but I was soon to know more. For I had not been long in the village before the President of the first Society, a little grey-eyed lady, emaciated but enthusiastic, waited upon me full of eloquent wisdom. She showed me clearly how Man in his slow climb from the Brute is gradually losing the characteristic mark of the Beast—the desire to eat. Already he has ceased to eat his fellows, soon he will lose the wish to eat at all. "Soon," she emphasised, for even here progress must be slow, and members of the Society are recommended to accustom themselves gradually to the treatment. Accordingly, as the Society is still in its infancy, no member has as yet reached the final stage. The increasing prevalence of indigestion among human beings, far from being an evil, is to be interpreted as a sign of progress; such pangs are the growing-pains of Man's development, whereby he is learning slowly and painfully, often reluctantly, that he can neither be happy nor well if he eats. Hunger, which at present men deem inconvenient, and if prolonged even dangerous, is a habit unnecessarily retained from the earlier stages of man's history—a habit, moreover, which soon will die when our infants are no longer stout and solid, from being fed on Somebody's Food, but ethereal and lustrous-eyed, from being fed on—*Absolutely Nothing!*

"Do you eat fruit," I asked—"an apple, for instance?" and I pointed to a fine pippin on a bough above my head.

"Certainly not," she replied with indignant emphasis, "any more than I would eat a butterfly!"

"And yet," I murmured softly, "*Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.*"

"The words of a pagan poet," she said gently. "We have climbed the ladder of evolution for nineteen centuries since HORACE drank his wine and ate his fruit. Ah," she went on dreamily, "I could re-write the Greek Myth of the Apple. The apple should be a gift of beauty offered to the Ideal Loveliness. It is only when Man opens his impious jaws and swallows it that it becomes indeed an Apple of Discord."

"If we abolish food," I remarked, "we should have considerably less work to do, and considerably more time in which to do it. How would man use his increased leisure?"

"He would talk," was the reply, "and that is what his mouth was made for. *The eater cannot talk.* After-dinner speeches are a sufficient proof of the absurdity of expecting the mouth to perform a double function. If a man drank with his ears, would he expect to hear well? Let the beasts



WHAT NEXT ?

MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS. "I MUST SAY THAT I VIEW WITH APPREHENSION THIS MOVEMENT OF POPULAR LANDMARKS TOWARDS THE SCRAP-HEAP."



who have no language, use their mouths for eating, but let not Man degrade his organ of speech!"

As she uttered the last words in a low impassioned voice she left me and passed down to my garden gate. Scarcely had she disappeared when there arrived a stout choleric-looking individual, puffing in his haste. He introduced himself as the Secretary of the League of the Continuous Rebuilders of the Human Frame.

"I come, sir," he panted impetuously, "to counteract with my arguments the pernicious nonsense to which you have been listening. Evolution indeed! I should like to know what has kept pace with the evolution of man more consistently than the evolution of the kitchen. It was at the epoch of Rome's greatest glory, at the height of her civilisation, that she paid the greatest attention to her table. But enough of that. What we Rebuilders say is—The waste of tissue due to the output of physical and mental energy is continuous, continuous also should be the process of rebuilding. We have heard often enough lately, sir, that unless the imports and exports of a country maintain an even balance that country is on its last legs. Apply that to the Human Frame. Unless the exported energy is perpetually and exactly counter-balanced by the imported nourishment the whole man, sir, is in a state of unstable equilibrium—a most unwholesome and uncomfortable condition. Look at that flower, sir. It has no dinner-hour, no fixed supper-time. It does not absorb its nourishment by fits and starts, and in consequence, sir, that flower is more beautiful than you or I." This I did not attempt to deny, for he was a plain-featured man, and he went on: "The bird eats a worm whenever he sees one, and that bird, sir, is more cheerful than you or I. We Continuous Rebuilders endeavour to grow beautiful and cheerful by following the example of the flower and the bird. Accordingly each member of our League carries a small watch, which strikes loudly at intervals of ten minutes, whereupon he takes some slight form of nourishment which he conveys about with him on a small hand-barrow."

"To be logical," I objected, "you should have no intervals, you should feed perpetually."

His face fell. "You have hit it, sir. But that is the difficulty of working out ideals in practical life. We did try a Perpetual Feeding Tube, carried in the mouth like a cigar, but it didn't work. It interfered with public speaking and so it prevented us from propagating our own doctrines. So we do the best we can. But my watch is striking." He hurried me to the gate, where stood his handbarrow laden with small dishes



Straphanger (in first-class compartment, to first-class passenger). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, 'ANG ON TO THIS 'ERE STRAP A MINUTE, WILL YER, WHILE I GET A LIGHT?"

carefully arranged. "There," he cried proudly—"meats, cereals, and other flesh-formers in the front, anti-fats behind, then the brain-producers, and finally nuts and fruits at the back. I have not a weak or unnourished spot within me, sir"—and he thumped his chest vigorously—"for, like a rational man, I build up my system systematically."

Here, with a rapidity born of constant practice, he swallowed the leg of a partridge and a large tomato.

I left him and went indoors. I was equally convinced by the arguments of each society, and so, like the legendary ass between two bundles of hay, I made progress towards neither. Accordingly I sat down and waited calmly for my usual meal.

Drastic Measures.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE is reported to have said: "Suppress your newspapers, and enlarge your lunatic asylums." We confess to a good deal of sympathy with Sir JAMES, but trust this step will not be resorted to until all efforts at Press Reform have had their futility demonstrated.

MR. HUGHES, Secretary of the Canine Protection League, seems, according to *The Daily Graphic*, to have been talking to a representative of that organ about the "practice of allowing dogs to follow their owners on cycles and motor vehicles. 'I admit that it sounds incredible,' said Mr. HUGHES." And never was a truer word spoken.

ROUGH LUCK.

CALM was the scene, and luring to repose.

The scent of balms and hair-restoring spices
Were blandly recommended to the nose ;

I heard the barber's garrulous advices
As from afar ; and the soft-clashing shears,
Like chirping crickets, lulled my drowsy ears.

And, in a reverie, I passed again

To those far days when, at my grand-sire's place in
The golden Duchy, my redundant mane

Was hogged by JAY the coachman with a basin ;
(And *why* a basin, why of all that's wild
A *basin*, has perplexed me from a child.)

'Twas there that they constrained my stubborn curls

With a dishonouring comb ! When I objected,
They said it was a boy's comb, not a girl's !

They looked too plausible to be suspected ;
But still the memories of my Cornish home
Are soured with thoughts of that infernal comb.

Mine was in truth a wild and rugged mat,

And uncontrollable beyond all others ;
My grown-up sisters mocked it ; worse than that,

Vilely compared it to my younger brother's,
A little beast, whose head was always sleek,
And wanted soundly punching once a week.

Ah, how I suffered ! I can feel it still !

Young JAMES got all the praise—and I the merriment ;
His was the head that called for every skill ;

Mine was a field for humour and experiment !
I still remember how my smouldering flames
Burst forth—and how I took it out of JAMES.

'Twas thus. They had me cropped—a prison crop !

They jeered. Then rose I up against their jeering.
Sternly next morning to the barber's shop

I haled the imp. I bore him from the shearing
Shaven, I tell you, shaven like a sheep !
I got a licking, too—and got it cheap.

* * * * *

Thus, with a sense of well-requited injury,

I passed through older days to times more recent ;
To-day my head of hair is rich (tho' gingery) ;

JAMES is so bald as hardly to be decent.

My locks are much admired at balls and crushes,
But JAMES—when JAMES removes his hat—he blushes !

DUM-DUM.

THE NOVEL NUISANCE.

[The scheme of legislation subjoined is suggested as a means of regulating the enormous output of modern fiction, a problem wellnigh as serious as those arising out of the growth of automobilism.]

1. No author or authoress shall be permitted to drive a quill, steel, or fountain pen of more than 5-paragraph power until she or he be duly licensed and certificated as competent to do so without danger to the public.

2. Every authoress and author shall be subjected to an adjective tax.

3. All novels shall be registered (for purposes of identification) with clearly-marked letters and numbers, indicating the school or district to which they belong ; and no writer shall, to prevent classification, wilfully obscure his local colouring or moral purpose. Thus, whilst KY 3496 might represent the latest creation of the Kailyard romancists, attacks upon Mayfair and the moneyed classes could be labelled M.C. 666.

4. No writer shall compose novels at a faster rate than 350 h.-pp. per publishing year.

5. No speed competitions shall be allowed between novelists, except in such areas as may be licensed and set apart for the purpose, *e.g.*, the Dartmoor country, the Avon (Warks.) district, and the Sahara.

6. Special licenses shall be taken out for italics, autobiographical prefaces, and replies to reviewers.

7. Writers of novels shall be responsible for all sudden shocks, nervous break-downs, heart-failures, and (in the case of feuilletons) deaths from suspense occasioned to their readers, and may be prosecuted therefor.

8. Novels shall be bound and coloured according to their contents. Thus, sensational fiction must be issued in red boards, idylls of rural tranquillity in green or tree-calf, whilst brown covers are reserved for essays of the ruminating type, despatched from study-windows and the like.

9. The close season for novels shall extend from July 1 to September 30 in each year, and no work of fiction shall be published during this period, under a penalty (for every offence) of six months hibernation under hatches on an L.C.C. steamer.

A VALEDICTION.

[The Great Wheel at the Earl's Court Exhibition ceased running on October 6 for good, and its demolition is being taken in hand this week.]

"*Eppur si muove*—move it does at last,
The Great Wheel turns, though truly not too fast."

Thus, after two or three false starts, was hailed

Our Toy, till then by Cockney wit assailed,
When in the June of Eighteen-ninety-five,
The huge machine began to look alive.

Skittish it was at first, nor need we tell

The manifold adventures that befell

Staid City fathers and suburban swains,

Who lost their several latest homeward trains,

When captive in their airy cage of steel

They passed the night upon the unbudging wheel.

But soon it settled to its steady round,

Fair day or foul, and stoutly held its ground,

While Wembley's tower refused to sprout aright,

And FERRIS felled *his* wheel with dynamite.

Ours plodded on, and tried to make a splash

Baiting its cars with lure of hidden cash,

With fivers for benighted fares to earn,

When London's Tombola refused to turn.

We loved the queer contraption for its size,

E'en though it nightly scarified our eyes

With flaming signs some Patent Milk to boom

Or Priceless Candle, to dispel the gloom.

It was our landmark and our meeting-place,

Our freak of clumsiness, our type of grace,

Our butt and pride and by-word, and our bore,

Fated, we thought, to whirl for evermore.

Not so, for by the dawn of Sunday's sun

Its years of not too crowded life were done.

The cold-iron-chisel gang will forthwith swarm

With dour disrivetters o'er its hapless form—

The breaking-up a toughish job they'll find,

Picking its carcass in the Autumn wind !

Its cars will go for seaside bungalows

Or chicken-houses in abandoned rows.

Farewell, fair Wheel ! soon will your spokes be snapped,

And your ten hundred tons of iron scrapped.

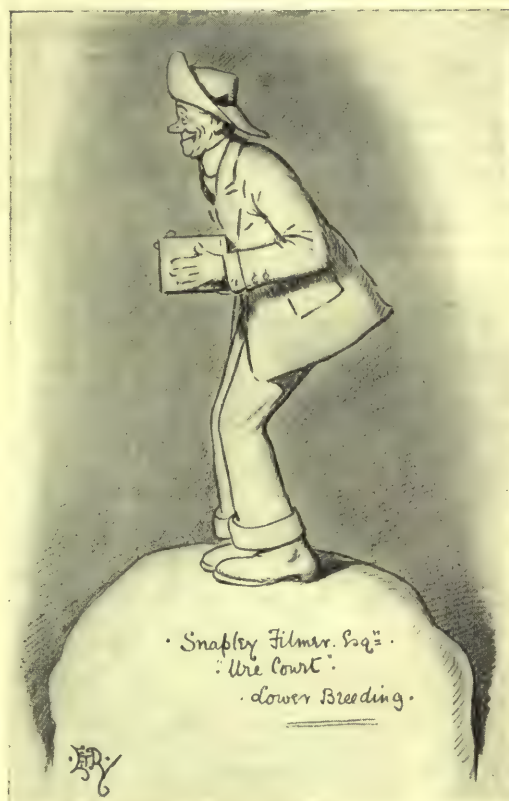
Pray Heaven ! from out your rubbish heap next year

You may not, like a quick-change Phoenix, re-appear.

ZIG-ZAG.

ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 7.

Further designs for statues of more or less private individuals who might otherwise have escaped national recognition.



THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

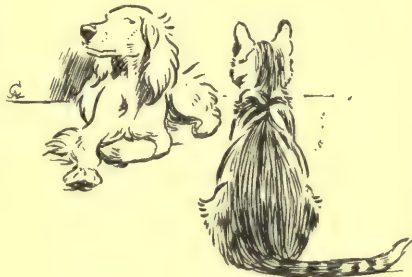
XI. SMITH.

MENTION of my people reminds me of Smith.

Smith was a blot on my reputation, just as Shah was on the Captain's.

The Captain and I—though it never leaked out—each had a cat friend.

I believe that such secret breaches of dog etiquette are not altogether uncommon, though seldom confessed. Indeed there are not wanting those—and



I fancy that to Smith I was the Captain.

among them the Captain—who hold that it shows a certain generosity of temperament, a fine freedom from prejudice, to admit one cat, as an exception, to all the privileges of our friendship. Still such views were never aired in public, for they would only have been misunderstood by the lesser minds.

The Captain suffered a handsome but proud Persian to be his friend and contemporary in his home. I shall never forget how thunderstruck I was when by accident I first made the discovery. I found the creature hiding under a chair in the Captain's dining-room, and was proceeding to rush her out when the Captain, livid with rage, cried, "How dare you?" I had never seen him so angry, and I said, "I beg your pardon, but I thought it was a cat."

"So it is," he answered, "and don't you dare to touch her."

"Hoity-toity!" said I, losing my temper in turn. "Likewise, what-ho!" and I made for the door. The Captain barred my way, and his tone altered slightly.

"Naturally what you have seen is confidential," he said. I agreed, for my tantrums were always soon over. "And if you dare to tell a soul," he added, "I'll hound you out of the town." He need not have threatened me. Still, he was the Captain, and in a minute I was asking his pardon for having forgotten myself. My word, but I was surprised!

Soon afterwards Smith, who was just an ordinary tabby—grey fur lined inside with pink—stepped into my life.

She came to us as a tiny kitten, and to please my mistress I befriended her.

The awful name Smith she received from my master. My mistress begged that it might, at any rate, be Smythe, but my master was a bit of a tyrant. He insisted on naming all the cats who came to his house Smith, and the previous ones had left on that account. There was nothing funny about it; it was merely silly and tyrannical.

As a kitten Smith was somewhat trying. She would insist on my playing with her whether I was in the mood or not. She grew up, however, into a lady-like, genteel young person, and something of an athlete. She was not so aristocratic in appearance as Shah, but nevertheless I was not ashamed of her.

It was a great thing to have had the training of her from infancy, and I sometimes wondered whether the objectionable qualities in other cats might not, after all, be due to a large extent to their up-bringing. It was wonderful how fond I became of the little beggar, and she, I felt, both loved and respected me. I fancy, in fact, that to Smith I was the Captain—and I rather liked the feeling. I would often surprise her gazing admiringly at me. I was to her, it was evident, the embodiment of beauty and physical strength. And I took pains not to disillusionise her in regard to the latter point. At the cost of some inconvenience when she pricked me I often pretended that I did not feel it. And I told her that if I liked I could brain her with one blow from my paw. And I would tell her tales of combats with other dogs which would make her hair stand on end, so that the nervous little thing would beg me to take more care of myself. Sometimes I could not resist the temptation, and I would stick it on a bit, and tell her, for instance, how I had had a fight with a couple of horses and had easily overcome them, or that I had chased half-a-dozen policemen for over two miles. Smith was curiously simple-minded, and it was the easiest thing in the world to impose on her. I told her that dogs really had claws, only they were too good-natured to use them. One day, again, she confessed to me that she had an immense admiration for flies; she thought it so clever of them to walk upon the ceiling. At this I informed her that it was really quite easy, and that when I was younger I would think nothing of running round the ceiling two or three times before breakfast. And she believed it, Lord forgive me! It was wonderful the opinion Smith had of me.

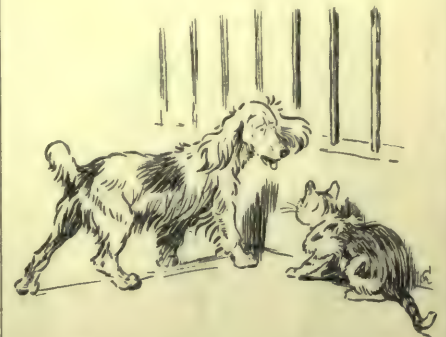
Now and then Smith would try a little mild bragging. For example, one morning she informed me that she too was a Quadruped, and I almost died of laughing. It seems that another cat had told her so. Trust cats, when they get together, to talk either nonsense or

scandal. Which reminds me that the vile Tabby Ochre once declared to Smith that the Captain was one of the most cowardly dogs she had ever met. Smith had the decency and the pluck to tell her she was a liar. That, anyhow, was the explanation Smith gave of a nasty scar on her nose. By-the-by, some of Smith's mouse tales took a lot of believing.

A point about Smith for which I could not help having a hearty admiration was her agility. Smith used to say that "everything that a cat can get belongs to her," and, if she were hungry, she would with the greatest ease jump on to a shelf and help herself—while, if I were to have attempted such a feat, I know the dish would have come down with a clatter.

Naturally enough Smith and I influenced each other's habits and customs to some extent. I taught Smith how to lie down in a dignified manner, with her paws straight out in front, and she taught me how to curl up comfortably. It used to amuse me to see how Smith aped me in a hundred-and-one ways. She even took to scratching herself. And she would eat plain bread like I did, because she thought it manly. And I taught her to wag her tail when she was pleased, like a civilised person, instead of when she was angry. This was great fun, as humans would be doing what she liked, and then they would suddenly stop, as they thought she disliked it.

By the way, the Captain once told me that the disagreement between dogs and cats owed its origin to tail-wagging. At the beginning of things, when animals had just been invented, the dogs declared that it was the correct thing to



"Would you ruin me?" I hissed.

wag your tail when you were pleased, while the cats took the opposite view, and they have been fighting about it ever since.

The one thing that I feared in regard to Smith was that she would try to accompany me out-of-doors. I did all I could to frighten her off the idea by drawing a highly-coloured picture of

the dangers of the streets. I ran motor-cars for all they were worth. I told her how the machinery of the cars, to their owners' great annoyance, was constantly getting clogged up with cats. I also told her how the motorists wore coats lined with cat-skins, and how many cats, especially tabbies, were kidnapped for the sake of their valuable clothes, stripped, and left naked by the roadside. In spite of this, one fine morning, judge of my alarm, on looking round, to find Smith following me! My rage knew no bounds. "Would you ruin me?" I hissed. Smith, I fancy, had never seen me so angry before. She crouched down, as though fearing I would hit her, and then slunk back, a picture of misery. It was, of course, a flagrant act of disobedience, and I am glad to say it was never repeated. It was the last time I had occasion to make any complaint to her. Taking her all in all, she was a very good little thing; and, my word, how the little baggage adored me!

The Captain's attitude to Smith was somewhat peculiar. The first time they met, Smith ran up to the Captain; and anyone who did not know the Captain would have said he was afraid, for he moved off very quickly. After that, Smith would frequently attempt to play with the Captain as she often did with me—she would try all her arts of coquetry, for she was a bit of a flirt, was Smith—but the Captain would always ignore her. Officially, it was evident the Captain had resolved to deny her existence. Smith sometimes complained of this to me, but, as I told her, it was not for the likes of her to expect one of the Captain's rank and position to take notice of a little ordinary tabby cat named Smith.

The Buxton Advertiser, describing a haystack fire, states that "the cause of the outbreak was supposed to be combustion." A bold guess!

In case Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD and Miss PHYLLIS DARE are in want of a duet at the Vaudeville we beg to suggest—"Now that we two are Maying!"

LITERARY NOTES.

WE understand that the authoress of that biting story *The Viper of Milan* has a series of ophidian romances on hand, some of the titles of which we have been privileged to divulge. They are *The Cobra of Constantinople*, *The Blindworm of Buenos Ayres*, *The Adder of Aden*, *The Rattlesnake of Rye* (dedicated to Mr. HENRY JAMES), *The Boa Constrictor of Balham*, *The Python of Peckham Rye* and *The Slow-worm of Assisi*.

The title of Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN'S new novel *The Dumpling* is bound to exert a potent influence on fictional nomenclature. Already we hear of *The*

AN AFTERMATH OF OPERA.

THE autumn season opened at Covent Garden last Friday with *Rigoletto*, of all depressing themes. I must think it was chosen for its popular tunes, for there was a half-provincial air about the house. The prices were too low to attract the noblest tastes. The absence of familiar diamonds made one shy of believing that the music could really be first-rate. Mme. MELBA, however, did what she could to correct this impression, not only by her glorious singing, but also by her own bejewelled fingers, which lent a distinctive lustre to her part as the simple child of a chartered buffoon.

Most of the Pit Tier boxes had had their partitions knocked down, which gave to this part of the auditorium an atmosphere of impropriety, as if it were a gigantic mixed bathing-machine. The gallery-gods seemed to think they were in a superior music-hall, for they wanted to have *Caro nome* encoored. Mme. MELBA obliged them so far as to leave her bedroom on the first floor, come down by way of the terrace and make her bow from the garden. Then she retired on the ground floor; with the consequence that when the revellers came to carry *Gilda* off they had to be content with a dummy. She was in great and bird-like voice.

Signor SAMMARCO, as *Rigoletto*, sang and acted nobly. I cannot say as much for the *Duca* of Signor KRISMER. When he sang *pianissimo* he was pleasant enough; but the moment he let his voice go it seemed to come through an inferior gramophone, so metallic was its tone. He was not a bit like his property portrait on the wall (these *Rigoletto* Dukes never are). His legs were much fatter, and he had no beard.

Signor WALTER, as the cut-throat *Sparafucile*, was a right Italian stage villain, and the *Monterone* of Signor THOS was visibly an injured man.

Vocally the chorus was well trained; but they had learned their lessons mechanically, and acted rather like stuffed marionettes.



Voices in the distance. "NUMBER ONE AND ALL'S WELL!" "NUMBER TWO AND ALL'S WELL!" "NUMBER THREE AND ALL'S WELL!"

Member of Second Cavalry Line. "NUMBER FOUR AND ALL'S NOT A BIT WELL!"

Roly-Poly, The Turnover, The Rock Cake, The Shape and The Mould.

Talking the other day with a West-End bookseller, I gathered that the best selling books were Mr. HICHENS'S *The Fall in the Mud*, and Mr. MAXWELL'S *The Larded Game*.

My interlocutor surprised and fascinated me by adding the curious item of information that no new novels are ever issued in buckram. *A propos* of bindings, my friend told me that his forty years' experience of London book-buyers convinced him that if Mr. BENT'S new *Every Woman's Library* were to come out at a penny a volume, bound in Russia leather, it could not fail to command a considerable sale.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

At the opening of her new book, *Prisoners* (HUTCHINSON), MARY CHOLMONDELEY gives one the impression of having her literary muscles rather stiff from disuse, or else rheumatics. Her style is laboured; it lacks freshness and ease. Here is a bad passage: "The duke approached, superb, decorated, dignified, with the polished pallor as if the skin were a little too tight, which is the Charybdis of many who have avoided the Scylla of wrinkles." That is really unworthy of her. But as soon as she reaches, quite early, one of those dramatic situations in which she so excels, she warms to her work. She writes best, indeed, when she has most to say, or when the mood of humour—her special gift—is upon her.

Miss CHOLMONDELEY is a close student of character. In dealing with her central figure, *Fay*, she allows no prejudice in favour of her own sex to temper the almost surgical sincerity with which she probes to the place where the poor creature's heart ought to be. Yet her analysis leaves us sceptical. "It is difficult," she somewhere says, "for those who have imagination to understand the *insouciance*, which looks so like heartlessness, of the unimaginative." That is a wise saying; but want of imagination, though it may lead to very painful results—such as the suicide of *Endymion's* father—cannot by itself explain the behaviour of *Fay* to *Michael*.

It is conceivable that a woman without courage or sense of honour might, in order to cover a situation which threatened to compromise her good name, allow her lover to assume the guilt of a crime in which neither he nor she was concerned. It is conceivable, though their relations were innocent in act, that she might leave him to his punishment rather than expose her secret to her husband. But it is barely conceivable, if she had the merest caricature of a heart, or indeed was human at all, that, after her husband's death, she should still let her lover go on wearing out his life in penal servitude for want of a word from her. Brutality of this order can hardly be explained by a mere defect of imagination. But, even so, one can understand how such a woman might be regenerated if she met a man with enough heart's blood in him to spare some of it for the furnishing of her empty veins. But the man whom our author provides for this purpose is a preposterous and unlovable prig, on whose pedantic egoism she is at the greatest pains to insist. It is indeed a tribute to Miss CHOLMONDELEY's charm that she can afford to impose such improbabilities upon us. So shining are her virtues as a teller of tales that we must needs overlook apparent errors of judgment which in a less brilliant writer would have been a damnable offence.

We have long known, on the authority of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. As *A Wanderer in London* (METHUEN), Mr. E. V. LUCAS, whilst admitting he does not know whither good

hansom drivers ultimately repair, positively announces that "bad ones are condemned to the box seat of four-wheelers." This by the way. The supplement to his charming narrative of *A Wanderer in Holland* is in keeping with its happy title. He just wanders about London, and out of full knowledge, keen sympathy with its light and shade, its colour and its teeming life, he chatters. Lamenting the tidal wave of utilitarianism that lately rolled over London City, extending westward to Charing Cross, he disclaims discovery of profusion of curious or picturesque corners. What the traveller must journey to London to behold and study is, he insists, her men and women, her millions of men and women. Despite this disclaimer he leaves unnoted few of the precious bits of antiquity still left to the strenuous beehive. When found he makes a note of them with loving hand. He is particularly strong on pictures, devoting discriminating chapters to the Tate Gallery, Kensington Museum, and the Wallace Collection, and two to the National Gallery. This section forms of itself an excellent handbook. One cannot be expected to acquiesce in all his judgments.

But in such matters it is not unpleasant to argue with a man of strong opinions, especially when he, having said his say, must perforce leave you the last word. There is a delightful chapter on music-halls, and, by way of balance, many pages about old churches. I can imagine no more delightful companion for a walk down Fleet Street or any other storied London thoroughfare than this cheery, cultured *Wanderer*.

The large picture-book entitled *The Education of an Artist* (A. & C. BLACK), the pages of which I have turned with so much pleasure, coming again and again on reproductions of famous works, should really have been called *The Exultation of a Tourist*. For, though no one can believe for a moment that *Claude Williamson Shaw*, its alleged hero, either existed or learned to paint, everyone will be certain

that Mr. C. LEWIS HIND, the author, had a very good time as he moved from one European gallery to another gathering impressions, while his portmanteau was acquiring its complement of hotel labels. His ingenuity in forcing the Old Masters to illustrate the story of a modern soul-hunter cannot be too much admired; but what living artists will say of it is another matter.

Two things about Mr. SIDNEY LEE's extended monograph on *Stratford-on-Avon* (SEELEY & Co.) perplex me intensely: there is no mention of Stratford-on-Avon's best-known resident in it, and the date on the title-page is 1907. I write these words in October, 1906, when this best of years has still nearly three good months to run, and it strikes me as an injustice to its sunshine and other merits to look ahead with this indecent impatience. Why should not Mr. LEE's interesting book belong to it as well as HUTCHINGS's boundaries and HIRST's record and the marriage of Princess ENA and President ROOSEVELT's manifesto? For the rest the book, although it overlooks Miss CORELLI, cannot be overlooked by any one visiting Stratford-on-Avon and wishing to know where he is.



Schoolmaster. "NOW, SLOGGS, YOU CLEARLY UNDERSTAND THE REASON WHY I'M GOING TO CANE YOU, DON'T YOU?"

Sloggs (son of the middleweight champion). "YES, SIR. IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A HEAVY-WEIGHT AND I'M ONLY A BANTAM."

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has just placed an order for 40,000 chairs. It has realised, we suppose, that our Army, in view of its reduced numbers, must take all future attacks sitting down.

The County Council having decided that there shall be no "Paris in London," the City Corporation has been producing "London in Paris."

Meanwhile satisfaction continues to be expressed by our French friends that the LORD MAYOR's Coachman should have been persuaded to include the LORD MAYOR in his retinue.

H.M.S. *Dreadnought* having proved herself an admirable sea boat, vibration and rolling being almost imperceptible, a lady correspondent wants to know why the South Eastern do not at once secure her for their cross-Channel customers.

During the Recess a room in the House of Commons, which was previously looked upon as the property of the House of Lords, has been turned into a smoking-room. Is this, we wonder, the beginning of the end, and will the House of Lords itself ultimately be converted into a restaurant for the use of the Members of the other House?

"Are British women's feet growing larger?" asks *The Daily Mail*. "Impossible," answers an ungallant Continental journal.

A Frenchman who had been wrongfully convicted of stealing some bank-notes has been granted a free pardon for the mistake made by his accuser.

The internal decorations of the new Old Bailey are said to be most interesting, even though the offer of a wealthy retired house-breaker to present a series of medallion portraits of Great Burglars had to be refused.

Exhibitions are undoubtedly a powerful factor for civilization. During the six months for which the recent Earl's

Court Exhibition was open upwards of 400,000 persons paid twopence apiece for the experience of sliding in a sitting position on a mat from the top to the bottom of an erection shaped like a light-house.

An expert having stated that, in his opinion, no man can be a really competent driver of a motor vehicle until he has had twelve months' experience of the roads, an Irish M.P. is to ask the Government to make it illegal for a *chauffeur* to drive until he has had that experience.

Is the horse, after all, so inferior to the motor? One day last week a runaway horse wrecked the fronts of four shops in Middlesex Street.

decided that in future the marriage of a woman teacher shall be considered equivalent to the notice necessary to terminate her engagement." But surely marriage has always been one of the best known ways of terminating an engagement; this at least has been our own experience.

Some gentlemen who intended to present a Memorial to the President of the late Duma have abandoned their project, thus avoiding the prospect of a Memorial Service.

The Cunard Company has arranged to issue round-the-world tickets at a rate of less than a penny a mile; yet the gentleman who sent twopence to the Company with a request for rather more

than a couple of miles' worth has, we hear, had his money courteously returned.

POINTS FOR LADY CUEISTS.

1. GET a good grip of the cue with both hands.

2. One of the white balls has a black spot. This is intended as a guide for ladies. Try and hit this spot every time. Shift the ball if necessary.

3. Incline the head slightly in order to put "side" on. A backward movement is necessary for "check."

4. The method of "screwing" a ball is similar to that of putting in a hat-pin—a short, sharp, vicious jab.

5. Should you mis-cue many times, try the other end. A little more chalk may be necessary.

6. Should you tear the cloth, don't worry; the maid will come up with the sewing-machine.

7. A game of "fifty up" should not take more than two hours, even allowing for the distractions of a mixed "two-some."

"The *Petit Parisien* says that the Chief Magistrate of the City will be cordially received. He will bring something of England's heart in the folds of his robes, and will take a great deal of France's back to the other side of the Channel."—*Daily Telegraph*.

FRANCE will of course retain the small of her back.



Sanguine Golfer. "IS THAT ON THE 'CARPET,' CADDIE?"
Caddie (as the ball swerves into cottage window). "Yus, Sir; FRONT PARLOUR, SIR!"

Dogs all over the world are much interested in the case of ANTONIO CONGRO, of New York. He lived for twenty-one years without bones.

Mr. WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT has published a volume on the subject of British rule in Egypt. "I do not ask," says Mr. BLUNT, "that LORD CROMER should be condemned or dismissed or recalled from Egypt without a full hearing." This seems humane.

The world's natural wood supply will, it is authoritatively stated, ultimately give out, and owners of heads made of that material are already giving themselves airs in view of their prospective increase in value.

"The Isle of Wight County Education Committee," says *The Express*, "has

THE COOKS AND THE GAIETY BROTH.

SCENE—A room at the Gaiety Theatre. The time is some weeks prior to the production of "The New Aladdin." The authors of that piece are gathered in a dense crowd at one end of the room. They are all talking at the same time, and the noise is deafening. Enter Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, smiling paternally. His smile changes to a look of consternation as he surveys the excited mob before him. The authors rush towards him in a body, talking and gesticulating.

Mr. Edwardes (deprecatingly). Gentlemen! Gentlemen! (Confused shouting from the multitude.) Gentlemen, this is too much. You are not the Angry Mob in one of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's productions. You are gifted men of letters. Kindly behave as such.

The Authors (somewhat cowed by this severity). Well, but—

Mr. Edwardes. Well, but what? What's the trouble?

Mr. Tanner. It's like this. We—

Mr. Risque. It's this way. They—

Mr. Adrian Ross. This is the position. Everybody—

Mr. Grossmith. Listen to me. I—

Mr. Greenbank. I can explain in a—

Mr. Edwardes. Stop! Stop! One at a time. One at a time. TANNER! What's your trouble, TANNER?

Mr. Tanner. It's like this. We can't make any headway at all. We've been fighting ever since lunch. We—

Mr. Risque. It's your fault. You're so unreasonable.

Mr. Greenbank. You're just as bad.

Mr. Grossmith. I—

Mr. Edwardes. Stop! Stop! Stop! (The noise dies away gradually to a sullen murmur.) Now, TANNER?

Mr. Tanner. It's like this. My idea is that we want something absolutely new—something perfectly fresh.

Mr. Risque. And then you go on to suggest EDMUND PAYNE as a page-boy!

Mr. Grossmith. Why drag in PAYNE? I—

Mr. Tanner. My idea is—something Gilbertian.

Mr. Risque. Well, you've got it, haven't you? Your stout fairy who nestles in a buttercup is copied from *Iolanthe*; your genie who has to talk in rhyme comes from *The Fairy's Dilemma*; your chorus of policemen from *The Pirates of Penzance*; and your policeman lost in London from *Peter Forth in The Bab Ballads*. One would think that that was enough Gilbert for one piece.

Mr. Grossmith. Now I—

Mr. Tanner. What I say is, why not have a plot in the Second Act as well as the First?

All (scornfully). Shame! Shame!

Mr. Edwardes (more in sorrow than in anger). I never thought to hear those words from JAMES TANNER!

[Mr. TANNER blushes, and hangs his head.]

Mr. Edwardes (breaking an awkward silence). Well? Has anybody else any suggestion to make?

Mr. Grossmith. I've a notion, GEORGE, that you make a mistake in overcrowding your stage. Of course it gives a certain air of liveliness to a scene to have a lot of people about, but the audience soon gets tired of it. What you want is to drop all that, and strike out a new line altogether. Now, how about turning the Second Act into a humorous monologue? I shouldn't mind doing it. I must get off and change my clothes every now and then, of course; but the orchestra could play 'em a tune or two while I was away. How does that strike you?

Mr. Edwardes (doubtfully). Ye-es. And yet—

Mr. Adrian Ross. The secret of success in musical comedy—

Mr. Edwardes (coldly). I beg your pardon?

Mr. Adrian Ross. The secret of success in musical comedy, to my mind,—

Mr. Edwardes (with frigid politeness). At any other time, my dear fellow, I should be more than glad to listen to your doubtless sound views on that obsolete form of entertainment; but time presses, and we have not yet settled the details of our new—(with icy emphasis)—extravaganza.

[Mr. ADRIAN ROSS starts and colours uncomfortably.]

Mr. Greenbank. I say—lyrics. That's what you want—good lyrics. And (complacently) we've got those all right.

Mr. Grossmith (effusively). Thank you, PERCY, thank you!

Mr. Tanner (who has been slowly recovering during the preceding remarks). I have a bright idea. Why not try writing the part of a comic foreigner for ROBERT NAINBY?

Mr. Edwardes. Excellent. Do it.

Mr. Grossmith (doubtfully). Must he have a part? It crowds up the stage, you know, it crowds up the stage.

Mr. Tanner. We must have a comic foreigner, you know. It's the Gaiety.

Mr. Grossmith. Then how about me doubling the part with my own? I should want to get off and change my clothes every now—

Mr. Risque. Something in the SHAW style would be my notion of extravaganza. Leave it to me, and I'll turn you out another *Major Barbara*.

Mr. Tanner. GILBERT would be my model, as I have said. You'd much better leave the whole thing to me.

Mr. Grossmith. Tell you what. Don't either of you Johnnies write anything.

Simply let me come on and gag. How would that do?

Mr. Adrian Ross. Why not turn the thing into a concert? Nobody really wants to hear dialogue. What they want is to get on to the songs. I'll write you a dozen lyrics, and you can dole them out among the company. Then TANNER and RISQUE could take a holiday. I'm sure they want it. They're looking quite flushed.

All the Authors (simultaneously). Nonsense! Why— That's absurd! I— Rot! Look here— And then, you see— I mean, it's this way—

Mr. Edwardes (waving his hands agitatedly). Stop! Stop!

All. Sh—h! Sh—h!

Mr. Tanner. Can't you be quiet, Ross?

Mr. Risque. Do shut up, GROSSMITH!

Mr. Grossmith. Just for one moment, TANNER.

Mr. Adrian Ross. You talk such a lot, GREENBANK. That's your trouble.

Mr. Greenbank. RISQUE, Mr. EDWARDES is speaking.

Mr. Edwardes. Please listen to me. I see now that I was wrong to let you meet together like this to talk things over. It was a mistake. The only wonder to me is that you are all still alive. What you must do now is to separate, and work apart from one another. Each of you peg away exactly as you think fit, irrespective of the others. Then, when you've finished, we'll lump the whole lot together, and have it acted.

Mr. Tanner. And if the gallery don't like it, why, they must lump it.

Mr. Edwardes. And boo to the inevitable? Just so.

BAITING THE BARD.

THE Editor of *T. P.'s Weekly* announces that in order to make the long fireside evenings of the winter months the more bearable, he will take his readers through a course of *Macbeth*, on which he invites correspondence, thinking in this way to knit all his readers in an inspiring study of one of the masterpieces of literature. Mr. Punch, who wishes him well in this admirable project, prints below several letters on the subject which seem to have reached his office by mistake:—

WAS HAMPSTEAD MACBETH'S HEATH?

DEAR T. P.,—I am so glad you are taking *Macbeth* for the winter evenings. It has always been my favourite play, not only for itself but because I live in the Vale of Health, and I know a part of Hampstead Heath (near Constable's Knoll) which I feel sure the divine Bard was thinking of when he wrote the Witch Scene. It is very unlikely he was ever in Scotland, whereas he must often have been to Hampstead on Bank holidays



IN THE BOOK-LISTS.

DAME LITERATURE. "WELL, THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FIGHTING ON MY ACCOUNT; BUT I MUST SAY I HAVE MY DOUBTS ABOUT THE CLOCK-FACED GENTLEMAN."





Old Lady. "ARE YOU SURE IT IS ENGLISH MUTTON?"

Butcher. "WELL—ER—BORN IN NEW ZEALAND, MADAM, BUT OF ENGLISH PARENTS."

and Sundays, when he was just a common actor. But I think it is a little hard to have called it a "blasted heath," but I suppose strong language was a defect of the times.

Yours, &c., MARTHA LEDBITTER.

SHAKSPEARE AND NEWMARKET.

DEAR SIR,—Can you explain to me what the Second Witch means (*Macbeth*, Act I. Scene 1) when she says, "Paddock calls"? Who was Paddock? If he was a character, he called "off," as we say; and he certainly does not appear again. Do you think SHAKSPEARE intended to introduce him as a leading figure, but in the wonderful abundance of his invention forgot him? It is very interesting. The close connection of "heath" and "paddock" has suggested to the German commentator, RITTER ERNST SCHLOSSEL, that SHAKSPEARE for his heath, though nominally in Scotland, had Newmarket in mind. I should be very glad of your valuable opinion.

Yours obediently,

ALGERNON TINKLER (Surgeon-Major).

SHAKSPEARE'S BOASTED OMNISCIENCE.

DEAR SIR,—It is commonly asserted that SHAKSPEARE was a person of Encyclopædic attainments, but careful research has shown me that he was frequently at fault. For instance, he speaks in *Macbeth*

of a "cream-faced loon." Personally, I have never come across that variety, but to confirm my view I have recently written to the Director of the Natural History Museum, who courteously wired back, "None in Museum, try looking-glass." Can any of your readers explain what he means by the last three words?

Yours faithfully, EDWARD GOLES.

BACON'S CLAIM VINDICATED.

DEAR SIR,—I note that you comment on the suspicious brevity of *Macbeth*. It has, you observe, only 2108 lines as against 3931 of *Hamlet*. No wonder you use the epithet "suspicious." If you take $1=a$ and $b=2$, the first two numbers in the total at once afford a convincing clue to the authorship of the play.

Faithfully yours,
JASPER TROTT.

THE DUFF ANCESTRY.

DEAR SIR,—I see you refer to HOLINSHED'S Chronicles as the material from which SHAKSPEARE drew. Can you tell me was he any relation to JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD the late famous theatrical manager? Also whether there is any foundation for the story that the Duke of FIFE is descended from *Lady Macbeth's* great-grandfather, King DUFF?

Faithfully yours, LUCY BLAMPHIN.

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

DEAR SIR,—Will you not exert your powerful influence to induce Miss EDNA MAY, now happily released from the shackles of musical comedy, to devote her great talents to the impersonation of *Lady Macbeth*? My idea of a model cast is as follows:—

<i>Macbeth</i>	HARRY LAUDER.
<i>Lady Macbeth</i> . . .	Miss EDNA MAY.
<i>Banquo</i>	Mr. GEORGE ROBESY.
<i>Macduff</i>	Mr. OTHO TWIGG.
<i>The Three Witches</i> .	LITTLE TICH.
	MARCELLINE.
	LORD ROSSLYN.

Yours faithfully, AMANDA DOTTI.

"Four balloons ascended, followed by seventeen motor-cars belonging to the Volunteer Automobile Corps . . . All the descents were successful."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

WE can only believe the latter statement on the assumption that the mere reaching of the ground again by the given object (balloon or motor-car) is held to imply a technical "success."

"GOLD DRAIN TO THE UNITED STATES."—We are all for the best sanitation, but we cannot help thinking that the above scheme, broached in a financial contemporary, would prove far too costly.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

London's Importance and Population.

LONDON, the capital of England and the largest city of the world, has a population of 5,193,428, including Mr. DONES, father of the Misses DARE. Its staple industry is Bridge.

[CHAPTER II.

Park Lane.

We cannot do better than come quickly to riches. What so interesting as wealth? What so potent?

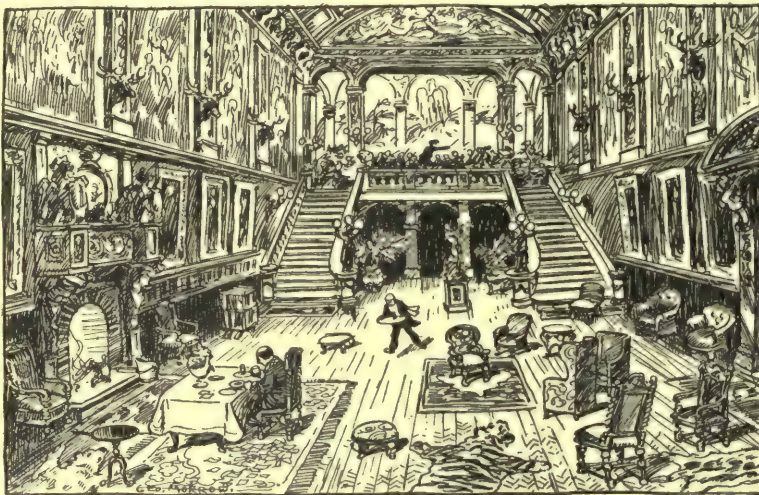
The richest people in London live in Park Lane, which sometimes is called Pork Lane for obvious reasons. Let us traverse this piquant thoroughfare from north to south, and see who lives here. Beginning at the Marble Arch—but first an interesting thing about the Marble Arch. It may not be generally known that the Marble Arch contains a spacious apartment which has long been used as the headquarters of the Mormon Church in London. Services are held at day-break on the 15th of every month, and are much appreciated. Resuming our walk down Park Lane, we come first, on the left (there are few or no houses on the Park side), to the magnificent home of Sir ALGERNON CATESBY. Let us wait till the door opens to admit of the many gilded callers, and then note the cork linotype machine in the hall.

In the adjoining residence, in the vicoco style of architecture, dwells Dr. ORLANDO TIBBLES, LL.D. and D.Litt., who has for neighbour, in the little bijou residence, so minute as scarcely to afford breathing space to his dozen flunkies, but furnished to perfection, Lord ENO. Happy are the guests who have partaken of his lordship's salt and sipped his fruity port. Mention of salt reminds us that "The Mast Head," the nautical palace which is now rearing its many storeys before our admiring gaze, is the home of Baron LIPTON, owner of the famous racing yacht *The Butter Cup*. But the Baron is not now at home, as the absence of a pennon informs us. Could we peep in, what splendours we should perceive! The first folios of BACON on the shelves alone make the house worth a visit.

"Windsor View," the charmingly ornate building in terra-cotta to which we now come, is one of Sir GILBERT PARKER's mighty seats; but he prefers to reside nearer his senatorial duties, in Carlton House Terrace.

The fine isolated sombre mansion adjoining it is Dorchester House, famous as the birthplace and home of Mr. THOMAS HARDY, the novelist; but he has for the time being let it to the American Embassy. It was here, in the room over the portico, that NELSON uttered his famous entreaty, "Kiss me, HARDY"—although there are critics who maintain that to have said, "Kiss me, MEREDITH," would have indicated a sounder literary taste. Here, however, we touch dangerous ground, which we would always avoid.

To resume the walk. At "Bankside" Mr. HALL CAINE makes his London home



A PARK LANE RESIDENT AT BREAKFAST.

on his infrequent but very welcome flittings from Greeba Castle. Not all our great intellects, however, live in Park Lane. Sir WILLIAM CROOKES, for example, has a *chic* residence on the Tube just outside the radium.

Continuing our walk, we find, at the corner of Bath Street, "Oliver Lodge," now the headquarters of the Society for Psychical Research. Note the handsome biscuit-ware faience. Here, however, we must call a halt. Next week, Dear Reader, we will resume our ramble down the premier thoroughfare of the metropolis.

"WANTED, baby or very small grand piano, . . . condition equal to new."—*Bazaar*.

It is of course the advertiser's own business, but for ourselves we think the piano would be preferable. We do not care for the idea of a second-hand infant, got up to look like a new one.

THE LEVEL OF LOVE.

(It is reported that engagements run riot in the offices of the New York "Flat-iron" and other buildings of a similar type.)

THE bards have urged (in songs of flame)
That love is deemed of low account,
And business cares usurp a claim
Intrinsically paramount;
And who can doubt the charge was true
Before our builders scaled the blue?

How could the Paphian goddess feel
At home amid the sordid hum,
Where buses hoot and engines squeal,
But nobler transports never come?
Long since for more sublime retreats
She left behind our first-floor suites.

But, further up, where office flats
Imbibe the welkin's open breeze
And many a typing-maiden pats
Now her back-locks and now her keys,
Above the mesh of
woven wires
Romance, we gather,
still suspires.

There, where the pulse
of commerce plays
Some fifteen storeys
from the ground,
Her doves are due on
cloudless days
To bring the bright
Italian round;
And there, to graft her
heavenly gift,
She comes (with Eros)
up the lift.

The merchant drops his
pen to dream
Of flowery paths till
now untrod;
The ladies also much
esteem

Attentions from the archer-god;
Till in the purlieus of the skies
Our marriages materialise.

We like to think that, though the reek
And toil of urban life debars
Affection from its once unique
Facilities to scale the stars,
Yet clerks in flats that scrape the sky
Can pitch their passion fairly high.

Professional Candour.

"It is not too much to say that all taking part in this delightful performance desire unqualified praise."

Tiverton Gazette.

ACCORDING to *The Estates Gazette*, "Count VORONTZOFF DASKOFF has offered his estate, near Parlograd, about 80,000 acres, for sale to the pheasants," and it is understood that one of them shot a rocketing landlord the other day.

HENRY'S IDEA

OF THE BOOK WAR.

"ANY news from the front?" said HENRY, as he filled a pipe.

"Nothing very much," I said. "The publishers have withdrawn their advertisements in good order, and the Book Club is pushing forward LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott* on the left wing."

"Ah, yes, I rather expected that."

"Which side are you backing?" I asked.

"Well, really, I don't know," said HENRY. "Perhaps on the whole, though I expect you'll call me a Pro-Boer, the Book Club. Of course I don't know anything about the rights and wrongs of it all, except that each side is thinking entirely of *my* comfort and convenience. No, why I back *The Times* is because of Mr. HOOPER.

"Of course I've never seen Mr. HOOPER—I don't believe anybody ever has—but I've heard from him a good deal, and he writes a very nice letter. MASTERS, who is a cynic, says there isn't really a Mr. HOOPER at all, and that he's just an abstraction, like the Man in the Iron Mask, and so on. Of course there's a good deal to be said for that, but I think the true explanation is that Mr. HOOPER *was* The Man in the Iron Mask. I mean that would explain so many things—the Popish Plot, and KEIR-HARDIE, and the Letters of JUNIUS. I think, anyhow, there can be no doubt that Mr. HOOPER wrote the Letters of JUNIUS. One only needs to compare the two styles.

"Of course this isn't saying that there is no Mr. HOOPER just at present. I say there is, and MASTERS says there isn't; but then MASTERS is a cynic. MASTERS doesn't even believe in Mr. ARTHUR FITTINGS, of Victoria Street. He's the man who puts himself up as 'Art Fittings' on his shop, just as you see 'Jos. BROWN & Co.' MASTERS says I'm an ass, and there's no Mr. FITTINGS; but I say there is, and a Mr. HOOPER too.

"MASTERS hasn't at all the true conception of Mr. HOOPER. He actually talks about him as HOOPER! Well now, that shows the totally wrong spirit in which he approaches the great question. He is either Mr. HOOPER or nobody.

"Of course to people on *The Times* he would be 'our Mr. HOOPER.' I know a man who writes some of their advertisements for them. (He does the little bit in the corner about how to apply, and he considers '*kindly strike out one of these*' to be the best line he has ever written). Well, I asked him once if he had ever seen Mr. HOOPER, and he coloured up and looked very silly, and wouldn't say 'Yes,' or 'No.' One night, after a pretty good dinner, he began to boast that he had . . . but



Boy (after watching old sportsman miss a couple of rockets). "HAVE YOU SHOT OFTEN, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "YES, MY BOY, A GREAT DEAL. AT ONE TIME, IN AFRICA, I USED TO LIVE BY MY GUN."

Boy (thoughtfully). "DID YOU? AND IS THAT WHY YOU'RE SO THIN?"

MASTERS says after dinner isn't evidence. Though I believe that there *is* a Mr. HOOPER, I doubt if anybody has ever seen him. There was a little paragraph in the papers the other day saying that he had just started for New York. Well, I think it was very nice of them to pretend that they really had seen him off, but it reads a trifle thinly, don't you think? I mean a General doesn't usually go for a holiday just when the battle's beginning. . . . Yes, I know I'm

getting round to MASTERS' way of thinking now, and I don't want to do that. It's always the way when I talk of Mr. HOOPER—a miserable sort of doubt creeps over me. . . .

"But I *do* believe in him. Remember that. I *do*."

EXTRACT from Winter Programme of "The Sheffield Neighbour Guild":—

"AMBULANCE CLASS.—For Reading SHAKESPEARE and other Plays."

"STANDS ENGLAND WHERE SHE DID?"

["The fact is there is a slump in street phrases and catchwords."—*Daily News.*]

THEY ask us loudly why we are downhearted,
What secret sorrow lines each careworn brow?
I answer, "Sirs, our glory has departed;
We have no catchword now.

Once, in the days that knew not "Mrs. Kelly,"
'Twas sweet to ask one's unsuspecting Pa,
The while our sides shook like a calves'-foot jelly,
If he had seen the SHAH.

Scarce was that query stifled when another
Filled every honest boy with lively doubt,
As strangers stopped to ask him if his mother
Knew that her son was out.

I have known solemn merchants in the City
Betrayed to anger by some cheeky brat
Rudely enquiring, in a famous ditty,
Where they procured that hat.

Coming to later times, when Mr. BAILEY
Displayed his irritating wish to roam,
Our prayers were uttered for that ruffian, daily;
"WILLIAM," we cried, "come home!"

But now no more our walks abroad are greeted
With some deliciously familiar strain;
No whistled melody (*ad lib.* repeated)
Allures the weary brain.

Awake, some lyric bard, and break this silence.
"MILTON, thou shouldst be living at this hour!"
The street-boy's cry, that once was heard a mile hence,
Hath not its ancient power.

And though, maybe, someone, somewhere, is hatching
A phrase to sweep the pantomimic boards,
Just now no epidemic that is catching
Dilates our vocal cords.

NATURE STUDIES.

AN OLD FACTOTUM.

HIS name was the essentially British one of MARTIN THOMPSON, and his exiguous size was well suited to the bustling activities in which his life was spent. He had been in his time a waiter, a bookseller's assistant, a confidential agent to a wealthy American, a butler, a body-servant, a librarian in a small way, and a gentleman of some leisure and many occupations; but his mother wit and his native ability, which remained unspoiled by any merely formal education, had always, in the estimation of those who knew him best, raised him superior to the position he happened for the moment to occupy. Yet no man could have fulfilled the duties of that position with a more exemplary zeal or with a more complete satisfaction to those on whose behalf he laboured. He has been dead more than twelve years, but the memory of him is still fresh with me and must ever remain undimmed in my grateful mind.

He was born in Yarmouth, and in the well-bloated atmosphere of that town he spent his early years. There he entered the service of a publican whose merciful habit it was to dilute with some less potent liquid the fiery waters that he retailed to his customers. There was a mysterious and tragical story how on one occasion a public official had called at the house to test the contents of the barrels. In vain had the publican attempted to devise some plan which would permit him to assume an innocent ignorance in the face of the imminent discovery of a watery admixture in the

rum. Conviction stared him in the eyes, but Providence interposed to save a guilty man. The official duly arrived in the morning, but postponed his terrifying inspection until the afternoon. He strolled out to take the air, and fate drew him to a bridge under which on that very morning a mountebank was to pass in a vessel drawn, I think, by geese. The mountebank arrived, the crowd trampled eagerly from side to side of the bridge, and the bridge collapsed into the water, bearing with it, amongst others, the unfortunate official. "He'll have had enough of water, poor man," said the publican when the day had passed and the inspector had failed to reappear. I cannot forget the dramatic power with which MARTIN, as he told this grim story, described, first, the despair of his employer, and, finally, his infamous relief and satisfaction.

From Yarmouth MARTIN came to London in the year of the first Great Exhibition. And now began that Odyssey of varied employments which left him without an equal for experience and versatility. When I first knew him he was a butler, but no ordinary butler was ever like him. He could do odd jobs of carpentering; he could find lost keys or papers with an unerring instinct; he could drive a pony-cart; he could supervise building operations; and, above all, he could purchase books cheaply at a time long anterior to the foundation of *The Times* Book Club. Almost any other thing that required skill and neatness he could carry out in a house, for he was of those who did not disdain to do that which lay outside the customary scope of their work. His small stature might have made him an object of ridicule to a gardener or a coachman, but he owned a tongue that was more powerful than inches, and could compel the respect of the most stalwart. Yet he was human, for he allowed the sons of the house to borrow money from him, and, since he never pressed for repayment, he never failed to secure it. I once owed him £5 and sold a microscope to obtain the money.

When, later, he became a body-servant (the word "valet" would describe him with insufficient distinction) he often travelled abroad with his master, and though he knew no foreign languages he generally succeeded at last in understanding and making himself understood. The French he liked; the Germans he respected, but without liking them. Nor could he be cured of the notion that French, of which he had picked up a few scraps, was a universal language equally adapted to the intelligence of a German chambermaid and an Italian *vetturino*. I once overheard him explaining to a German man-servant that he and his master were leaving the German town, in which they happened to be staying, on the following morning:—

"We're goin' to-morrow, *departer demain*, me and my master."

"So?" replied HEINRICH, who had not the vaguest idea of what was meant.

"Yes, we're off by the train—*chemin de fer*."

"*Jawohl*!"—again quite uncomprehendingly.

"*Chemin de fer*, you dunce, *chemin de fer du Nord*!"

That was meant to be conclusive, for MARTIN evidently thought it was the generic name of all European railways.

From these foreign travels he declared he had collected a number of terrific oaths. They certainly sounded large, but they were due rather to his own ingenuity than to the anathematising genius of any continental nation. "*Sakara-billiapolakadonia*," as I remember, was one of them. In later life he was also accustomed to clinch a statement of doubtful veracity with the cryptic words "*qu'est-ce que c'est m'a donné pour la chose*," pronounced in an impressive tone that carried conviction with it.

During his service as a butler he had been privileged to wait on some of the truly great. CHARLES DICKENS had exchanged many cheerful words with him; he knew the dishes that chiefly appealed to the palate of WILKIE COLLINS;



SUBURBIA'S SMART SET.

Mother (to Ethel, who has just asked why Father is going outside). "HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU YOU'RE TO CALL HIM PATER AND ME MATER?"

he had had his foot stepped on and his hand shaken by JOHN MILLAIS, and had often set ready to the hand of ROBERT BROWNING the carefully decanted bottle of port on which the poet sustained his flow of conversation through the courses of a dinner. He admired literary men not because he had read what they wrote, but because their books could be bought, and could then be expensively bound and be dusted with loving care.

For many years, in one capacity or another, he served one master with a fidelity so jealous that it only just admitted that master's wife within its range. His own private family he treated with condescension, and he never allowed their claims to interfere with his devotion to those of whose household he considered himself to be more truly a part. The death of his master was a crushing blow to him, and he survived his loss only two years.

A British "Jungle?"

CHICAGO must look to its laurels. *The Strand Magazine* publishes the following advertisement of a Maker of Pickles: "During the year of 1905, 126,000 visitors passed through our plant."

EVERY schoolboy knows that, if you make a mistake in the first part of a sum, the only way then to get the answer right is to make another mistake. So with *The Bristol Evening Times*, which writes of the *Dreadnought* trials as follows:—

"The maximum speed attained was 22½ knots, with a mean of 22½, this being an excess of half a knot over the contract speed, which is 21 knots."

MORE WHITEWASH.

[The character of Judge JEFFREYS has recently been defended with great vigour by Professor CHURTON COLLINS in *The National Review*.]

AND so, we learn, historians have treated him disgracefully; Judge JEFFREYS, after all, was not a mass of inhumanity. With feelings of relief we watch Professor COLLINS trace fully His bright career, and write him down a model of urbanity.

By neatly balanced argument he shows us how unfair it is To think this worthy man was one who lived for blood and massacre;

His tender heart was never prone to countenance barbarities, And executions sickened him whene'er they did, alas! occur.

His treatment of a witness was exceedingly magnanimous, He seldom raised his voice or fist when rising to examine him;

In short, he never showed the slightest trace of any animus, Though down upon the perjurer, and swift to spot the sham in him.

And, though accustomed to regard him as a second PILATE, all Must now admit he treated SIDNEY with uncommon courtesy, Nor was the punishment reserved for Lady ALICE LISLE at all Excessive, and at hanging her no person was so hurt as he.

Then, after this discovery, if ever there should be or is A person who believes the tales about his partiality, A single glance at this Professor's scintillating theories Will prove that we must take him as a type of true morality.



Fitz. "I SAY, ARE ALL YOUR BEATERS OUT OF THE WOOD?"

Fitz. "ARE YOU SURE?"

Fitz. "HAVE YOU COUNTED THEM?"

Keeper. "YES, SIR."

Keeper. "YES, SIR."

Keeper. "NO, SIR; BUT I KNOW THEY'RE A'RIGHT."

Fitz. "Then I've shot a roe deer!"

SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT.

(According to Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE, there are some scientists who hold that love is but a phosphorescence on the surface of the brain.)

O, WHAT possessed Leander
When he swam those stormy miles,
Or Trojan Alexander
At the sight of Helen's smiles?
What madness was it set
Romantic Juliet
A-flaming for a Montagu, and she a
Capulet?

A hundred thousand poets
Have exhausted all their art
(And rhymes as well) to show it's
An affection of the heart;
But all their toil is vain,
For Science will explain
It's simply phosphorescence on the
surface of the brain.

Had Science only spoken
In the distant long ago,
Had silence been but broken
When the rhymes refused to flow,

What time and trouble too
She'd saved poor poets who
Sought heaven and earth to find a rhyme
that possibly might do!

Our bards had not been driven
To declare that they would prove
The joys of being given
To the service of their Looe;
Nor felt constrained to rove
The somewhat stilted grove
Whenever they were tempted to depict
the joys of Love.

Nor had the bard, afflicted
With a purist ear, been found
So cruelly restricted,
And for evermore felt bound
To harp upon the dove
And the sapphire skies above
When he desired to write about his
matchless lady-love.

But lo, a larger era
For the poets of our time!
They need no longer fear a
Sad deficiency of rhyme;

For no one can complain
He cannot find a strain
To rhyme with phosphorescence on the
surface of the brain.

The "Standard" on the Education Bill.

"ON no terms, therefore, will the people of Lancashire tolerate the Bill. It must be totally reconstructed. Even then it would be a sorry patchwork."

The *Daily Mail* reports that the "Artists at Work" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries has been visited by "ADELINE, Duchess of BEDFORD, who is always greatly interested in women's work, and Lady WARWICK, who was wearing a wonderful cinnamon-coloured pelisse." The contrast between these two descriptive passages must have given pain to Lady WARWICK. Can it be that *The Daily Mail*, as the organ of the aristocracy, looks askance upon the life-work of the Leaderette of the Socialist Party?



REST, REST, PERTURBING SPIRIT!

KAISER WILHELM. "DONNERWETTER! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU!"
SHADE OF BISMARCK. "THE LAST OF ME? WAIT TILL YOU SEE MY REVELATIONS!"





Little Girl (to irritable old gentleman, who thought he had found a quiet spot to read his paper). "IF YOU PLEASE WE WANT TO PLAY AT ROUNDERS. AND WILL YOU BE 'HOME'?"

OUR MILITARY CRITIC SPEAKS.

[A correspondent recently complained to a contemporary that "the actor in touring companies is badly trained in military matters," and is not convincing when he is playing the part of a soldier.]

Oh, we take him from the wilds of Maiden Lane ;

Twelve bob a week we give him for a wage ;

We try to teach him not to look insane

When making his appearance on the stage.

He doesn't often have a lot to do

(Just enter *r.* and exit *l.u.e.*),

But—the fact there's no concealing,

You—well, somehow can't help feeling

That he isn't all a soldier ought to be.

O-oh, histrion TOMMY ATKINS,

I've no doubt you do your best ;

But there *are* a few improvements

You'll allow me to suggest.

Don't salute when you're bare-headed :

It is not the usual plan,

Scarcely, so to speak, the hall-mark

Of a military man.

His regiment's the "Loamshires" or "The Blanks,"

And the discipline's not rigid there, I fear ;

For nobody says, "Silence in the Ranks !"

When he greets the hero's speeches with a cheer.

Real soldiers when on sentry-go, I'm told,

Are very seldom heard to air their wit ;

But if he says nothing funny,

Then it's "Give us back our money !"

From the patron of the drama in the pit.

O-oh, histrion TOMMY ATKINS,

That is where you come to grief ;

Real soldiers hardly ever

Deal in "humorous relief."

Though I've heard the gallery giggle

When your funniments began,

Yet, believe me, humour's foreign

To the military man.

He's in the mess-room scene in Act the First

When the villain tells the hero that he—*knows* !

When the latter bids the reptile do his worst

He separates them ere they come to blows.

In the big court-martial scene in Act the Third

He hangs about (left centre) and salutes,

But one feels constrained to mention

That, when standing to attention,

A warrior rarely gazes at his boots.

O-oh, histrion TOMMY ATKINS,

You'd be splendid, I've no doubt,

As a pantomime gazeke

Or a "sudden noise without ;"

But you're rather like a waxwork

Or a doll that's stuffed with bran ;

And this makes you unconvincing

As a military man.

THE TWO BELLS.

Motto for the Railway Servants' Secretary.

Il faut souffrir pour être BELL.

Title for the Manager of "The Times."

(From the Booksellers' point of view.)

Le BELL (d—n) sans merci.

MUSICAL TRAGEDY.

Friday, October 12.—Covent Garden is not to be mistaken for the Home of Musical Comedy. To-night is a possible exception, as there is a Fancy Dress Ball, but otherwise there has been a continuous stream of tragedies—*Rigoletto* (2), *Madama Butterfly* (2), *Carmen* and *La Bohème*—and the outlook, with *La Tosca* and *Faust* in the immediate future, is no better. For three consecutive nights Signor ZENATELLO has assisted, as leading gentleman, at the death of a different lady friend. The effort to distinguish nicely between his various griefs and remorse put a heavy strain upon him. In *La Bohème* I found his bedside manner rather attractive; but when *Mimi* expired—well, I never greatly cared for these paroxysms of Italian despair. His voice, though it may not be the equal of Signor CARUSO's in actual h.-p., has very seductive qualities. He is unquestionably the better actor, and even gave signs of a subtlety that is rare enough in opera.

In *Madama Butterfly* his sandy wig (for I assume that it was not his own hair) gave him a rather unfortunate appearance. It was, of course, a concession to the realities. Having no American accent, he wanted at least to look like an Anglo-Saxon, and also to bear some family resemblance to his flaxen-haired baby, whose likeness to his father is insisted upon in the text. All the same, it was a bad wig, and I was glad that in the last Act he kept his cap on as long as he could, and did not (like CARUSO) have to pick it up off a chair in the middle of a passionate exit. Signora GLACHETTI's performance of *Madama Butterfly* could hardly be bettered. As the faithful *Suzuki*, Signora GACONIA supported her well. She was not quite so Japanese as the charming Madame GILBERT-LEJEUNE, but she served; and that is, after all, what a maid is for. Having seen Signor SAMMARCO as *Rigoletto* I was sorry for him in the rather sticky part of *Sharpless*. As the poet says:

O sharpless than a serpent's tooth
It is to have this thankless task.

The part of *Kate Pinkerton* is even stickier still; but Signora GARAVAGLIA was quite needlessly repellent in her manner. I admit that it is always difficult for a woman to wear a right air of conciliation when calling upon one of her husband's dis-



BACKWARD ADVANCES.

Carmen Madame Kirkby Lunn.
Escamillo Signor Scandiani.

carded mistresses. But she is not likely, in so delicate a situation, to derive much assistance from a *lorgnon*. I hope that Signora GARAVAGLIA is capable of coming on sometimes without this appendage. I say so, because I noticed that she was again using one when she played *Musetta* in *La Bohème*. It is a poor trick, at best.

Dropping in for the last Act of *Rigoletto* on Thursday, I found that the Management had secured a very charming tenor in Signor CARPI. He did not quite come up to my notion of either a duke or a libertine, but his voice was a vast improvement upon Signor KRISMER's. I fancied that *Sparafucile*'s little place on the Mincio had been pushed rather nearer the orchestra. The change (if I was right) offers this advantage, that the inside couple have less chance of detecting the presence of the outside couple round the end of the dividing wall when they both advance to the front in the *Bella figlia* quartette, so as to make their voices carry as far as the rival pair's. Still it didn't help much, for they must

have overheard one another, and, in any case, when they are all singing together by collusion, the attempt at concealment is hopeless.

This kind of conventional improbability is perhaps excusable in VERDI, but I do think that the enlightened PUCCINI might have done without it. Yet in the Third Act of *La Bohème* he allows *Rodolfo* to sing quite a nice duet with *Mimi* when he is not supposed to be aware that she is in the neighbourhood.

The habit of interrupting a scene with applause of isolated passages is becoming an intolerable offence. Tradition has always permitted dreadful things to be done at the fall of the curtain; the dead rise while they are still warm; bitterest enemies clasp hands; and all come smirking forward to the footlights. But artistes might at least discourage the vulgarity of these interruptions in the middle of a scene. It would be impossible to imagine a more ridiculous figure than Signor ZENATELLO cut in the Second Act of *Carmen*. Having flung himself on his knees at the lady's feet in a transport of passion and buried his face in her lap, he then raised his head, and turning (still on his knees) to the audience, did his best to bow in that embarrassing posture; then rose to repeat the process with greater comfort; and finally resumed his interrupted genuflection. I confess that I laughed as loud as I decently could, and I hope he heard me.

There are ugly rumours of a *Soho claqué* in the gallery. If they are true, the sooner the Management puts a stop to this alien importation the better it will be for its own dignity, and for the claim of Covent Garden to be something better than a circus. After all, Grand Opera is supposed to have its place among the Arts; but what would you think of a painter who stationed a batch of hiring puffers opposite his picture in the Academy to call the public's attention to its merits?

The social tone of the audiences would seem to be improving. I caught a glimpse the other night of the Society Reporter of *The Daily* —, and he had the glad face of a man who has sighted a Countess or two. O. S.



Signor ZENATELLO assists on three consecutive nights at the death of a different lady friend. From left to right, the corpses (suppressed in the picture) are those of *Carmen*, *Mimi*, and *Madama Butterfly*, respectively.

"When the audience rose to sing NEWMAN's hymn 'Lead, Kindly Light,' not a vacant seat could be seen in any part of the capacious building."—*Tribune*.

WE don't believe this; unless, of course, they all stood on their seats,

THE DUTY OF EVENING DRESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As it is well known that you keep an observant eye on social matters in general, I venture to apprise you of an important development in the direction of etiquette which has very recently taken place in our outlying suburb. We are, in fact, even now in the throes of an upheaval brought about a few days ago by the advocacy in *The Lancet* of Evening Dress as indicative of "tone" and conducive to hygiene. We were hitherto—I speak, of course, only of those householders whose rental is not less than £30 per annum and who possess at least two sitting or reception-rooms—we were, I say (if the truth be admitted) somewhat uncertain in our inmost hearts as to whether our average status was that of the upper Middle Class or merely the middle Middle Class. But now that our eyes have been opened to the elevating possibilities of dress clothes we have promoted ourselves in a body and at a bound into the lower Upper Class. I tell you, we hardly know ourselves, and I don't think you would, Sir; either.

In one short week the word has passed round that it is "*de rigour*" (we are particular about the phrase) for both sexes to change their work-a-day habiliments before sitting down to the evening meal—which, by the way, must never be called "supper" now, but invariably "dinner." We, that is to say, the gentlemen, offer our arms to the ladies while taking them in to the same, though we are divided in opinion as to whether it should be the right or the left arm, not having the latest edition of *Manners for Men* amongst us. We insist also on having a *menu* (which we pronounce correctly "maynew"), even if the courses are only cold mutton and tapioca pudding, and we manage to put it in French, thanks to several clever married ladies, who have been governesses, amongst us—though perhaps you will excuse my transcribing the expressions here. I have not a very good accent for writing the Gallic idiom. Coffee is now regularly served round—never tea or cocoa—after dinner in the proper sized cups and with granulated sugar (not the brown kind); and though it keeps some of us awake at night we feel it is the right thing, or "It," as the Americans say. Liqueurs are found perhaps to be somewhat of a tax, pecuniarily speaking, but it is realised that sacrifices must be made in the sacred cause.

And this leads me here to mention that some of us are real martyrs in the matter. GRUBBE, for instance, who is a struggling literary man and can only get inspired in the night hours, is finding his means of living sadly restricted by the hampering panoply of shirt-front,



Country Gent (late of the City) observing Countryman raise his hat as he passes, throws him a shilling.

Countryman. "THANK'EE, SIR—(with emphasis)—BUT—I—WARN'T—TAKIN'—OFF—MY—'AT—TO—YOU. I—WUR—A'SCRATCHIN'—MY—HEAD!"

which he inevitably inks (and loses time and temper over), to the consequent increase of his laundry bills. The CROMPES (pronounced Crumps) are so impressed with the necessity of living up to and displaying their respective white waistcoat and somewhat *decolté* dinner-gown that they have to spend many more shillings than they can afford in theatre tickets and train and cab fares every other night. JONES, who is middle-aged and stout, is obliged to hurry home from the City so as to be able to hook-and-eye his wife up her back (as she hasn't a maid), and I fear the constant sprinting this entails will shortly result in a doctor's bill. His next-door neighbour (I need not give his name) is, I believe, finding the expense of hiring his swallow-tail by the week rather too much for him; and there are several other hard cases which I have not now time to enlarge upon.

Still, when all is said and done, I think you will agree with me that we

are doing our duty as Britishers in the great work of social regeneration—only I sometimes anxiously ask myself if we shall be able to stand the racket, and where will it all end?

Relying upon your sympathy,
Yours progressively, ZIG-ZAG.

MR. BOURCHIER long ago expressed the view that dramatic critics cannot do themselves justice if they record their impressions of a play on the first night. It is, therefore, only fair to him to reproduce here the *Teesdale Mercury's* dramatic critic on *Hamlet*:—

"MR. ARTHUR PHILLIPS was a clever, undaunted, and accomplished *Hamlet*. . . . His soliloquy upon death was passing fine, while his address to the Ghost was marvellously realistic. More sublimely weird language was certainly never penned by mortal man, and the audience was simply spellbound. . . . Knowing, as we do, the play from beginning to end, it was a night of real enjoyment to ourselves."

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

XII.

THE END.

I now come to the last chapter. And it will be a difficult one for me to tell, for the thought of the Captain's end still cuts me like a knife.

Yes, he died, did this great dog whose portrait I have attempted to draw. Would that I had been taken in his place, for the world could have better spared me! One cannot understand these things.

How vividly I remember it all! How strange that he who had never had a day's serious illness in his life should go out suddenly as he did!

On the evening before the end he came round to me. I offered him food. He refused it. "Captain," I said, "you're ill." He then told me that all the afternoon he had been suffering from dreadful pains in the underneath. He had come round to me in the hope that a little walk might do him good. Even as he told me this he was shaken by a dreadful spasm, and I advised him to get home as quickly as he could and go to bed. It was evident that he had eaten something which had disagreed with him. I then saw him home, though it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could walk, so frequent now were the spasms. I did not offer to go in, as I could see he would rather be left alone. So, with a "Good-bye, old man, keep yourself warm, and I'll be round in the morning," I left him, little thinking that that would be the last time I should see the dear fellow. I remember that as I spoke to him he looked up gratefully at me.

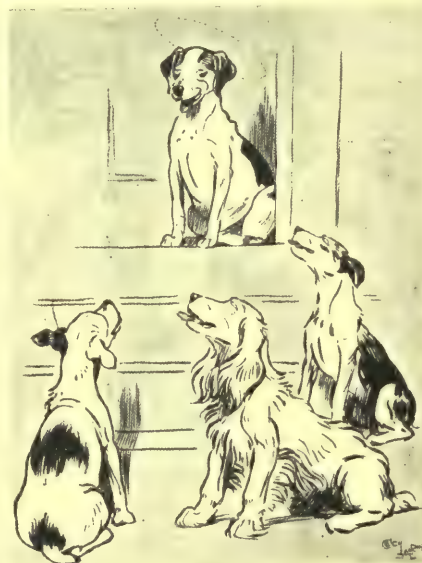
Stupidly, I did not realise how serious the matter was. The Captain had had similar attacks in a small way before, and they had always passed off overnight. I had often told him that he was not sufficiently particular as to what he ate. Sometimes when very hungry he would pick up things in the road.

Yet in a vague sort of way I seemed to have a kind of premonition of what was going to happen. I could not sleep, and as soon as the gate was unlocked in the morning I rushed up to the Captain's house. When I came to the corner where the Captain, with his bright little face, usually ran down to meet me, there was no Captain there, and all the wag went from my tail. I walked up to his door, but there was still no Captain. With sinking heart I sat down and whined until a servant opened the door. Her eyes were red with weeping. She patted my head, and all she said was, "Poor, poor doggie!"

Then I knew.

I do not know how I dragged myself home. I was as one stunned. The sense of overwhelming misfortune seemed to numb me, and my legs almost gave way under me. I could not eat anything, and I remember my master, who did not know what had happened, tried to joke with me. In the afternoon my people must have heard the news, for they were both extra nice to me, and my mistress petted me and tried in vain to tempt me with all sorts of niceties from her special sugar-biscuit box.

Later in the afternoon I made another journey to the house, for on thinking it over I could not believe it. Somehow I thought the Captain had so much influence that he would never die. And



Seated on his own doorstep, surrounded by devoted friends, all looking up to him, the wise head on the young shoulders. How fine he looked then!

on reaching his street my heart gave a great leap, for I noticed that in none of the houses were the blinds drawn. In my excitement I scratched the door impatiently, and when it was opened I rushed into every room, crying, "Captain! Captain!" But the only answer I received were the servant's sobs, and then indeed I knew that my dear friend was no more.

Subsequently I learned that he had passed away early in the morning, and the doctor who was called in said it was Gastritis. So I was wrong in thinking it was stomach trouble. The Captain, I fancy, would have liked the big word.

He was buried in the dead of the night at some unknown spot. By reason of his being hurried into a secret grave, I was prevented, to my eternal regret, from carrying out his last wishes. The Captain had always feared lest he should be buried alive, and he had made me

promise that, if he predeceased me, the most approved scientific method of ascertaining whether there was still life in him should be employed. So I was to have offered him a biscuit.

Dear old fellow, I hope he knows it was not my fault!

The suddenness of it all was appalling.

On the day following his death I was summoned to a mass meeting of the Club which had been hastily called together by interested parties. It was the fullest meeting ever held. It had been rumoured that the Captain had been poisoned by one of the rival Clubs, and there were angry threats of reprisals. But there was very little genuine affection for the Captain shown. It seemed to me that I was the only one who was really heart-sore. The question of a new Captain was raised with indecent haste, and I think I was the only one not mentioned for the post, as I did not mention myself. As a matter of fact the Captain had once said, while dining at my house, that, if anything were to happen to him, he wished me to be his successor. But I did not speak. I came away before the meeting was over, for it sickened me to hear them wrangling over the leadership, and the Captain scarcely gone. Mongrels!

I had done with them. This was the respect they paid to the memory of the Captain who had made them what they were—who had slaved for them and watched over them like a father. Never again would I have anything to do with the petty crew. Blood will tell, after all. Bids were subsequently made for me by the thorough-breeds, but their advances too were rejected by me. I owed that to the Captain. I was willing to become a social outcast. Thanks to the Captain, I was now strong enough to stand alone.

The Club survived the Captain for about a week. Then it split up into about a dozen different societies and associations, some of which comprised only two members, each with the rank of Captain.

So the Captain's life-work perished with him.

I too nearly died. For days I could not touch food, and it was only thanks to the loving care of my mistress and the gentle concern of Smith that I was brought round. At times I even thought of doing away with myself, and that the first motor-car I met might have me. But my mistress and Smith made me feel that they would miss me. They, and even my master, were very good to me, so that I began to see that the Captain was right in his opinion of humans—as, of course, he was right in everything.

What a rare fellow he was! The dear Captain! Have I pictured him I

wonder. It is impossible, I fear, with my poor vocabulary; and my memory is not what it was.

Were I a sculptor, what a statue I would raise to him! Seated on his own doorstep, surrounded by devoted friends, all looking up to him, the wise head on the young shoulders. How fine he looked then!

By-the-by, it is good to know that his name will not die out. In a grocer's shop the other day I saw a tin of his favourite biscuits. They are now called "Captain biscuits."

Sometimes I try to persuade myself that the Captain's death was all for the best. Latterly the poor old fellow had been haunted by the fear that he was getting stout. He often asked me whether it was so, and I always said, "No." But it was so.

Still, that does not make me miss him the less. I am always, always thinking of him. I have never recovered from the blow of his loss. I am fond of my mistress and I am fond of Smith, but I have only been in love once, and that was with the Captain.

No one, I suspect, would recognise in me now the former dog of spirit. My master calls me jestingly "The Fire Dog," for in the long winter evenings I sit staring into the fire and thinking of the Captain, and wondering whether I bored him with my love, and reproaching myself for ever having been cross with him even for a minute. Sometimes I dream of him. Only last night I had been sleeping, and I woke up barking with joy, and I pranced about the room, and made my master open the street door, for I had dreamt that the Captain was without. But I only found Darkness there. My people seemed to understand, and when I cried they patted me and tried to soothe me.

Well, well, I expect I am getting a foolish old fellow now, and soon, I suppose, I shall solve that question of whether there is a Paradise for dogs. Of one thing, at any rate, I am certain, that if Paradise there be, then the Captain is there—and he is looking out for me.

Taking his Pleasure sadly.

FROM AN ADVT. :—

"If you shoot yourself and have not used —'s Ammunition you have missed one of the pleasures of life."

A LONDON INTERIOR.

(BY OUR CAREFUL OBSERVER.)

AMONG innumerable other shop signs in nearly every quarter of London our readers must have noticed at some time or other the words "AERATED BREAD COMPANY" in gold letters on a black ground.

These three words advertise to the hurrying pedestrian the existence of a place of refreshment.



He. "FOND OF BRIDGE?"

She. "AWFULLY!"

He. "DO YOU KNOW I ALWAYS THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WANTING IN PEOPLE WHO DON'T PLAY?"

Most of them—if indeed not all—are entered by a glazed door which swings inwards on hinges—a simple device which provides an easy mode of ingress and egress for the tired typist or the care-worn clerk.

As the door closes behind you, you will at once notice that the dull roar of grinding wheels is distinctly less audible, while the sound of myriad feet on the pavement is perceptibly decreased in volume. The sensation is, in fact, very similar to that experienced on entering any ordinary shop.

Once inside, an entirely new sound

assaults the ears. It is a glassy sound, an everlasting clattering and clinking, almost as if some one were continually laying down plates and cups on marble-topped tables.

On closer inspection it appears that this is exactly what is happening. On one side of you is a long marble-topped counter with glass-domed dishes and mighty urns, the latter steaming hot and shining like burnished silver. With nimble fingers ever ready on the polished

taps stand the presiding deities of the feast, and separated merely by the width of the counter (some two feet five inches) are the deft Hebes voicing the demands of their respective customers.

There they sit upon the cane-bottomed chairs drinking tea or coffee or hot milk, in fact whatever beverage they may have chosen to order. Ledger, day-book, T-square, type machine—all are for the nonce forgotten.

Some are eating poached eggs on toast, with eyes fixed longingly on the tempting piece of sultana cake which awaits them on the edge of the table. You will notice hanging on a nail (which has been driven into the wall on purpose) a neatly-printed announcement, framed and glazed, bearing the words "NO GRATUITIES."

On the right a flight of steps leads down to the smoking-room (note the ingenious handrail supported on iron balusters fixed to the steps); above the heads of the customers floats a thin blue veil of smoke, the products of combustion emitted from innumerable pipes and cigarettes.

The space at my disposal is so limited. . . . [Yes, I've seen to that.—Ed.]

At the Vaudeville.

WHO is PHYLLIS? What is she

That all our gods commend her?

Lucky little girl is she,

Such help did EDNA lend her
That they both might boomed be.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We are grieved to read that "the British Vice-Consul (Mr. A. KANE) reports that exports from Ancona of jute bagging are continually increasing." We should have thought that he was just the man to have put down this sort of thing.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In the *Days of the Comet* (MACMILLAN) is something greater than a good novel. It is a brilliantly successful effort in the higher world of romance. It requires deep design and deft treatment to make the Twentieth Century reader enjoy study of supernatural conditions of life. That is the task Mr. WELLS set for himself, and he has triumphantly accomplished it. The average novelist, proposing to describe daily life in a comet, would in his first chapter have soared aloft and straightway grappled with the fancied surroundings of an imaginary orb. Shrewder, more original, Mr. WELLS brings his comet to the earth. In the act of collision the strange visitor dissolves itself, infusing our patient planet with a gas that creates a new atmosphere, a loftier form of life. Ugly things bloom in sudden beauty. Dirt, decrepitude, poverty, war disappear. Mankind dwells in a new earth, domed by a more gracious heaven. In the wild fancy of the romancist, even Cabinet Ministers become honest patriots, uninfluenced by personal ambition, striving only to serve their country. Which things are, I suspect, an allegory. Mr. WELLS's colliding comet has transformed a wearied old world into one young, joyous, pure and good. "Never a chimney smokes about our world to-day, and the sound of the weeping of children who toiled and hungered, the dull despair of over-burdened women, the noise of brute quarrels in alleys, all shameful pleasures and all the ugly grossness of wealthy pride have gone with them." The change was effected in a night, without fuss or fury. We went to bed after striving all day to get the better of each other, to amass wealth, some of us to commit crime. We woke in the morning with a sense of being what the late LORD CHANCELLOR would call "a sort of" communistic cherubim. There is some fine satire on our former method of daily life, the more effective because it is quietly done.

Mr. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE's new book is called *The Private War*, but previous to its publication by E. GRANT RICHARDS Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN had written *Joseph Vance*. The hero and narrator of *The Private War* is Gordon Traill, and it only remains for Traill to write Mr. de Morgan, and then the matter will be fairly settled. Still it was careless of Mr. VANCE to have been christened JOSEPH—I am not sure that it isn't almost actionable. Meanwhile it may be some consolation to him to hear that he has had at any rate one appreciative reader, who followed up *Gordon Traill* all through the night, one ear alert for revolver shots. (It is Traill's friend Severance who does the great feat of blowing the lock off the door—a thing I have always wanted to try, "as performed daily in romances.") There are heaps of corpses in the story; but what I particularly like about it is that all the fun, or anyhow most of it, takes place in England in 1906—no Zendas or fifteenth-centuries for Mr. VANCE. (The police, of course, were busy catching motorists. After all, what is a murder when one has a stop-watch?) *The Private War* is of the same nature as Mr. MARRIOTT-WATSON's *Adventurers*, and it is high praise to Mr. VANCE to say that the two may be mentioned in the same breath—or rather, in the same moment of breathlessness.

America has long possessed a fairly young humorist (in addition to "Mr. DOOLEY"). His name is OLIVER HERFORD, and he is an Englishman. The competition was too strong at home, so he went over there. His latest book of verse is called *The Fairy Godmother-in-law* (BICKERS), and he has himself drawn the pictures for it very charmingly. It is a facile pen—so facile that it will rhyme you *preserve* with *reserve*; *Theology* with *Zoology*; *way*, *away* and *anyway* all in one verse, and *proposed*, *composed* and *opposed* in

three consecutive rhymes. Yet, for all this, Mr. HERFORD's technique is workmanlike; while his matter is fluent and his style unstrained. If he has had a model it is Mr. W. S. GILBERT. Certainly Mr. HERFORD's delightful fancy of the boa-constrictor that tried to fascinate a stuffed bird on a lady's hat recalls the tale of the bogey in *Bab Ballads*, who sought in vain to scarify the wooden Highlander outside a tobacco-shop.

Fared a trio of sportsmen gay
(London's boredom and Season's drouth)
Down where the borders of Hudson's Bay
Run south.

Aim: diversion of scene and air
(Moccasins, rifles, and birch canoes)
Livened with casual shots at bear
And moose.

Record is kept of the course they made
(Paper and pens and there you are);
One of the three was a scribe by trade—
JAMES BARR.

He, observing the party's track
(Plodding days, and the camp at night),
Smilingly wrote it all down in black
And white;

Wrote it, and METHUEN put it to Press
(Pipe, armchair, and a steaming hob),
Laughing, it's called, *Through a Wilderness*,
(Six bob).

A book entitled *Sir Joshua and His Circle* is a little confusing. *Giotto and His Circle* I could understand; or *Astley and His Ring*. But what had Sir JOSHUA to do with a circle? Is it another word for an ear-trumpet? On dipping into the book, however, all is clear enough: Sir JOSHUA's circle was his friends, and more than his friends, his acquaintance, even contemporaries whom he hardly knew. Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY, the author, ropes all in. It is a pleasant book to loaf over, and the reader will find the times of the great painter very agreeably re-created for him; but what, I wonder, do the publishers, Messrs. HUTCHINSON, mean by calling the horrid shiny stuff on which the reproductions of the master's portraits are printed, "art paper"? When does paper cease to be honest paper and become "art paper"?

The Cruise of the Dazzler (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a breezy book, redolent of the sea. It is the sort of story that will give keen pleasure to a boy, whose father should read it first. Parental virtue will thereby find its reward. Mr. JACK LONDON, like some other writers who thoroughly understand the sea in its many moods, is at his best when manœuvring a ship in a storm. Joe's father, from whose palatial establishment the lad runs away to find a berth on the *Dazzler*, is a wordy prig. Even the roughs with whom Joe fights in the back streets of San Francisco suggest copy-head phrases in their talk. 'Frisco Kid, Joe's chum on the *Dazzler*, is a little sickly in his pathos. But French Pete, the Captain of the *Dazzler*, and Red Nelson, who sails the *Reindeer*, are capital. Happily they loom large through the surging story.

A VERY interesting fact has been brought to light with regard to the horse *St. Luke* which won the Welter Selling Plate last week at Newmarket. The credit for this feat of research is due to *The Evening News*. "St. Luke," says that organ of theology, "was named after the Evangelist who is generally acknowledged to have written both the Gospel bearing his name and the Acts of the Apostles."

OF FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

Old Court, Meadowbury.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Thanks ever so muchly for the lovely pendant—so sweet of you to remember I'm fond of sapphires. But, my *dear* child, *what* a letter to send with a wedding present! "Full of wise saws and modern instances," as the Psalmist says. Had I been Early Victorian, I might have cried over it, but crying, blushing, and fainting are forgotten industries, aren't they?—like staining glass and dyeing something purple.

Yes, old girl, I know. But though all you say is true perhaps, it's not the sort of truth we can all live up to. Don't worry about me, DAPHNE, I don't know that I'm altogether worth it. And don't blame me either. I'm the victim of *cires*. As for your *pity*, my dear, I simply don't want it, and return it to you, carriage paid.

her to buck up sufficiently to be dressed. And what the *Sideglancer* called "a pretty and touching innovation, likely to catch on at weddings," i.e., CASHLESS *mère* standing close to her daughter through the ceremony—was simply and solely to prevent her from bolting before the knot was tied.

But VIOLET's only a half-bred 'un, after all. Blood tells in these matters, and, when you've made up your mind to a thing, carries you through with a stiff upper lip.

JOSIAH (I suppose I *must* call him so sometimes, though I jib at it every time) has given me a simply gorgeous tiara and collet necklace to match—diamonds and sapphires—enormous stones—as well as heaps of smaller bits of jewellery. I really don't think I could have done much better as to *jewels*, if I'd become Princess GALOSHKIN. But there are other considerations, and I own to you, my DAPHNE, in this my last Speech and

that *can't* be repeated too often,—and *that* pattern, my dear, is *cheque*.

It's to be an entirely white wedding, out of compliment to my front name. You bridesmaids aren't to have a touch of colour, even in your posies, and the school-children are to strew nothing but white flowers in my bridal path. J. M. has had a ripping all-white Darracq built for us to "go away" in. I've dubbed it *carte blanche*. Did I tell you that STELLA CLACKMANNAN's youngest boy is to be a page, and BABS the Second a *pagesse*—if there is such a thing? The whole wedding is to be "presented" by SOAMES of Piccadilly.

Oh my ownest friend! Only a few days now before the day of white satin and orange-blossom, and "Wilt thou have this man?" Well, it's all in the day's work.

What do you think! *That other wedding* is to be next week too!

Last time I saw NORTY I asked him if



MR. JONES'S FACE, WHICH HAS SUCH A BLANK EXPRESSION WHEN HE IS DOZING—



BECOMES QUITE INTELLIGENT WHEN HE IS ROUSED.

I shall do very well indeed. One *can't* have *everything*, and the one thing one *must* have in our world is Money, with a big M. I've plenty of social ambition, and in my new position I mean to be right bang on the premises and a leader among the leaders. Even as a single girl, with a simply *beggarly* allowance to outrun, I managed to make some small mark socially. JOAN is delighted to have me removed from her path. HILDEGARDE is in raptures at being presented next spring. And the Powers that be smile approval on me and all my works. I can promise them I won't be like that little VIOLET CASHLESS, when she was married last month to old Lord LUCRE—(though he *has* only one eye, he managed to pick out the prettiest *débutante* of the year!) She had been crying so *shockingly* and was in such a state of collapse on her wedding morning that they had to enamel her face to make her fit to be seen, and give her cocaine or something to get

Confession (like those darling highwaymen on the way to Tyburn) that, had the Prince proposed, I would have asked J. M. to release me. Some *dear* friend, however (FLUFFY MAINWARING, I'm certain), took care to tell him of my engagement, and he left Irgendeinbad quite suddenly.

The presents are simply *pouring* in, and JOAN and HILDEGARDE are in the seventh heaven arranging them. As usual there's a frightful lot all of one pattern. In *my* case it takes the form of umbrella-handles. My dear, I've ceased to count them, jewelled and otherwise. People seem to think I'm going to pass the rest of my life in the open, and in very bad weather at that. Just fancy, the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE people have sent me a most gorgeous pair of opera-glasses, all enamel and jewels. I suppose they look upon it as paying toll for being admitted among *us*. Talking of repetitions in wedding presents, there's *one* pattern of gift

he had realised what our relationship to each other would be, when he was married to Aunt GOLDINGHAM? He said he hadn't thought about it before, but he supposed he would be my "First uncle once removed," and he hoped he would find me a "dutiful niece."

He's a *horrid* boy, and I'm glad to say that I almost *quite* hate him now. Among the presents that came yesterday was a little bangle from him, with "Girlie" on it in small brilliants and sapphires. I've sent him a little morocco memo-book with gold corners and monogram and a wee gold pencil, and on the first page I've written his own aphorism (is that the word?)—"Life's a rotten business, and nothing matters much."

Aunt GOLDINGHAM has sent me a book—but I don't know what it's about, and I've sent *her* a book—I forget its name. (There's a smile due here, if you feel like it.)

And now Goodbye, dearest.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

TO A FRESHMAN.

(From a Cambridge Rhyme-Spinner.)

Oh, youth serenely *gracilis*,
How long the uncut tassel is
That decks your cap; how facile is the slang you most employ.
That cap which doth enhance a pate
(I mean your curly fancy pate),
How well its lines emancipate a freshman, late a boy.

Last summer in your school-abode—
You judge it now a fool-abode—
Your mind by every rule abode that discipline could frame.
You used a scathing wit about
The lazy loons who sit about
And hardly ever hit a bout of ball at any game.

But now your mother checks her sighs
(*Voluntas matris lex* her size
In proverbs is) at exercise so freshmanly and slight;
For other joys that meet in U—
niversities compete in you:
Each day your heart can greet a new Collegiate delight.

For manners: be not pert as he
Who owns no common courtesy,
Who, if he hurts, says "hurt, I see," and tramples on your toe.
Nor should you like a devil leer,
Or ape a foreign chevalier:
To find your proper level here; such fashions are *de trop*.

The haughty ones who boss it, who
Are sometimes bloods and hossy too;
The Proctor and his *posse*, too; the Tutor and the Dean,
The Scotsman, the O'Connor-man;
The poll-man and the honour-man;
The scholar—neither Don nor man, but something just
between—

With these (at first uneasily,
And just a trifle freezily)
You'll learn to take it breezily as time and you go on.
And, though you're now as wee as wee,
Some day you'll grow and be as we,
And take the same degree as we, or, p'raps, become a Don.

Tis.

DO ANIMALS COMMIT SUICIDE?

THE letter under the above heading in a daily contemporary, the writer of which asserts that a terrier dog recently put a deliberate end to existence by flinging itself before a motor-bus, has produced a number of similar communications to *The Spectator*. Through what appears to be a breach of confidence some of these have been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*. In the same spirit he publishes them.

DEAR SIR,—Unquestionably they do. I have frequently heard my great aunt (the late Miss TIBBLES) refer to the peculiarly sad case of a favourite half-Persian cat, which, owing to grief at some fancied slight, committed suicide no fewer than nine times, on the last occasion with fatal results. The combination of despair and patience requisite to enable the unhappy animal to take all its lives in this deliberate manner is (I venture to think) characteristic of the mysterious East from which it, or half of it, sprang.

Faithfully yours,
REGINALD CHUTNEY, Lt.-Col. (retired).

SIR,—It may not be (I should prefer to believe it cannot be) generally known that the tombs of domestic pets which have been interred in private ground are, in an enormous number of cases, in a far from satisfactory condition. I am

cognisant of at least one instance, in Lower Balham, where the sepulchre of a once cherished canary is now habitually used for the purpose of growing mustard and cress. Whether any of these neglected favourites originally perished at their own hands or not I am unable to ascertain, but the scandal remains the same.

Indignantly yours,

ALG-RN-N ASHT-N.

DEAR SIR,—Some years ago my sister confided to me the following facts, for the accuracy of which she was prepared to vouch. A goldfish, to which she was considerably attached, had been observed for some time to receive marked attentions from a young lizard in an adjacent fernery. On the lizard being given away to a friend, the unhappy gold-fish exhibited every symptom of uncontrollable grief, until one morning, when she went as usual to feed her pet, my sister was horrified to discover its inanimate corpse at the bottom of the bowl. The faithful creature had committed suicide by drowning. I may add that my sister was so seriously affected by this discovery that it was soon afterwards found necessary to place her under a modified form of restraint, owing to the development of mental weakness from which she never entirely recovered.

Yours, &c.,

(Miss) SOPHIA CLUTTERBUCK.

SIR,—With reference to this exceedingly interesting discussion I am irresistibly reminded of the quotation "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than Horatio," a truth to which some of us would do well at times to pay more attention. I have never known a case of quadrupedal felo-de-se within my personal experience, but on the other hand I cannot recall any instance in which, to my knowledge, a member of the so-called brute creation deliberately refrained from such a course. Trusting that you will be able to make use of this brief contribution to the subject in hand, which may possibly suggest material for comment to others of your valued correspondents,

I remain, yours obediently,

A CONSTANT WRITER.

SIR,—In this connection it may interest you to hear of an incident which occurred no longer ago than last Friday, when I was walking in the neighbourhood of Soho, accompanied as usual by my inseparable companion, a valuable Dachshund of more than human intelligence. It happened that in the course of the morning I had had occasion to administer a rebuke to the animal for some trifling indiscretion, but the matter had entirely escaped my memory till it was recalled by the extraordinary conduct of my canine companion. I observed that *Fritz* was gazing with the most fixed attention at the window of a ham and beef shop, wherein was displayed the announcement, "Pies and Sausages fresh daily." Having regarded the notice for some moments in silence, the devoted creature fixed his expressive eyes, now filled with tears, upon my own, and then, uttering a short yelp of farewell, deliberately turned and *entered the shop*. The significance of such an action calls for no comment.

I am, Sir, very sadly yours,

ANTI-POLONIUS (*Master of Dachshunds*).

Scene—HARROD'S STORES.

Lady. Have you any picture post-cards of *Raffles*?

Attendant. I am sorry, Madam, I am quite out of them—but here are several of MURILLO's, and some of MICHAEL ANGELO's.

THE old rivalry between Folkestone and Dover has just received new impetus. Piqued by Dover's possession of a cliff called after SHAKESPEARE, Folkestone has decided in future to call her Leas the Sidneys.



A SOLACE FOR DISHONOUR.

GENERAL OFFICER. "I SEE SOME OF OUR FELLOWS HAVE GOT THE PUNISHMENT THEY DESERVE FOR THIS JOB. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?"

ARMY CONTRACTOR. "A *POT O' MONEY*, MY BOY!"



Mother (reading Cyril's verses):

"I'VE GOT A DREADFUL COLD, | THE RAIN WILL NEVER STOP,
I BLOW MY NOSE ALL DAY, | IT IS A HORRID BORE—
BUT THAT ISN'T POETRY, DARLING!"

Cyril. "YES IT IS, MOTHER."

Mother. "BUT IT DOESN'T RHYME."

Cyril. "IT RHYMES ALL RIGHT IF YOU READ IT RIGHT. YOU MUST SNEEZE AT THE END OF EVERY LINE."

GETTING THE BLUES.

(A Story founded on Fact.)

CARFAX College was plunged in gloom,
And a cloud hung over the Common room,
For alas, the College no longer held
The place that she did in the days of old.
There had been a time when she used to shiver
Unless she remained at the head of the river,
And Carfax men were wont to yield
To none in the cricket or football field.
But now the glory was all departed.
What wonder the College was broken-hearted?
'Twas years since she'd boasted a bat of note
Or a single man in the Varsity boat.
Nay, worse—well might the dons turn pale!
Last year—I shudder to tell the tale—
There happened that which appeared to portend
The fatal beginning that marked the end.
Last year—they did their best, no doubt,
To hush up the horror, but truth will out—
Last year, by some curious freak of the fates,
A Carfax man took a first in Greats.
And while the College was still aghast
At this hideous blot on her glorious past,
And, while she was striving in vain to forget,
There happened a greater calamity yet—
A youth came up to Carfax who
Made off with the Hertford and Ireland too.

The dons despaired: you know, perhaps,
That dons are a curious race of chaps,
Though you might be surprised that they could not
choose
But be depressed when they'd got no blues.'

They still were despairing when one fine day
A *Pink 'Un* fell in the Master's way.
He read a par.: "We hear TOM BROWN
Is leaving Sydney for Oxford town."
The Master sprang from his chair. "Great Scott!
I mean, great BROWN! Is he coming? What!
They say he is quite the strongest oar
That ever was seen, and he's six foot four.
If we could get him for Carfax—Gad!
Hansom! Station! and drive like mad!"

The liner swung on the slack of the tide;
A tug put out and puffed alongside,
And scarce had they let the gangway down
When the Master of Carfax was greeting BROWN.
Don't ask me, pray, to relate what fell
Betwixt the twain, for I cannot tell.
I only know that the man of might
Appeared in a scholar's gown that night;
I only know that the Carfax boat
Is reckoned the fastest craft afloat,
That the slump which filled the dons with gloom
Has now given way to a roaring boom,
And that all the embryo blues put down
Their name for the College that boasts of BROWN.

Arithmetic on the Bench.

"DEFENDANT pointed out that Inspector JARRETT, who set the trap, had acted unfairly in measuring the furlong. Defendant had measured it, and made it 20 yards short of 240 yards.

"The Chairman said the Bench could not help thinking there was a good deal of doubt in the case, and therefore dismissed the summons."
—*Observer.*

Mr. Punch congratulates the defendant on his delightful and original defence.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER II. (continued).

Park Lane.

At the corner of Brook Street the eye of the pedestrian is at once riveted by the stately façade of Wontwash House, the superb palazzo of Sir ALGERNON BROOKS. The dazzling purity of the tiles testifies to constant ablution, and a peculiarly charming effect is produced by the pair of life-size baboons in Carrara marble which stand as supporters on each side of the massive portal. Sir ALGERNON BROOKS, it will be remembered, is the hereditary President of Brooks's Club, and his private menagerie at Monk Brandon is only surpassed by that of the Hon. WALTER ROTHSCHILD. The passer-by will not fail to notice the magnificent Araucarias standing in pots on the steps. Their presence, it may be surmised, accounts for the curious fact that this particular part of Park Lane is never free from organ-grinders.

The delicate Campanile which surmounts the richly-ornamented Byzantine structure a few houses lower down is one of the most graceful features of Park Lane. This is the home of one of England's greatest captains of industry, Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL, whose masterly conduct of the great campaign against the publishers has filled Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, a Huntingdonshire Vicar, and a retired Admiral, with boundless enthusiasm. All three of them. In the courtyard may be observed a fine second-hand bear from the Bear-wood menagerie, and through the grille a glance may be obtained of a splendid group of statuary representing the American Generals HOOPER and STONEWALL JACKSON receiving the submission of the Fathers of the Row.

CHAPTER III.

Hyde Park.

From Park Lane it is an easy step to Hyde Park—unless a motor-car gets you. In that case St. George's Hospital is just across the way, at Hyde Park Corner, placed there by the Automobile Club for the purpose. London also is full of cheap undertakers, one of the best being Mr. — [No: Editor.] The right of free burial in Hyde Park, which used to be extended to all members of BOODLE'S, WHITE'S, and *The Times* Book Club, has recently been withdrawn.

Hyde Park, so named from the historic game of Hide and Seek played there by WILLIAM THE FOURTH and Mrs. JORDAN, is a large tract of grass entirely surrounded by houses. Few districts of London are so thinly populated as Hyde Park; in fact were the whole city like

this it could hardly contain its five million inhabitants. In the midst is a winding lake called the Serpentine, a corruption of Turpentine, with which fluid it was originally filled in the old days before gas and other modern improvements. Now, however, there is water there, and bathing takes place every morning, summer and winter. Among the most regular of the swimmers are Mr. SWINBURNE, Mr. WATTS DUNTON, Miss KELLERMAN and Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN. It was here that BYRON (whose statue commemorating the deed is close by in Hamilton Gardens) swam the Hellespont.

Before leaving the Park and returning to Park Lane let us pause awhile by the Marble Arch and listen to the orators. But first a fact about this building. Its name, like so many other



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.
Colouring the Troopers on the King's Birthday in Hyde Park.

London words (*e. g.* Serpentine), is a corruption of something else. The building was originally erected to mark the grave of a very beautiful actress named MABEL ARCH, who, in a fit of pique on hearing of her understudy's engagement to a peer's second cousin, committed suicide at this spot. The warm heart of London, always palpitating with fealty to the stage, insisted on raising this monument to her memory, in spite of the opposition of a stern critical school whose motto was, "MABEL may be ARCH, but WILLIAM is ARCHER."

It is just by the Marble Arch that many of our leading statesmen,—beginning, of course, with Mr. JOSEPH ARCH,—have first learned their trade. It is a severe but salutary school. Had not Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL addressed crowds here every Sunday afternoon for a year he would not now gain the ear of the House in the way he does. Mr. JOHN

MORLEY too. And the same with Mr. BRYCE, whose rounded periods were all first tried on the audiences that gather here.

On the King's birthday all London flocks to Hyde Park to see the very interesting ceremony known as colouring the troopers. With the assistance of a pot of paint this is quickly and effectively done. No other nation, it is affirmed, has so original a way of honouring its monarch. And yet the English are not considered an artistic people!

(There is going to be more of this.)

AN UGLY MUG.

HE bought you with good money
In spite of my advice;
Indubitably done, he
Paid down the dealer's price.

On you alone he gazes,
And wastes his precious breath
In gushing over glazes,
Till I am bored to death.

You, who did daily duty
Upon a tavern shelf,
He calls "his greatest beauty"
(I shrink from you, myself).

Yet why should I despise or
Declare you dearly bought?
The fact that you're an eyesore
Suggests a sudden thought,

That turns contempt to pity
While hope revives again;
For, if he calls you pretty,
How can he call me plain?

A FEW days ago a popular author, writing in good nervous English to *The Times*, on the Book War, said: "Among the exponents and advocates of the protectionists is Mr. FISHER UNWIN, who, if he be not a Cobdenite, then it may be asked, what is Cobdenism?" This problem has so far been unsolved, but Mr. *Punch* believes that the answer is that among the exponents and advocates of the free traders (in books) is the Editor of *The Times*, who, if he be not a Chamberlainite, then it may be asked, what is Chamberlainism?

THERE is no beating about the bush with the Master of Tending Workhouse when he is advertising. He knows just what he wants, and he asks for it. Witness his appeal in the columns of *The People* :—

"Wanted, a Female Attendant to assist in attending upon the aged and infirm. Candidates must be single men of good character."

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.—Blank Beans
"end life-long suffering."

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF MUSIC.

THE statement, recently made in the Press, that a famous singer was about to open a dairy has attracted attention to the economics of the musical profession. With a view to securing the best expert opinion on the subject a representative of *Mr. Punch* called last Friday on Mr. ENDYMION SABLE, the famous musical agent, *impresario* and concert director, with the instructive results appended herewith.

"Is it true, Mr. SABLE," asked our representative, "that there is an increasing exodus of professional artists into non-musical callings?"

"That is so, I regret to say," replied the omniscient *impresario*, as he laid down his gilt-tipped cigarette. "Within the last week no fewer than five leading singers and instrumentalists have removed their names from my books. Mr. HOBY GULLICK is going into the banana trade; Madame ADELINA MEDWIN is starting a vegetarian restaurant; Dr. MAX LAGERBOHM is entering a firm of publishers, in consequence of the roseate accounts given by *The Times* of the enormous profits to be extracted from that line of business; Signor BEPPO SPAGHETTI is qualifying for a chauffeur; and—saddest case of all—YANNI KRITIKOS, the Klephitic pianist, has been apprenticed to a West-end hairdresser."

"To what cause," asked our representative, in accents of deep concern, "do you ascribe this singular desertion of so honourable a calling?"

"Many motives are doubtless at work," replied Mr. SABLE. "The example of Mr. PADEREWSKI, who is increasingly addicted to agriculture, must no doubt count for something. But the fickleness and shrinkage of the concert-going public are more largely responsible. There is after all only a certain amount of money to go round, and music is no longer popular when performed by adult artists. Pianists and violinists are too old at twenty, and singers of more than thirty summers are being rapidly superseded by the gramophone. The most painful part of my business is inquiry into the age of alleged prodigies. Only the other day I was obliged to break a contract with BORIS KARAVELOFF, the Bulgarian BEETHOVEN, owing to the distressing discovery that in spite of his babyish appearance and velvet jacket, he shaved every morning, and was born in 1886."

"But I thought that the demand for good music was greater than ever?"

"True; but the variety insisted upon is more than the human frame can possibly stand. For instance, I have just been reading a most interesting book on the rising generation, in which the following list of music is given as typical



"SPORT" UP TO DATE.

Host (to beginner, as several barn-door fowls top the fence). "HOLD ON! DON'T SHOOT! THOSE ARE THE MOTHERS!"

of the studies of an ordinary British girl in the school-room:—

BACH's Christmas Oratorio.
The Piccaninny Polka.
Songs by BRAHMS.
H.M.S. Pinafore.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.
Whistling Rufus.
CZERNY's Exercises.

How, I ask you, can a professional musician keep pace with requirements at once so varied and exacting? The exodus has only begun; it will soon reach the proportions of a stampede.

Already I hear rumours that Mr. HENRY J. WOOD is thinking of standing for the Russian Duma, that Sir CHARLES STANFORD is engaged on a political problem novel, and that Sir EDWARD ELGAR will shortly accept a Colonial Governorship."

"And you yourself, Mr. SABLE; what do you propose to do when your clients no longer exist?"

"Oh, my decision has long been taken. I am retiring from business in London at the end of the year, and sail for Dahomey in January to act as travelling manager for the Amazon Football team."

THE CONSPIRACY OF 1906.

ON Wednesday, the 17th day of October, before Mr. *Punch* at his Court in Bouverie Street, Mr. HOOPER, and Messrs. MOBERLY BELL, POULTEN, BYLES, and HALL CAINE were charged with conspiring together with intent to cause a breach of the peace of the breakfast-table. A gentleman who gave his name as R 17623/284975 was charged with aiding and abetting them. Mr. HOOPER failed to put in an appearance, but the Court decided to take the case without him.

JOHN SMITH was called first, and gave evidence that the peace and harmony of his breakfast-table had been completely spoiled by the accused. After reading their letters to each other he felt quite ill, and was unable to digest properly. Some letters, of course, were worse than others. It was an interview with Mr. BYLES, for instance, that gave him that stab in the back.

Mr. *Punch* said he thought witness must be thinking of something else.

Witness admitted that this might be so, but said that in any case the nuisance was an intolerable one. He simply dared not open his paper at the breakfast-table now.

Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON having given similar evidence, the counsel for the prosecution intimated that that was his case.

The prisoners elected to give evidence on their own behalf, whereupon Mr. POULTEN went into the witness-box and said: I am Secretary to the Publishers' Association. I write those pretty letters that appear in the papers every day. I write them all myself. Nobody helps me.

Cross-examined.—He wrote them in the mornings. He could not say how he spent his afternoons, but generally he would be resting. It was not true that he derived great benefit from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the composition of his letters. He had already given his opinion of that work, and he would repeat it here. On second thoughts he wouldn't, but it was true all the same. He had never conspired with the other prisoners. Some of them he had never heard of. He had heard of HALL CAINE, of course. He had never seen Mr. HOOPER.

Re-examined.—He was not Mr. HOOPER.

Mr. BYLES said: I am a publisher. I have been interviewed nine times, and have written eighteen letters on the matter. I had no reasons for doing this, save love of Literature. I have nothing at all to gain; on the contrary I have spent one and sixpence in stamps. I have never conspired with anybody. I have seen Mr. HOOPER. (*Sensation.*)

Cross-examined.—When he said he had seen Mr. HOOPER he meant that he

had seen a gentleman who gave his name as HOOPER. He (Mr. BYLES) did not belong to the Publishers' Association. He could not say that too often. So far he had said it twenty-seven times. Though he did not belong to the Association he admired Mr. POULTEN's style. It was true his firm was a rising one, but he has never told his interviewers so. He had no idea how these things got in the paper.

Re-examined.—He was not Mr. HOOPER.

Mr. MOBERLY BELL said: I am Manager of *The Times*. I have written very few letters to the papers. My speciality is interviews. I am interviewed every day. In my interviews I always say I am quite happy and that the War is over. As a matter of fact it has only been a sort of war.

Cross-examined.—He had heard of Lord HALSBURY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. They were members of the Book Club, but he didn't quite see the connection. The war really was over. He was very busy just now, but that was only because he had to be interviewed so many times. He had never conspired with anybody. It was the other way round. He had heard of America, of course. COLUMBUS discovered it.

Re-examined.—That was in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Ninth Edition.

Cross-examined.—He would swear to that. He did not understand what counsel insinuated by "Stop-Press News." It was in the main article on America. There was no American Syndicate that controlled *The Times*. Mr. HOOPER wrote some of the advertisements, that was all. He had frequently seen Mr. HOOPER, and had given him orders. He could not swear that Mr. HOOPER was not an American. He had never asked him. He really could not be bothered with the private history of all his subordinates.

Re-examined.—He was not Mr. HOOPER.

Mr. HALL CAINE said: I am a novelist and a dramatist. I am about to publish a perfectly new work of fiction at half-a-crown.

Cross-examined.—It was called *The Bondman*. It was not an old work. He admitted that he had written a book called *The Bondman* many years ago, and that a dramatised version was now being played at Drury Lane, but this was neither of those. This was the play turned back into a story again, and was therefore quite different. Also it was to contain a photograph of himself. He would not swear that he had never been photographed before. Many people denied that this would be a test of the dearness of novels, but he himself was quite self-satisfied.

Re-examined.—Quite satisfied, he meant, of course. He was not Mr. HOOPER.

Cross-examined.—He believed the advertisement rates of *The Daily Mail* were very high. He had never heard of the expression "Self-advertisement rates."

R 17623/284975 said: I am a member of the T.B.C.

Cross-examined.—He had written to *The Times* to say how grateful he was. He had not signed it. He hated self-advertisement. He was not "Author of Forty Years Standing," nor was he "Book Lover." He was just R 17623/284975. M.O.2846 was another gentleman.

Before witness could be re-examined Mr. *Punch* interposed, saying that he had heard enough. The prisoners were found guilty, and Messrs. BELL, BYLES, POULTEN and CAINE would be condemned to read each other's letters. Mr. HOOPER and R 17623/284975 would come up for judgment together when called upon.

TO A CAGED BEAR AT THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

EPHRIM—for such the trivial name
Thy race familiarly was dealt,
What time 'Old Jake's' unerring aim
Probed thine invaluable pelt;

What time, inspired by MANVILLE FENN,
I stalked thee in my dreams and slew
The beetling moose, or, one to ten,
Outclassed the hair-compelling Sioux;

Most pensive Bruin, I descry
Thy presence with profound regret,
This bosom weeps for thee, this eye
Is sympathetically wet.

Pent in yon dark Cimmerian den
Thou liest in enforced repose;
A barren wall obscures thy ken,
Odours of fish assail thy nose.

The crowd moves by, but thou art banned,
An object of delight to none;
No smiles encourage thee, no hand
Confers the unexpected bun.

And lo! as though to point the jest,
A board confronts the empty air,
Bearing the humorous request
"Please not to irritate the bear!"

Oh I have seen in many lands
Bears of all sorts and divers hues:
Bears that performed with gipsy bands,
And some immured in alien Zoos.

Some crawled up mercenary poles,
While others stood upon their head;
All seemed profoundly cheerful souls,
And not a few were overfed.

Thou only, friendless and apart,
Sitting disconsolate dost brood
Alike on man's unfeeling heart,
And the prevailing dearth of food.



CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

Vicar's Wife (sympathisingly). "NOW THAT YOU CAN'T GET ABOUT, AND ARE NOT ABLE TO READ, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO OCCUPY THE TIME?"

Old Man. "WELL, MUM, SOMETIMES I SITS AND THINKS; AND THEN AGAIN I JUST SITS."

And many a dream-born vision racks
Thine uncommunicative breast
With thoughts of old frequented tracks
Down the dim cañons of the West.

Out yonder where the setting sun
Leaves Tallac's rugged slopes aglow,
Painting with silver, grey and dun,
The shadowed deeps of Lake Tahoe,

Thou and a brother ball of fur
Roamed through the woods in cubsome
glee.

Watched with maternal care by her
Whose family you chanced to be;

Chased the white-footed mouse among
The Autumn leaves, or in the quest
Of toothsome eatables got stung
By the ferocious bee his nest;

Fished in the shallow streams for trout,
With eager paws, or from the ground
Extracted with unerring snout
Roots of a succulence profound.

Then came the fatal day when fired
By pickled pork and hunger's thrall
Thine unsuspecting Ma expired
Beneath the log-trap's deadly fall.

And monsters seized on thee and him,
Thy brother JAMES, and full of care
Thou wast to exile sent, but JIM
Fosters the growth of backward hair.

Bruin, farewell! I fain would stay
And o'er thy wrongs conjointly weep,
But hunger bids me haste away:
I note besides that thou'rt asleep.

Yet may it still be mine to make
Thy tedious lot a shade less hard:
Accept this slice of currant cake
As token of my deep regard!

ALGOL.

The Wonders of Nature.

"FOR SALE, 2 Trees Eating Pears."

Gloucester Citizen.

"The Shaver's Calendar."

Mr. Punch begs to recommend this original calendar, compiled by Mr. F. SIDGWICK and published by A. H. BULLEN, to all to whom it may appeal at eight o'clock in the morning or thereabouts. He is tempted to quote the mottoes for four February days. "I'll shave you as well as I can" (*Ben Jonson*). "Upon this promise did he raise his chin" (*Venus and Adonis*). "The bright death quivered at the victim's throat, touch'd, and—" (*Tennyson*). "There remains some scar of it" (*As you Like It*). "O cursed be the hand that made these holes" (*Richard III.*), and "'E lifted up my 'ead, An' 'e plugged me where I bled" (*Kipling*) will bring back memories of cheap barbers to most of his readers. It is, however, a pity (for obvious reasons) that each quotation has not a page to itself; but none the less Mr. SIDGWICK is to be congratulated upon the very successful result of what must have been a labour of love and much laughter.



The Laird (to little Tomkyns, who is being initiated into the mysteries of deer-stalking). "DON'T MOVE A STEP! LIE DOWN WHERE YOU ARE!"

A CHAFING-DISH SUPPER.

I SHOULD never have given REGGIE a chafing dish for his birthday if I hadn't seen the picture of the girl in the advertisement. She was cooking a dainty little meal on the supper table, while the guests sat round in attitudes of respect and admiration, and the full elbow-sleeve of her semi-evening blouse fell back so insinuatingly from her rounded arm that the idea at once occurred to me like an inspiration that my blue *crêpe de Chine* could be easily adapted for the purpose.

"If you'd really like to know what I want for my birthday," said REGGIE, alluding to a conversation that had taken place some time previously, "I could do with another trouser press."

"Oh, no, dear," I replied quickly, "that wouldn't do. I want to give you something quite personal, in fact I've settled what it is to be." I didn't mention that I had saved thirty-three and tenpence out of the housekeeping for it already, but I did suggest we should go to the theatre for a birthday treat, and have a nice little supper when we got back.

"In that case," said REGGIE, "we might invite the BARKERS. I know you don't care about Mrs. BARKER, but BARKER can be very useful to me."

I did not care about Mrs. BARKER. Still, in consideration of the fact that she is a bony person herself and it would be rather good for her to see my arms, I consented.

REGGIE'S chief fault lies in forgetting all about his birthday and resuming his everyday manner five minutes after his presents have been given, which is very disappointing to the giver.

"You see, darling," I insisted gently when, on his birthday morning, he had pushed the chafing dish aside and taken up the paper as usual, "we shall never have to complain of lukewarm suppers now, served by sulky, sleepy servants when we get home late. You will have your meal of three courses tossed together before your eyes, piping hot—the book says so." REGGIE picked up the brilliantly plated lid and looked at it.

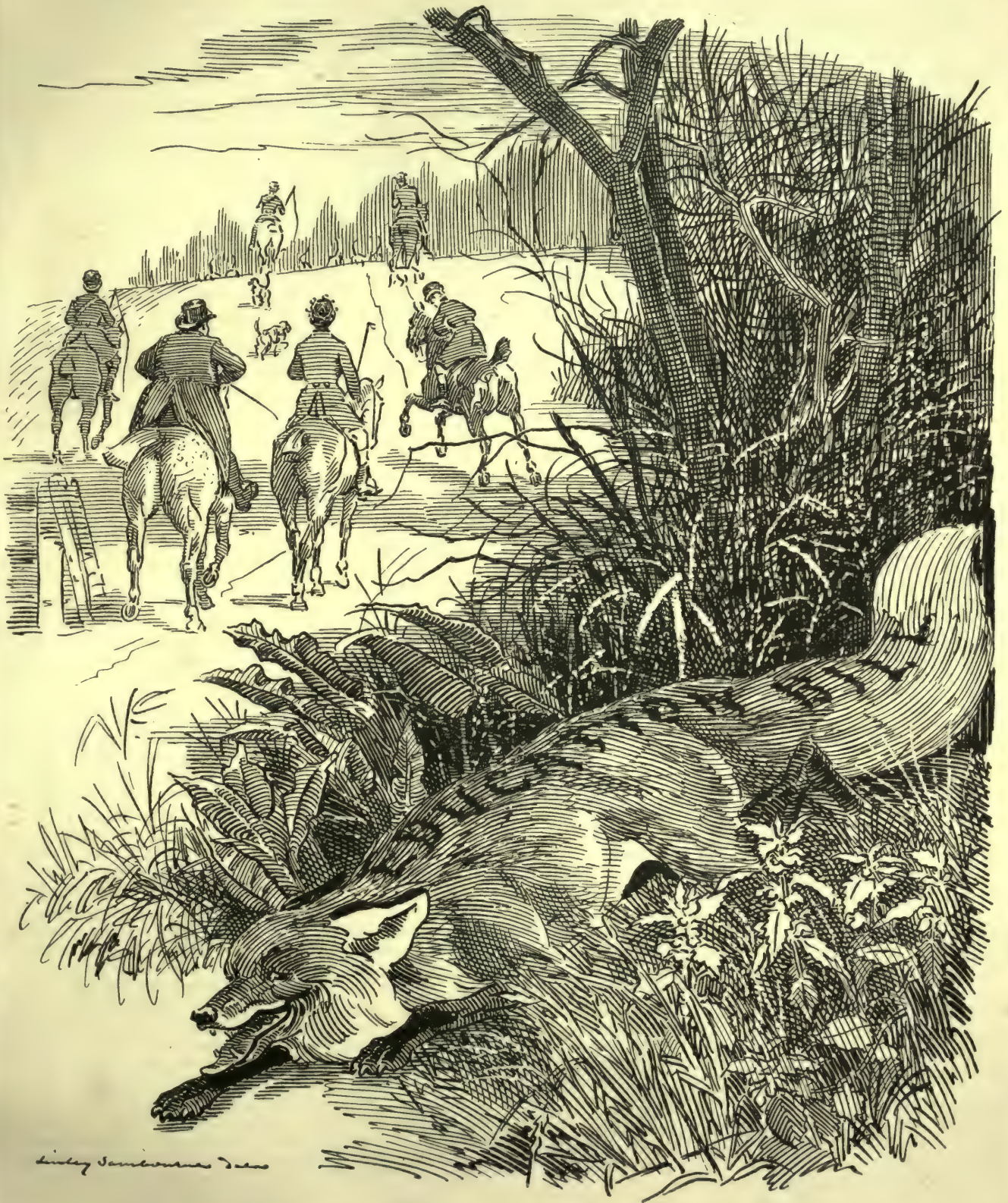
"It will do to shave by, anyhow," he said. "But, dearest, if you really want to try it to-night we'd better have a joint on the sideboard as well."

I felt my eyes fill.

"Then you'll spoil the whole thing," I murmured huskily; "I was going to give you Kedgerie of Lobster, Hamburg Steak, and Macaroni à la crème, and I thought you'd be pleased." At that REGGIE suddenly remembered it was his birthday, and declared it would be ripping, assuring me that the chafing dish was the nicest birthday present he'd ever had.

We met the BARKERS at the theatre, and Mrs. BARKER informed me during the play that in consequence of the hint in my note of a pleasant surprise for supper, they had both dined frugally. We were all hungry when we got back, and I ran upstairs first to see that the maids had put everything ready to my hand on the supper-table before going to bed. All was as it should be. Shaking back my sleeves and holding the butter in one hand and the chafing dish lid in the other, I turned to greet my guests with a bright smile. Mrs. BARKER entered first, her glance raking the table greedily—then she saw the chafing dish, and her face fell.

"Oh," she remarked, "we had one of



IN A NEW COUNTRY.

REYNARD. "WELL, I GAVE THE OTHERS A BIT OF A RUN, AND I DARESAY I CAN ACCOMMODATE THIS LOT!"



those dreadful things—but we had to give it up, it ruined too much food.”

I smiled indulgently, and said, “They only want proper management. Light the lamp, dear, will you?” I added to REGGIE, as with a pretty and artistic gesture I mixed the eggs, lobster, butter and rice for the kedgeree in the chafing dish. Mr. BARKER watched me appreciatively, but his wife requested to have the window open, saying the fumes made her feel faint. As a matter of fact they were hardly noticeable till the draught spread the flame and burnt the kedgeree at the sides of the dish. Anyhow, it was served piping hot; indeed Mr. BARKER, who took a generous mouthful out of compliment to me, burnt his tongue rather badly.

“What are these little bits of hard stuff I keep finding in my mouth?” said REGGIE.

“Teeth, I should imagine,” I remarked coldly.

“Rice!” announced Mrs. BARKER, in a sombre voice, “and I fear I have swallowed some. You must excuse my leaving this; I must not play with my digestive organs.”

She looked tigerishly at me, and REGGIE said, “Don’t eat it, Mrs. BARKER. Let’s send it downstairs and have it cooked properly.” I hated him.

“The servants are in bed,” I said. “Leave it by all means, Mrs. BARKER. I’ll cook the Hamburg steak. Some people,” I continued, turning sweetly to Mr. BARKER, who was drinking cold water to ease his tongue, “think a steak should be served before it has lost its delicate pink tinge; others when it has turned a shade of delicate grey. Shall we leave it pink or grey?”

“We shall leave it anyhow, I expect,” said REGGIE. “Look at your sleeve. It’s all in the fat.”

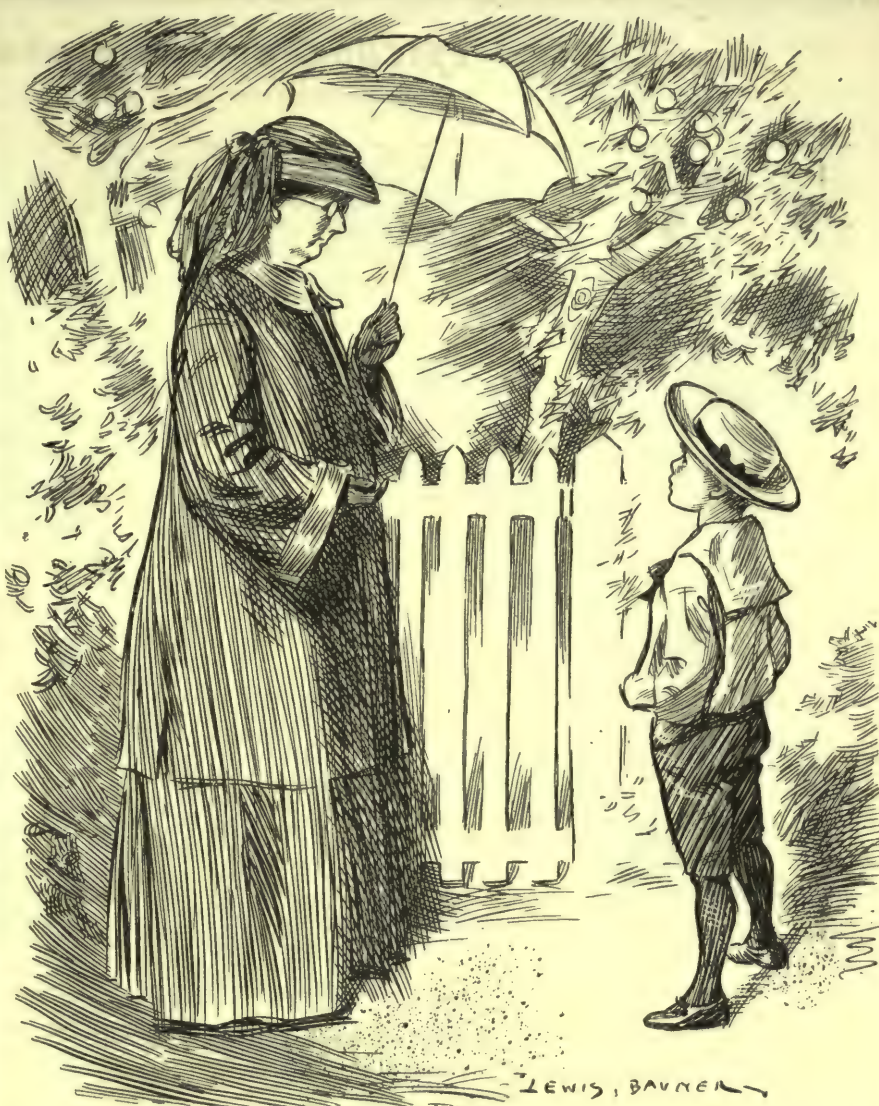
I ignored him—with one swift glance, which Mr. BARKER intercepted.

“Oh, grey, by all means,” he exclaimed conciliatingly. “It will be delicious grey, I am sure.”

“I don’t think anyone can teach me how to cook a steak,” cried Mrs. BARKER, with sudden asperity. “I will tell you when to take it off,” and with an insulting air of superior knowledge she came and leant over the chafing-dish. Next moment she recoiled with a cry of pain, and clapped her hand to her eye as a splutter of hot fat shot up and hit her in the face. At that REGGIE lost his temper and strode towards his present.

“Put the beastly thing out!” he ejaculated. When REGGIE speaks in that voice I obey him at the moment, and reprove him later; and I began to look about for the extinguisher.

“Here, let me come!” he said, and stooping down, began to blow. He blew till the hair on my forehead and the



TRUE POLITENESS.

Aunt (showing small Nephew, who has come on a visit, round the grounds). “Now, DEAR, I’LL JUST TAKE YOU THROUGH THE ORCHARD, AND THEN I MUST REALLY GO AND LIE DOWN.”

Nephew. “AUNTIE, IF YOU’D RATHER GO AT ONCE, YOU KNOW, PLEASE DO. I—I—SHOULDN’T BE A BIT LONELY.”

chiffon frills on my blouse flapped about in the tempest, till the fumes of burning steak were driven across the room and back again, till his veins were like ropes and his face purple, without having any effect on the flexible flame. His ninth effort blew the cream jug on to Mr. BARKER’s knees, but his tenth was, in a way, successful, for it lifted the spirit clean out of the lamp on to the best tablecloth, where we finally extinguished it with the best table-napkins.

“We must go home,” said Mrs. BARKER, in an exhausted, suffering voice. “Damp feet are a source of danger to Mr. BARKER—and the cream has got into his boots. He must not play with his lungs.”

The danger, however, seemed less threatening when they got outside,

for through the window I heard Mr. BARKER direct the cabby to a well-known restaurant.

I bowed my head, but as REGGIE came upstairs from seeing them off I glared defiantly at him.

“I’ll never ask that woman to my house again!” I said.

“You needn’t trouble to,” he answered quietly. Then in a flash I realised I had spoiled his prospects, and my lips began to quiver. At the same moment he remembered it was his birthday—and—well, we went and foraged in the kitchen about ten minutes later.

As for the chafing dish, we never mention it, but last week, hearing that REGGIE’s cousin DICK is getting married we packed it up again in tissue paper and sent it to him for luck.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



KÖPENICK AT WESTMINSTER; A CAUTION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS POLICE.

After the brilliantly humorous exploit of the German "Captain" at Berlin, the House of Commons Police will have to use double extra vigilance (not sparing even the authorities of the House); or some talented swindlers, neatly disguised as the Speaker and Serjeant-at-Arms, will be absconding with the Mace in solemn procession.

House of Commons. Monday, Oct. 22.—Sittings resumed in both Houses tomorrow. Promise of lively times. Lords will forthwith tackle Education Bill. AMPHILL and HENEAGE early took off their coats for the fight. A fortnight ago they handed in a cloud of amendments. If equal proportion of activity were shown by other young Peers the 4th clause won't be reached in Committee before Christmas eve.

HENEAGE's wrath specially directed against ST. AUGUSTINE.

"Don't remember any reference to Cocyus in *Obiter Dicta*," he said, feeling his biceps. "But BIRRELL knows where the river runs and how its waters are kept at flood.

Cocyus named of lamentation loud,
Heard on the rueful stream.

When AMPHILL and I walk him along its banks he'd better bring with him a big pocket-handkerchief. He'll want it."

Curious how altered associations vary manners. When, eleven years ago, I knew HENEAGE in the Commons, he was

the mildest-mannered man that ever cut the company of early-formed political principles. Now, on this Education Bill, he is almost bloodthirsty.

In the Commons there will be a big gap on Front Opposition Bench where of late DON JOSÉ sat. His absence—temporary, everyone hopes—will be lamented on both sides. As PAM said, the House of Commons likes a man who shows it sport. Every prospect of wigs on the green when DON JOSÉ was around. A straight, hard hitter, he occasionally raised howls of execration on benches opposite and below Gangway to left of SPEAKER's chair. But resentment not lasting. Anger gave place to admiration of the easy skill of splendid swordsmanship. For a while the tired warrior, his helmet now a hive for bees, is content to look on from the Scean Gate whilst the battle rages on the familiar plain.

"Very characteristic to use a temporary discarded headgear as a hive," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, nothing if

not prosaic. "Bees sting, you know, and they may yet come in useful."

Quite a crowd of Members looking in at House this afternoon preparing for the fray. Came across PRINCE ARTHUR in corridor flanking SPEAKER's chair. In beaming health, radiant spirits. Looking forward with keen delight to coming conflict. Persistent rumour attributes to him absence of interest in, even ignorance of, current of public affairs outside his personal touch with them on Treasury Bench or in Downing Street. Nothing in the story. When, talking things over this afternoon I told him of recrudescence of assertions, contradictions, and conclusions arising out of the MACDONNELL correspondence, his face lighted up with quick concern. Questioned me eagerly as to particulars.

"I thought," he said, "we had in that connection let the dead past bury its dead. Very smart of C.-B. to revive the topic just when we were preparing to rouse the country on the Home Rule

question. Or was it ASQUITH? More like him perhaps."

"It was WALTER LONG!"

"Farceur!" he said, striding off with sunny smile. "I confess you took me in. I thought that for once you were talking seriously."

Business done.—Covers removed from Benches. Both Houses swept and garished ready for Winter Sitting.

COLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(By a Caddie.)

VII.

SOME'OW OR uther, 'ENERY WILKS, although per'aps not perfect, can jenerally get along all rite wiv sich peeples as 'ave got somethink of golf inside them. And that don't only mean good players. I 'ave 'ad a certain ammount of regrettabul frickshun wiv one or two of our lady members; but if there was more about like Miss BARBRER SHERRITTON the job of caddy would be easier and plesanter than wot it is.

She can play golf, and, wot's more, she knows wen 'er hattendint is doing 'is levil best to 'elp 'er all 'e can. She seemed to see from the fust that 'ENERY WILKS ment well, and she got into the 'abbit of 'aving 'im for 'er caddy wen-ever possibul. Those 'oo are ackwainted wiv 'im 'oom I may call the leading caddy of this club, don't need to be told that she 'as never regretted 'er choise.

But the uther day, for the fust time, I came near to regretting it meself. At least I regretted that Miss SHERRITTON 'adn't picked on some hinfeerior lad for that erashun. The course was quite disserted, and she told me rather mysteriously to bring 'er clubs along to the second tee—wich, I may say, is more or less out of site of the club 'ouse. I found 'er waitin' there, and to my 'orridified amasement she was not alone. Standing beside 'er, and sort of grumbling to 'isself, was the very largest bulldog that I 'ave ever seen.

Of course, dogs is strickly forbidden on the course; but, as is well known to most offishuls, ladies is totilly reggardless of all rules. Miss SHERRITTON she jest smiled at me in 'er own delitefult fashion.

"Narsissus is coming rarnd wiv us to-day," she ses, briskly.

Well, of course, I touched my cap respectfull, and didn't say nuthink, but I thort to meself that I could bear quite komfortably to be parted from Narsissus. 'E was a sort of patchy forn collour, and the way 'is white teeth gleemed when 'e yawned would 'ave guv some peeples the cold shivers. And 'e seemed to be allus yawning, like a sort of thrett. Thank 'Evvin, I'm braver than most, but some'ow I ain't altogevver a dog-

lover. I was bit once by a dog, which totilly mistook my meening towards 'im and 'ad three spare foot of chane 'idden away which 'e made use of, and it 'as sort of turned me agin the savage creachures. But I 'id my thorts.

Miss SHERRITTON started 'er practice rarnd, and that dog 'e walked be'ind wiv me and the clubs, keeping step jest like a soldier. I didn't want 'im to pay me sich an attenshun. I could 'ave done wiv 'im in front quite well. Rarnd 'is neck was a bewtifull blue silk ribbing, and some'ow it seemed to make 'im creweller looking than meer leavver could 'ave done. 'E kep' on grumbling to 'isself about somethink, and 'e kep' on getting on my nerves wuss and wuss. There was somethink in 'is eye as 'e looked up at me that almost lifted my 'air from my 'ead.



TOBY AND PRINCE ARTHUR.

As a rule it's a perffessional pleasure to watch Miss SHERRITTON play. The fust time I ever set eyes on 'er, she drove 'ard and low into an 'owling wind, then took 'er brassey quite cool and grasefull and bumped 'er ball on to the green. And I know one or two men as wouldn't 'ave been on that green in two that day. You wouldn't beleeve as she could do it, for to look at 'er she's jest like a fairy what's floated down on a soap bubble. But on this erashun my mind was cleen distracted from 'er play.

'Owever, all went fairly well until the sixth 'ole. Then suddingly Narsissus bounded forward, snapped up the ball in 'is great mouth, and shook it like a rat. And nuthink wouldn't perswade 'im to put it down for quite a wile.

"'E'll 'ave to be punnished," Miss SHERRITTON says firmly. "But 'e's sich

a darlin' that I can't bear to 'urt 'im meself, and so," she ses, "and so you'll 'ave to do it, 'ENERY."

Wiv them dredfull words she pulled a little whip out of 'er pocket and 'anded it to me. I took it, but I felt as though my knees was giving way beneaf me. Narsissus 'e looked at the whip, and then 'e looked at me, and 'e jest went on grumbling.

"I suppose, Miss," I ses rather trimulous, but trying 'ard to speak jockewlar like, "I suppose you 'aven't got 'is mussel 'andy, which you could jest slip on 'im fust?" I ses.

"No," she ses brisk like, "I 'aven't. Give 'im three smart cuts and get it over," she ses.

But some'ow I couldn't do it. I tried 'ard to make meself, but somethink seemed to 'old back my 'and. I suppose it was my yumanity, either for Narsissus or for meself.

"Why, 'ENERY, you're never fritened of the poor darlin'!" Miss SHERRITTON cries out, and she begun to larf as though it was funny.

Well, it was better to be torn down and mangled than to be larfed at by 'er. I 'arf closed my eyes and strook at Narsissus, egspccting every moment to feel 'is dredfull fangs. But insted of that I 'erd a stifled yelp.

Narsissus was lying on 'is back wiv 'is four legs in the air, and directly I opened my eyes I realised that I 'ad mastered 'im. My strength seemed to come back to me, and in the suddin revulshun of my feelings I taught the konquered creachure 'ow to beyave 'isself on a golf course, until Miss SHERRITTON called to me to stop.

I am glad to say that 'is manner was quite respectfull, even grovelling, for the rest of the rarnd. It jest shows you, I suppose, what the will of a cool, determined yumin being can do wiv the most feerocious monster.

The Reward of Virtue.

"THE Chairman said the Bench believed he had broken into the shop, and while some credit was due to him for saving a man from drowning, that could not be allowed to weigh against the act of shop-breaking. He would accordingly receive three months' imprisonment for the two offences."—*Northern Echo*.

The Magic of a Name.

"... dissolution of her marriage with respondent, BERNARD REUBEN ISAAC JULIAN LILIAN MAXIMILIAN C—, on the ground of desertion. . . . The respondent in 1901 went to London to make a name for himself . . ."

—*Sydney Morning Herald*.

He was surprisingly successful.

CHARIVARIA.

The *London Gazette* states that the KING has appointed the Prince of WALES to the honorary Colonelcy of the 1st Cinque Ports Volunteer Rifle Corps. With that modesty which has always been characteristic of His Royal Highness he will continue to call himself merely the Prince of WALES as heretofore.

A pardonable error occurs in a provincial paper which reports a rumour that, owing to the munificence of a sympathiser, all the signatories to the abortive address to the Duma are to be presented with meddles.

The French people certainly make ideal hosts. They spare no pains to entertain their visitors. To avoid their Corporation guests spending a dull Sunday they got up some quite admirable riots at Longchamps.

Poor Mr. HALL CAINE! He thought that his offer to publish his next book at the price of half-a-crown was the innovation of innovations. But in the same number of *The Daily Mail* as contained his proposal appeared the following statement:—

NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.

Leather-headed
Hat Pins.

"I do not consider myself too old at seventy," says Dr. CLIFFORD. "At that age a man is just approaching his best." Optimists take this to mean that the Doctor is about to change his politics.

The statement made by Colonel HEL-LARD, Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, before the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion, to the effect that, contrary to the general belief, our country is growing larger, has fallen

like a bomb-shell in the camp of the Little-Englanders.

Mr. HAVELOCK WILSON, M.P., speaking at Grimsby, declared: "A gentleman from the Bankruptcy Court has shown some anxiety to secure my assets. I offered him my umbrella. That is my only asset." And just what one would

After working for hours in forcing open two safes at 17, King Street, St. James's, last week, some burglars found that the safes were destitute of cash, which had been removed by the occupants on the previous evening. We think that the decision of the police, in the circumstances, not to prosecute for the use of profane language, was humane.

The proposal that the child who was born in the White-chapel County Court the other day shall be christened SUE cannot, we hear, be carried out, owing to a sex difficulty.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES, speaking at the Polytechnic, is reported as subscribing to the view that all persons more than sixty years old should be given an anæsthetic, because they prevented reforms by other people—such, we suppose, as the one referred to. An old gentleman of sixty-one now writes to us begging that, if the suggestion be enforced, the anæsthetic used may be a less painful one than a speech by Mr. MILES.

A discussion has been taking place in the columns of a contemporary as to who is the oldest odd-fellow. It would, we fancy, be still more difficult to decide who is the oddest old fellow.

We suppose it is

due to the dangerous competition of the motor vehicles that our railway companies should suddenly appear as the champions of the Quiet Life. By a new regulation passengers are forbidden to take violoncellos into railway carriages.

Spiritualism is making headway indeed when commercial men come to believe in it. The following appears in *The Times*:—"Mr. BEAUVOIR C. SEED,



Small Boy. "PLEASE, MISTER, WHAT'S THE TIME?"

expect a prudent man to lay by for a rainy day.

Some recently published statistics show that, although within the last few years there has been an increase in the number of prisoners in English gaols, there has been a large decrease in actual crime. This is an effective answer to those who say that our prisons are uncomfortable.

formerly of Sandown, I.W., if living, or his representatives, if dead," are requested to communicate with the advertiser.

The average man is so apt to think that Centenarians are bound to die young that the following statement in the current number of *The Cornhill Magazine* will come as a surprise anyhow to him:—"Of the monastery founded by ST. ROBERT D'AURILLAC in the Eleventh Century only three priests out of the original three hundred remain to-day who minister to the attenuated congregation."

DEVILRY IN BLACK AND RED.

IN *La Tosca* PUCCINI had so moving a tragedy "made to his hand" that his own part in it, if he knew his business, was bound to be a subordinate one. He had to make music, scarcely more than incidental, which should illustrate the drama without retarding its action. This he has achieved with astonishing discretion. In the great Second Act—for which WAGNER would have wanted at least a week's cycle—there seems to be scarce ten minutes' worth of vocal score; for the rest, the music of the orchestra, very safe here in the hands of Signor MUGNONE, is less an interpretation (for none is needed) than an audible echo of emotions too swift and tense for utterance. I know no opera in which the rival arts are more perfectly adjusted. And I can imagine no better trio for the rendering of *La Tosca*, than GIACHETTI, SAMMARCO, and ZENATELLO. Indulgence was asked for the Signora; but, though it was evident that ill-health affected her voice when any strain had to be put upon it, yet in the softer passages, such as the lovely phrase

"Non ti par che le cose
Aspettan tutte innamorate il sole?"

she had lost none of her charm; while her acting throughout was frankly superb. So it would seem, after all, that the possession of a voice need not be an absolute bar to dramatic excellence. Signor SAMMARCO played the black devil *Scarpia* with a most admirable tact, and in the part of *Cavaradossi* Signor ZENATELLO, whose singing of

"O dolci mani mansuete e pure,"

and indeed of all the delicious music of the Third Act, was perfect, acted with his accustomed intelligence and sincerity. "Ecco un artista!" as *Tosca* justly says.

If I might permit myself to pass any captious comment upon so fine a performance, I should have a word to say about *Cavaradossi's* costume in the First Act. I am not quite sure how I should get myself up if I were painting a portrait of the Magdalen inside a church a

hundred years ago; but I know I should try hard to avoid the following combination as adopted by Signor ZENATELLO: namely, a brown velvet jacket, a



Scarpia Signor Sammarco.

double-breasted white waistcoat, a copious white tie secured by a diamond pin; grey trousers, and hunting tops.

And the dreadful property picture! so insulting to the repentant Magdalen, and more than insulting, I am sure (though I never set eyes on her), to the fair Attavanti who unconsciously sat for it. Certainly there seemed no sort of warrant for *Tosca's* jealousy, and for her repeated demand—*Falle gli occhi neri*. If anybody needed a pair of black eyes it was the man who was originally responsible for this preposterous daub.

On the *Faust* night the Syndicate drew a full house, having raised the



Cavaradossi . . Signor Zenatello.

(Showing a chic costume for an artist who also does a little singing.)

ante. Madame MELBA was scarcely at her best, and Signor SCANDIANI, as *Mephistopheles*, sacrificed articulation in the effort to be sonorous. Also he was

a bit stiff in the facial muscles, and missed that ingratiating air of *bonhomie* which one has come to expect of GOUNOD's red devil. The honours of the evening fell on Signor ZENATELLO's head, already crowded with laurels, and now surmounted by a fascinating ostrich feather. I have just ventured to pass a criticism on his clothes in *La Tosca*, and I will say further that in *Faust* I did not care for the two little tassels which sprouted from his high boots above the ankle, and looked too much like straw escaping from stuffed calves. But it is only fair to add that in the Second Act I could well understand the collapse of *Margherita*, so seductive was his sky-blue coat with its argent embroidery.

The home-come warriors sang their "*Petit Soldat*" chorus with a very satisfying lustiness. Two-deep they made a solid human wall across the stage; in this case an excellent device, since it concealed all but the flags and spears of their comrades who marched across at the back of the stage; so that a handful of men were able to simulate myriads as they passed and repassed without recognition. All the same, the management of the Autumn Season has perhaps been a touch too generous with its men's choruses in the matter of numbers. They are apt to get so blocked that they have to trample on one another's feet, to get a glimpse of the conductor. It seems an ungrateful thing to say, but I should have them decimated. O. S.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is understood that a large portion of the *Apocrypha*, the authorship of which has hitherto been a matter of grave speculation, was in reality written by Mr. A. C. BENSON, whose name is to be placed on the title-page of the new edition, to which he will contribute a characteristic preface.

We understand that Madame THÉRÈSE HUMBERT, as the result of exhaustive inquiries, has discovered that the mysterious CRAWFORD Brothers were none other than Mr. A. C. BENSON, who is now engaged on a work of sombre thoughtfulness, entitled *At a Safe Distance*.

It transpires that researchers into the mysteries of SHAKESPEARE's plays have for many years been on the wrong scent. It was not BACON who wrote them, but Mr. A. C. BENSON, a younger brother of the poet's boon-companion who now lies in Westminster Abbey beneath a slab bearing the simple words: "O Rare JON BENSON."

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—"Much soap is bought by the bar."—*Daily Telegraph*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LORD ROSEBERY is endowed with two gifts rarely found in the possession of one man. Supreme as a public speaker, he is in the first rank among living writers. His last essay, *Lord Randolph Churchill* (ARTHUR HUMPHREYS), is, in the matter of literary style, comparable with his monograph on PITT, and praise can sound no higher note. Shortly after Lord RANDOLPH's death his mother asked Lord ROSEBERY to "write something about him." Having read the son's biography of his father, which he justly ranks "among the first dozen, perhaps the first half-dozen, in the language," he recalls the request and fulfils it. He discovers the secret of Lord RANDOLPH's failure to achieve permanent success in the fact that he lived in a false position. "A thorough convinced Radical of the old type," he found himself yoked with the MARSHALL-AND-SNELGROVES of a Tory Cabinet presided over by Lord SALISBURY. This inevitably led to ructions, culminating in one that finally severed his connection with official life. In a sentence, Lord ROSEBERY happily describes him as "half-aristocrat, half-Bohemian." In another passage that might well serve for epitaph he writes, "He was human, eminently human; full of faults, as he himself well knew, but not base or unpardonable faults; pugnacious, outrageous, fitful, petulant, but eminently lovable and winning." The last time Lord ROSEBERY saw his old friend was at dinner at the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH's house in Grosvenor Square, his brother-in-law, Lord TWEEDMOUTH, the only other guest. "The next day he gave a farewell dinner to his friends, and the next he set out with his wife on a voyage round the world in a desperate hunt for health." I was at the farewell dinner, and over the waste of time recall the uncanny feeling that possessed me throughout it that the hospitable table was loaded with funeral baked meats. I never saw our host again. The dinner was given in July, 1894. In the following January, home from his hopeless journey, he was carried into his mother's house to die.

Ye mariners of England, who guard our native shores,
When the stormy winds do blow, do blow, and the choppy
Channel roars;

Ye gentlemen of England too, who live at home at ease,
And dream bad dreams of *mal de mer* (the terror of the seas);
Go buy *The Mirror of the Seas*—go soon, lest you forget—
At METHUEN's house in Essex Street, price four and sixpence
net.

For in its pages you will find, as in a looking-glass,
Reflections of a seaman's mind on ships, and men, that pass;
On doughty deeds of derring-do our dead forefathers
wrought;

On battles with the sea he loves, the foe that he hath fought.
Phaselus ille—that smart yacht; the "faithful river" Thames;
Its docks, its sails, its hearts of steel, its quips and apothegms;
The waves Britannia still may rule; the winds she must obey—
All this our able seaman doth with able pen portray.
Salts of the earth our fathers were. Heaven send that *we*
may be,

While eyes like JOSEPH CONRAD's hold a mirror to the sea!

Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS's life-work is an epic-romance of the American War of Independence. His efforts to discredit the honour of British arms have no doubt had a wide success among the American youth of to-day, lending noble assistance to the work of local history primers in fostering whatever bitterness of feeling still survives from that deplorable family quarrel in which the sympathies of Englishmen were never

more than half-heartedly engaged. But at times Mr. CHAMBERS seeks relief from the sterner claims of patriotism and indulges in a large frolic. It was in one of these lighter interludes that he published *In Search of the Unknown*, and now he gives us *Iole*, by the same publisher, CONSTABLE. The title is arbitrary; for *Iole* is but the name of one of an indistinguishable family of American girls, brought up in pyjamas and a state of outdoor innocence coloured by Hellenic ideals. Their father, a fat old hypocrite, apparently absorbed in the unworldly pursuit of æstheticism, yet with an instinctive *flair* for eligible sons-in-law, eventually brings his bevy of beauties to New York, where their childlike candour puts them in the way of several pleasant adventures. As an extravagance, the joke is good enough for a while, but becomes a little tedious through the author's reiteration of phrases and episodes. There is little attempt at construction, and the end is tame and amateurish.

Mr. DESMOND COKE is to be congratulated on the restraint he shows in his Varsity story, *The Comedy of Age* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Heroics and love are kept out with a firm hand. His hero is the ordinary undergraduate, fairly good at games, pleasant, popular, but (like the majority of undergraduates) not a blue. This may be a disappointment to some, but they can console themselves with the thought that ERNAN LANE was probably a twelfth man. There are really two heroes to Mr. COKE's book: LANE, the undergraduate, and RADFORD, the tutor. RADFORD is about sixty, and this is the story of his tragic attempt to realise the ideals of youth as LANE saw them. Mr. COKE has done it very well indeed. I wonder if at any time it occurred to him to give LANE's widowed mother to RADFORD as a consolation prize. If so, he is yet again to be congratulated on his restraint.

If you're overworked or worried, if you're suffering from the
"flu,"

If the present's looking yellow and the future looking blue,
No better sort of tonic *Punch* has ever come across
Than the novels or the stories penned by SOMERVILLE and ROSS.

Once again these witty ladies, "all on the Irish shore,"
Have drawn for our amusement upon their endless store;
And all who love "ould Ireland" and her harum-scarum
ways

Had better buy or beg or steal *Some Irish Yesterdays*.

There are lashings of good pictures by Miss SOMERVILLE again,
Who's as handy with her pencil as she's clever with her pen.
Make a note of it instantler, is our cordial advice—
The publishers are LONGMANS, and six shillings is the price.

Mr. ANDREW LANG, casting about for a colour for his new fairy-book, has hit on orange, and *The Orange Fairy Book* (LONGMANS) lies before me, the first herald of Christmas. I cannot say that its stories are quite as rich as some in the earlier volumes of this wonderful and wholly delightful series (of which this is the eighteenth), but all have something entertaining in them; and Mr. HENRY FORD's pictures have the old perennial charm. I predict much squeezing of this orange in the months to come, and good juices for all. It is a pleasure to find again Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS's charming verses on Mr. LANG's prismatic industry—his *Langiad*—on the book's paper wrapper.

"Set a Thief to Catch a Thief."

"The extensive use of barbed wire is a very potent way of combating this sickening cowardice and despicable cruelty"—of hunting.—Advt. in *The Times* by "certain members of the R.S.P.C.A."

HENRY IRVING.

SOME months ago, on the appearance of a book of biographical tendency hurriedly put forth on the death of HENRY IRVING, a hint was offered in *Mr. Punch's* pages that the man to write the life of the great actor was his comrade and colleague MR. BRAM STOKER. The suggestion was obvious, and doubtless before it appeared in print had commended itself among

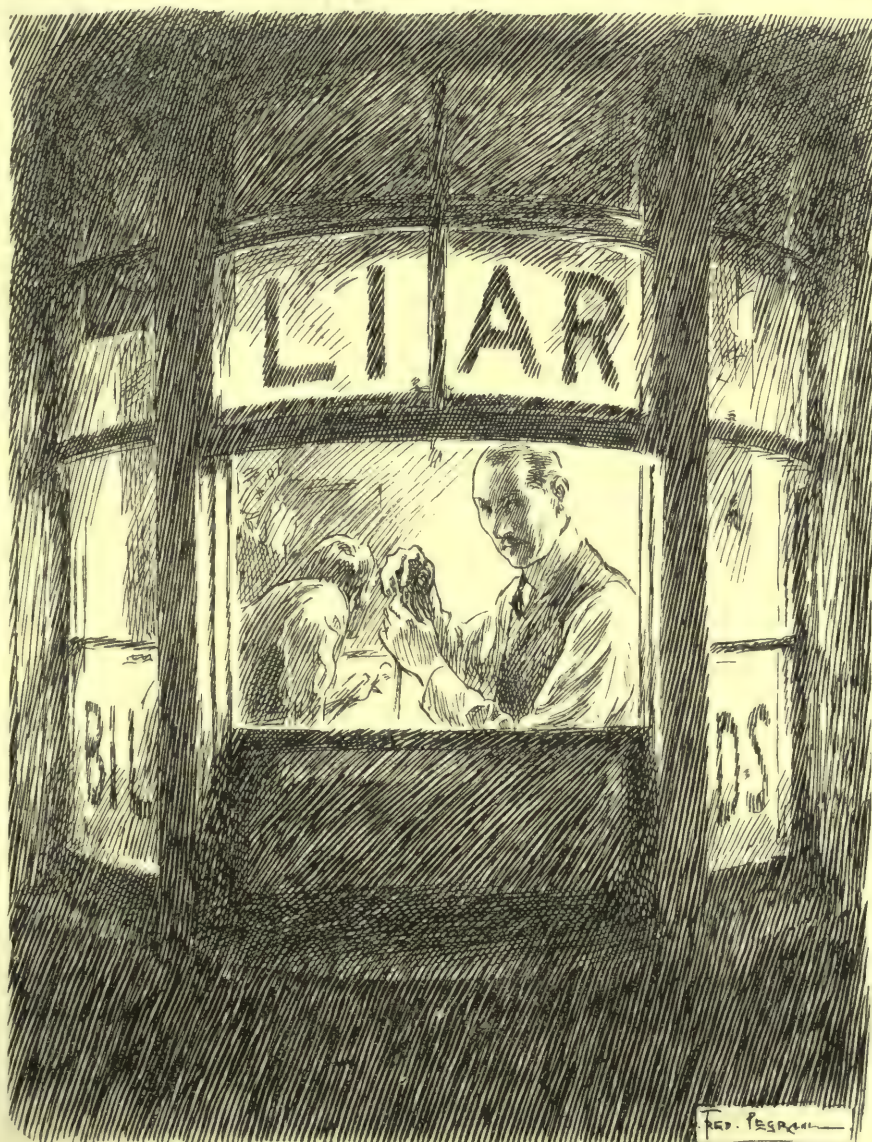
the reflections of the gentleman chiefly concerned. However that be, here, published on the anniversary of the tragic death day, are *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving*, by BRAM STOKER. The two handsome volumes issued by Messrs. HEINEMANN form a worthy monument of a noble career. IRVING was a great actor. He was also a chivalrous gentleman. It is chiefly in this last aspect that he moves through the story of the book—a stately figure, a finely-chiselled face, irradiated by a smile that drew all hearts to him. It is a striking tribute to the sweetness and sincerity of his character that though his success and renown exceeded the meed of all competitors in a profession not exceptionally free from jealousy he was (if possible) more loved by the company in the green room than by the multitude before the footlights. The closer the acquaintance the warmer the affection, a condition pleasantly illustrated in the case

of his biographer, who knew him best of all.

It would be difficult to name any man living within the last thirty years who had a wider and more varied circle of acquaintance than that which clustered round IRVING: and in the sunshine of his presence acquaintance rapidly bloomed into friendship. Having subdued the Old World he, in the height of his fame and the fulness of his energy, crossed the Atlantic and conquered the New. His reception in America was, if not more enthusiastic, more demonstrative than that to which he had grown accustomed in London and the big towns throughout the kingdom, notably Dublin and

Glasgow. The adulation of two hemispheres was enough to turn any other man's head. It left IRVING simple-mannered, modest as when he stood at the foot of the ladder, perhaps more so, since an always fine nature mellowed. His success, extraordinary in its measurement, remarkable for its duration, was largely due to the habit of taking pains. Of this in connection with all his triumphs the book contains many interesting particulars.

For twenty-five years the sun of prosperity blazed upon him. Then came sudden eclipse followed by deepening darkness. On the 19th Dec. 1896 he produced *Richard the Third* at the Lyceum. It was a superb success, holding promise of a run that should beat the record. That very night he slipped on the narrow stairway of his house in Grafton Street, rupturing the ligatures under his knee cap. He was confined to his bed for ten weeks, and the promise of a prosperous winter season was turned into a loss of £6,000. In uncanny fashion the blow broke the spell of his hitherto unvaried good fortune. Within a year the accumulated store of his scenery and properties was burnt. Its money cost was £30,000. Its value was incalculable, the loss paralysing managerial business at the Lyceum. Next, in 1898, whilst on tour in the provinces, he was stricken down by a severe illness from the effect of which he never recovered.



THE WRITING ON THE WINDOW.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO PROPOSES TO SAY HE WAS DETAINED IN TOWN ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

The story, bright in many pages, pathetic towards the end, fascinating throughout, is charmingly written. BRAM STOKER devoted the prime years of his life to the service of HENRY IRVING. The best thing he ever did for him was to write these *Personal Reminiscences*.

Canute in Ireland.

"DESPITE precautions taken by the railway company" (an Irish one) "yesterday morning, there was a spring tide."—*Yorkshire Daily Observer*.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER IV.

London's Free Theatres.

THERE are no free theatres in London.

CHAPTER V.

London's Free Spectacles.

Although so destitute of free theatres London is rich in gratuitous sights of considerable interest and picturesqueness. Mr. BIERELL may be seen walking in Battersea Park at ten o'clock every morning, while it is seldom that any charge is made for a front place when a horse falls down or a man is taken ill or a motor-bus ceases to move—all of which are spectacles of perennial and absorbing delight to a true Londoner. Houses on fire also are free, but the front seats are apt to be crowded and also difficult to locate. It only rarely happens that a fire-engine can be induced to stop in order that the driver may tell you his destination; that being a secret which is very jealously guarded.

Among other inexpensive amusements may be named a walk on the Embankment; looking at the river from the bridges; waiting outside the Mansion House to see the LORD MAYOR start for the Guildhall, and then waiting outside the Guildhall to see him start for the Mansion House (which is how many City magnates spend their time); and looking hard at the sentries at the Horse Guards. Also getting on buses and riding a few yards before you discover that they are going in the wrong direction. By doing this judiciously one may ride all the way from Bayswater to Liverpool Street and back again for nothing; but you must be careful not to board the same bus twice.

Although, as you will see by turning again to the fourth chapter and reading it carefully, there is no real theatrical representation that is free in London, there is something equally good, and that is Mr. PLOWDEN'S Court. From time to time managers have put on farces and comedies that have caused a certain amount of merriment—from *Our Boys to Charley's Aunt*—but their efforts have been trifling compared with those of London's Premier Jester, as Mr.

PLOWDEN is called on the posters outside the Marylebone Court House, where he performs every morning. (Early doors open at 8.30.)

The Court being not too easy to find it will be well to take a cab, the cost of which, since you are so obviously from the country, will be about seven-and-six. Better give the cabman eight shillings and run.

And here, before entering, we might draw your attention to the looseness of London phraseology. We say, for

on duty, how deeply lined they are with the ravages of glee. Observe the rafters, how bare they are, and the ceiling, how often while justice is being done it falls amid earthquakes of merriment. Observe the welkin, how it rings. Note the Court missionary's sable overcoat, how worn it is below the arms. This is where he clutches them as he rocks beneath the shocks. Even he. Note the split sides of all the Court attendants.

How long you will be able to stand the Court depends on your physique and capacity to see a joke. If you are Scotch you may last till lunch; otherwise you will collapse early. First aid to the amused having been administered by the Court's doctor, perhaps it would be as well to hasten to Kensal Green or Bunhill Fields for an antidote. There, for the present, we will leave you.

(To be continued.)



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

DULL MORNING IN MR. PLOWDEN'S COURT.

example, that we take a cab. But this will not, of course, hold water. As a matter of fact we do nothing of the sort: the cab takes us. All that we can take is the cabman's number, but if we are wise we shall do that only if he is not looking. A cabman who knows that his fare is taking his number is no company for a quiet unobtrusive visitor from the country who dislikes to be stared at.

We will now enter the Court, which you will notice is ventilated entirely by gusts of mirth and lighted by laughing gas. Observe the faces of the constables

THE WISE WALKER.

[By way of supplement to Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN'S interesting article on Walking in *Fry's Magazine*, Mr. Punch has received the following valuable paper from another old Master of the Pedestrian Art, Sir REMBRANDT KENNEDY, Bart.]

THE wise walker will first consider his boots, and he will consider them and look after them with maternal solicitude as long as they are in use. Some walkers even go so far as to treasure their old boots, not merely as missiles, but as links with the past. But this is to carry sentimentalism too far. The plan that many wise walkers adopt when their boots have fallen into decrepitude is to leave them overnight on the doorstep. If they survive this ordeal the only thing to be done is to export them to Chicago.

To arrive at the right sort of boots we must begin by rigorously eliminating the wrong forms of footwear. Some men, it is true, can walk in any kind of boot—e.g., persons with cork legs, but we are here dealing with normal pedestrians.

For town wear, again, it is only right to show some regard for the conventions of Society. Thus, while the pampooties of untanned cowhide used by the Arran Islanders are excellently adapted for those rocky shores, they look a trifle *outrés* in Piccadilly. Again, though variety is desirable, I should not recom-



THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

LIBERAL PARTY. "YES, I WAS WRONG TO THREATEN HIM WITH THE WHIP. THE DEAR CREATURE MUST BE LED, NOT DRIVEN. STILL—THIS ISN'T QUITE THE WAY I MEANT TO COME!"





Boy (to returning Huntsman). "AVE YE KILLED ANY FOXES?"

Boy. "OW MANY?"

Huntsman. "Two."

Huntsman. "YES."

Boy. "LAZY BEGGARS!"

mend wise walkers to wear boots on the wrong feet unless in cases of emergency, *e.g.* when lost in the bush, by way of counteracting the natural tendency of the right foot to bear too much to the left, and *vice versa*. The ideal boot should be at once strong and roomy, flexible yet not flabby. It should also bear some resemblance to the foot of the wearer, though I admit that in the case of persons possessed of cubic feet it is not always easy to establish this relationship. For the man who walks across country in the winter it is well to see that his boots are kept watertight. Water, as PINDAR said, is the best of good things, but in a boot as on the brain it is out of place. A little calves-foot jelly smeared round the seams will help to keep the wet at bay, and a pair of boot-trees will save their cost in no time, for boots, unlike the opossum, will last much longer when properly treed, in which case, paradoxical as it may appear, you cannot see the trees for the boots.

In choosing boots, again, be sure to make certain that they are not shorter than your foot, otherwise it will be

impossible to wear them without cutting off the toes, either of the boot or the foot, preferably the former; but in either case the results are unsatisfactory.

The wise walker will not only exercise discretion in the choice of his boots, but in the care of his feet. Russian tallow is a splendid emollient, but it is necessary to see that it is really pure, for some kinds have lime added to them which is the reverse of salubrious. Blisters are the walker's bogey, but they can easily be dealt with by filling the boot with laudanum, which will deaden the pain most effectively.

Whether to carry a stick or not is a moot point, and if a man is accustomed to carry one there is no harm in it. In that case a stick of an unobtrusive pattern is best (see diagram).

Finally, let me conclude by a few practical tips which wise walkers will do well to act upon.

1. For walking the Channel, waders are indispensable if you wish to keep your legs dry.

2. In order to save your heels when going down hill, the best plan is to

walk backwards, holding a mirror in your hand so as to avoid collisions.

3. To increase your pace the best plan is to hold a 56-lb. weight at arms' length. The effect of this is, of course, to upset the usual centre of gravity and throw the body forward. It is difficult to explain without going into transcendental dynamics, but an appreciable increase in speed will be experienced at once. If the speed attained be too great, the wise walker will be well advised to be content with a 28-lb. weight.

4. To avoid monotony, there is no better plan than to adopt the German army mixed step for forced marches, which consists of two steps at the trot and three at a walking pace, followed by a hop, skip and a jump.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The crew had carefully chosen places of shelter to avoid the air concussion, and many men, as well as the gun's crews, wore gun cotton in their ears to prevent hemorrhage."

Daily Chronicle.

THE bos'un probably stood apart, painting his throat with nitro-glycerine.

COLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(By a Caddy.)

VIII.

It is wiv some grief that I take up me pen to tell of the closing of a long and 'onnerabul publick kareer. 'ENERY WILKS 'as retired into privit life, as you may say, and is no longer an ornament of that ongratefull club which 'as ill repaid 'is ardeuous toil. 'Enceforward 'e will 'ave to do wiv greens, but in another shape. 'E 'as entered the service of one 'oo sells fruit and vegetabuls, and will ern 'is bread in a usefull but more 'umble spheer. There's many 'oo will miss his cheery hincouragement on the links, but at least 'e can 'onestly say, like NELSON, that 'e 'as allus strivin to do 'is duty.

Let me rellate very breeffy the circumstances that led to my disgrace.

It all begun, as far as I can see, wiv the ill-konsealed hannimosity of the club secrettary, Mister BULTER, and the hingagement of 'ARRY PURVIS as one ofuscaddies. Mister BULTER 'asallus been one of those 'oo take pleshure in finding fault wiv them as is wellnigh faultless, and I 'ave read in 'is eye for long enuff a certain jelloxy of 'ENERY WILKS. Things was bound to come to a krisis wiv 'im sooner or later, and I'm going to tell you 'ow that krisis came.

As for 'ARRY PURVIS, 'e's one of them peeples 'oo try to take the lead, when nachure 'as clearly hintended them for a back seat. 'E's a long, lean lad, standing a full 'ead taller than the riter of these lines, and from the fust day 'e was envious of the allmost yuniversal respect in which 'ENERY WILKS was 'eld. For long enuff I 'ad been the chosin leader of the caddies, thanks more to my superieor intelleck than to meer brute force, and this it was which rarsed the 'atred of my ryvel. From the very beginning there was constant frickshun

between us, and it came to an 'ead at last when 'e challinged me to singel kombat.

I dunno that I was aektuallly afrade of 'im, but I 'adn't much use for taking on a yumin jeerarf. This I egspained to 'im, and from that 'our 'e made my life a burdin. The day came rarned at last when I realised that 'e was steddily ondermining my reputashun, and then I spoke to 'im strate before all the caddies.

"We've 'eard a lot of gas from you,

"What about clubs?" 'e asks, thinking to dish me. But 'e little knew 'is 'ENERY WILKS.

"I dunno what you'll do," I ses, "and I don't care. But Mister BULTER is in the 'abbit of leeving 'is about not locked up, and I prepose to borrow them for the rarned. They'll suit me well enuff," I ses quite komplasant like.

There was a sort of 'ushed hadmiring mermur among the uther caddies, for they knew that things was a bit straned between Mister BULTER and meself. As

for 'ARRY PURVIS, 'e was about as 'appy as a cat wiv a tin can banging be'ind it, but 'e couldn't well klimb down before all them uthers.

"All rite, I'll take you on," 'e ses, and so we left it.

There was no dout at all about 'oo was the leader of the caddies for the rest of that day. 'ARRY PURVIS' stock 'ad fallen below zero, and mine 'ad risen 'igher than it ever was. I won't deny as I 'ad some dout about what would 'appen, but I trusted to the luck that 'ad allus pulled me through.

Next morning being a Friday there was no one much about, and there was no sine of Mister BULTER when I borrowed 'is clubs. I dunno 'oo's 'ARRY PURVIS took, but they was a fine new set.

We chose our time and drove off from the fust tee as bold as brass. Mister MCTURMERICK, the professyonal, was at

'is lunch, and no one seemed to see us go.

I'd never 'ad any douts about the result of that match, so long as it wasn't hinterrupted. I 'adn't watched good players and bad ones, and 'adn't taken what chawnces of practice as came along, wivout lerning a good bit about the game. Besides, 'ARRY PURVIS was all of a twitter, and seemed to feel the strane of the ercashun more than me. Mister BULTER's clubs was rather long for me, of course, but I was able to use them at a pinch. I 'aven't no cause of complaint agin 'is clubs.

A GOOD PENNYWORTH.

BEING A SPECIMEN PAGE OF "HOME CHUNKS."

(Continued.)

and gripped her arm.

"But you shall tell me," he hissed.

A change came over her. She drew her *svelte* form up to its full height, and every vestige of colour for which Nature was responsible forsook her cheeks. To the man who confronted her, her white beauty appeared weird, unearthly,—like the face of a turnip-head ghost.

"Yes," she said,—and her voice set the lustres of the candelabra swinging, "yes, Lord RONALD RAYMOND REX DE BORE, the time for concealment is past. I will tell you. Listen!"

(To be continued.)

* * * * *

It may not be generally known that boiled mutton fat can be removed from the drawing-room carpet by means of an ordinary garden-roller warmed to a white heat.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

(From the office "Dictionary of Quotations.")

To do, to accomplish,—this alone is to achieve. Nothing is so vast as infinitude, nothing so small as nonentity.

Now is not then, and to-day is not to-morrow. Therefore act, fool, for by action only shalt thou escape inertia.

* * * * *

TAKE a large horse-radish. Pare it. Score it. Cut it into stakes. Put it in a muffin-dish and serve suddenly with oyster sauce and onions. This will (very nearly) do for one person.

SYMPATHY.

(This remarkable poem is the work of a young New Englander. It is said that as many as 2,000,000 copies of her latest work,

Howls of Hustle, were recently sold in one week. As will be seen, her work is characterised quite as much by originality of thought as by elegance of diction.)

When a man is plunged in woe,
Sick, and sad, and tearful,
Go right up, and shout "Hello!"—
Be insanely cheerful.

Smoother the furrows from his phiz,
Bid him quit repining.
Wade right in, and shout, "Gee-whizz!"
See the sun a-shining.

"What although your cabbage-patch
Takes a sight of hoeing!
Shucks! you needn't lose your thatch
S'long 's it ain't a-snowing."

SADIE B. PLOGGS.

* * * * *

Are you reading our Grand New Serial?

"THE HEIR OF WATERTOWERS."

The Most Hair-raising Story ever written.
Begin at once; don't delay; it may finish the year after next.

Tell your friends about it.

Tell your wife's relations about it.

A Bishop writes:—"I consider it . . . of value . . . it teaches all who read it the necessity for patience and forbearance."

You can begin with this instalment.

You can leave off anywhere.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

TAME rabbits can be converted into wild ones by placing lettuces and other succulent vegetables outside their hutches, and just beyond their reach.

THE clothes moth may be eradicated by means of a pea-shooter charged with peppercorns; but this method requires skill.

'ARRY PURVIS," I ses, quite cool and quiet. "And now I'm a-going to test it for what it's worth. I challenge you, if you ain't fritened, to play me a rarned on these 'ere links to-morrow morning as ever is," I ses.

'E fairly garsped at them surprising words.

"It'll mean the sack as sure as eggs, if we're seen," 'e ses, and I seed wiv joy that I 'ad shook 'im badly.

"That's what I'm reddey to risk," I answers 'im, and looks 'im full in the eye.

It was jest an egsercise canter for me, as you may say, and it was finished on the thirteenth green. We came back togever rather jumpy as to what would 'appen, and rather ankshus to slip in quiet like, but as soon as ever we got near the club 'ouse we 'eard an 'igh, shrill, egstited voice. I knew dirreckly 'oo that voice belonged to. It was Mister BULTER's, and 'e appeared to be searching for 'is clubs. As I was wondering what 'ad best be done, 'e burst rite out upon us.

'E's a small, plumpish man, 'oos face becomes a kurious purple when 'e's very much ajitated. It was that culler when 'e saw 'is clubs. I was jest wondering whether I'd best say that I'd found them and was bringing them to their ritefull owner, when Mister MCTURMERICK came towards us at an 'eavy trot. I read upon 'is 'eated Scotch face that 'e knew all, and I desided that argewment was useless.

I jest let drop that bag of clubs (and it was more luck than judgment that brort them down upon Mister BULTER's tenderest foot), and wivout more ado I severed my connexshun wiv them links. The same thort 'ad appariently occurred to 'ARRY PURVIS, and I reely 'ardly know which of us was quickest off the mark.

One of these days per'aps they'll reallise what they've lost in 'ENERY WILKS.

A TEST FOR MUNICIPAL VOTERS.

It has been urged against the rate-payers of London that they are woefully apathetic about municipal affairs, and that this is due to ignorance. If this is truly the case it is evident that instruction in all subjects appertaining to parochial affairs should be given to duly qualified voters before the next election, possibly by municipally endowed lecturers. As this, however, would entail an additional burden on the rates the following test paper has been set (for London ratepayers only) to ascertain how far the charge of ignorance is well-founded:—

1. The librarian of a given free library is paid a salary for six months before taking up his duties. Can you name any projected institutions in London that are likely to be conducted in the same manner as the library aforesaid?

(Please answer this by telegram.)

2. "Mid pleasures and palaces tho' I may roam." Of which London borough, in regard to its workhouse or other municipal building, might this line have been most aptly written?

3. Battersea Billiards: Why are they objected to when no one complains about Battersea Bridge?

4. Extract from a letter:—"I find no fault with them"—i.e., the local



Reveller (reading the notice on the door of his own flat). "OUT! DEUCED HARD LUCK! CAME ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING!" [Descends, and puts up at nearest hotel.]

"wastrels," as the *Daily Mail* has it—"for expending £492,375 16s. 4½d. on a lunatic asylum, since the ratepayers who put them in office must be housed somewhere."

Deduce, from internal evidence, the politics of the writer of this passage.

5. Can you suggest any fresh directions in which public money might be got rid of?

(A prize of a handsomely bound volume—"The L.C.C. Steamship and its Story"—will be awarded to the candidate sending in the best reply to this question.)

Putting their Shirts on it.

"YESTERDAY afternoon the Scotch banks officially raised the deposit interest to 4 per cent., which entails Glasgow and other corporations paying on shirt loans 4½ per cent."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

MEN come and go, suns rise and set, the earth revolves, the seasons pass, everything follows out its destiny—quite regardless of the fact that at Manchester, on October 20, Mr. BERNARD SHAW expressed his disapproval of the Ten Commandments.

BRIEF NEWS IS NOW OUR PORTION.

(A fact which, if our correspondent is to be believed, accounts for the alarming increase in lunacy.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As I have on several occasions purchased a copy of your valuable paper, I have not the slightest hesitation in asking you to devote a couple of columns or so to the ventilation of a little grievance of mine. I am, Sir, of a somewhat inquisitive disposition; and the result is that a ten minutes' perusal of a halfpenny "Daily" or a penny "Weekly" drives me to the verge of frenzy. It is the present mania for "snappiness" that is responsible for this unhappy state of affairs.

Under the heading "News in a Nut-shell," or "Items in Brief," I am given just enough information to whet my curiosity, and am left to fill in the sequel for myself. Take, for example, the following "paragraph," culled from a weekly newspaper: "Mr. H., a solicitor, of I—, was thrown out of bed by an explosion of gas at his house."

Only that, and nothing more. No word as to whether Mr. H. landed in his bath, or whether he went out through the window and overturned a passing policeman.

Believe me, Sir, I have, since I read this item of news, been in a continual state of mental turmoil. I have pictured Mr. H. scrambling back into bed again; I have imagined him accepting the inevitable, making his toilet, and hastening downstairs to kick the gas meter. I have had visions of an infuriated Mr. H., with his head and shoulders driven through the ceiling, making frantic efforts to release himself; of a somnolent Mr. H. seated on the top of the wardrobe and wondering how the deuce he got there; of a terrified Mr. H. rushing wildly into the street and bellowing "Earthquake!"

If only I had known Mr. H.'s address, I should, long ere this, have wired him for full particulars. Not knowing it, I am almost crazed by the crowd of conjectures which force themselves upon me.

Here is another fragment drawn from a similar source:

"An eight hours' fishing competition, open only to ladies, has taken place at Deal." This, at first blush, appears to be fairly innocent and straightforward, but a closer examination shows that it has been put together with diabolical ingenuity. You will observe, Sir, that no information is forthcoming as to what the ladies were fishing for. They may, it is true, have been fishing for fish, but, on the other hand, they may have been fishing for compliments. They may even have been fishing for husbands, and in that case the failure to say so is

positively criminal. With competitions of this nature coming into vogue at Deal, every bachelor in the country ought to be duly warned, lest he stray by accident into the town at a moment when the local conditions are full of danger. Then again, you will note the ominous reticence as to results. This is surely an instance of misplaced gallantry. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the contest was of the genuinely piscatorial order, I can only conclude that the catch amounted to nil, and that the scribe, in his anxiety to be both truthful and polite, got over the difficulty by preserving a discreet silence. This being so, I find myself in the throes of a bewildering breakfast-table problem. If *x* ladies of Deal fish for eight hours without catching so much as a single sprat, how long will it take *y* Deal boatmen to secure a draught of whales? Up to the present I have not been able to arrive at a solution, but I am still wrestling.

One more illustration, and I have finished.

"The last hoppers' train run by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway," remarked a Radical morning paper recently, "arrived at London Bridge early Saturday morning." Now what I want to know, *Mr. Punch*, is—WHEN DID THIS TRAIN START? It is all very well to tell me that it "arrived," but that is a mere bagatelle as compared with the duration of its journey. It may have been dribbling through Kent for weeks and weeks; or it may have been a fast train, a dashing, fire-eating dragon of a train, gobbling up the Kentish miles at the rate of fourteen or fifteen per hour. Maybe it made so quick a run that the writer who chronicled its arrival feared to go into figures, lest he should be scoffed at by a sceptical public. This, however, need not have prevented him from hinting delicately at the record nature of the voyage. A statement to the effect that "none of the hoppers had died of old age *en route*," or that "the hoppers still retained the sunburnt appearance which they had acquired whilst hopping," would have been quite sufficient. In the absence of any such illuminating remark, I am left in a state of hideous uncertainty. A little more of this sort of thing, and Reason, which is now tottering upon its throne, will slither off it altogether.

Aid me, *Mr. Punch*; aid me to start a crusade against this growing practice of setting problems which, in time, will bring about the display of the legend, "House full," outside every lunatic asylum in the country!

Yours distractedly, IMPAR.

MOTTO FOR DENTIST.—Tooth will out.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are glad to hear of Messrs. Kynoch's proposed metric experiment. The danger of our present confusing system is strikingly exemplified by the fact that a certain firm of soap-makers were recently under the impression that 15 oz. make 1 lb.

The interest taken in the Soap Question by all sections of the population is remarkable. For instance, there has always been a slight boycott of soap by small boys, and a proposal that it shall be taboo altogether has been received with unbounded enthusiasm in juvenile circles.

It is now asserted that the Soap Trust and the Beef Trust intend to work together to control fats, and that it is quite possible that Mr. HALDANE will urge the Government to take steps to prevent this interference with the liberty of individuals in the matter of expansion.

The L.C.C. is so much inclined, at times, to be uppish, that the proposal that women should be allowed to sit on the new Council gives fairly general satisfaction.

Mrs. LAWRENCE, speaking at the Holborn Town Hall, declared that the Suffragettes "had a great many things up their sleeve." We had always wondered what it was that gave some of them such an air of being badly dressed.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES has expressed himself as anxious to discover a more satisfactory name than "Vegetarian" or "Fruitarian" for his dietetic followers, and an ill-bred fellow writes to ask us what is wrong with "Crank"?

The Rev. J. S. LONGDON has been complaining at the Llandaff Diocesan Conference that the clergy do not take a sufficient interest in sport. We think that this accusation is somewhat unfair. We know a number of curates who will openly assist at a game of marbles; and ping-pong has no more devoted adherents.

The PRIME MINISTER'S Peace and Goodwill feeling continues to extend. He has now informed the Women's Social and Political Union that it is quite impossible for the Government to make themselves responsible for any further controversial measures.

The *Sydney Bulletin* has been making fun of what it calls "The Brixton Imperialists." We wonder whether our contemporary is aware that there actually exists a Brixton Empire—which is,



Policeman. "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BAG?"

Bill Sikes (indignantly). "THERE YOU ARE! NICE THING, IN A FREE COUNTRY, THAT A MAN CAN'T HAVE A QUIET HUNDRED UP WITHOUT THE POLICE INTERFERING!"

we believe, quite a successful undertaking.

Things certainly seem to be settling down in Russia. Last week there was a railway accident on the Moscow-Kursk Railway due to natural causes.

Two girls living in Cleveland, Ohio, have petitioned the United States Navy Department to create a navy for girls, or to permit girls to enlist in the navy. The Department, it is said, has replied that it does not see its way to grant the young ladies' request in its entirety, but has no objection to their wearing sailor-hats.

The Burgomaster of Kœpenick has been re-instated in his office. Surely a more appropriate appointment for him would have been that of Dupety Burgomaster? Please excuse the misprint.

We are relieved to learn from *The Boot and Shoe Trades Journal* that old boots are now made into combs, and buttons, and dyes, but we are still anxious to know out of what material the average restaurant steak is manufactured.

Last week's *Truth* contains an interesting statement. "Knowsley Park,

which is richly wooded," says our contemporary, "comprises 2500 acres, and contains a lake of 90 acres. It is well stocked with red and fallow deer." We should have thought it incredible that these animals could exist in water were it not for HORACE's account of the Flood, and for the fact that *Truth* itself is often found at the bottom of a well.

Clergymen all over the country are greatly relieved at the reported decision of the Oxfordshire Education Committee to dismiss the headmistress of Bampton Aston School for taking hold of the vicar and shaking him. If the practice had been allowed to proceed unchecked, the prestige of the Church might have been seriously impaired.

The LORD MAYOR Elect wishes it to be known that his Show will comprise several novelties. Mr. *Punch's* readers will therefore

Please to remember
The Ninth of November.

Meanwhile "A Busy Business Man" suggests that, seeing what a success the LORD MAYOR's visit to Paris was, all future Lord Mayor's Shows might be held in that city.

The Daily News of the 23rd inst. contained a paragraph, standing all by itself, which puzzled many readers:—

"There is no cause for alarm.—*Reuter*."

The most popular theory is that this is intended as our contemporary's reply to a constantly reiterated question as to downheartedness.

Ironclad v. Motor-Car.

"THE twenty-four hours' trial was concluded off Gozo Island at 9 A.M. on Oct. 17, and a wireless message was then received from Admiral Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, directing the *Implacable* to proceed with all despatch to Bizerta, 1,230 miles distant. Bizerta was reached shortly after one o'clock next morning."—*Telegraph*.

"Miss DOROTHY LEVITT, driving Mr. CECIL EDGE's 90 h.-p. Napier, covered the flying kilometre in 24 min. 35 sec." *Tatler*.

CAULOUS LANGUAGE OF EMINENT SCIENTIST.—"Sir ROBERT added that he would have liked very much to be able to exhibit a pound of radium to the audience, but unfortunately all the radium that had yet been got would not fill a lady's thimble. If there were a pound of radium on the table no one would leave the hall alive."—*Standard*.



RATS!

Algy. "Oh, I say! Fancy fishin' with a beastly squirrel! What?"

THE IDLER MALGRÉ LUI.

[An American doctor declares that "inability to relax" is the principal cause of chronic headaches, and he urges the duty of "slacking."]

MEN are perturbed spirits, and their one and fierce delight
To hurry and scurry through morning, noon and night;
They've lost the art of resting; they are too much on the go
To follow Apollo—they always bend the bow.

Now, though I shrink from uttering the ghost
Of a boast,

And bragging is the crime I bar the most,

I do do what few do—

When slacking's to be done

I'm reckoned a second

To none.

Of course, were I to listen to the promptings of my heart,
Then I too would fly to assume the strenuous part;
I'd love to rise at five o'clock to read what experts say
For guiding West Riding upon her arduous way.

I'd linger in the office, and I'd write
With delight

Fresh schemes for Pupil-Teachers half the night;

I'd drop this, and chop this,
And draw up endless rules

For seating and heating

New schools.

But though the office whispers in its most seductive tone
Of rate-aid and State-aid, Dame Reason holds her own;

At five o'clock I resolutely leave my desk and then
Go clubwards, or tubwards, when summoned by Big Ben.
A perfect slave to Duty I must strain

Every vein

To curb the wild work-hunger of my brain;

Right fairly and squarely

I drive temptation back,

And ever endeavour

To slack.

UNDER the title "Suffragette's Dream," the following cablegram appears in *The Daily Mail* from its New York Correspondent:—

"In the course of a sympathetic discussion on the good work done for the cause by the Suffragettes in London, at a meeting of a woman's society for political study Mrs. CORY, a prominent advocate of female equality, gave a definition of a Utopian dream which woman must not rest until she has realised. 'Knowing as I do our ideals,' said Mrs. Cory, 'confident as I am that we shall attain them, I fix my gaze upon the brightening future, hopefully awaiting the time when a woman on trial for her life will be defended by a female lawyer, convicted by a female jury' (the natural result, we presume), 'sentenced by a female judge, consoled by a female chaplain, and executed by a female executioner. Then, and not till then, will she have attained her proper place in the world.'"

Nothing, however, was said as to which world.

MODERN FOOTBALL.—"The Slough halves were far in advance of the Maidenhead trio. B. T. VERRY has surpassed the most sanguinary expectations."—*Slough Observer*.



YANKEE BRAND—"WON'T WASH."

UNCLE SAM. "BRAVO, SONNY! THAT'S A BOY AFTER MY OWN HEART."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, HE'S NOT AFTER MINE, AND I HOPE HIS BUBBLE 'LL BURST."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Oct. 23.—If the shade of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR re-visits the glimpses of the gas-lit roof of the House of Commons, his imitation sealskin waistcoat must this afternoon have heaved with sigh of regret at the decadence of the assembly. Thirty-one years ago last April JOEY B. enjoyed one of his most successful diversions. It was a Wednesday afternoon. HARRY CHAPLIN had secured it for motion touching question of breed of horses. A great occasion; it was known that the SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, at the time still in residence at the family Hall, meant to rise to it. The House was crowded in degree rare on Wednesday afternoons. From the Peers' Gallery looked down his present MAJESTY, then Prince of WALES, the centre of a galaxy of noble Lords whose faces were familiar at Epsom and Newmarket. In the Diplomatic Gallery sat the representative of the German EMPEROR.

HARRY CHAPLIN rose from a corner seat below the Gangway, visibly swelling with complacency. Here at last was opportunity of displaying before a worthy audience those gifts of sonorous eloquence envied by DIZZY himself. Having fixed his eyeglass, he paused a moment surveying the listening Senate. Then, striking himself lightly on his portly chest, he remarked, "Mr. SPEAKER."

Swift came response from unexpected quarter. JOSEPH GILLIS was on his feet, waving long lean arm towards the Chair as if he were hailing a bus.

"Mr. SPEAKER," cried a shrill voice, "I believe there are strangers in the House."

Observe the courteous deference of this way of putting it. He did not bluntly assert a fact that might be obnoxious to some hon. Members—Mr. CHAPLIN, for example. He merely mentioned his impression, throwing on the SPEAKER the responsibility of determining the case and taking action accordingly.

In those good old days there was no appeal against individual eccentricity: On a Member, howsoever insignificant, taking note of the presence of strangers, out they must go. Accordingly, at Mr. BIGGAR's bidding, the heir to the Throne, the German Ambassador, and a few belted Earls were bundled forth with the rest of the strangers.

Autres temps, autres mœurs. To-day, on House resuming sittings for Autumn Session, discovery was made of presence of strangers on benches behind SPEAKER'S Chair. They were heads of State Departments, private secretaries of Ministers, heretofore accommodated under Gallery. LULU, with the energy and enterprise of a new broom, had swept them from one end of House to t'other.

The soul of WATSON RUTHERFORD was seared. All very well for young Members in their first Parliament to suffer dumbly this tampering with Privilege by a middle-aged young Minister of Radical proclivities. For a veteran in his third

presence of mind straightway spied strangers.

It was at this juncture that JOEY B., assuming his spiritual presence, would be conscious of that ruffling of the yellow fur of his waistcoat conjectured above. At a nod from him the galleries were cleared. Now, under new Rules, a degenerate House meekly went through process of division, the proposal that strangers should withdraw being negatived by 267 votes to 61.

Business done.—Both Houses reassemble for Autumn Session.

Wednesday night.—With that suddenness and unexpectedness that marks the course of events in House of Commons, a nice question sprung upon it just now. In Committee on Plural Voting Bill. LULU, in charge of measure, risen to speak on Amendment. Up gat A. S. WILSON (only one S., please, Mr. Printer) and spied strangers. Regarded as a joke, this repetition a little heavy. Trotted out yesterday. No reason why it should not flash forth again to-morrow and on succeeding days when the clerks and private secretaries show themselves in the pew behind the SPEAKER'S chair.

CHAIRMAN pleaded question was settled by vote taken on previous day. Then CARSON's fine intellect, trained in law courts on both sides of Channel, asserted itself.

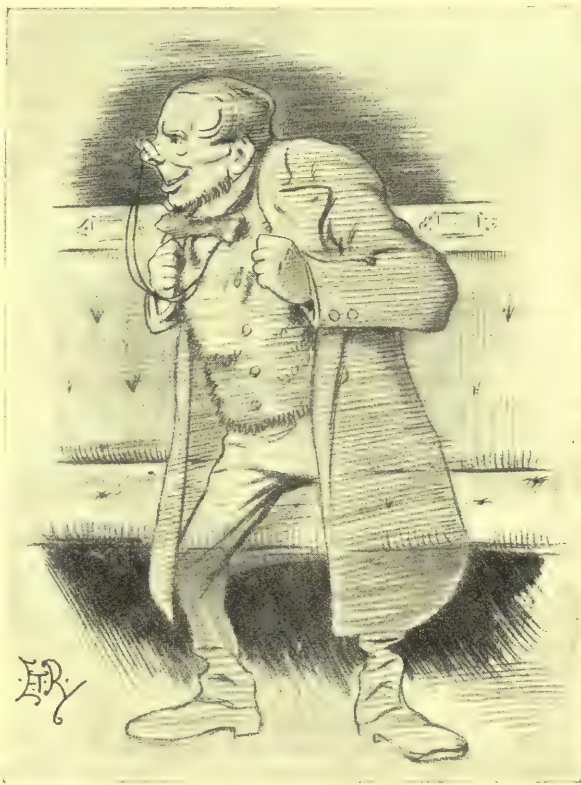
"May I say, Mr. CHAIRMAN, that I spy different strangers from those present yesterday?"

Overcome by difficulty here presented, the CHAIRMAN yielded. House cleared for division. In interval someone remembered CARSON wasn't here yesterday. How then could he make the nice distinction he had set forth with such effect? Harassed CHAIRMAN, confronted by this fresh dilemma, feebly replied that "when the right hon. gentleman said he saw different strangers, he must have seen them."

CARSON himself discreetly said nothing, and there matter left. But mystery remains. CARSON did not deny the soft impeachment of his absence yesterday. That being so, how could he to-day spy strangers different from those he didn't spy yesterday?

This question occupied attention of Mother of Parliaments to exclusion of such minor matters as Plural Voting, a Bill prohibiting this privilege being the ostensible business of the day.

Business done.—The great CARSON

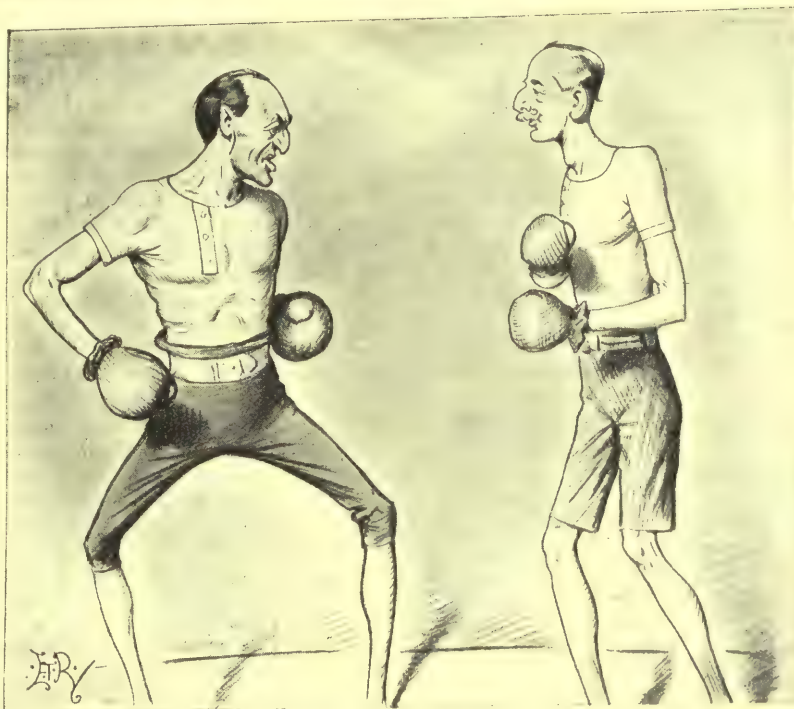


THE SHADE OF JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR.

"His imitation sealskin waistcoat must have heaved with sigh of regret."

year, steeped with reverence for the sacred things of Parliament, case different. WATSON just the sort of man who, had he represented West Derby at the time, would have stood up against CROMWELL when he spoke disrespectfully of the Mace. Now he raised the cry of "Privilege!" Moved for Select Committee to inquire into the affair, hinting that, pending investigation, it would be as well if the First Commissioner of Works were manacled and detained in the Clock Tower on dietary of bread and water.

SPEAKER declined to recognize breach of privilege, but, ever ready to oblige, hinted at existence of a Standing Order dealing with case of strangers in the House. CLAUDE HAY with great



HITTING BELOW THE BELT.

Sir E. C-rs-n. "This is a Bill not of a statesman, but of a sneak."

(Sir E. C-rs-n, and the Rt. Hon. L-w-s H-r-c-r-t.)

(Mr. Maddison in a recent speech said, "Is he (Sir E. C-rs-n) such a tender soul that, unless you put him in the quiet, reserved demesne of academic representation, he would not find his way in? He would find his way in anyhow.")

Problem absorbs attention. *Falstaff's* men in buckram a minor mystery by comparison.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Education Bill stands first on Orders of Day. Autumn Sittings ordered so that Lords may deal with Bill. No hurry. Might have been entered upon on Tuesday when sittings resumed. Committee put off till Thursday, deferred now till Monday, when with waste of a week behind us we really will get to work.

The Leader of the House, hale, hearty and eighty, looks on with friendly smile. Boys will be boys, and YOUNG WEMYSS and the rest of them out of their wealth of time can comfortably waste a week. Yesterday Lord RIFON passed the portals of his eightieth year. Has had time to learn the value of a swiftly passing day.

Fifty-four years have sped since he entered the Commons Member for Hull. Since then he has known most men who have been making history for England and the world. Can recall three series of Cabinets in which he sat under three successive Premiers—PAM, JOHNNY RUSSELL, and Mr. G. Is sole survivor of PALMERSTON's last Cabinet; was President of the Council in GLADSTONE's first. Now he is Lord Privy Seal in C-B's first Cabinet, Leader of the Ministerial Party in the House of Lords, and still one of the best shots in the coverts at Studley Royal.

Business done.—Lords conclude that next Monday they really will take the Education Bill in hand.

House of Commons, Friday night.—Not much gaiety yet developed in still young Parliament. Such as it be it is eclipsed by death of Colonel SAUNDERSON. Like some other institutions of elder Parliaments (including PRINCE ARTHUR) he was not at home in the transmogrified House. He addressed it once or twice in earlier part of Session. Effect akin to that of skilful musician, his harp broken, attempting to recapture the old charm by touch of unfamiliar strings. Next Session, the Home Rule question to the fore, the Colonel would doubtless have been himself again.

He was, intellectually and physically, in every fibre a fighting man. But he never hit below the belt. Possibly there was exception in the case of the still anonymous Nationalist whom he encountered in the free fight that surged in Committee on the last stage of Gladstone's Bill of 1893. Naturally some hurry at the moment. Here was a fellow-countryman, presumably an advocate of Home Rule, fortuitously projected over his shoulder on to his knee and requiring straightway to be pommelled.

As a rule, otherwise invariable, the Colonel hit hard but struck fair. No one said bitterer things of his Nation-

alist brethren than he. Perhaps no one, certainly none on their own side, was more highly esteemed. His personal popularity extended through every section of parties. Unsought, unpurchased, the tribute was the more precious.

Handicapped by illness, SAUNDERSON was past his Parliamentary prime. That was reached in the Parliament of 1892, when he hilariously, with back to wall, fought the Home Rule Bill. Many of his flashes of humour, shining in debate, illumine the memory. One of many I recall in private conversation. During the Home Rule debate a friend, dwelling on the opportunities it provided for Irishmen to come to the front in national affairs, said:

"You are sure to come to the top of the tree."

"Yes," retorted SAUNDERSON, with grim smile; "hailed up by a rope round my neck."

We shall not look upon the Colonel's like again. He was a man apart, an evolution of the richly endowed Irish character, of which at his grave the mould was broken.

Business done.—In Committee on Plural Voting Bill.

THE AMAZING AMAZONS.

HERE'S the Rime of the Ten Pioneers,
Who, braving all masculine jeers,
In a dare-devil manner
Uplifted their banner
And went for the Commons and Peers!

But alas for these claimants to fame!
In spite of their chorus of "Shame!"
A posse of bobbies
Rushed out from the Lobbies
And ruthlessly closed the game.

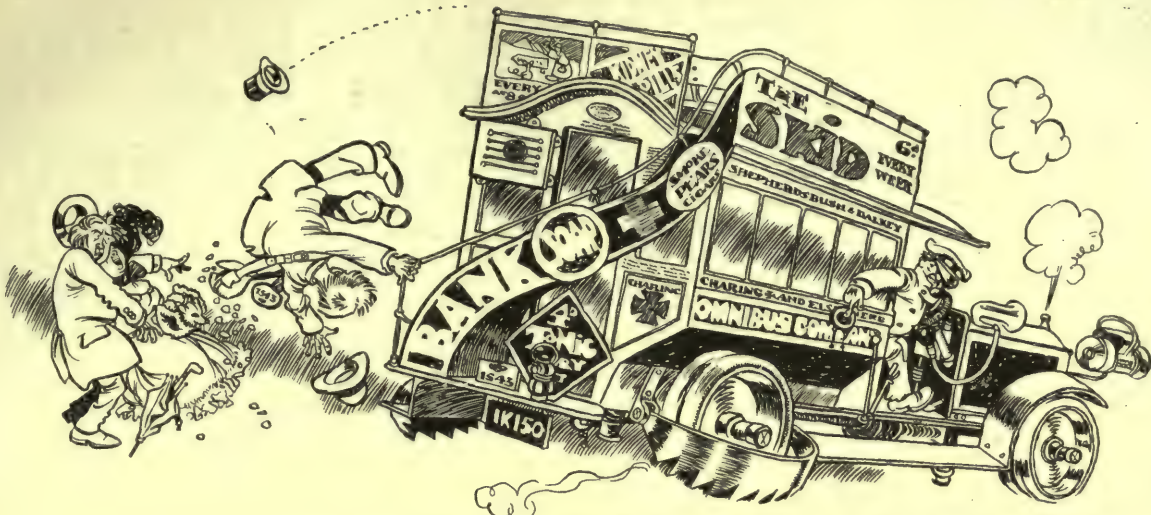
'Twas a moral defeat of brute force
By reformers of ready resource,
For their cries and their capers
Loomed large in the papers,
And martyrs want notice, of course!

Next morn, before Judge HORACE SMITH,
They gave a fresh taste of their pith;
They flouted the cadi
And screeched, did each lady,
And treated the Law as a myth!

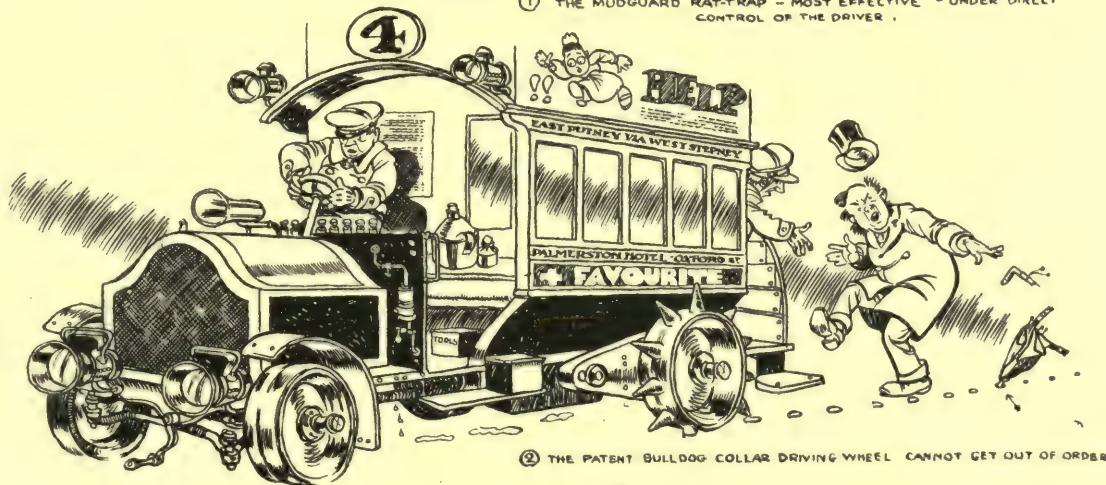
Peace doubtless will reign for a space
In the homes which these heroines grace!
Though the fines were not heavy,
They trooped in a bevy
To jail with a jubilant face.

But the rest of the sex, we are told,
Only laugh, when they should have
condoled;
So it seems a bit silly
To go and eat skilly,
And earn the repute of a Scold!

Zig-Zag.



① THE MUDGUARD RAT-TRAP - MOST EFFECTIVE - UNDER DIRECT CONTROL OF THE DRIVER.



② THE PATENT BULLDOG COLLAR DRIVING WHEEL CANNOT GET OUT OF ORDER.



③ THE SIDE-SLIP BUFFERS - SUPPLIED SINGLY OR IN PAIRS - UNDER CONDUCTORS CONTROL - GUARANTEED.

WHY SIDE-SLIP?

OUR ARTIST OFFERS HIS THREE PATENTS GRATIS TO THE WORLD.

POUDRE DE JALOUSIE

OR, THE POWDER PLOT.

COMPARISONS between CILÈA's *Adriana Lecouvreur* and PUCCINI's *Tosca* may be odious, but they are natural. Each of the two operas is a very modern Italian setting of a fairly modern French tragedy with a French theme. But in *Tosca* (much the shorter opera) the action is more swift and direct, the scheme less complex, its climax more inevitable. In *Adriana Lecouvreur* it is difficult, unless one knows the original play, to follow all the intricacies of the plot; and one feels that the tragedy might easily have been avoided if *Maurizio*, whose absence is never satisfactorily explained, had turned up a little earlier. Here again in the last scene—in *Adriana's* house (not of course to be confused with Hadrian's Villa)—we have the natural sequence of things delayed as if with the pure object of letting us gloat over the lady's agony. It is not till she has exhibited quite a long series of spasms that *Maurizio*, who has been supporting her shattered form, observes that there is anything unusual in her condition. He then makes the following tardy comment:—

Che? tu tremi . . . trascolori.

In this last word the facts, of course, are misrepresented, for she had started the scene with a complexion of unearthly pallor which did not admit of variation.

There is nothing perhaps in *Adriana* to equal the charm of the love-interludes in *Tosca*; but in the overture to the Fourth Act there are passages of exquisite beauty. One traces in them a strong resemblance to the music of another of PUCCINI's works—*Madama Butterfly*; CILÈA's opera being the earlier of the two.

SIGNORA GIACHETTI again acted with extraordinary dramatic force. Her behaviour was just what one always expects in a person who has inhaled the fumes of a deadly powder concealed in a bunch of violets. I can't think where she gets her experience in the art of being poisoned. SIGNOR SAMMARCO played *Michonnet* with the humble devotion of a faithful dog. There is no better craftsman on the operatic stage. SIGNOR ZENATELLO had a rather vague and thankless part. *Maurizio's* profound admiration for his own exploits and for the splendour of the name which he eventually consents to confer upon his lover tended to alienate our sympathies. Yet we had all felt keenly

for him in the embarrassment which he suffered from the advances of the *Principessa di Bouillon*, played by the handsome Signora DE CISNEROS, who possesses some poignant contralto notes. She was so tall and overwhelming that one's heart went out to the medium-sized hero (whose affections were engaged elsewhere) in his obvious reluctance to being smothered by her embrace.

SIGNOR MUGNONE, who conducted, enjoyed several well-earned ovations. He has a fixed formula of action in acknowledging these tributes to his genius. Uniting with one hand the fingers of the artistes on each side of him, he thrusts forward his remaining hand in the direction of the orchestra and waves it solemnly to and fro; with what



Signor Mugnone takes a call between Signora Giachetti (*Adriana Lecouvreur*) R. and Signora de Cisneros (*Principessa di Bouillon*) L.

signification, none but himself can say.

O. S.

The Decadence of our Dumb Friends.

"A SHIPLEY cabdriver called in the Bay Horse Inn at Baildon the other night, leaving his cab and horse outside. Whilst having a drop of whisky the horse moved on to the footpath, for which offence he was fined 5s. and costs at the Otley Police Court this morning."

Bradford Daily Argus.

THEY may joke with difficulty in Rochdale; yet when anything really humorous is said they are the first to see the fun of it. Witness the *Rochdale Observer's* report of a speech made in that town by a Labour M.P. :—

"It was to such problems as this that the Methodist Union for Social Service must turn its attention—unemployment, sweating, child labour, intemperance, gambling—and endeavour to remove from the pathway of progress towards the social idea the social evils and anomalies that now exist. (*Loud laughter.*)"

WANTED—A NAME.

[The *Evening News* has been endeavouring to find a suitable name for the Piccadilly-Brompton Railway, so far without success. *Mr. Punch* is in a position to add to this list of failures.]

DEAR SIR,—The best description for the new railway is coincident with the humble initials of—Heaven forgive me for the phrase—"the present writer."

I am fully aware that the railway will eventually start from Hammersmith, but I have it on the best authority that it will ultimately Go to King's Cross. You will, I imagine, see my point if I merely sign myself

G. K. C.

DEAR SIR,—I Trust (excuse the expression) that I am not too late to suggest a name for the Piccadilly-Brompton Railway. It is, I think, useless to try and Combine (pardon the word) the names of all the stations on the route, and it has occurred to me that as people who use the tube are bound to leave the Sunlight *pro tem.*, as indeed they seem to be already doing, the "Sunlight" would be—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—a not inappropriate name.

W. H. L-V-R.

DEAR SIR,—SHAKESPEARE, I feel sure, would have said, "What's in a name? A tube-rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but it seems to me that, although at present there are several alternatives open in making the journey from Hammersmith to King's Cross, in future the new tube will undoubtedly become "The Only Way."

M-RT-N H-RV-Y.

SOME OPTIMISMS.

[A Trafalgar Square cabman has returned an accidental overcharge of 1s. to a fare.]

THE following uncorroborated telegrams have been received from the Millennium News Agency, Ltd. :—

Charged yesterday at Westminster with disorder, a suffragette in a subdued voice implored the magistrate to have her name kept out of the newspapers.

We learn that Mr. HOOPER, of the Times Book Club, desires to entertain the Publishers' Association to dinner.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE PROVINCES.—"Mr. J. L. LOWSON proposed 'The health of the KING and Royal Family,' Mr. J. HODGSON responding."

Teesdale Mercury.



FIRST NIGHT OF THE NEXT MUSICAL COMEDY. THE AUTHORS BEING CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

THE JESTER TO HIS AUDIENCE.

[The Editors of certain popular Monthlies, in genial and homely postscripts invite the frank criticism of their readers upon the contents of their magazines. This should be a lesson to all Authors and Editors, and to no one more than to the professional humorists. On behalf of the latter we hasten to approach our readers in an equally candid and humble spirit.]

READ, gentle Reader, read this modest lay,
And get it firmly planted in your chest.
Then, guided by your sense of humour, say,
Whether it be a jest.

The Will is here, that is, the thing is meant
To be a jest, as subtle as absurd,
Though less absurd than subtle. For th' intent
You have the author's word.

It ought to be a jest, you will agree,
How gained it else its destination, viz.,
This present page? But ah, what ought to be
By no means always is!

Such are the facts that you should bear in mind.
R., as the Frenchmen put it, S. V. P.
(Attention will oblige.) Your verdict find:
"Jeu"—or "No Jeu d'Esprit."

Thus, if within your bosom, breast, or soul
This trifle shall impulsive mirth evoke
It must be, Sir (or Madam), on the whole
A most successful joke.

But, if it leave you overwhelmed with gloom
And homicidal melancholy, squash
Our Hopes; pronounce it (brief but final doom!)
Unmitigated bosh.

Commercial Candour.

FROM an advertisement of Liver Tablets:—

"A box in the house is worth pounds in the physicians' pockets."

EXPERTO CREDE.—What is worse than raining cats and dogs?
—Hailing motor omnibuses.

MORE ABOUT LORD ROSEBERY'S MISADVENTURE.

The *Daily Telegraph's* Edinburgh correspondent communicated to last Thursday's issue of that paper further details regarding Lord ROSEBERY's motor mishap. Our own Edinburgh correspondent, not to be beaten, now sends us still further particulars, and states that if we will only give him time he has every hope of being able during the next few weeks to tell us some more about this historic breakdown in the snow. Up to the time of going to press the following fresh facts have come to hand:—

Contrary to the assertion of the *Telegraph's* correspondent, it was not a little ditch which upset the car. Unfortunately (writes our representative) it cannot be described even as a furrow, desirable as such a description would have been under the circumstances. It was a rock, and by a strange coincidence it was the very rock which inspired WORDSWORTH, years ago, to write:—

"A Rock there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights;
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
The vernal breeze invites."

It is incorrect to say that his Lordship referred to his chauffeur as a "lad." It must not be forgotten that Lord ROSEBERY speaks French almost as well as the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, and would not therefore boggle at the word "chauffeur." His Lordship also speaks English like a native, and the report that he was "able to chat to the Lodge-keeper" is therefore probably true. His reference to having dined with the KING on the previous evening came about in a curious way. The Lodge-keeper's wife invited him to share in the humble fare of her supper-table—viz., porridge and haggis. His Lordship cautiously and courteously thanked her, but explained that he was not hungry, adding: "Last night I was dining with the KING."

The distance between the Lodge and the house, states our correspondent, is nearer three-quarters of a mile than half a mile, so that his Lordship's achievement in covering this distance on foot, after having walked no fewer than three miles across bleak country, says much for the pluck and endurance of the poble Peer.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Listener's Lure is quite one of the nicest books that Mr. E. V. LUCAS has published with Messrs. METHUEN during the past few weeks. The epistolary way is, perhaps, the way of least resistance for the writer of a tale; but that doesn't matter so long as the reader's course is equally smooth. At first I confess (if Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, of *The Daily Mail*, will pardon my use of the first person) that the number of characters employed in this oblique method of contributing to the story made me feel as if I had contracted a squint. But I soon found my way about the book, and lost no time in being fascinated by the author's humanity. Mr. LUCAS's mind is a storehouse of fancies, new and old; most are new, but all are fresh with the charm of his sensitive humour. And then, in letters you can write so much that has no sort of bearing on anything in particular: delightful stories *à propos de bottles*, casual criticisms of men and manners, incidental self-exposures, not permitted to the living voice. Indeed, if *Lynn Harborton*, for one, had said aloud all the things that he wrote I might have called him a bit of a prig. Not, of course, in Mr. LUCAS's hearing, for fear that he might retort by calling me a University man, and I should have no answer to this shattering charge.

Listener's Lure is simple in design; it devotes itself to sentiment and character rather than action; yet when we reach, late in the book, the solitary event (*Edith Graham's* engagement to *Harborton*—the wrong man) in which our interest, amid many diversions, has been centred, the charm is over. Nevertheless I nurse the sanguine hope that here, in this book of letters, we have the half-way house between Monologue and Romance; where the "Wanderer" on many high-ways and by-ways may rest and take courage before he adventures up the difficult heights. Meanwhile, being more than ever impressed by the worth of a good listener, I hang upon Mr. LUCAS's lips and am all ear; trusting, if only in this negative way, to win his fastidious approval.

England of the good old coaching days, when the PRINCE REGENT called himself the father of his people, and wheat was eighty shillings a quarter, was not a very merrie England. But the whole country was infinitely happier than the unfortunate trio who were the owners of the *Running Horse Inn* (MACMILLAN). The woes of Job or of the lady who was courted by Auld Robin Gray were trivial compared to the sorrows of *John* of the inn and *Bess* his wife, and *George* his long-lost brother, who returned from the wars on the day of honest *John's* marriage to the girl he (*George*) had left behind him. Customers deserted the inn; the bank which held their savings broke; *John* shot his father-in-law by mistake, and *George*, after trying to run away with *Bess*, was hanged for the murder under the eyes of repentant *John*, who arrived at the scaffold just in time to be too late, and found on his return home that *Bess* had fallen over a cliff. There's tragedy for you! But, my nable! (to use poor *John's* favourite oath), a little less of it, prithee, next time you take up your pen, Mr. A. T. SHEPPARD, for you have a pretty gift of writing, an it were turned to a less harrowing theme.

When Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN undertakes to describe a town, an island, or a province, he does it thoroughly. His latest effort has *Carthage and Tunis* (HUTCHINSON) for its object. For weeks and months he besieged these historic places with inquiry, ransacking their stores ancient and modern. Some writers of travel-books trot through a country, ride round a town, straightway sit down and write a volume of observation and suggestions. *Experientia docet*. Mr.

SLADEN's siege of the metropolis of the Orient was conducted in due form of parallels. He makes minute study of the classic historians of Carthage in her days of empire. Beginning with DIDO, he goes on to quote APPIAN's graphic account of the destruction of the town and its fortresses. He roots up the Arabian geographer EL EDRISI, who visited the city in the twelfth century, when its amphitheatre still stood. This is well done, since there is nothing left of Carthage (above ground) but history. The visitor, or the stay-at-home content to regard it from afar, will find in the first of these two bulky volumes all that is known of a fascinating wreck of early empire. Mr. SLADEN, who, not to speak of finding sermons in stones, is amiably disposed to discover good in everything, touches but lightly on an eye-searing modern structure on the sacred soil. Speaking of the cathedral erected thirty years ago by the pious efforts of Cardinal LAVIGERIE on the site of the Temple of the Capitoline Jove, he mildly remarks: "You are vexed that the cathedral should occupy so much of the hill of Carthage." I was indeed. It is impossible from any point of view to avoid this white monstrosity, which vulgarises hill and bay and Carthage. Looking on it one wishes that CATO were still alive. "*Delenda*" is nothing to what he would have said on beholding it. Passing on from dead Carthage to living Tunis, Mr. SLADEN, a lively instructive guide, lingers long in the enchanting bazaar, a rare span of Eastern life, accessible from London in something like two days. The text, admirably written throughout, is illustrated with six maps and more than three-score illustrations, some in colours.

HELEN MATHERS' *Tally Ho*,
Published by METHUEN (Self & Co.),
Presents a lady, name of *San*,
Whom a military man
(Taking a rather shady course)
Woos that he may win her horse.

That is, in brief, the groundwork which
The author sets her to enrich,
Adding, like a smooth veneer,
A first-class sporting atmosphere
Which, though it isn't *Jorrocks*, still
Displays indubitable skill.

But this, though good, is not the thing
That makes the book worth noticing:
Its persons show, it seems to me,
Exceptional vivacity;
Indeed, the lady *San*, for one,
Beats all Miss MATHERS yet has done.

Mr. LEWIS MELVILLE's *Victorian Novelists* (CONSTABLE & Co.) is very sketchy, but if it serves to send readers to the works of the writers it appraises it will serve. To find DOUGLAS JERROLD among novelists is something of a surprise—his novels were not his best work; and the absence of GEORGE ELIOT, CHARLES LEVER and CHARLOTTE BRONTË impairs the value of a book which is thorough enough otherwise to begin with LYTTON and close with WILLIAM BLACK. In the chapter on SHERIDAN LE FANU I should have liked to see some reference to the first draft of *Uncle Silas*, in his little-known but very admirable collection of short stories called *The Purcell Papers*.

The Tribune, in a review of Q's *Sir John Constantine*, quotes the author as saying, "Here is interred the soul of the Bachelor Q"; and then adds: "We will not say *Requiescat in pacem*." That is quite right of *The Tribune*. *Requiescat in pacem* ought never to be said of anybody, living or dead.

NATURE STUDIES.

MY RAZOR.

AMONGST the dear dead days of my long ago no day stands out in my mind with a greater distinctness than that of my first shave. It was a dark and dismal day of November rain, and as I walked along Piccadilly my eyes were irresistibly attracted by the brilliant lights of a shop-front in which "Gents' Complete Shaving Outfits" were advertised in bold letters. I paused, my hand strayed to my chin and cheeks, and I was once again aware of the down that decorated them. It had been a subject of considerable controversy. My father had been contemptuous, and my brother had been abusive with a frankness for which the race of brothers has been distinguished from time immemorial. But my mother had spoken encouraging words:—

"Of course," she had said, "it isn't at its best now, but whatever you do, don't shave it. Let it grow in a natural way, and in a year or two you'll have a beautiful silky beard that everybody will envy. If you shave it, it will turn into hard stubble, and then when you want to grow a beard some day, where will you be?"

DIXON, however, decided me. He was older than I by two years, and was now in the army. "Good heavens," he had said on that very morning, "what's that stuff you've got on your chin? What on earth do you want to go about like a moulting bird for? You run along and get shaved."

I could not face the idea of getting shaved. The hairdressers whom I knew were cynical men, and I feared their ridicule. I therefore stepped into the shop, and in a few minutes became the possessor of a complete shaving outfit. I hurried home, the lather was applied, the family butler told me how the razor should be held, I gashed myself twice, and then, proceeding with a swift and incredible resolution, made my face hairless. Since then I have been a slave to the

shaving habit, and, seeing that the years of my slavery have been many, I may lay claim to a certain knowledge of the whims and oddities that diversify the characters of razors.

The life-destiny of a razor is to begin by being sharp, to continue by being stropped, and to perform with silent celerity the duty of removing hair. It is a simple life and should require no great expenditure of energy. Yet the chief point about any known razor is its unconquerable perversity. There are mornings when my razor defies the strop and the soap. It

passes harshly over my tender cheek, and, though it removes the lather, no hair comes with it. In vain I coax it to the performance of its task. After a minute or two of steady urging it goes off into a fit of the sulks and bites me to the bone. There is nothing for it but to wipe it, lay it aside in its receptacle, and give its brother a trial. The brother, having made a miserable failure yesterday, has come to a better mind and now goes on its way over the tracts of skin with rejoicing. In the end I get shaved somehow, but the toil from first to last has been hard, and my outlook on the world has been ruined for the day.

It is strange, too, to reflect how unreasoning is the animosity that a razor often shows to his friend, the strop. Nothing ought to be easier than to flit to and fro over the smooth leathery surface. Yet there are moments when the ill-tempered razor deliberately stops in its swift course in order to

ruin its own edge by slicing away a fragment of the uncomplaining strop. MACAULAY's strops, I have heard, were great sufferers. His razors, no doubt, resented his omniscience, and were compelled to take it out of something.

There is, in fact, no more perverse and ill-conditioned animal in the world than a razor. To eat mutton cold and cut blocks with a razor has become a proverbial expression for disappointment and futility; but on the whole it is just as sensible to use your razor on a block as to expect it to perform its primary duties.



FORGETTING HIS PART.

"SPARE A PORE BOY A COPPER, KIND LIDY. AIN'T HAD A BIT TER EAT TER-DYE, LIDY!"

THE SOAP KING'S DAUGHTER.

(A Scenario.)

TIME: Some sixty years hence. SCENE: the Park Lane drawing-room of the Earl of SUNLIGHT, grandson of our own Mr. W. H. LEVER. The old Earl is in earnest conversation with his charming daughter, Lady LUX LEVER. It seems that since the first Earl cornered soap in 1906 the price has been rising so rapidly that now almost the entire wealth of the British Empire flows automatically into the family's coffers. People, to preserve their self-respect, must be clean, at whatever cost. The consequence is that every penny that can be spared from the other necessities of life is spent on soap, at incredible prices. Lady LUX, the richest heiress (in fact, the only heiress) in the kingdom, is eagerly sought after by the impecunious noblemen, notably Lord JASPER SCRUBBS, the brother and heir of the old and decrepit Duke of BATH. So much being made clear by dialogue, the Earl of SUNLIGHT has a song:—

When I was young I used to think,
Perhaps a little oddly,
That men might be as black as ink
So long as they were godly.
But wisdom comes, as years progress,
And Youth's ideals shatters:
And now I see that cleanliness
Is the only thing that matters.

The youth who would succeed in life,
All opposition squashing,
Who'd make a name, and win a wife,
Must never scamp his washing.
A girl who's sensible will feel
No diffidence in snubbing
A suitor who cannot conceal
His urgent need of tubbing.

Having touched thus on the brighter side of his position, Lord SUNLIGHT comes to the single fly in his ointment. There is one man in London, AUBREY JELlicoe, who has the spirit to defy convention, to abstain wholly from soap, and to remain rich and frankly grubby. Nothing can move him, not even the glowing advertisements written for the Earl's soap by Mr. HOOPER, the descendant of the great *Times* litterateur. What is Lord SUNLIGHT to do?

LUX goes out, and enter Lord JASPER, who propounds a devilish scheme. It should be mentioned that he loves Lady LUX (in his own vile way). He proposes that LUX shall lead AUBREY to fall in love with her, tell him that she cannot marry anyone who does not use soap regularly and in large quantities, and so induce AUBREY to spend his money. As a reward, he, JASPER, is to marry her. Lord SUNLIGHT consents. None of LUX's suitors have any money, and JASPER is as eligible as any in point of rank. The scheme is mentioned to LUX. The dutiful daughter reluctantly agrees to play the part.

Act II. TIME: three months later. SCENE: the terrace in front of Loofah Castle, the Earl of SUNLIGHT's place on the Wash. Enter AUBREY. He is wonderfully changed. Before, he suggested Mr. TREE as *Caliban*, or Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as *The Pertick'ler Pet*. Now his face shines with repeated scrubbings. His linen is spotless. Music cue: "*I'm so happy I don't know what to do.*" Song: AUBREY (Air, "*Mr. Chamberlain*," appropriately from *The Beauty of Bath*).

Now who was the man whose face to scan would have taken you all your time,
Because it was so concealed, you know, behind a mask of grime?

Who was the chap who cared not a scrap for what the people said?
Who is the man who, if he can, should hide his shamefaced head?

It's AUBREY JELlicoe, it's AUBREY JELlicoe!
I said, "to wash is simply bosh!"

But now I know

That my views were most unsound;
So now I've changed my ground,

And I'm your clean, keen AUBREY JELlicoe.

I said that I hoped that, if ever I soaped, you'd write me down an ass:

I felt no shame when the moment came to see myself in the glass.

I never cared when people stared. It didn't "amount to shucks,"

(As Americans say) until one day I fell in love with LUX;

And I'm AUBREY JELlicoe, the speckless JELlicoe!
No spot or stain can now remain

On me. Oh, no!

Though all my money's spent,
Yet I am quite content

To be your clean, keen AUBREY JELlicoe.

Exit. Enter LUX. It appears that a hitch has occurred in the scheme. She has made AUBREY love her, and spend all his fortune on soap; but now she, in turn, loves him. Will her father give his consent? Never. She asks him.

Lord Sunlight. My child would wed a commoner without a penny!

Can I believe you?

Lady Lux. Is there no hope, then?

Lord Sunlight. Child, I won't deceive you.
Not any!

Big scene now. Enter JASPER. JASPER (*sings*):—

Jasper. With the guile of a snake I have sought her,
And now may I claim my reward?
I worship your beautiful daughter:
Consent to our union, my Lord.

Lord Sunlight. Yes, I think you may fittingly clasp her.
My boy, here's my blessing. She's yours.
And, 'pon honour, you're lucky, young JASPER!
She's jilted her suitors in scores.
But since such a thorough success is
The neat little scheme that you planned,
I hereby approve your addresses,
And formally give you her hand.

Enter AUBREY. He sees JASPER about to embrace Lady LUX, and, overhearing Lord SUNLIGHT's last words, breaks in:—

Aubrey. Hullo, what's this little drama?
Hullo, what is this that I see?
You blot on this sweet panorama,
This lady's engaged, Sir, to me.

The Earl explains. Dramatic pause. Then LUX plays the trump card which she has been holding back, which is that many years ago, quite by accident, she discovered an excellent substitute for soap. It is efficient and can be manufactured at an infinitesimal cost. Will her father give his consent to her marriage with AUBREY, or must she resort to the last, dread expedient of giving her secret to the world? JASPER slinks off R., Lord SUNLIGHT takes the centre of the stage, and with a hand on each of their heads, says in a low voice, as they kneel before him, "My children, bless you!" (*Curtain.*)



GOGGLES AND MAGOGGLES.

(A chance that Sir William Treloar may miss.)

LORD MAYOR'S CHAUFFEUR (*feelingly*). "DOMINE DIRIGE NOS!"



PROVERBS REVERSED.

"One man's poison is another man's meat."

Voice from the other side. "THANK GOODNESS! I WAS AFRAID HE'D JUMP IT WITHOUT BREAKING THE TOP BAR!"

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is, we fear, no such thing as gratitude. The offer of the Bishops to improve the Education Bill has only called forth abuse from the supporters of that measure.

Mr. BIRRELL has explained that the permission which was given to certain schools to accustom children to the idea of defending their country was due to a misunderstanding.

The Book War, it is true, may not yet be at an end, but the superstitious draw attention to the fact that "To-day's Suggestions for members of *The Times Book Club*" appears within a slight mourning band.

We thought it was bound to happen. Miss CORELLI, like Mr. CAINE, is about to issue a pronouncement on the Book Club dispute. She will take up the cudgels on behalf of the public in the forthcoming number of *The Rapid Review*. Miss CORELLI, like Mr. CAINE, is, of course, one of the public.

There is, we are afraid, no doubt that

people do not read literature as much as they used to. Anything, therefore, that is likely to bring about an improvement in this respect is to be welcomed, and we were pleased—while regretting the necessity—to see the following notice at the end of an instalment of a tale by Mr. CROCKETT in *The Daily Mirror*:—"A £500 house or £500 in cash given away for reading this story."

Yet another communication from the dead! A letter was published last week in *The Express* pointing out the dangers of the proposal that coroners' juries shall dispense with a view of the body. The letter was signed, "A Victim."

By a new regulation on and after January 1st next dogs throughout the country will have to wear collars. A correspondent, who hopes we will not think him a prude, suggests that in the summer months, at any rate, there should be added to this scanty minimum of costume a muzzlin' head-dress.

In an account of the National Anti-Sweating League's Conference, we came across the following interesting statement: "The National Anti-Sweating

League's Conference for the discussion of a legal minimum closed yesterday."

WILL THE SOUTH AFRICANS BE BEATEN BY

E. H. D. SEWELL

asked a *Daily Graphic* poster one day last week. It certainly seems a big job to tackle single-handed.

"In my experience," says Judge LUMLEY SMITH, "nautical witnesses always stick to the story they tell, but it is generally very difficult to tell on which side the truth lies." This raises the interesting question: Can truth lie?

One day last week the prison at Guernsey contained not a single convicted prisoner, so the gaol was thrown open to the general public for inspection. We trust that this enterprising move on the part of the authorities succeeded in attracting custom.

The ill-fated *Montagu*, it is stated, is to be used for some important gunnery experiments. We would respectfully suggest that, contrary to usual custom, foreign spies might be invited to view the bombardment—from the *Montagu*.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER V. (Continued).*London's Free Spectacles.*

To the free picture-galleries, museums, churches, &c., we shall come later; just now we are concerned with the free spectacles offered by the streets and open spaces of our giddy metropolis. What for example could be more interesting than a gentle stroll among the statuary emporia of the Euston Road? Whether your taste be classical or sentimental, whether you like stone dogs or weeping angels, this is the place. All are here and all are free.

The Zoo, not far off in Regent's Park, it is true costs a shilling or sixpence, but by loitering in the neighbourhood of its boundaries you may hear the lions roar or the elephants trumpet, and if you have luck an animal may escape while you are there and you may see the hunt; or if it is one of the larger carnivora you may even take part in the hunt yourself—in front. This would be very interesting to the provincial in London.

The methods of escaping from various kinds of wild beasts having never been clearly set forth, it may be well to detail them here.

(1) From an elephant. Climb a tree.

(2) From a lion. The old way is best—thrust your umbrella down his throat, and open it.

(3) From a boa-constrictor. Wear a steel vest.

(4) From a gnu. Stand under a chestnut tree.

(5) From a bear. Run as fast as you can to Chalk Farm station, throwing out a bun at intervals.

To resume our more general instructions. No one ever need be bored in London. If it comes to the worst you may spend a happy hour in counting the windows of Queen Anne's Mansions, or you may go to Scotland Yard and watch London's leading Scotchmen, all of whom are disguised as policemen. But enough of this.

CHAPTER VI.*London Noises.*

The following table of London noises was recently drawn up by one of the more intelligent and leisurely officials

of the Board of Trade or the Local Government Board, we forget which. It is, however, absolutely accurate.

Table of London Noises.

10 hansoms	equal 1 growler.
6 growlers	= 1 motor car.
2 motor cars	= 1 traction engine.
8 traction engines	= 1 motor bus.
4 motor buses	= deafness.
8 " "	= nerve collapse.

CHAPTER VII.*Adventure and Sport in London.*

London's adventurous side is too little known. The midnight flat racing in

of which it is not expedient to say too much.

Let us rather turn to that interesting and daring assault on Cleopatra's Needle which is made every first of November by those members of the Alpine Club who happen to be in town. London has few ceremonies more heart-stirring than this. Picture to yourself what it must mean—the lofty and, one would say, impregnable column from ancient Egypt, wrested from the very desert by the hand of ravaging man; the grey light breaking over this vast and wonderful city; the sombre rushing river, with every steamer, so crowded during the

day, now lying idle and asleep; the intrepid climbers, masters of a thousand peaks—the terrible Rigi, the blood-thirsty Gornier Grat, the frowning Pilatus—all braving the cold of the dawn to add one more to their laurels. Few scenes equal this in impressiveness. So long as Englishmen dare to attempt this appalling Needle, so long is the nation safe, and the alarmist may hold his peace. But if ever the old courage fails? Ah!

(To be continued.)

THE LADY CABBY.

[The Daily Mirror reports that a lady, described as a young and attractive blonde, has applied for a licence to drive a cab.]

With a tear I murmur
"Eheu!"

For the disappearing Jehu
And the Jarvie who will soon
be obsolete,

For the Lady Cabby's coming,

In the distance she is drumming

Jarvie Jehu's ignominious retreat.

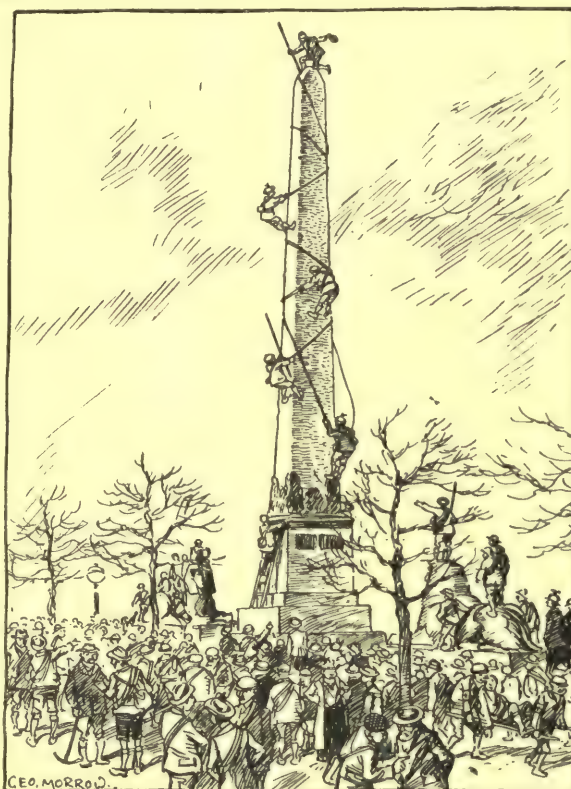
What a change in Town's appearance

When she's made a final clearance
Of our present ruby-visaged gondolier!
Shall we miss him much, I wonder,
When he's vanished and gone under?

I repeat, I murmur "Eheu!" with a tear.

For it's oh! my Lady Cabby,
In your hands I'll be a babby
When you softly say, "I leave it, Sir, to you;"

It will mean an extra tanner
For your fascinating manner,
And another for your pretty eyes of blue.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.
THE ALPINE CLUB PAYS A VISIT TO CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Rotten Row—how few persons have seen this! The young Liberal bloods rattling on the Terrace—what ordinary man can describe that exciting scene? And then the bull-baiting that still goes on in a disused yard not a hundred yards from Lambeth Palace; the cock mains that are fought only a few yards from the Poultry; the drag hunts over Primrose Hill; the fierce runs with the Regent's Canal otter hounds; the archery meetings at Newington Butts; to say nothing of the duels at daybreak in Parliament Hill Fields. There is an idea, carefully fostered by the police, that duelling is dead in England. Well, let the great foolish public think so. We know better. But there are some things

THE SPOILS OF ROMANCE.

THE statement of a lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* of Thursday last that the minimum which she paid to the Government in rates, taxes and duties was £50,000, has naturally excited a great deal of interest in literary circles. From an extensive budget of correspondence which has reached this office, *Mr. Punch* selects the following typical letters:—

DEAR SIR,—The remarkable figures given by the lady novelist in last Thursday's *Daily Mail* only serve as one more striking proof of the exorbitant profits made by the tribe of publishers. The minimum amount that she pays annually in rates, taxes and duties being £50,000, I think we may safely estimate her income at £1,000,000. Now, as we all know, on the best possible authority, that the publisher makes 800 per cent. profit, it follows by process of logic that the firm who issue her novels must make £8,000,000 profit from her books alone. I trust that some of the Labour Members will take note of this astounding admission, and bring the utmost pressure to bear on the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a view of imposing a special income tax on those who follow this nefarious calling.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
HARRY FREDERICSON.

KIND, GENEROUS MR. PUNCH,—The revelation of the lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* emboldens me to enlist your assistance. I have written a novel which my father, who is a *very* severe critic, pronounces to be little if at all inferior to the best work of Miss CORELLI. At that rate it must be worth at least, say £15,000, but I am not grasping, and would be prepared to dispose of the copyright *entirely* for £5000. Will you advise me what publisher I ought to apply to; or better still, purchase the MS. yourself, in which case you would be practically sure to make a huge profit on the transaction? I may add that I am only sixteen, that this is my first book, and that its title is *The Python of Pampeluna*. The name alone is worth a small fortune and quite original.

Yours gratefully,
MADELINE OWEN.

P.S.—I feel so certain that you will say *yes*, that I have so far anticipated your answer as to order a lovely new winter jacket in which I intend to be photographed for the frontispiece of *The P. of P.*

P.P.S.—Pampeluna is in Italy, isn't it? Of course I have never been there, but, as my father says, local knowledge is the ruin of imaginative insight.

DEAR SIR,—I have the best reasons for



THOROUGH BUT NOT PEDANTIC.

(Overheard at the Louvre.)

American Tourist (suspiciously). "SAY, GUIDE, HAVEN'T WE SEEN THIS ROOM BEFORE?"
Guide. "OH NO, MONSIEUR."

Tourist. "WELL, SEE HERE. WE WANT TO SEE EVERYTHING, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYTHING TWICE!"

believing that no lady novelist has ever paid more than £1,000 per annum in rates and taxes. I can only account for the extraordinary figures given in a contemporary on the assumption that the printer, who was possibly thinking of Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL at the time, added 00 to the total.

I am, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,
MARIA SCARLATTI.

DEAR SIR,—The figures given by the lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* are somewhat difficult to reconcile with the hard facts of the greatest circulations. Estimating her income, as one is bound to do, at not less than £1,000,000 a year, I calculate that this would mean an annual sale of not fewer than 10,000,000 copies. My own experience, if I may be

allowed, without offence, to introduce a personal element into the discussion, inclines me to believe that no contemporary novelist, male or female, can point to the achievement of such an impressive total. In these matters, however, it is always preferable to apply a practical test; and I am ready and willing to back the circulation of my forthcoming romance, *The Blonde Woman*, against the next novel produced by the lady novelist in question: the loser in this competition to abstain from interviews for the space of a fortnight.

Faithfully yours, MANXMAN.

FROM an advt. in *The Law Journal*.—

"WHERE SHALL I SEND MY PATIENT
Price 3d. post paid."

THE HEN PARTY.

[According to *The Daily Mail*, 160 fowls have been invited to enter for an egg-laying competition at Rayne, in Essex.]

WALK up, walk up, ye barn-door hens!

Just pay your entrance fees
And take your places in your pens

As quickly as you please!

Come, black hens, white hens, fat hens,
slight hens,

Hens of every hue,
Leghorn, Minorca, buff Majorca,
Cochin-China too!

All hens that cluck, come, try your luck!

Come, Orpington and game,
Come, great and small, no breed at all—
Come, fowls that thirst for fame.

At other shows, too well one knows,

The snobs conspire together,
And foolish men will judge a hen

By pedigree and feather;
But here none care what plumes you wear,

Or whether you inherit
The bluest blood since Noah's flood,
For nothing counts but merit.

No idlers here will dare appear,

No empty-headed beauties
Who love to strut resplendent but
Neglect a hen's first duties.

A task is ours to test the powers
Of any bird, and shrivel

The self-conceit of fowls that meet
To flaunt and flirt and frivol.

Then, earnest dames, enrol your names!

This is no mere diversion,
For each and all must stand or fall
Upon her own exertion.

No gaudy dress here wins success,
Nor fashionable figure.

Come! Show your stuff, and, like *Macduff*,
Lay on with all your vigour.

HOW TO DISCARD.

(By Mr. Punch's Bridge Expert.)

I HAVE received an interesting letter from X. Y. Z., of the Portland Club, on the subject of discarding at Bridge. He points out that, whereas it used simply to be a question of discarding from weakness or strength, there are now no fewer than nine ways of disposing of one's surplus cards when one has run out of the original suit. He asks me which I consider to be the best way.

* * * * *

Now it must be remembered that the sole object of the discard is to give your partner information as to your own state. It is obvious that the more times you can discard the more information you can give. One of the most effective combinations is this, which I discovered quite by accident when playing at *The Times Book Club* the other day. Spades were led, and on the second round I

played a small diamond. On the third round I discovered that the four of spades had stuck to the ace of hearts; whereupon I dislodged it and put it on the table. This manœuvre conveyed the requisite information to my partner, for after staring at it for some time he said: "Good lord, if the silly idiot hasn't revoked again!"

* * * * *

That, however, was a short-sighted view to take of it, for in reality I had discovered a new and brilliant method of signalling. The small diamond made it clear that I did not wish diamonds led; while the four of spades added that if he went on with spades I should have to unguard one of my strong suits. There remained clubs and hearts, in each of which I had five to the ten.

* * * * *

It may often happen that you have nothing in your own hand of any value, and that you wish your partner to disregard you and play entirely for himself. In this case (supposing you have agreed to discard from weakness) the simplest way is to drop, as if by accident, one of each of the three remaining suits on the table at your first discard. In spite of your apologies for your clumsiness, your opponents will insist on two of the cards remaining exposed. Suppose that these are a spade and a club, and that you leave a diamond on; then your partner knows at once that he isn't to lead spades, diamonds, or clubs. As you are already out of hearts, the deduction is a simple one. This is known as *The Three Discard Trick*, and is very popular.

* * * * *

By the way, the same information may be given to your partner by "Yarborough again, confound it all!" But not so subtly.

* * * * *

In the course of his letter X. Y. Z. refers to the "Odd and Even Discard"—the discard of an odd-pipped card meaning "from weakness," of an even-pipped card "from strength"—and asks if it is likely to be popular. Personally I feel sure it is; and, feeling this, I have invented, on the same line, an elaborate system of "throwing"—the sole motive being to convey information to one's partner. It is known as *The Macaroni Convention*. Here it is.

I. An odd red card.—"My hand is now in Class D, and may be had for 1s. 10d. net."

II. An odd black card.—"The whisky is behind you."

III. An even red card.—"Good lord, I've revoked."

IV. An even black card.—"Don't say anything; perhaps he won't notice."

V. A multiple of three in red.—"You'll have to pay for both of us. I've only got a shilling on me."

VI. A multiple of three in black.—"He played that one before; I saw him."

* * * * *

So much for the simple observations of the Bridge table. But the system goes further, and includes the naming of every card. Thus the king of hearts is shown by discarding first the three of diamonds and then the seven of clubs—or, if you have not those, by any 3-7 combination. The ace of clubs by a 2-8 combination . . . and so on. If you happen not to have the right combination to indicate the particular ace or king, then you throw the card itself, and your partner at once sees that you have it.

* * * * *

By the way, I need hardly tell X. Y. Z. and my other readers that after a ball or dinner-party he should always discard twice in his best suit.

LINES ON A MODERN POLYMATH.

SHOULD you thirst for information
On spontaneous generation,
On the form of the "Springbokken,"
On the spectre of the Brocken,
On the myst'ries of Eleusis,
On alcohol and its abuses,
On tobogganing or skating,
Poker-work or badger-baiting,
On the merits of Pelota,
On the Czardas or the Jota,
On the pterodactyl's molars,
On the style of Surrey's bowlers,
On the canvases of TITIAN,
On the late Tibetan mission,
On the climate of Manchuria,
On the recent Papal curia,
On the way to make a silo,
On the filling of a stylo,
On DEBUSSY, STRAUSS, or REGER,
On the underwear of JAEGER—
If on these or other topics—
Such as earthquakes in the tropics—
Your instruction is deficient,
There's a journalist omniscient
Who will brilliantly and brightly
Play the intellectual WHITELEY.
In at least a dozen papers
Simultaneously he capers,
Lavishing his erudition
Sans the slightest intermission.
But I hear you put the query,
Of this catalogue grown weary,
Who is this scholastic Titan
This thrice admirable CRICHTON,
Blend of ROSEBERRY and C.-B.
Tell me Who on earth may he be?
Answer: 'Tis the great SALEEBY.

Up till now the record for plurality of authorship has been held by the eight creators of *The New Aladdin*. This record has now been lowered at Wyndham's Theatre, where there is a curtain-raiser written by TWELVE.



Bertie (to Caddie, searching for lost ball). "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING THERE FOR? WHY, I MUST HAVE DRIVEN IT FIFTY YARDS FURTHER!"
Diplomatic Caddie. "BUT SOMETIMES THEY HIT A STONE, SIR, AND BOUNCE BACK A TERRIBLE DISTANCE!"

FANCIES FOR FREAKS.

[We hear nothing at present of any repayment of hospitality on the part of the apes and ponies that have been entertained at American Freak Dinners.]

WHEN Emperors' shifts were gay but brief,
And Rome's *élite* (*conscripti patres*)
Affected laurels in the leaf,
And not the lotion culled from bay trees,
CALIGULA, whose moulting locks
And mind beneath 'em wanted something,
Built for his horse a marble box
And made a consul of the dumb thing.

Then, though, no doubt, patrician sparks,
Who gave their appetites a free swing,
Indulging in *alaudæ* (larks)
And wine that showed the Hybla beeswing,
Observed with what Imperial tact
He made preferments—sense would tell 'em
That CAIUS the divine had cracked
[Some rivet in his cerebellum.

So with our CÆSARS not of blood
But beef (to take a case) or blacking—
They own, perhaps, a priceless stud,
Yet mental links are often lacking;
Their polo-strings come round to dine,
And invitations to their villas
Conclude with this alluring line,
"The guests must bring their own gorillas."

Not that we deprecate all modes
Of honouring our mute retainers,

Who tug (the horse) laborious loads
Or (apes) the whiskers of their trainers.
Who has not—though the face is plain
And lack of speech imposes trammels—
Suspected hints of human brain
In most domesticated mammals?

And yet how better far for both
The brutes themselves and these Luculli
Whose wits are waning, while their sloth
Induces torpor and a dull eye,
If these their kingly state should cut
And (guests at their dependants' tables)
Hob-nob above the homely nut
Or share a carrot in the stables!

Another Author Boycotted.

WE are not surprised to see that in its last Literary Supplement *The Times* Book Club has black-listed St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. It is notorious that for some years past the author has been receiving no royalties, and that in consequence the publisher has been making even more than the usual 800% profit.

Our Effete Aristocracy.

"The Duchess of NORFOLK was quietly dressed in dark cloth; ELLEN Lady INCHQUIN was with a daughter; and LORD MAR AND KELLIE, LORD COLEBROOKE, and LORD WANDSWORTH were all bent in the same direction."—*Daily Mail*.

WHERE is the straight back, the upright carriage, for which Englishmen are so noted in fiction?



POINTS OF VIEW.

Foreman. "DONAL' CARRIES TWA O' THAE PIPES."

Dugald. "AY, I HAE OBSAIRVED HIM A' THE FORENOON. BUT YE MAUN JUST REMONSTRATE WI' DONAL' YOURSEL'."

OUR LADY OF MIRTH.

Who was it said they had begun to bore us,
These plays without a vestige of a plot,
Medley of comic gags and kicks and chorus?
The fellow lied, they certainly had not.
Still, deathless maiden of the many titles,
Offspring of Chaos and Terpsichore,
You hold the Pit's impressionable vitals,
You suit the Upper Circles to a T.

The changing years may modify your numbers,
The East be rearranged to suit your scenes,
But no profound sophistication cumbers
That artless innocence of bygone teens;
You live! the subtle genii who stage you
With magic carpet or embroidered robe,
Still hire the good old galaxies to play Ju-
Jitsu around the habitable globe.

We like the well-known song on current topics,
We like those vagrant "visitors" who choose,
Whether in London tea-shops or the tropics,
To wear a low-necked dress and high-heeled shoes;
We like the joke a trifle over-pointed,
But satisfied by immemorial age,
Those ladies, too, the lithe and double-jointed,
Whose toothful grins are still the public rage.

He was a fool indeed who banned repletion,
And found a feast no better than enough:
Such meagre sentiment might suit the Grecian,
But Northern minds are made of sterner stuff.
Go on, entrancing girl, the latest comer
Is welcome as the first-born of the batch;
Seasons may die, but your eternal summer
(Quotation from the Bard) will always catch!

One sees you in a sphere with sorrow laden,
Faced with the prospect of its final twirl,
Still on the boards as the *Millennium Maiden*,
Or possibly *The Cadi and the Curl*;
Framed in a house that palpitates with laughter,
And grasps with pride the wonted points of wit,
5000 A.D. or after,
And looking (for your age) extremely fit.

FROM "THE TIMES" OF 1907.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 1907.

TO-DAY'S SUGGESTIONS

FOR MEMBERS OF "THE TIMES" BOOK CLUB,
376-384, Oxford Street.

The Bondman Play.

By HALL CAINE. (Oct. 1906.)

The author's successful play is here presented in a complete and most attractive form, with good clear letterpress and eighteen portraits of the players now performing it.

Copies of this book, published at 2s. 6d. net, may be secured by docile subscribers in Class G at 2d.

Walks Round my Parish.

By SEPTIMUS LEMUEL. (Jan. 1907.)

A pleasant gossiping book, written in the form of a narrative, but conveying much information.

A Guide to the Railways of England.

By GEORGE BRADSHAW. (Oct. 1907.)

A new edition, brought up to date. With index and map.

Encyclopædia Britannica—Ninth Edition.

By HUGH CHISHOLM. (Circa 1870.)

A discursive book dealing with the probable fate of LIVINGSTONE and kindred matters.

Copies of this book, published at £169 net, will be given away to admirals in Class Z.



CUTTING IT UP.

(After Rembrandt's picture "The School of Anatomy.")



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



KOEPEINICK AT WESTMINSTER (No. 2).

With the exploits of the Cobbler-Captain still fresh in mind, Our Artist can hardly sleep o' nights for thinking of what might happen if some talented rascals contrived to masquerade as our Ministers—even for a moment. A certain vague facial resemblance to our respected rulers might enable them to play havoc with South Africa, reduce the Navy, veto the use of the rifle in schools, grant Home Rule (or something uncommonly like it), and truckle disastrously to the proletariat. The House of Commons Police cannot scrutinise ostensible Cabinet Ministers too closely if this danger is to be avoided.

House of Lords. Monday, October 29.—Having agreeably wasted last week, noble Lords to-day settle down in Committee for inevitable fight over Education Bill. House crowded in every part. Even Opposition benches presented unwonted appearance of fulness. This largely due to the ministrations of the Church. Like the Irish Members in another place, the Bishops, whate'er betide, remain in their own camp below

Gangway. Ministries may come and Ministries may go. They sit on for ever, occupying one-third of space appropriated to Ministerialists. Wearing the white surplice of a blameless life, they, whilst doing something to redress the balance between Conservatives and Liberals, add occasionally needed touch of sanctity to mundane affairs.

Whilst floor of House was thronged,

some two-score devoted ladies sat in galleries flanking the chamber. With the patience that is one of their many endowments, they seemed to listen, what time husbands and brothers wrangled below as to whether Clause 1 should be postponed; whether it should come into operation at later date than Bill proposed; or whether it should be entirely transformed. What noble Lords fought each other for, wives and sisters



"WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE?"

(Lord Lnd-nd-rry.)

in the Gallery could not make out. A solitary gentleman in the Diplomatic Gallery, after struggling for some time with the problem, undisguisedly went to sleep. Had mastered it so far as to convince himself that peace of Europe was not at stake. Whether the Bill should come into operation in 1908 or 1909 really need not disturb a foreign visitor's sleep. Nor did it.

For the Peeresses it was a different thing. The Lords were diligently whipped up for a field night. Vital interests at stake. Great heart of the nation palpitating. All the newspapers writing about what the Lords would do. Proper thing to go down and watch the fight. But ah! the dreariness of it!

At one time promise of little diversion. Lord EMLY began it. Moved amendment to Clause 1. Speech delivered in level voice, with monotonous manner. Took in the universe as pasture land whereon to browse. At various stages of its interesting but irrelevant history, it had much to do with France. JOHN MORLEY and LLOYD-GEORGE flitted through the scene "when bubbling cataracts of blood poured off the guillotines on to the streets."

That understood as reference to period of First Revolution. Methuselahs of iniquitous energy, they turned up again eighty years later, "when, as they murdered the hostages, the Archbishop of Paris and the clergy, the Communists shouted, 'Clericalism is the enemy.'" From this, with slight *détour* with intent

to smite the Nonconformist conscience, quotations from ROBESPIERRE and DANTON came in with striking appropriateness.

In the Commons this performance would have had but short run. Warning cries of "Question! Question!" would have been raised, and the SPEAKER or CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES would, on the Standing Order dealing with irrelevancy, order the Member to resume his seat. Noble Lords are more tolerant with their own order. A Peer's a Peer for a' that. To rebuke one publicly would be to suggest possibility of flaw in a sacred cult. Accordingly they sat with polite air of attention whilst the precious minutes sped.

At approach to end of first half hour it grew too much even for the patience of the Peerage. One Peer coughed. Two or three moved restlessly in their seats. A low buzz of conversation went round. Anxious glances were bent on the mass of manuscript in the hand of the orator. He seemed good at least for an hour.

"In France," Lord EMLY incidentally remarked, "the State edited the Catechism—the State which denied the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul."

That was too much. AMPHILL made desperate appeal to CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. "How long, how long?" he cried, throwing up his arms with despairing gesture, reminiscent of WILSON BARRETT. More to the point was threat to move that EMLY be no longer heard. Pained astonishment was written deep on EMLY's spacious brow. What did noble Lords want? That he should confine his speech to his amendment? Very well. Magnanimous minds, though wounded, cherish no resentment. He would proceed to allude to his amendment.

A moan of anguish rose from the parched lips of the stricken host. AMPHILL showed sign of rising again. "I move my amendment," Lord EMLY hurriedly said, and sat down, leaving unread not the least interesting portion of his manuscript, which dealt with the history of the Church as affected by the ingrained lack of ceremony in the manner of OLIVER CROMWELL, and the lack of sympathy with ecclesiastical institutions displayed by his instruments and associates.

Business done.—First round on Education Bill. Government defeated by majority of 200.

Tuesday night.—In both Houses almost simultaneously hum-drum course of business broken up by sudden eruption. In the Lords the Primate, who is having a thoroughly good time, moved amendment to Clause 2 of Education Bill. Ministers declined to accept it. The statesman long known in Commons as ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS (now

coroneted but retaining the Saintship as Viscount ST. ALDWYN) submitted variation on CANTUAR's amendment. This commended itself to both sides. That of itself suspicious circumstance. Better think the matter over.

CREWE suggested dealing with it on Clause 3. Lord HARRIS, thinking the time had come to put himself on, bowled what umpire (ONSLow) declared no-ball. Moved that the House adjourn. Had this been carried—and the Opposition in the Lords can carry anything—the Bill would have been destroyed. At CHAIRMAN's suggestion HARRIS moved "that the House resume." On division this was negatived. Noble Lords who had arranged to sit till midnight found themselves on their way home by eight o'clock.

In the Commons Plural Voting Bill stuck fast in Committee. LULU appealed to Opposition to let it move along. This the fifth day they had been discussing the first clause. Let them forthwith proceed to division.

"Never witnessed such effrontery!" cried CARSON, upon whom the bland, almost child-like, presence of LULU at the Table acts as a red flag flaunted in face of bull.

The Opposition deaf to entreaty, C.-B. swooped down with the Closure. Carried amid duet, Opposition chanting "Gag! Gag!" the Ministerialists chiming in with "Sneak! Sneak!" A delicate reminder of CARSON's indiscretion of last week when he so named LULU.

Thus it came to pass that whilst in the Lords the Opposition carried every-



SHUTTING UP "LITTLE EMLY."

(Lord Ampthill.)

thing before them with majorities approaching eight score, in the Commons the balance was struck by majority exceeding thirteen score.

Business done.—Lords reached deadlock on the Education Bill; Commons closure debate on Plural Voting Bill.

House of Commons. Thursday night.—On a day in last Session SWIFT MACNEILL, having received from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL answer to question on the paper, rose, and shaking clenched fist at the happily distant Minister, shouted, "I will now put to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL another question which distinctly arises, Mr. SPEAKER, out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given."

Captain CRAIG, jealous for the fame of Ulster, resolved that South Donegal shall not in the matter of bulls lord it over East Down. Accordingly to-night announced intention to move "an amendment consequential upon certain other amendments I will propose later on."

The CAPTAIN still wonders why Committee should have lapsed into convulsion of laughter.

Business done.—Trades Disputes Bill passed Report stage.

Friday.—No end to trouble of ST. AUGUSTINE, President of Board of Education. Discovery accidentally made that he has sanctioned the serving out of arms and ammunition to boys in public elementary schools. Labour Members, turning aside from consideration of Trades Disputes Bill, hotly resent innovation. JOHN REDMOND bitterly complains that whilst in hapless Ireland grown men are forbidden to use fire-arms, in England they are dealt out to babes and sucklings. HOWARD VINCENT, back from reviewing army of the United States, and giving a few practical hints to the PRESIDENT, whose military experience, though picturesque, lacks the scientific precision of the Westminster Rifles, warmly applauds. But, though audible, this scarcely sufficient to counterbalance demonstration of dislike and suspicion.

ST. AUGUSTINE's dream noble and patriotic. In his mind's eye he sees Battersea Park an armed camp, with London's children, instead of wandering aimlessly about interrupting the musing of great minds with inquiry as to "the right time," formed in battalions, marching, counter-marching, under personal command of BOBS, V.C., daily growing perfect in the use of the rifle.

And here is JOHN WARD, removing his overgrown felt hat that would serve admirably as a target, rising to ask whether the parents of the children had been consulted on this menacing introduction of the principle of conscription?

ST. AUGUSTINE broken down with disappointment at reception of his scheme.



THE OPENING DAY OF THE SEASON, NOV. 5

Sportsman (dreamily). "STARS—ROCKETS—CATHERINE-WHEELS! OH, OF COURSE, IT'S THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!"

"This is just the sort of thing, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "that discourages a man in the public service. As Minister of Education it is my primary duty to teach the young idea how to shoot. I set about its performance, and see what follows."

Business done.—Many Public Elementary Schools deprived of their shooting licence.

A Shady Business.

"COUNCILLOR LILE said he was sorry there had been imported into the matter statements which were untrue. It was umbrageous to call this a Holborn Scandal, as it was nothing of the kind."—*Holborn Guardian.*

Fame!

It had been a dull week for SHAKESPEARE, Mr. BERNARD SHAW having written two letters to *The Times* without one kindly reference to his fellow-dramatist. But things were going on in other parts of London none the less, and at the issuing counter of a public library in Mile End a boy was heard to apply for a book as follows:—

"I want a novel called *A Winter's Tale*; it's a book what's been dramatised like BARRETT's *Sign of the Cross*."

Commercial Enterprize.

"THE UP-TO-DATE BOTTLE-CARRIER.
SAVING OF 100% IN PRICE.
SAVING OF 200% IN REPAIRS."

PLAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I.

ARTEMIS OF THE STRAND.

THE Greek play at the Adelphi may be dead before these lines appear in print; but the fear of that calamity—which I should honestly deplore—shall not deter me from easing my mind upon so attractive a theme. As an academic exercise *The Virgin Goddess* is something more than creditable to its author Mr. RUDOLF BESIER; as a stage-production it confirms Mr. OTHO STUART's reputation for sportsmanship. But the difficulty with these archaistic essays is that they are apt to prove too antique for 95 per cent. of the audience and too modern for the remainder. Mr. BESIER, leaning to compromise, has sought to appease M. WALKLEY by a remarkably close adherence to the unities beloved of ARISTOTLE, and by illustrating the hallowed workings of Greek Destiny; and at the same time he has appealed to the modern mind by embroidering his scheme with subtleties, and deranging the statuesqueness of his figures with occasional bursts of fury and clamour.

Hæphestion (an impossible Greek name, pronounced with a short *e* in the second syllable; it should, of course, have been *Hephæstion*) murders his



King Cresphontes . . . Mr. Alfred Brydome.

brother, the king of Artis, ostensibly on the ground of cowardice; but to this motive is added another—that of passion for the king's wife; and it is this second, and probably primary, motive which causes Artemis, in whose worship he had taken the vows of chastity, to demand the sacrifice of a life. Yet, strict as the moral principles of this goddess were known to be, I doubt if mere illicit desire, as distinct from an actual breach of her law, would have incited her to vengeance. It is true that the punish-

ment of Actæon, converted into a stag and torn in shreds by his misguided pack simply because he caught a glimpse of her in her bath, might be urged against this view. But that was a case of personal pique. In the present instance I grant that the love motive is cleverly introduced, since it softens our hearts to the murderer and adds a strong force of pathos to his eventual sacrifice of the woman whom he loves; but the subtlety of this complication is perhaps rather modern.

Again, the blindness of the king's mother (played by Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD on the best lines of classical tradition) has too modern a note of appeal. Certainly, as in the case of the blind seer *Teiresias*, her sightlessness adds poignancy to her power of prophetic vision; yet this foreknowledge of doom is here somewhat of a superfluity, since the denunciations of the *Priestess* (admirably delivered by Miss MADGE MCINTOSH) supply all that is needed in that department.

There were two deeds of blood in the play; and each was apparently performed in the interior of the Temple of Artemis. I confess that it struck me as an impropriety that the Holy of Holies should be thus utilised as a shambles. It was quite right and Greek, of course, for these unsightly things to be done "off"; but Mr. OSCAR ASCHE (who looked like a Farnese Heracles in training) was quite large enough to have killed his brother somewhere else, when he was not at his prayers and unarmed; and, from what I know of Artemis, I am sure that she would have preferred that the execution of *Althea* should take place in an adjacent grove. The interiors of Greek Temples were not meant for blood-sacrifices.

The callousness of the chorus of acolytes, male and female, was appalling. After personally witnessing the murder of their king, they casually strolled out of the Temple with their property lyres and pipes, and at once threw off an *In Memoriam* Ode, set to what sounded just like Christian Church music. The next time that Mr. ASCHE entered the sacred shrine on butchery bent they had the decency to pop out into the fresh air without assisting at the horrid spectacle; and put in another Ode of a more broadly reflective character, suitable for keeping in stock for a variety of occasions.

On the whole Mr. BESIER's verse was adequately Greek in spirit; and, if not distinguished by actual genius, maintained a workmanlike level. The habit, common with the best in this kind, of putting highly-wrought imagery into unlikely mouths, is not a very noticeable vice in his work. Once I caught him mangling a Christian phrase where someone proposes to keep the State

"unspotted in the world"; and once I was shocked to hear *Althea* address her lover as "Heart of my heart!" a tag that might have come clean out of a drawing-room phantasy by Mr. WEATHERLY or Mr. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Miss LILY BRAYTON, whose physique does not seem to allow her to be forceful without visible strain, was best in the moving passage in which she surrenders herself to voluntary death. She



ANY ORDERS FOR THE BUTCHER?

Hæphestion (Master of Artis) . . . Mr. Oscar Asche.

knows how to keep still, and her poses, set off by a lovely *himation*, were admirably plastic. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, on the other hand, was never so happy as when he found himself in a scrimmage with six men on the top of him. Watching the feats of this splendid Rugby forward it was difficult for us to believe that, after having declared himself

"Indomitable as a man foredoomed"

(this is from BROWNING's *Artemis*, not Mr. BESIER's), he would have tamely submitted to the threats of a female referee. I should have thought more of him if he had persuaded the author to let him go through with his original scheme.

Mr. CHARLES ROCK is a sound craftsman, but nature never meant him for a Captain of Greek infantry. His men had a bad habit of shouting Ay! on the slightest provocation, as if they had been British Tars or M.P.'s. I liked their bare legs better than the fleshings of the acolytes. As for the *chitons* of the chorus of maidens, no attempt seems to have been made to let them fall in simple Greek lines. They were hopelessly bunched about the breast and waist.

Mr. JOSEPH HARKER, whose one beautiful scene served for the whole play, should make a closer study of the architecture of Greek Temples, and so avoid repetition of his present hybrid design,

with its Doric triglyphs and Ionic volutes. Mr. CHRISTOPHER WILSON, before he next attempts to write incidental music for a Greek play, had better run up to Cambridge and hear Sir CHARLES STANFORD's setting of the *Eumenides*; and meanwhile might cut out that noisy *pizzicato* plunking of his fiddles, which is so intolerable a distraction. I said "Hush" during one of these excesses; but the conductor took no notice.

II.

ENTERTAINING DEVILS UNAWARE.

Perhaps our tastes have been vitiated by an over-lavish use of epigram on the stage; anyhow in *The Charity that Began at Home* I thought that the fine gold of Mr. HANKIN's wit had been beaten out a little too thin. The first scene was an almost exact reproduction of life; and the humours of a British interior do not often lend themselves to photography. I have, I hope, a right contempt for the conventional drivel that is written about the need of action in drama, dialogue being, of course, the most common of all forms of action; but I am certain that even social drama should answer certain demands which are not satisfied by written dialogue, or why put it upon a stage at all? And I felt that apart from the admirable acting of Miss HAYDON and Mr. EADIE, both of whom materially contributed to a realisation of the author's design, there was very little in the play which might not have equally edified me on the written page. Indeed there were one or two noticeable defects which might well have escaped my unimaginative mind had I merely read the dialogue in print; but being visibly presented on the stage were a sore affront to my sense of decency. One was in the scene where, amid a tittering of the bolder spirits in the audience, the condition of the maid-servant who has lost her virtue is freely discussed in her actual presence, the miserable girl being all the while shaken with sobs. The theme in itself may not be unfit for treatment on the stage, and one can understand how such matters might, for the purposes of an author's scheme, be regarded as a subject for levity; but this levity cannot be tolerated in the presence of the victim who is so pitifully incapable of sharing it. This graft of humour on a stock of Stage Society realism was incongruous

to the point of absolute repulsion. As for the general motive of the play, charity is perhaps not so wide-spread a virtue that we should need anyone to point out to us the dangers of an indiscriminate exercise of it. However, nobody supposes that Mr. HANKIN is in earnest, and so that doesn't matter much. What does matter is that his cynicism appears to disregard the laws of average and probability. By arbitrarily choosing all his examples (varied enough in themselves) from the same type—the type, that is, on whom charity is likely to be wasted—he runs the risk of seeming



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT THIS
YER SOAP TRUST FOR—AND WINTER COMIN' ON TOO!"
"YES, AND US BRUNETTES!"

to beg the question. After all, the charitable people who practise indiscriminate hospitality cannot always be entertaining devils unaware. There must be a stray angel or so even among the forlorn and unpopular.

But, when all is said, Mr. HANKIN's talent remains undoubted; and his ultimate success as a playwright can only be a question of time and experience.

O. S.

Motto for the Ninth.

"As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting, and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it."—Robert Burton.

WOMAN'S WAY.

THE following advertisement appeared in Thursday's *Morning Post*:

"MUNICIPAL REFORM.—I will meet you to-night, darling, at eight o'clock, but you must first vote for the Municipal Reform Candidates. PRUDENCE."

So far as the man in the street was concerned the matter ended here; but, knowing the sex as he does, Mr. Punch was not at all surprised when the following further advertisements arrived (by mistake) at his office.

2. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Thank you, dear, I knew you would. But before I meet you I must be sure that your hands are clean so far as the Soap Trust is concerned. PRUDENCE.

3. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Yes, darling, I did say eight o'clock, and I am so glad you have given up Sunlight. But first I must have your promise that you will boycott all those horrid publishers. PRUDENCE.

4. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—How sweet of you to promise only to read *The Times' History of the War*, and LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott* in future. That's my darling boy. But you do think women ought to have votes, don't you? PRUDENCE.

5. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Yes, dear, eight o'clock in Bouverie Street, but oh, before we meet just tell me that you like *The Daily Mail Literary Supplement*, that you will ask that Honourable you know to vote against the Education Bill, that you think Germany can smash our Fleet, that you believe in the divine right of the Football Association, that . . . I'm over the six shillings. Good-bye. PRUDENCE.

6. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Don't understand. Leaving for the country this afternoon. Don't forget I have your promises. PRUDENCE.

LORD ROBERTS may be right in having no faith in Mr. HALDANE's Army Scheme, but we think that the expression "Mr. HALDANE's Skeleton," which his Lordship used the other day, is one that will be challenged by anyone who has seen the War Minister in the flesh.

"Miss PANKHURST said Mrs. MARTYN was still in the infirmary, but was determined to complete her sentence."—*Daily Paper*.

A WOMAN'S last word—as usual.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"A LIFE which, if I may so express myself, began early and has lasted for several years, an observant habit and a retentive memory, have enabled me to set forth as things seen and heard by me a good many incidents." Thus Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL presents his credentials on opening a gallery of *Social Silhouettes* (SMITH, ELDER). They range over a wide area, from the schoolboy to the schoolmaster (two of the best), from the curate to the bishop, from the Labour member to the Whig, from the diner-out and the carpet-bagger to the invalid. "Let us part good friends," Mr. RUSSELL pleads in the final chapter. There is scarcely need for the entreaty. He is not the man to sacrifice a smart saying because if uttered it might give pain; but on the whole the volume is singularly free from acerbity. Among many interesting stories he mentions one new to me. Thirty-three years ago, Sir GEORGE GREY sat for Morpeth, a Whig stronghold unchallenged since the passage of the Reform Bill. In the fulness of his heart, the statesman, grown old and contemplating retirement, designated G. W. E. R., then a boy at Harrow, as his successor. This considerate, and to the youth, pleasing proposal was shattered by the electors, who, on the eve of the General Election of 1874, intimated to the amazed veteran that they had had enough of him and meant to return THOMAS BURT. They were as good as their word, and the ex-coalminer sits for the borough to this day. Mr. RUSSELL pays a just and generous tribute to the unique position the right hon. Member for Morpeth has won in the estimation of all sections of parties coming in contact with him through successive Parliaments.

If IRVING BACHELLER had left

His *Silas Strong* a simple story,
I should have deemed him passing deft

Within his special category,
But no—he sticks a "Foreword" in
To tell me how he came to write it,
And of the cause he'd like to win
If only I would help him fight it.

The cause is that of virgin woods
(American) which saws are felling,
To be transported, labelled "goods"—
Horresco referens—for selling!

And that annoys me, in a way,
For, though my brain is of the lightest,
I know that writing books won't stay
Those saws advancing in the slightest.

Besides, I'm just a homely chap
Who likes an honest bit of reading,
And hate to find I've turned a tap
Of gilded pills of special pleading.
Still, men there may be—who can tell?—
Who'll gladly read, and, when they've done, win
Our IRVING's fervent thanks, as well
As those of Mr. FISHER UNWIN.



ELKINSON DOESN'T REALLY KNOW HOW HE WOULD HAVE GOT ON WHEN HIS MOTOR HORN WENT WRONG SIX MILES FROM EVERYWHERE, IF HE HADN'T SUCCEEDED IN BUYING THE COUNTRYMAN'S DUCKS.

While others less modest persuaded themselves, perhaps too easily, that they were "making history" in the House of Commons and on the platform, Sir BENJAMIN STONE, M.P. (one of the faithful seven of Birmingham) has been patiently pegging away with a camera, making history enough for all of them put together. His record of men and things as they exist at Westminster, of which we get a fascinating glimpse in *Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures* (CASSELL & Co.), will be a priceless storehouse to our successors. It may well come to be called "Historic Peeps; or, Extinct Objects of the 'Stone Age.'" He has led off, willing captives, to his own particular gate and archway on the Terrace where his camera lurks, statesmen and politicians of every class and party, officials, distinguished visitors from all over the world.

Everyone and everything connected with Parliament has faced that trusty weather-beaten little lens: from Mr. BALFOUR to the Mace, from Lord ALTHORP to the House of Commons' bootblack, from Mr. EDMUND GOSSE to the clock-face of Big Ben, from the Unionist Whips in solemn conclave to the Pygmies of the African primeval Forest, from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN right down to the Parliamentary caricaturists.

Sir BENJAMIN does not "retouch" his subjects,—an enormous gain in likeness and in interest. There they stand with the Thames breezes ruffling their hair, their clothes the despair of the *Tailor and Cutter* but the joy of the student of character. Sir BENJAMIN has also snatched from oblivion many old-time ceremonials and moribund survivals of ancient festival.

No one writes better stories for children (and their elders who like children's stories) than E. NESBIT; and she has never written a better story than *The Railway Children* (WELLS GARDNER)—not even *The Treasure Seekers* or *The*

Would-be-Goods, those Bastable classics. The new story is of a family who dwelt near the Line and made friends with engine-drivers and passengers and extracted all the joy that a Line can offer. And that is all I shall tell you; the rest *est à vous*. One criticism only I will suggest, and that is that many mothers in real life who happen to be living near the Line may have nothing for E. NESBIT but disapproval—since no child can possibly read this book without wanting similar adventures.

In her latest novel MISS KATHARINE TYNAN is a little unkind to her heroine *Bawn Cardrew* (but *née Devereux*). The young lady is made to tell her own story, and the artlessness of the achievement is not sufficiently concealed by the author's art. In fact, *The Story of Bawn* (SMITH, ELDER) reminds me of the simple but feeling remark of the Scotch schoolboy, "Please, teacher, there's too much sugar in the semolina pudding." That is the trouble with Miss TYNAN's book. It is pleasant to the taste, and pure and wholesome, but it is a trifle too sweet. Still, though *Bawn* says it herself, or rather repeats, as un-self-consciously as may be, what she hears or overhears others say about her, she is as charming as she is beautiful, and her story has just the touch of distressfulness proper to a tale of John Bull's other Island. So that when she is saved at the eleventh hour from sacrificing herself for the sake of her family in a loveless marriage, and finds herself in the arms of *Anthony Cardrew*, one can only regret that one has lost the sweet tooth of childhood's days.

ROBUR ET AES.

[According to official returns, 3,058 street accidents, due to vehicles, occurred in the metropolitan police district during the month of September.]

OAK and triple brass were bound

Round his breast who first set sail,

Leaving firm and solid ground

In a cockle, light and frail,

Tossed before the rising gale.

Death raged round,

Yet he was not found to quail.

What defences then had they

(Bolder still than he, I ween)

Who first left the light of day

Diving through the waters green

In a fatal submarine?

FLACCUS, say

What their armour may have been!

Tell me that, and tell me, too,

What defence the gods have planned

For the dauntless mortal who

Takes his life within his hand

When he dares to cross the Strand—

Which to do

Needs a courage few command.

Well may warriors, brave and tried,

From that roaring flood retreat!

Death appears on every side

Up and down the perilous street,

Till the heart forgets to beat.

Heroes hide

When that boiling tide they meet.

Vanguards, skidding here and there,

Swift as Arrows hurtle by;

Frantic hootings rend the air

As the severed lamp-posts fly

And the shop-fronts shattered lie.

Everywhere

Rack and ruin scare the eye.

Mammoth motor-waggons crush

Wildly through November grime;

Past them motor-cycles brush,

As they race with flying Time

In their wild career of crime;

So they rush

Through the sea of slush and slime.

Prehistoric buses crash

Into Covent Garden wains;

Cycling newsboys, more than rash,

Strew the ground with warm remains,

While from unexpected lanes

Hansoms dash,

Threatening to bash one's brains.

What, then, arms his dauntless core

Who this final test can stand?

Death (as I observed before)

Rises up on either hand,

And at his malign command

Seas of gore

Flood for evermore the Strand.

The Plastic Idea.

"STOUT youth, for bakehouse; must mould well."—*Liverpool Echo*.

**POPULAR PORTRAITURE.**

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment and a little action would add much to the interest of the ordinary portrait, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. I.—"THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN."

PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMAN WHO HAS JUST CRAWLED THROUGH THREE STREAMS, FALLEN IN SIX PEAT-HAGS, BEEN BOGGED TWICE, AND THEN MISSED THE ONLY ROYAL HE HAS EVER SEEN.

Commercial Enterprise.

FROM the window of a Cheapside photographer: "We can attend in any part of the country at a few minutes' notice."

Journalistic Candour.

AT the head of the advertisement page in *The Star*: "To-day's most interesting columns."

"Young man, tall, smart, seeks SIT as Chauffeur, or Under."—*Times*.

It is, we believe, more usual in the profession for one man to adopt the two positions alternately.

Easily Pleased.

"The Chairman said the reduction of the tram fares from 2d. to a 1d. had worked satisfactorily, the number of passengers having increased from 202,000 to 203,000."

Daily Despatch.

FROM the financial point of view it doesn't seem quite right, but if the idea was merely more company for the conductors, then the Chairman is rightly satisfied.

From a Modern Novel.

"ANDRÉ deliberately drew from his pocket the letter that she had thrown in his teeth..."

WHERE is the MASKELYNE of our youth? He would have made it a rabbit.

A SUNDERING BAR OF SOAP.

MY JANE, 'tis better so for both,
Better that we like this should part
Than later on, when ring and oath
Had strictly sealed us heart to heart;
Better to bear the sudden pang
Of virgin loves that timely sever,
Than have the serpent's horrid fang
Gnawing our married chests for ever.

Uplifted by the natural pride
Resulting from a new *trousseau*,
You might have made a jocund bride,
But not for very long, oh no!
The Spectre must have come between,
Spoiling your too short-lived elation,
And fetched us forth to BARGRAVE DEANE
To see about a separation.

I sent you late an amorous line,
And there, mid many a sparkling trope,
Thinking to make your cheeks to shine,
Enclosed a slab of Sunlight Soap;
But you thereat scarce deigned to look,
And straight returned my gallant tender,
Saying you would not let your cook
So much as try it on her fender.

You told me you had proved and found
My pledge of faith how false it was;
You said it didn't weigh a pound,
But something short of 15 oz.;
Sooner a solid inch of dust
Should on your unsoaped features gather
Than you'd consent to take on trust
Me or my LEVER'S loathed lather.

Thus on a point of Soap we break!
It looks a trivial cause, I own;
Yet there's a virtue here at stake
Second to godliness alone!
Nor could my trust in marriage-ties
Endure a frame of mind that menaces
The principle which underlies
Man's first Combine (see *Book of Genesis*).

Better, as I remarked above,
Now, ere the fatal wedding chime,
To see our adolescent love
Safely extinguished just in time;
I'd sooner bear this present jar,
That dislocates our vow to Venus,
Than subsequently find a bar
Of Honeymoonlight Soap between us! O. S.

Mr. Punch begs to call attention to an extraordinary coincidence as revealed in *The Sketch* this week. On page 104 of that paper there is a photograph of a gentleman, and under it appear the words, "Mr. GEORGE H. DENNEBY, engaged to Miss QUEENIE COPPINGER." Felicitating him mentally, Mr. Punch passed on to the next picture, which, to his amazement, he saw described as: "Miss QUEENIE COPPINGER, engaged to Mr. GEORGE H. DENNEBY." That he should be engaged to her is not at all surprising, but that she should at the same time be engaged to him!—Well, Mr. Punch feels that the least he can do in the unique circumstances is to offer them both his very hearty congratulations.

MOTTO FOR LIEUTENANT COLLARD.—*Va piano.*

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury. I am so deeply convinced of the necessity of this amendment that I now beg to move it.

Lord Halifax. I do not rise, my Lords, for the purpose of intervening for more than a few moments in your Lordships' debate. Is this fair? Is it right? Is it honourable? Is it what we have a right to expect? Are we going to take it? I may seize this opportunity of referring to a remark once made by a noble Lord who is no longer a member of your Lordships' House, or, for the matter of that, of the world at large—

Lord Amphilh (intervening). Is the noble Viscount entitled to discuss—

Lord Emly (interrupting). When my ancestors lost their heads in the French Revolution—

Lord St. Aldwyn (interposing). Is the noble Lord aware that we are now discussing—

Lord Cawdor (breaking in). This is not the House of Commons—

Lord Salisbury (interjecting). Let me recall your Lordships to the portentous and unparalleled and unmatchable and unexampled gravity—

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh (interfering). My Lords, the Catholics of England will never—

Lord Harris (expostulating). My Lords, I have been listening with great attention to this debate, and I confess that I utterly fail to understand where we are. Who, my Lords, has moved what? Will not the noble Earl who has charge of this Bill give us some guidance? There was once, I remember, a slow bowler who had a most deadly delivery. It used to puzzle us, my Lords. My Lords, we are now puzzled. [*Opposition murmurs of sympathy.*]

The Archbishop of Canterbury. My Lords, I will endeavour to explain, or, if I may use a vulgar phrase, to put the matter in a nutshell. If this amendment is carried we shall by the insertion of mandatory words previously rejected by the Government and therefore eminently worthy of your Lordships' best attention, nullify—at least I hope we shall to some extent, though to what extent I cannot quite say, but at any rate the effect cannot well be the same; and we shall thus, if we strike out lines fourteen, fifteen and sixteen, and substitute the words "such teaching as a majority of parents may or shall after an appeal to the Board of Education—" I think this makes it perfectly plain.

[*Lord HARRIS faints and is carried out.*]

Lord Stanley. To which Clause does the ARCHBISHOP refer?

Six Noble Lords (rising together). The Clause to which he refers has already been omitted.

Lord Onslow (Chairman of Committee). Ah yes, that was the day before yesterday, but it was reinserted yesterday.

Ten Noble Lords (rising together). We never understood that.

Lord Onslow. Anyhow, that is what was done.

Lord Lansdowne. We re-omitted it half an hour ago.

Lord Onslow. That being so, the ARCHBISHOP is perhaps not strictly entitled to move his amendment.

The Archbishop of Canterbury. I shall move it, nevertheless.

Lord Salisbury. Hear! Hear!

[*Their Lordships then divided, and there appeared*

Content, 352

Not Content, 31

Majority in favour of the amendment, 321.

FROM an article in *Blackwood* on CHARLES JAMES FOX:—"He was familiar with all the hells of Europe; and, had he never sat in the House of Commons, he would still have been notorious."



A FAMILIAR WELCOME.

TURTLE (*in a moment of affectionate expansion, sings*). "COME INTO THE GUILDHALL, MAUD!"

[Their Majesties the King and Queen of NORWAY are being entertained by the City Corporation on Wednesday, November 14.]





"MUMMY, WHAT'S THAT MAN FOR?"

THE HUMAN DOG.

["Dogs mostly acquire beautiful manners and a full education without any schools, and often without any teacher to speak of. Dogs do not want prisons, for crime is unknown among them."—*Ladies' Field.*]

I'm told by folk who ought to know
That puppies as a rule
Acquire a charming manner, though
They never go to school;
The tactful art which sets apart
The courtier from the guppy,
The charm, the grace, still find their place
Instinctive in the puppy.

Now, Scamp, I have no notion where
Your manners were acquired,
But howsoever learnt, I swear,
They leave to be desired.
Your voice is gruff, your welcome rough,
Your pranks are mad and elfish,
And—worse by far—you always are
Abominably selfish.

A ladylike and dainty cat
Comes tripping down the street.
Do you politely pause and chat,
Or tail-wag when you meet?

Or even say a curt "Good-day"?
No, Hooligan, you utter
A piercing cry, and off you fly
To chase her down the gutter.

Don't tell me there's a racial feud
Twixt cats and dogs. That's rot!
You're just as combative and rude
To any brither-Scot.
A bandied pup comes sidling up
To have a friendly pow-wow,
And with a snap you greet the chap,
You vicious little bow-wow.

With men you are no better bred;
The postman hopes you'll die;
The newsboy watches you with dread
And hatred in his eye.
You love to come with muddy tum
To sit on silk foundations,
And wipe the dirt on Aunt JANE's skirt,
Of whom I'd expectations.

Me too, your lord, you treat as ill
As any other folk;
You drag me forth o'er dale and hill
When I would lie and smoke.
Or, should the rain your zeal restrain,
You, Scamp, who ought to guard one,

Will make your lair in my best chair
And drive me to the hard one.

O Scamp, when all your faults I see,
I gather on the whole
Yours is too villainous to be
A little canine soul;
And when I mark the wicked spark
That twinkles in your eyes, Scamp,
I simply must believe you're just
A human in disguise, Scamp.

"A few years ago it seemed as though that admirable novelist, Mrs. GASKELL, was beginning to be forgotten, or remembered only as the author of *Cranford*."—*Daily Mail*.

THE writer is evidently confusing Mrs. GASKELL with Mr. A. C. BENSON.

Six South Africans were playing for the O.U.R.F.C. the other day, and no doubt the usual number of Americans will be included in the Oxford Athletic Team at Queen's Club next spring. Moreover we learn from the *West Briton* that "the Hon. A. V. AGAR-ROBARTES, third son of Viscount CLIFDEN, is one of the Frenchmen at Oxford this term."

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Clubs of London.

THE great centre of Clubland is Pall Mall and St. James's Street, but of late years there has been a decentralising tendency, and the term West-end Club now includes Soho as well as Fitzroy Square, while the fast smart set chiefly affect the National Liberal Club on the Embankment, where a Hungarian band is exclusively retained for the benefit of the Eighty Club.

To start on a walk through Clubland, one cannot do better than begin in Waterloo Place, which is flanked by the Senior United Service and the Athenæum. In the summer these two venerable institutions exchange hospitalities, much to the mutual gratification of the Episcopal bench and science on the one hand and of Generals and Admirals on the other. Strange as it may appear, the standard of proficiency at Bridge and Billiards is much higher at the Athenæum. Indeed, gambling is so rife amongst the hierarchy of intellect, that the frequent headline "Raid on a West-end Club" nine times out of ten refers to a descent of the police on the Athenæum. Waterloo Place is dull and decorous enough by day, but at 2 or

3 A.M. the spectacle of a bevy of prelates, judges and Fellows of the Royal Society flying precipitately before the minions of Scotland Yard lends it a most engaging animation. These escapades, however, are invariably hushed up, and the absence of any inquiry into them before the Police Commission furnishes a sinister illustration of the immunity which wealth and rank can secure for high-placed culprits.

The fact that strangers are never admitted into the Club and that (so it is asserted) an oath of secrecy is extorted from all members, explains the singular fact that the precise nature and extent of these orgies has never yet transpired. There is a terrible story, however, of a prelate supposed to be deceased, who is really immured in solitary confinement on the top storey for his failure to meet a debt of honour. His white-walled prison, which was built to accommodate him some few years ago, may be

seen from Pall Mall on any moderately clear day. The best view is from Waterloo Place.

Passing hastily westward from the precincts of this ill-omened institution, we note first the Travellers' and then the Reform Clubs. Of the first commercial travellers are all *ex-officio* members; the second, we need hardly remind our readers, was founded to commemorate a culinary triumph of SOYER—cutlets à la Réforme. In the spacious central hall the only full-length statue is that of a lady—a fact which bears eloquent testimony to the spread of feminism in Liberal circles. Whatever Clubs may be wrecked by the next riot of our political Amazons, the Reform will surely be spared.

The Carlton, called after the famous hotel, next greets our inquiring gaze. Here the old *noblesse* and the new pluto-

sombre and scholastic façade of the Oxford and Cambridge Club. It may not be generally known that conversation within its walls is habitually carried on in the dead languages, and that the hall-porter is the author of a dainty little brochure on enclitics.

The charming bijou residence which adjoins the Oxford and Cambridge is the Guards' Club, the rendezvous of all the railwaymen of London. Punctually at 1.15 you may see Sir GEORGE GIBB, Chairman of the Metropolitan District, arriving for his frugal chop, a splendid protest against the habit of overcrowding so prevalent on his line; and if you wait for half-an-hour you will see him, nine days out of ten, coming down the steps arm-in-arm with Mr. RICHARD BELL, M.P.

St. James's Street, into which we now turn, is full of interest to the student of sociology. Here is Boodle's, the home of plutocrats, where no member has less than £15,000 a year, and the youngest is affectionately known as Boodle's Baby. Here too is Brooks's, the head-quarters of the Soap Trust; and Arthur's, founded by the late Premier, in the billiard-room of which he wrote most of his famous *History of England*. There is a well-authenticated story in the Club that he never entered the reading-room; and it is on record that he once only was observed to notice the tape-machine and then merely to tear a



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

RAID ON THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

cracy meet on terms of perfect gastronomical equality—a striking tribute to the genial *camaraderie* of English Society. On the other side of the road we note the Junior Carlton—renowned for its famous marble staircase, which reproduces the texture of Gorgonzola cheese with such astounding accuracy that an absent-minded member is stated to have once been detected in the fruitless endeavour to obtain mural refreshment from its unyielding surface.

The generous bulk of the Army and Navy Club next arrests our attention, but not for long, its ominous nickname of the "Rag"—derived from recent military excesses—proving it to be no place for the pacific sightseer. Any stranger entering its portals, whether by accident or design, is at once tarred and feathered. The statement that all subscribers to the Army and Navy Stores are *ex-officio* members of the Rag is not accurate. Again crossing the road we are struck by the

strip off to take the place of a missing evening tie.

White's Club is noted for its old-fashioned exclusion of coloured gentlemen, and the fact that all the scions of the WHITE family—Sir GEORGE WHITE, Sir WILLIAM WHITE, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE and Mr. PERCY WHITE amongst others—are hereditary life members. No White, in fact, can be black-balled. The Devonshire, once Crockford's, is remarkable for its unusually large proportion of clerical members and the fact that, by the Rules of the Club, Cavendish is the only tobacco allowed in the smoking-room. The red blinds of the New University Club are the only outward indication of the anarchist views held by the majority of its members.

But now let us traverse Bond Street and look in at *The Times* Book Club and have 100 up with Mr. MOBERLY BELL in the billiard-room, giving him 15 start. But no—on second thoughts we will not.

A LETTER FROM A BRIDE.

Claridge's.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—What a simply horrid institution honeymoons are! At the same time, what a blessing they're briefer than they used to be! I was so thankful to get away from that penitential old prison the DUNSTABLES lent us and come to town. We shan't settle into the house in Park Lane much before the spring. In the meantime it's much livelier and comfier here, and we shall be on the wing again soon.

It was rotten luck that you couldn't be bridesmaid after all. The wedding went off all right. I went through it without turning a hair, and came up smiling. My bridal gown was a dead-white satin *princesse* robe, quite plain and simple—some of the mater's old Brussels point on the bodice and train, and the Brussels veil she was married in herself. People were simply most awfully kind in their comments. Someone said I looked "a dream," and someone else said I was "a perfect picture" (the bridegroom, I suppose, being the gold frame). JOSIAH looked particularly awful, my dear. Wedding garments do *not* suit anyone who's stout and bald. After the ceremony, too, he smiled a lot, which *also* is most unbecoming to him. Indeed, once or twice during the reception at home, with *all* my pluck, I felt, as I looked at him receiving congrats, that, though I'd scarcely been married an hour, I must rush straight off and get a divorce.

There were only one or two little hitches in the day's function.

BABS the Second, evidently disliking her duties as "pagess," turned refractory, and finally had to be carried screaming from the church. STELLA CLACKMANNAN's little NIGEL, not demoralised by this awful example, did duty for both like a little angel.

The village choir was more than a bit out of tune in "*The voice that breathed o'er Eden*;" then the supply of white mums that the school children strewed in my path ran short. Oh, and another thing, some local people, in spite of requests to the contrary, threw a lot of those beastly confetti over me, and, though I had to smile, I felt more like braining them.

The bridesmaids, on the whole, were a success, but those Incroyable hats want some wearing, as you know, and, between ourselves, WINNIE and CUCKOO DELAMONT didn't come through the ordeal well, especially CUCKOO.

Everyone was so sweet in carrying out the scheme of a white wedding, and dressing accordingly, except the Duchess of DUNSTABLE, who said she forgot, and came in plaid! Of course she *didn't*



Mrs. Snobson (to Mrs. Smith—née Vere de Vere—whom she has been cutting; but, meeting her at the Duchess's, makes up her mind to be civil). "So glad to see you, Mrs. SMITH! You REALLY MUST DINE WITH US ONE DAY NEXT WEEK."

Mrs. Smith. "THANKS. WHY?"

forget, but she had nothing suitable in her wardrobe, and didn't mean to get anything. I'd be the *last* to talk scandal, particularly of family connections, but the DUNSTABLES are just as miserly as they make 'em. They agree in *missing*, though in nothing else. My dear, the little five-o'clock tea-set they sent me is *plated*! There! I know one oughtn't to look a gift-horse in the mouth—but when the gift-horse turns out to be not a *horse* at all, but a common little *donkey*, one can't help mentioning it. And now I beg to make a present, to all and sundry, of this social conundrum:—When a girl gets a positively *rotten* wedding-present from people who are simply rolling, ought she to thank them for it as if it were a proper one?

I don't think anyone cried when I

went away, except HILDEGARDE and my old Nurse. I didn't cry. No, old girl, it wasn't that I was hard and unfeeling, but there *are* occasions when, if you once began to cry, you'd never leave off.

That other wedding took place at St. Agatha's, Berkeley Square, the day after mine. Someone who was there has told me about it. NORTY looked particularly handsome, she said, and rather serious for once. His brother KIDDY was best man. Aunt GOLDINGHAM had a brand-new transformation (auburn this time) and wore a gown of chiffon-velours (dregs-of-wine shade), with toque to match. She carried an ivory prayer-book. Two of the little HYLTONS—her great-nephews, you know—were pages. The church was packed (I rather fancy they put boards outside with "House Full"), and the choir of

St. Agatha sang "*O Perfect Love*" in their best style. Among the crowd who witnessed the performance was POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, dressed for fifteen, with young RONNY FOLJAMBE in tow (he's just left Eton, and I suppose was having an object-lesson in marriage *à la mode*). The happy pair are 'mooning at Aunt GOLDINGHAM's place, Fairy Glen, near Torquay.

JOSIAH has such a queer vocabulary. I don't mean *slang* or *mining* terms. He uses those sometimes, and then apologises, though *they're* all right, and I've annexed some of them myself. But yesterday he said that someone or other was "ladylike." I simply yelled. Then he got a bit huffy, and said he supposed the term was old-fashioned, and sometimes he feared that *what it meant* was old-fashioned too. Really, as a retort, it was "not 'arf," and I told him so. I've asked him if I have any in-laws? He is vague on the point, and evidently doesn't mean to produce any,—which is by way of being a blessing, for *in-laws* that, socially speaking, are *outlaws* would be a problem that would want some solving.

The other day some friend or relative of JOSIAH's, who had evidently read the account of our wedding in the papers, and was foggy as to how far my little title will stretch, wrote to him and directed it—"The Hon. JOSIAH MULTIMILL."

Isn't that a gem, my dear?

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

ACCORDING to the *Chronicle*, "a fairly representative meeting of the dramatic critics of various London newspapers and others was held yesterday at the 'Turbine' Rendezvous." WALKLEY, A.B., was on the bridge, and STOKER BRAM was placed under arrest.

Dr. HORTON has suggested that, instead of using the names of natural phenomena and obscure heathen gods to distinguish the days of the week, we should call them after good and great men.

Thus, Sunday might be re-named Shawday, after the author of the New Ten Commandments.

Saturday, as being a day devoted to athletics, might be called Fryday.

So far, these are all that we have worked out satisfactorily.

"French, German, and Italian teaches practically Viennese; also at home; moderate prices; ladies or gentlemen.—MAX."

Southern Daily Echo.

WE give the enclosed for what it is worth, only remarking that Mr. BEERBOHM is now in Italy.

PETER.

I WAS nervous, exceedingly. But "any mother of any PETER . . . is always a charming personality;" this was the phrase, taken from the pages of *Mr. Punch* of a few weeks back, with which I had primed myself in anticipation. If the worst came to the worst (I thought) it might serve to propitiate Them while I beat a tactful retreat. What They were, and the worst, and the occasion on which it might befall, I will explain.

INTERESTING QUESTIONS.

1. What famous novelist liked dinner?
2. State your reasons for believing that Sir Walter Scott, although called "The Wizard of the North," did not really know any good conjuring tricks.
3. Which poet walked at the rate of three miles an hour?
4. Who was the best writer?
5. Which poet was so unknown to fame, not only at the time of his death but also during his life, that no one knew of his existence?
6. What living novelist has written the best book about an egoist?
7. Who amused himself at the age of four by playing with toys?
8. In what novel is the most detailed description of French beans?
9. Name a blind poet who wrote epics on the Siege of Troy and the Wanderings of Ulysses.
10. Who was intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity?
11. Describe the historic meeting between Shakspeare and Dr. Johnson.
12. Give some account of Martin Tupper's humorous works.

The above questions, which may at first sight seem to form part of the Research and Literary Competitions in "The Reader," for answers next week, were in reality drawn up by Mr. Punch, and will probably never be answered at all. But they serve to show what an interest, and lively interest, is now being taken in Literature.

But first I must premise that, incredible as it may seem, the PETER of this history is a real PETER, not a nickname or a character out of a book. This, in an age of make-believe PETERS, King PETERS, PETERS with Households, or those others whom we have loved on the stage of Wyndham's or the Duke of York's Theatre, is, I am aware, to test your belief in him to the utmost. My PETER, however, was no mere literary fiction, but a remarkably solid fact, so christened by grown-up and responsible godparents

in a real church, nay, a cathedral; a PETER moreover who, at goodness knows how many or how few weeks old, already weighs a wholly preposterous number of—whatever units they employ for baby-weight. And it happens that PETER's father is my oldest and, best friend in the world, and PETER's mother is already one of my dearest; and—I *had never yet seen* PETER.

I wasted my italics there. They should have been kept for this reflection, which is infinitely more important and more charged with alarming possibilities; *Peter had never yet seen me!*

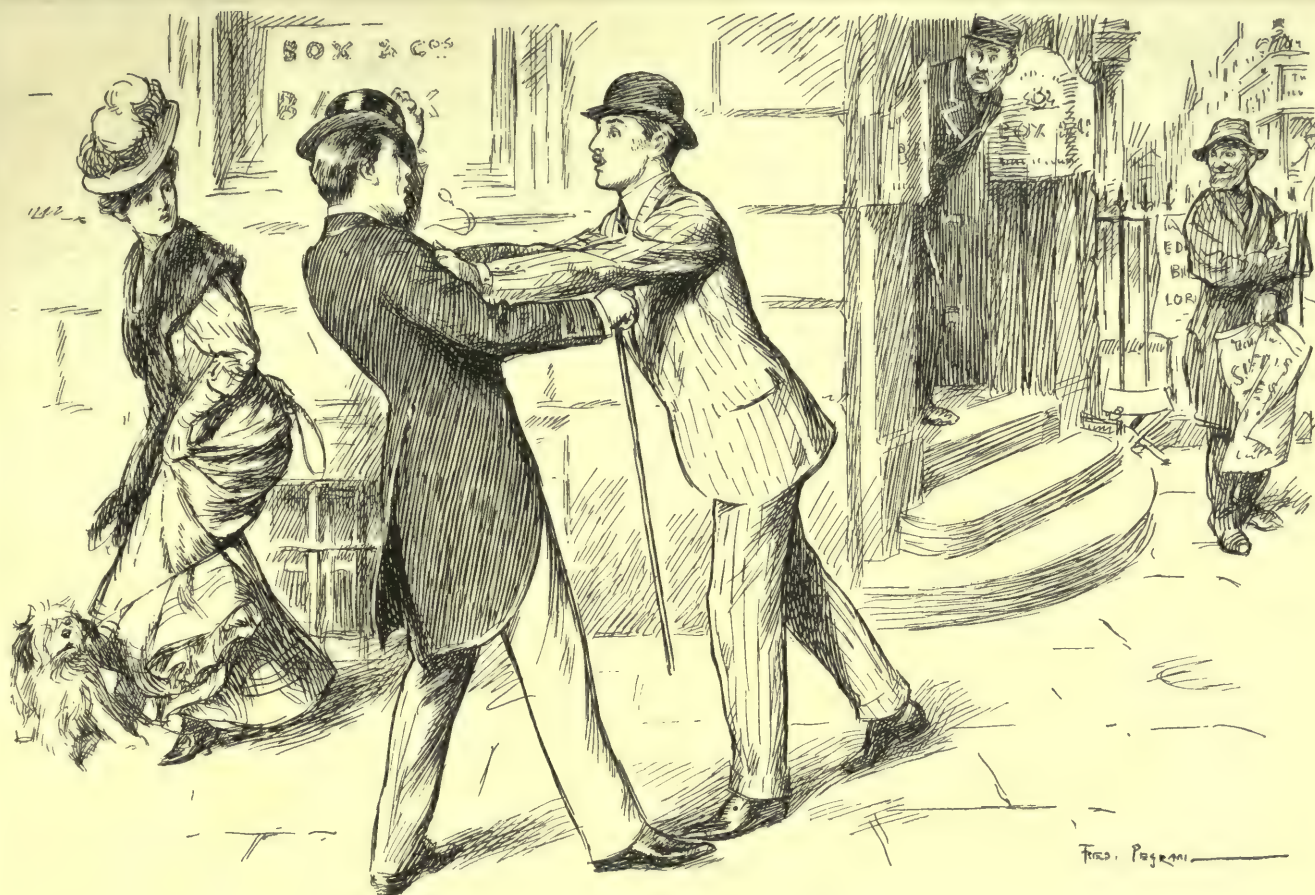
Now you understand, and (I hope) appreciate the position. Is it strange that I was nervous at the prospect of this interview? So much depended upon its result. I had an uncle once who would estimate character solely by the behaviour of his dogs, a peculiarity to which (having always a certain fellowship with the four-footed) I was indebted for many tips. "There can't be much harm in a lad," he would say, "if the dogs take to him," and there followed a sovereign. This of a terrier. Conversely then, and how much more, if PETER should howl, or discover any symptoms of antipathy towards me? Where then would be the honourable record of a bachelor friendship, the tradition of a blameless career at Oxford and elsewhere? In two pairs of eyes I felt that I should have been exposed for ever. Probably I should be forbidden the house, or (at best) tolerated as a trickster whose worthlessness had been laid bare. This was the thought that was unnerving me as I approached the place of inquisition.

PETER's parents live in a flat. It is a very small flat, at the head of a long and most uninteresting staircase, and in it they have dwelt since their marriage like two charmingly self-satisfied turtle-doves on the topmost branches of a tall tree. Physically of course they are not in the very least like turtle-doves, but the simile is an obvious one for the contentment of their nest. That however was W.P.—Without Peter. How his arrival might have affected this, and other things, I was now to discover.

PETER's father greeted me in the hall, walking delicately like AGAC. "Hush!" he said by way of welcome, and added, "Asleep."

I followed him in obedient silence; before however we had done more than seat ourselves, a cry, thin, tremulous and strange—infinitely strange in that familiar room—shattered the stillness. The face of PETER's father instantly assumed an expression of alert and proprietary interest. "He's awake," he explained. "That's PETER."

"Ah," I said, "indeed!" I had to raise my voice slightly to say it, but



Young Subaltern (having applied in vain for the customary overdraft—to bosom friend). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, A MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING! MY BANKERS HAVE LOST THEIR NERVE!"

I was conscious the while of only one thought, that I had suddenly grown unutterably old. It was the knell of a generation that was sounding in this insistent voice; all at once I saw myself and my own concerns as things that were past.

"He'll be in soon now," said PETER's father. He spoke nervously, much as might the host at a theatrical entertainment that had been imperfectly rehearsed. Clearly he, too, was apprehensive of this meeting. I shuffled my feet in assent, and we waited.

And then, before I had expected it, He entered, on the arm of a transfigured likeness to the hostess I remembered, and I saw him, the arbiter of my destiny, clad in some traily covering that may have been clouds of glory or a mere earthly garment of silk and laces. I shall attempt no more detailed description, and as a matter of fact he was wholly unlike anything except a very pink and crumpled baby. He was quite silent and terribly alert.

The moment had come. "PETER," said she who held him (and even her voice was not wholly free from anxiety), "look, who's this?"

I stood up, and on the instant various ingratiating modes of address, com-

mencing with the word "Didums," fled incontinent, leaving me naked and defenceless before the searching scrutiny of the eyes that met my own.

Blue eyes they were, and hugely, disproportionately round. They seemed to grow larger and rounder as they looked. For a long moment he regarded me without comment, and I fancy that three faces were a little pale with the strain of that suspense. And then, slowly, deliberately, comprehendingly, PETER smiled.

So that was all right. Instinctively we all breathed sighs of relief. The momentous question of "Who's this?" had been decided in my favour, and PETER had taken me under his protection. Soon he was clasping one of my fingers in an absurdly tiny fist, with the apparent intention of cramming it down his own throat. And quite suddenly he began to sing, a song formless and weird, such as a German goblin might croon upon the summit of the Brocken, all rolling gutturals and unexpected turns. The words of it no mere man might comprehend, but fortunately without this the meaning was sufficiently clear.

"Pass, friend," said PETER. "All's well."

THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

(As recorded by Mr. Punch's Tape Machine.)

So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; and, it being after nine o'clock, and the cabbage valued at over twopence by its owner, the Recorder of BEDFORD gave her fifteen years' penal servitude, and five years' police supervision; whereupon Miss BILLINGTON put her head over the wall and cried "Justice for Women," and was removed in custody. Half-time: Everton 18, Aston Villa 0. But Mr. LEVER was experimenting in the Metric System, which means that for every pound he got a rebate of fifteen ounces in advertisements, until a great Mail bear, coming up the street, put its nose into the shop. "What! no soap?" So he died, and she very imprudently married the HOOPER; and there were present the FREDERIC HARRISONIES, and the Retired Admirals, and the Country Clergymen, and 1906/2387 himself, with the little R in front, and they all fell to playing the game of "Cut out a clause who can," till the sawdust ran out of their gaiters, and Mr. BIRRELL was elected Governor of New York by a large majority over Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR. Bank Rate unchanged.



Aunt. "I THINK YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS VERY NICELY, REGGIE."
Young Hopeful. "AH, BUT YOU SHOULD HEAR ME GARGLE!"

A VEXING QUESTION.

["He left a name at which the world grew pale."—*Samuel Johnson.*]

"PUNCH, or The London"—? that's a question, Sir,
 Concerning which my mind is doubtful; dare I
 Confess my inclination to prefer

Plain Chăřivăřî?

When there are some who, gifted with an 'ear,'
 Thrill with dismay and turn quite sick and shivery,
 Should it, perchance, be their sad lot to hear
 Aught but Chăřivăřî!

Again, some Constant Readers (so I've heard)
 Insist upon the sound that rhymes with Harry,
 And, therefore, would pronounce this awkward word
 As Chăřivăřy.

And one, I knew, who lingered on the "i";
 Alas! that scholar is not now alive or he
 Assuredly would say, if pressed, "Well, my
 Tip is Chăřivăřî."

Then, since our notions are so hazy, who
 Will guess the answer to this crucial question?
 Come, *Mr. Punch*, I beg to trouble you
 For your suggestion!

[Declined—Ed.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

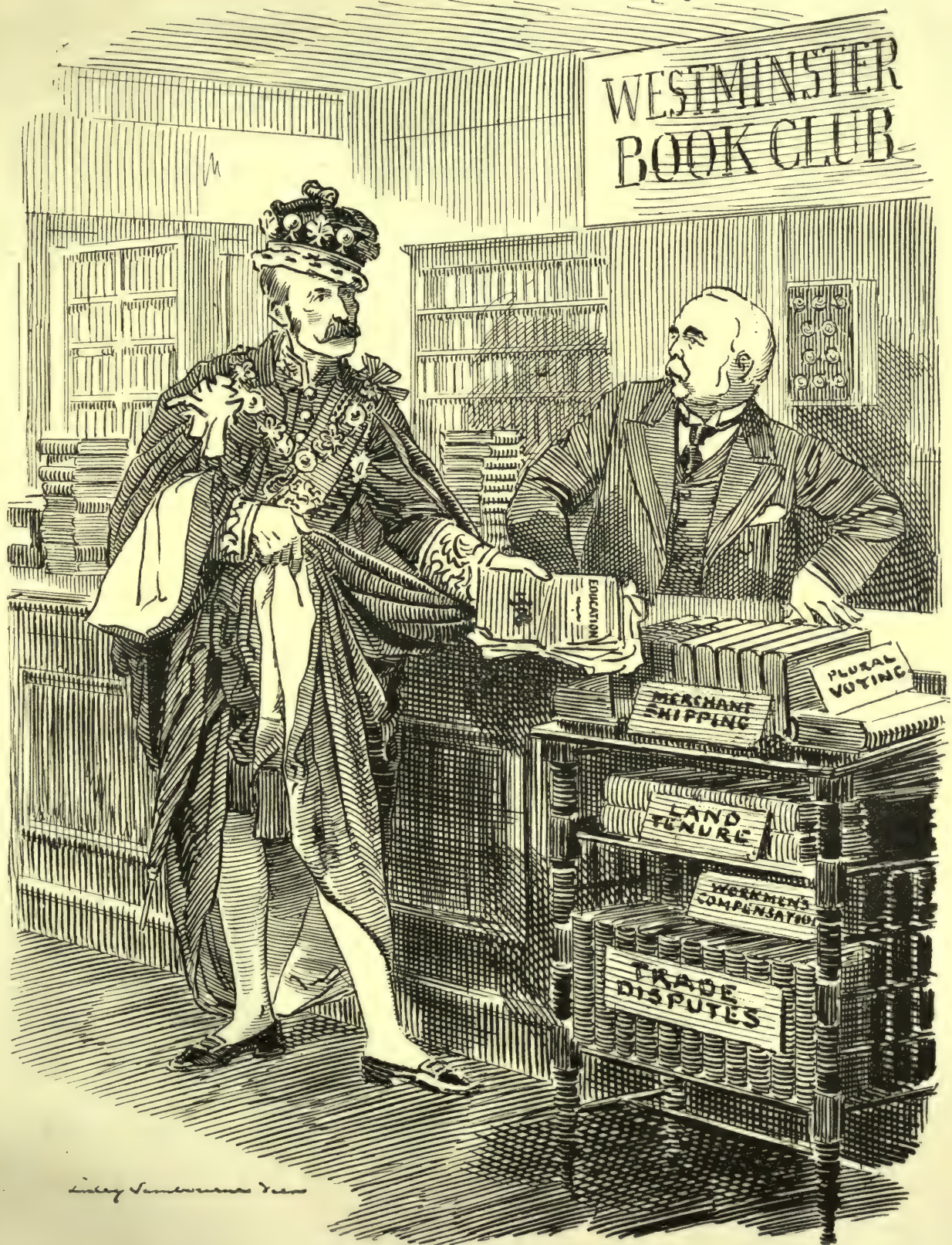
WHEREAS in a cartoon of October 31st which reflected upon the Soap Trust *Mr. Punch* reproduced in a very modified form the motive of MILLAIS' "Bubbles," a picture in the possession of Messrs. PEARS; and Whereas the said Messrs. PEARS apprehend a consequent misunderstanding in the public mind as to the position of the said Messrs. PEARS in relation to the said Soap Trust; Now this is to give notice that the said Messrs. PEARS have no sort of connection with the said Soap Trust.

Have we lived before?

"WITNESS was at the house at about three o'clock on the previous afternoon, and he saw PRIESTLEY through the window. He rang the bell, and the maid answered the door, but declined to open it, and told him to go to a very warm place. He had been there about four times previously, but had not seen PRIESTLEY."—*Southport Guardian.*

Strand "Improvement" (St. Clement Dane's end).

As onward the lustres relentlessly roll,
 Since whatever the L.C.C. does must be right,
 The legend "This site to be let, as a whole . . ."
 Should be changed to "This hole to be let, as a sight!"



SLIGHTLY SOILED.

LORD LANSDOWNE. "OH! I'M BRINGING THIS BOOK BACK. CAN YOU LET ME HAVE ANOTHER? I'VE FINISHED THIS ONE."

"C.B." "FINISHED IT? I SHOULD SAY YOU HAD! FAIR WEAR AND TEAR I DON'T MIND—BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR THIS."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

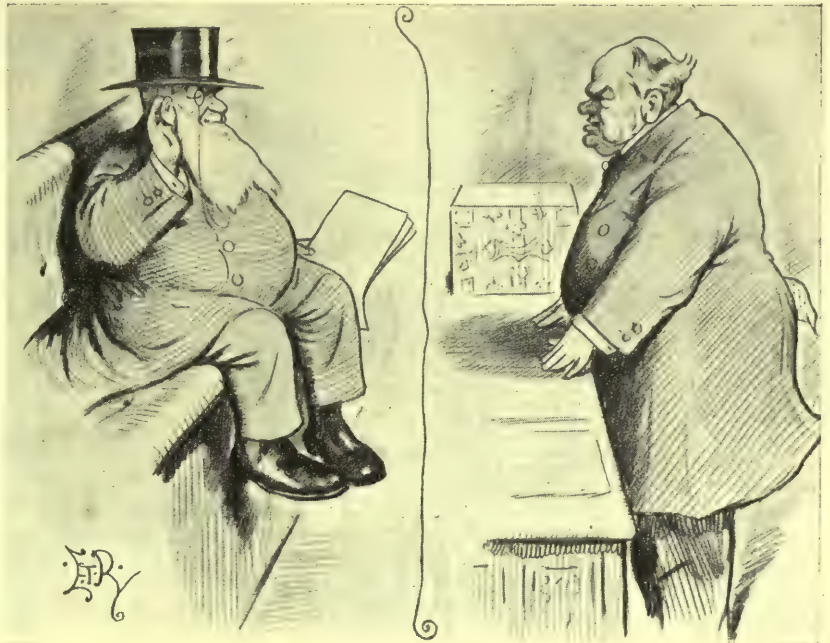
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday night, Nov. 5.
—Battering of Education Bill intermitted for brief interval, during which a painful scene went forward. Not often have noble Lords looked upon four Members of their order brought up to the Bar, manacled, in charge of BLACK ROD armed to the teeth. Lord RIPON and Lord HALSBURY so profoundly affected by the spectacle that they mumbled inaudible sentences across the Table.

From other sources of information the melancholy story was gleaned. It seems that the four Peers, Lord MANNERS (not "SALISBURY'S MANNERS;" he is now Duke of RUTLAND), Lord LEITRIM, Lord GRIMTHORPE and Lord ARMSTRONG, have been diligently voting throughout the Session, regardless of the fact that they had not taken the Oath of Allegiance. For this offence the law decrees penalty of £500 for each separate crime.

Affair deplorable in each case. In GRIMTHORPE'S, offence is aggravated by circumstance that he has recorded his votes in favour of the Government, thus giving them a fictitious appearance of strength.

Printed copy of the Orders enables noble Lords to gather that Leader of House is whispering across the Table expression of desire to amend the division lists by striking out the names of the



"MUMBLED INAUDIBLE SENTENCES ACROSS THE TABLE."

peccant Peers. Three of them, overwhelmed with sense of guilt, stand dumb, wistfully watching the countenance of HALSBURY, and wondering what it is he is murmuring in response. GRIMTHORPE, hardened by exceptional enormity of his guilt, conscious that he can expect no mercy from a majority whose overwhelming number he has on several occasions illegally reduced by one, ventures upon explanation and extenuation.

It was alleged that, in addition to voting for the Government, he had outraged the law after having been warned of the illegality of his action.

"It is true," he pleaded, "that whilst I was washing my hands a noble Lord asked me if I had taken the oath. I took the remark at the time as a joke. I fancied he was trying to pull my leg. I thought no more about it till the Clerk called my attention to the situation, and then," he added, rattling his chains with gesture of despair, "I knew it was no joke."

Noble Lords assented to the reasonableness of this last conclusion. As "The Tenth never dance," so Clerks at the Table never joke. But it was felt there was some weakness in the earlier part of the unhappy Peer's statement. Why, because he chanced to be washing his hands, should he misconstrue a friendly warning as a feeble joke? Then there was hopeless muddle of metaphor in the reference to his various limbs. Why, when washing his hands he should think a noble Lord was pulling his leg, was a sequence of ideas that did not commend itself to the logical mind.

The end of the business was that Lord

RIPON withdrew his proposal to get rid of the matter by amending the division lists; agreed to refer the matter to a Committee. Thereupon the House turned with renewed energy to the exhilarating business of battering the Education Bill.

Business done.—In the Commons Trade Disputes Bill passed Report Stage. ATTORNEY-GENERAL explains that when at earlier stage he argued against immunity of Trades Union Funds from action at law he did not mean to debar himself from subsequently insisting upon the justice of such immunity.

Tuesday night.—Rather the fashion just now to speak disrespectfully of the House of Lords regarded as a business assembly. Its procedure certainly is a little quaint. But, as Bishop of St. ASAPH knows, it can upon occasion promptly, resolutely stand up for principles of law and order.

After House had been cleared for one of several divisions taken to-night, the Bishop bethought him of something he might have contributed to debate. Rising with air of conviction that distinguished him when he was Select Preacher to the Universities, extending his right hand as if about to bestow preliminary benediction, he began his speech. To his surprise he was met by cries of "Order! Order!"

As the Vicar of GORLESTON said about the Episcopal Bench as a body, a good heart beats below the gaiters of St. ASAPH. But this really too much for most angelic temper. A constant visitor to Peers' Gallery in the Commons, he was not unfamiliar with what he would not call turbulent, much less rowdy,



BECKETT THE MARTYR.

Lord Grimthorpe. I didn't know I had to swear so often! I thought they were pulling my leg!



PLUS ÉVÊQUE QUE LES ÉVÊQUES.

Bishop of Lnd-n. "Pon my word, young Salisbury fairly outbishops some of us—gives one quite a refreshing layman sort of feeling!"
Archbishop of Cnt-rb-ry. "Makes me feel quite a rollicking Bohemian by comparison!"

interruption. Was it possible that the House of Lords, inoculated with the spirit of disorder, deliberately selected a right reverend Prelate as the subject of its sportiveness?

"Sit down and put on your hat," a lay brother whispered.

That all very well. But what if he had no hat? When Bishops put on their surplices they don't crown the seemly edifice with a topper.

The Bishop saw it all now. In the Lords, as in the Commons, if a Member desires to offer remark after division has been called he must, in accordance with antique undated ordinance, remain seated with his hat on. The Bishop accordingly sat down wistfully and thought of his hat left with his umbrella in the robing room. Three Peers proffered loan of a hat. The vision of a surpliced Bishop offering a few remarks from under a silk hat—"This style, 10s. 6d.," as the *Mad Hatter's* whom *Alice* met in Wonderland was labelled—was too searing. The Bishop declined the hat and sacrificed his speech.

Business done.—Pounding away at Education Bill. Not much of original edifice remains.

House of Commons, Friday.—Everybody knows when a door is not a door. Novel turn of ancient problem sprung upon Commons. "When is a part of the House outside the precincts of the House?"

Case arises in connection with discovery of clerks from several State Departments seated in pen behind SPEAKER'S Chair. This the result of LULU'S masterpiece of strategy, whereby these gentlemen, accustomed through the ages to find seats under the Strangers'

Gallery, now come into more convenient contiguity with their chiefs on Treasury Bench.

Innovation moves to profoundest depths the prejudices of those stern unbending constitutional authorities, Viscount TURNOUR and CLAUDE HAY. Visitors to far-off Ind will remember how, when meeting natives on the Ghats as they pass homeward from their morning bath in the sacred Ganges, the dusky devotee shrinks close to the wall lest he suffer loss

of caste by casual touch with an unbeliever. So these champions of privilege shrink, not only from possible touch, but from actual sight, of strangers seated within the sacred precincts of the House.

"I spy strangers," said TURNOUR, confident in the hoary experience of his third year of membership. As for CLAUDE HAY, he backed his noble young friend up with reference to Standing Order 273, whose dictum he proceeded to read.

"Are we to understand," he sternly asked, "that Standing Order 273 is practically repealed?"

"No," the SPEAKER drily answered. "There is no Standing Order 273. There are only 96 Standing Orders."

For once in a modest career CLAUDE HAY was shut up. In excess of zeal he had seen more than double. As for that veteran Parliamentarian the Viscount, the SPEAKER ruled that a recent division established the position that, provisionally at least, the pen behind SPEAKER'S chair is not a part of the House. *Argal*, the presence of Strangers there is not a breach of privilege.

The SPEAKER proving thus virtuous, there will be no more cakes and ale in the form of daily spying strangers as soon as questions are disposed of.

Business done.—Trade Disputes Bill read a third time. PRINCE ARTHUR joins the Labour Party.

"Mr. H. GILES, of Trafalgar House, Marine Parade, Yarmouth, fishing from a boat, has taken with rod and lie a record whiting, which, when weighed on Britannia Pier, scaled 34lb."

Birmingham Daily Mail.

In these days of scepticism a printer cannot be too careful.

SPORT FOR PLUTOCRATS.

OUR Mr. SMITH left Euston for Holyhead the other day. He may have set out in search of pleasure or he may have set out in answer to the call of duty. Possibly, having stepped into a railway carriage merely to see for himself if railway carriages were all that they were popularly supposed to be, he was whisked off before he knew anything about it. We do not know why Our Mr. SMITH undertook the journey and probably Our Mr. SMITH does not know himself. How then can *you* expect to know?

The first thing that caught the eye of Our Mr. SMITH as (for reasons unknown) he got into the carriage was the communication cord. Communication cords exercise a strong fascination over all human beings, and Our Mr. SMITH was essentially human.

"Ah," he said, "it *is* a cord. Why not pull it?"

On pulling it Our Mr. SMITH was delighted to discover that the cord was loose, so he went on pulling till he met with resistance. From that moment he felt that there was someone pulling at the other end, and redoubled his efforts accordingly. Sometimes he gained, sometimes he lost an inch or two, but on the whole he maintained the S.Q.A. Finally he was interrupted by the genial voice of the Guard.

"Your little joke," said the latter, "appeals to me thoroughly, but the man at the other end, a dull fellow, is becoming annoyed. It is his business to get that cord taut before the train starts. Now, it is also his business to test the wheels of the carriages, and for the latter purpose he is furnished with a weighty and dangerous implement. Incidentally, he is a burly individual with rather a quick temper. I think that I should let go if I were you."

"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH, as he relinquished his hold, "I thought from his repeated jerks that he was getting cross, but I did not know that he was armed." Shortly afterwards the train seized its opportunity and started.

Have you ever noticed the roving disposition of the eye of Our Mr. SMITH? But no, of course you cannot have done so, for you have never even seen Our Mr. SMITH. Then you will have to take our word for it that Our Mr. SMITH'S eye would not desist from roving, and the next object that caught its attention was the other communication cord.

"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH, "I wonder if there is any one at the other end of *this*." He pulled it, the train stopped, and the Guard reappeared at the window.

"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH, "were you at the other end this time?"

"Oddly enough," said the Guard, "I



Schoolmaster (at end of object lesson). "Now, CAN ANY OF YOU TELL ME WHAT IS WATER?"

Small and Grubby Urchin. "PLEASE, TEACHER, WATER'S WHAT TURNS BLACK WHEN YOU PUTS YOUR 'ANDS IN IT!"

was. However, anticipating something of this sort, I tied my end of the cord to the door-handle. Do you think the joke was worth repeating?"

"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH—a most objectionable habit of his—"perhaps it was not. I am sorry. Let the train proceed."

So the train pushed on, but not for any great distance. Our Mr. SMITH could not get away from those cords, and, before he knew it, he had pulled again.

"No joke," said the Guard, "is worth playing three times."

"Joking apart," said Our Mr. SMITH, "you never told me what the cords were really for."

"My dear fellow," said the Guard, "how can I ever forgive myself? Let me explain the whole thing to you." And he gave a detailed history of the idea, and thoroughly explained the working of it. He even read and elucidated the notice underneath, which he humorously referred to as the "directions on the bottle." "Observe," he said, "how the Company has, by substituting *chain* for *communication-cord* and slightly accentuating the *down*, transformed an

otherwise prosy notice into an exquisite couplet, thus:—

"To stop the train
Pull down the chain."

Finally, the tact with which he called attention to the Improper-Use-£5-a-Time clause was admirable. Our Mr. SMITH was quite touched by his politeness.

"No," he said, "you need not go over it all a third time."

"If you are quite sure that there is nothing more that you want," said the Guard, "we will be getting on. But remember, if you need anything you have only to pull the cord."

The train had barely got up full speed again when Our Mr. SMITH pulled for the fourth time.

"You did not tell me," he said to the Guard, "which cord to pull."

"Either," said the Guard as he started the train again.

It would be tedious to relate the details of every occasion on which Our Mr. SMITH pulled those cords. Suffice it that he displayed a lively interest in all the places of note *en route*. At each stop the Guard proved to be a mine of information, and had no difficulty in

answering Our Mr. SMITH's searching questions. The two of them even entered into arguments, maintained on both sides with perfect good taste and moderation, on the more obscure points that cropped up.

Twice only was there any friction. The first time it was at Colwyn Bay, where Our Mr. SMITH had set his heart on having a bathe. For this purpose he desired the train to wait for him, but the train would not.

"It is not for ourselves that we mind," said the Guard, "but there happens to be a boat waiting for us at Holyhead, and those nautical fellows *are* so particular."

"If that is all," said Our Mr. SMITH, as he began to undress, "the boat need not wait. I am not crossing to-night."

"No?" replied the Guard—almost rudely, Our Mr. SMITH thought—"but some of the other passengers are."

The second time it was at the Menai Straits. So pleased was Our Mr. SMITH with the Tubular Bridge that he wanted to go back and have the fun all over again.

"Though we *are* the Irish Mail," said the Guard, "and though we *do* prefer

going straight ahead, we have nevertheless shown ourselves ready to stop as often as you liked. But we draw the line at going backwards."

Our Mr. SMITH was a sensitive man and did not pull the cords again till just before Holyhead.

"My bill, please, Guard," he said as that official's head appeared at the window.

The Guard handed in the account.

"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH once more as he wrote out the cheque, "you have not charged for this last stop."

"You have been a good customer," said the Guard (thus showing that he, at any rate, bore no malice), "we will say nothing about that."

THE EXPLANATION.

Ferdinand. Here's my hand.

Miranda. And mine, with my heart in't.

The Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 1.

You called, and I did not reply
To your polite command;
Whereat you heaved a tiny sigh
And trifled with your hand.

Did I play false with you? Ah, no!
It was not that at all;
I did not hold a trump, and so
I could not heed your call!

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EVENING NEWS."

DEAR SIR,—The "ideal breakfast" would be a large plate of porridge, a grilled sole, an omelette, a couple of cutlets and a kidney, toast and marmalade, a slice of melon, and three cups of coffee. Personally I take a small glass of hot water. Yours, etc., DYSPEPTIC.

Nature Notes.

Facts about the Shark that our readers did not know.

"BUT is not this success largely due to the monstrous and shark-like practice of charging 2d. every time a visitor sits down on one of their chairs?"

Daily News Correspondent.

FROM *The Northern Whig*:

"TO-DAY AT 3.30.

BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

MEETINGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND MOTHERS
WILL BE ADDRESSED BY
THE BOY PREACHER,
Y. M. C. A. HALL."

We have nothing against THE BOY PREACHER, but we think he has too many initials.

PHILOSOPHIC NOTE.—Augurs of evil are apt to bore.

OLLENDORFF SET TO MUSIC.

I HARDLY like to suggest so daring an innovation, but it would be very nice if one of these days some popular Italian composer would try and get hold of an original libretto. At present we are having weekly *réchauffés* of French tragedies—funeral baked meats warmed up for our Covent Garden Parties. This time it is a rissole of SARDOU'S *Fédora*, to be washed down with water from the Jordan (*acqua da GIORDANO*). Something, I suppose, in its scheme of passionately conflicting emotions attracted the composer. "Here," he said, "is ready-made stuff for opera." But it never seems to have occurred to him that the dull intervals of prosy dialogue which may be necessary to the evolution of the plot of a drama are not the most likely



OFF FOR A GALLOP IN THE OBERLAND.

De Siriex Signor Scandiani.

Olga Signora Garavaglia.

material for operatic treatment. Here is a sample:

DR. LOREK enters hurriedly with assistant.

Gretch. Ah! Doctor!

Lorek. An accident?

Gretch. A murder!

Lorek. The Count?

Gretch. The Count.

Lorek. Where is he?

Gretch (pointing to bedroom). There!

Fédora. In Heaven's name, a doctor!

Lorek. Here I am, Madame.

Fédora. Some water, quick.

Gretch (to De Siriex). Your name, Sir?

De Siriex. Jean de Siriex, attaché of the French Embassy.

Gretch. Thank you, Sir.

Lorek (after writing a prescription, to Policeman). Take this to the chemist's and fetch a priest at once.

[Exit Policeman.]

* * * * *

Regarded as matter for Grand Opera, this is hardly up to the level of OLLEN-

DORFF at his best. I am not surprised at the splendid reception which the gallery gave to Signor GIORDANO. He is a brave man. And I hope he may never become a coward through catching too keen a sense of humour.

The main motive of the plot is sufficiently strong, but for half the time—and the opera consists largely of intervals—it is eked out with superfluous characters and incidents.

Much that was meant for dramatic force was mere staginess; as in the popular appeal at the close of more than one of the brief arias in the First Act; the sudden orchestral explosion which punctuates the moment when *Fédora* kisses her Byzantine cross; the rather too obvious contrast between the tragic confession in the foreground of the ballroom and the gay applause of the maestro's rendering of CHOPIN; and finally the very banal conclusion that follows *Fédora's* death.

Signora GIACHETTI's acting redeemed the opera from commonplace. It was a pure joy to watch her eyes, so eloquent of every passing phase of emotion. Signor ZENATELLO was not at his very happiest. I think he must have shared my dislike of the cut of his evening coat. Signor SCANDIANI, who was more comfortably served in this matter, was sufficiently gallant in his eulogy of the duplex Russian woman:—

La donna russa è femina due volte.

But I did not care for him in the forced frivolity of the Third Act, where his costume of a cavalier in a bowler hat, lightish kid gloves, improbable gaiters and spurs looked rather silly against a background of Swiss lake and precipice. There was some tampering here with the stage directions, which order *De Siriex* to enter "in costume da ciclista," and *Olga* to elope with him on her *bicicletta*, "in costume da sportswoman." There was nothing to show whether Signora GARAVAGLIA recoiled from bloomers as unsuited to her figure, but she actually appeared in a riding habit, and there was no sign of a bicycle. As for horses, I cannot just now recall the address of any very good jobmaster in the Bernese Oberland.

Altogether, thanks in part to incongruous trivialities, the last Act, which might have been a great one, was not very convincing. Signor ZENATELLO found it difficult to be perfectly tragic in knickerbockers, and they gave *Fédora* far too many pillows to die upon.

O. S.

The Superiority of Woman.

"HAND-DREDGES, worked by parties of six men or of three men and a woman, are useful for prospecting river-beds."

Mining and Scientific Press.

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER has expressed his satisfaction at the fact that the majority of the motor-buses now running in London are of German manufacture. And this is the monarch who poses as the friend of England!

Germany is being sorely tried. The other day it was the Army which lost its prestige. Now it is the turn of the Police. A body of Bavarian Police mistook one of their own officers for a Bohemian bandit last week and shot him.

Statistics show that 3,000 wives are deserted in Chicago every year. This proves what we have always been led to believe, that the American is the most considerate husband in the world.

We have not had to wait long to see the effect of weakening our Fleet and our Army. Mr. KEIR HARDIE now threatens armed revolution in the event of the demands of Socialism not being granted.

Mr. HALDANE has explained to those who complained of recent discharges at Woolwich Dockyard that it is not possible to keep the whole of the plant in the Government factories working in time of peace. It is thought now that the Labour Leaders will declare themselves as no longer opposed to war (provided, of course, that no workmen have to fight).

Sympathy continues to be expressed for the Government which gave way on the Trade Disputes Bill before the Municipal Elections proved that the Labour Party, after all, was not so influential as had been feared.

At Chelsea a crowd of roughs, exasperated at the sweeping Reform victories, tore down the board which had been placed outside the Town Hall to publish the result of the poll, and trampled it under foot. It is thought that the election will nevertheless be allowed to stand.

Dr. CLIFFORD, it has transpired, does not read *The Daily Mail*. This just shows how one ought not to judge any man hastily. In future, in considering Dr. CLIFFORD's conduct, we must bear in mind that he does not enjoy the same advantages as the rest of us.

It is rumoured that Mr. HALL CAINE has spontaneously given permission to *The Reader* to publish extracts from any of his works under the heading "Culled from the Classics."

Much has been made of the report that during the last decade in a certain district of Essex the birth statistics show an overwhelming preponderance of girls. A correspondent now writes to point out

the evening would have received its death blow.

A gentleman writes to tell the Editor of *The Express* that his little son, four years of age, has a luxuriant crop of dark hair, one lock of which is a brilliant red. We fail to see anything remarkable in this. We have not infrequently met poor fellows whose locks were all a brilliant red.

During the threatened wet weather several fresh bus routes are to be opened up by a new line of motor vehicles, known as "The Skiddaw."

Attacked for consenting to the discharge of some bed-ridden old soldiers from Netley, Mr.

HALDANE declared, "After all, a hospital is a place of cure, and not a home for the incurable." The War Office is, of course, also not a hospital.

The King's birthday follows so closely on November 5 that we are pleased to see that official notice has at last been taken of this fact, and that the birthday honours comprise a Knighthood for the Superintendent of the Royal Gunpowder Factory.

Weliketoseefore-sight. The weather on Lord Mayor's Show Day was so threatening that one of the items in the

procession was a life-boat fully manned.

Two youths who attempted to steal some valuable lions, tigers and leopards from a railway siding at Omaha were, according to a transatlantic cable, detected owing to the presence of mind of a number of wolves, who began howling. The suggestion that, as a reward, the wolves shall be given their liberty has not been taken up with much enthusiasm locally.

It is a mistake to think that it is only the Englishman who keeps his head in a crisis. When a passenger steamboat suddenly struck a rock off Hong Kong the other day, a number of Chinese on board promptly started looting the passengers' trunks.



THE DAYS THAT WERE.

Mrs. Auchterbody. "WEEL, SANDIE, YON WAS A FINE DRY DAY WE HAD LAST MONTH."
Sandie. "DEED AYE, IT JUST PUT ME IN MIND O' ANE WE HAD WHEN I WAS A BIT LADDIE, BUT IT WAS, IF ANYTHING, FULLY DRIER."

that this is really only a case of heredity, seeing that the girls' mothers were girls.

This, of course, may be the explanation, but it seems to us more likely that in the rural districts, nowadays, there is little to attract boys, while girls are not so hard to please.

BOOTS WHILE YOU WAIT. NOVEL EXHIBITION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

So says a contemporary. Carol-singers, however, deny that this is a novelty.

A leading dress authority in the East End informs us that, had the threatened serious rise in the price of soap taken place, there is every probability that the fashion of wearing low-neck dresses in

FROM THE DIARY OF YOUNG NORWAY.

[By an enterprise unprecedented in the annals of journalism, our representative forestalled the special correspondent of *The Daily Mirror* last week, and obtained the following extract from Prince OLAF's diary, by methods into which it is no business of ours to inquire. This interesting fragment from the pen of the illustrious visitor to our shores will doubtless be the more eagerly perused on account of the fact that it was not written for publication.]

Sunday.—Haven't been seasick yet. Hope nothing happens before I get to England. Papa and Mamma are coming with me, although I told them it wasn't really necessary. Expect Grandpa will be there to meet us, as I'm his grandson and Mamma's his daughter.

Monday.—Don't think much of Grandpa's yacht; it won't keep still. Did not lunch with Papa and Mamma to-day; did not lunch at all—first time I have missed in three years. I hate the sea and don't want to be a sea-king. If I can't be a king without being a sea-king, I want to be an engine-driver. Uncle GEORGE met us at Portsmouth. He's a Prince like me. But his Papa and Mamma don't follow him about everywhere he goes. He didn't give me half-a-crown, although he's my Uncle. Asked Papa if he was a *real* Uncle. Papa said yes; so don't see how he can get out of it. There's one tune the band keeps on playing which I don't like. Not a bad tune really, but every time I hear it I have to stop whatever I'm doing, and stand quite still with my hand to my head, until it's over. Don't know why, but I get into such a row if I don't do it. They played it when Uncle turned up. When I'm King I won't have any nonsense of that sort. Grandpa's a King, like Papa. They played that tune again at Windsor, and I pretended not to hear it. I like Grandma awfully, although she didn't give me half-a-crown. She kissed me in front of all the people. If I can't be an engine-driver I'd like to be a Mayor. People in streets seemed glad to see me; I stood on the seat and bowed all the way to the Castle. Mounted policeman would be rather a nice thing to be. My room isn't half bad, but I don't care much for the pictures. Toys very satisfactory. There's a footman as well (Grandpa knows how to do things in style), and I made him kneel down so that I could play mounted policeman. Then Nurse came in and stopped it.

Tuesday.—Didn't join the shooting party to-day. Stayed in Castle watching Grandpa's soldiers, who amused me. Listened to band—that tune again, but I took no notice. Then Nurse came in and caught me taking no notice. She was wild and said I must. I said I shouldn't. She said I must. I said I shouldn't. And we kept on like that



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, Mr. *Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. II.—"THE PARTING."

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST DROPPED A FUSEE BETWEEN HIS HORSE AND SADDLE.

till the tune stopped, so I won. Looked at newspapers. I like them taking a lot of notice of me, but don't see why they should keep on calling me a "pretty incident."

Wednesday.—Papa and Mamma went with Uncle GEORGE and Auntie MAY to a place called London. Wanted to go too. Papa said he was awfully sorry, but there wouldn't be room for me at luncheon. They got back in afternoon. They had to eat soup made of tortoises, so I am glad I didn't go. Papa brought back a gold box. I wanted it to keep dominoes in. It's really for cigarettes. I expect I shall get it if I keep on at him. Last night, Grandpa gave Papa a garter, but I haven't had any half-crown yet. Of course, nobody can see Papa's garter when he wears it, so he wears a

sash, just to show that he's got one. I should have chosen a pony myself.

"Under the Victorian Pure Food Act," says *The British Australasian*, "sausage-meat or saveloy sausage must contain not less than 75 per cent. of meat, and not more than 58 per cent. of water."

POSSIBLY the saveloyard does not often go up to the full legal limit and put 133 per cent. of meat and water into his sausages. But when he does, one can understand that the thing needs to be put into a skin to keep it from bursting.

"Wreckage is being washed ashore at Abermawr, Pembrokeshire. It is feared there has been a wreck."—*Morning Leader*.

AUDITED and found correct.
Punch, M.R.I.C.A.

THE PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST.

[With acknowledgments to the Editor of "The Car."]

Who is the happy road-deer? Who is he
That every motorist should want to be?

THE PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST thinks only of others. He is an Auto-altruist.

He never wantonly kills anybody.

If he injures a fellow-creature (and this will always be the fellow-creature's fault) he voluntarily buys him a princely annuity. In the case of a woman, if she is irreparably disfigured by the accident, he will, supposing he has no other wife at the time, offer her the consolation of marriage with himself.

He regards the life of bird and beast as no less sacred than that of human beings. Should he inadvertently break a fowl or pig he will convey it to the nearest veterinary surgeon and have the broken limb set or amputated as the injury may require. In the event of death or permanent damage, he will seek out the owner of the dumb animal, and refund him fourfold.

To be on the safe side with respect to the legal limit, the PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST confines himself to a speed of ten miles per hour. He will even dismount at the top of a steep descent, so as to lessen the impetus due to the force of gravity.

If he is compelled by the nature of his mission to exceed the legal limit (as when hurrying, for instance, to fetch a doctor in a matter of life or death, or to inform the Government of the landing of a hostile force) he is anxious not to shirk the penalty. He will, therefore, send on a swift messenger to warn the police to be on the look-out for him; and if he fails to run into any trap he will, on returning, report himself at all the police-stations on his route, or communicate by post with the constabularies of the various counties through which he may have passed.

At the back of his motor he carries a watering-cart attachment for the laying of dust before it has time to be raised.

Lest the noise of his motor should be a cause of distraction he slows down when passing military bands, barrel-organs, churches (during the hours of worship), the Houses of Parliament (while sitting), motor-buses, the Stock Exchange, and open-air meetings of the unemployed.

If he meets a restive horse he will turn back and go down a side road and wait till it has passed. If all the side roads are occupied by restive horses he will go back home; and if the way home is similarly barred he will turn into a field.

He encourages his motor to break down frequently; because this spectacle affords an innocent diversion to many whose existence would otherwise be colourless.

It is his greatest joy to give a timely lift to weary pedestrians, such as tramps, postmen, sweeps, and police-trap detectives; even though, the car being already full, he is himself compelled to get out and do the last fifty or sixty miles on foot.

He declines to wear goggles because they conceal the natural benevolence of the human eye divine, which he regards as the window of the soul; also (and for the same reason he never wears a fur overcoat) because they accentuate class distinctions.

Finally--on this very ground--the PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST will sell all his motor-stud and give the proceeds to found an Almshouse for retired Socialists.

O. S.

We have long felt that the only way of getting a thing is to ask for it. Waiting modestly by until somebody anticipates your wants may be pretty, but it isn't business. In this we have JOSEPH H. YOUNG with us. In the *Irish Times* he says quite plainly, yet courteously:—

"BOOTMAKERS.—I want four Peg and two Sewed Men.—Joseph H. Young, Bootmaker, Ballinasloe."

MAX IN DIEPPE.

[With apologies to Max in "The Daily Mail."]

It was time that I crossed to France, for the day when it was cleverer not to do things than to do them has passed. In that old day (whose fruitfulness was its barrenness), in the glorious eighties and early nineties, one sat tight and refrained, and gathered a great reputation by so doing. By never having a play produced one could be known as a very exceptional dramatic force; by keeping one's mouth shut one was thought a very SOLON; by merely inverting a proverb once a year in the right drawing-room one became a wit, and a very dangerous one. Details were important then, and a youth who parted his hair prayerfully had the world at his feet.

But now! No one looks at one's hair to-day. Everything has changed. To-day we must all be active. We must make money where we used to make epigrams. The young men who are not active are lost. It is the age of braininess (as distinguished from brains) and pushfulness. The age of the hustler. No one who whispers is heard. In the old days, in the eighties and early nineties, the whisperer spoke the loudest. But now . . . Look at me, where I am writing.

What will you? We must belong to our times. Here am I—I, MAX, the most famous of the refrainers, the most accomplished artist of all in the cult of acquiring a reputation by the minimum of effort—here am I in *The Daily Mail* all among the twencents, and doing—what? Serving up Dieppe, with jocular sauce for the halfpenny groundlings. What will you?

To tell truth, it was time I went to France. All the others had been; I alone was left; and—with all these new notions as to efficiency about—it was getting to be ridiculous. One must not be that. Pathetic one may be, even now, but never ridiculous.

You get your tickets, it seems, from a man named Cook. It is a horrid name; but they seem to be good tickets. They are done up in a little green portfolio without extra charge. If you are wise you get a guide-book. Here we are on more congenial ground, for the guide-book man is named BAEDEKER, which has a homelier sound. I could almost conceive of a MAX BAEDEKER . . .

One goes to France by train with an interlude of steamer. Had I realised that there was a steamer I think I should have after all refrained. The sea! How I hate its unevenness, its delays, as of a Piccadilly always "up."

As I thought about it, standing there in the booking-office with my new *Baedeker* in my hand, I wondered if it were too late to turn back. Perhaps my friends had been right, after all. I, personally, had been much delighted by the prospect of this journey, this emprise. But my good news had been received very gravely by everyone to whom I told it. Instead of the rather envious congratulations that might have been looked for, I seemed to evoke nothing but pity and awe—pity for my fate, awe at my bravery in facing it. I searched in vain for one person who would say, "How charming for you!" one person who would not dilate on the ferocity of the *douaniers*, and the strength of the coffee. But no. "I hope you won't take any articles of value with you. All the people are thieves." (I replied that I possessed nothing of the slightest value, and was insuring my luggage for a fabulous sum.) And "What on earth will you find there to write about? *Every one* has written about Dieppe." (Then, said I, my task would be so much the easier: I need only do some copying out. I did not mean this, of course; but it produced its laugh. Modern as I mean to be, I draw the line at copying.)

I always had an idea that one went to France from St. Pancras; but that is wrong. You go to Dieppe from



OUR INVADERS.

CAPTAIN OF THE SPRINGBOKS. "WHAT WAS THIS FERREIRA TRYING TO DO WITH HIS SCRATCH LOT, WHEN IT'S OUR TEAM THAT'S MAKING THE ONLY AUTHORISED RAID?"

MR. REFEREE PUNCH. "WELL, THERE'S BEEN A WARM RECEPTION FOR BOTH OF YOU—WITH A DIFFERENCE!"



"THE SPIRIT IS WILLING—"

Governess. "YOU'RE A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL, CHRISTABEL, TO KICK YOUR COUSIN LIKE THAT!"

Christabel. "I DIDN'T KICK HER."

Governess. "OH, HUSH, DEAR! I SAW YOU KICK HER SEVERAL TIMES."

Christabel. "I DIDN'T. I MISSED EVERY TIME!"

Victoria or London Bridge, by a train that takes you through Surrey and Sussex (ah, the green hills!) to Newhaven. It was there that I had my first terrible shock, for we had been so long in the train and I had read my *Baedeker* so assiduously that I had come to believe myself in very France indeed. And here at Newhaven, when I thought to step out of the train into that glowing courteous land, I found I was still in England the grey and desolate, and four hours of the dreariest element ever created separated me from my new raptures. I looked out the words "resignation" and "courage" in my pocket dictionary, and repeated them to myself until they dominated my brain. "Resignation, courage; courage, resignation," I said, over and over. By a stroke of luck, such as I must confess I rarely experience, both words are the same in French as in English, but with a slight distinction in the pronunciation.

Why some Mathematicians don't Shave.

"The WEDGE. Razors are examples of this machine . . . The wedge in all practical work is driven forward by a series of blows."

Extract from Robinson's "Dynamics."

"What Manchester thinks to-day—"

"WELLINGTON himself was a stern, though not an over-severe, disciplinarian. Some of his hard stand-up fights might be said to have been won by force of discipline. Trafalgar and Waterloo are examples."—*Daily Dispatch*.

"Referring to football, the Rev. H. G. ROBERTS declared that 'manufacturers will be making hats a size less and the boot manufacturers a size greater if the present craze goes on.'—*Evening Telegraph*.

Is the race degenerating? Not while our boot manufacturers are being made a size larger.

THERE is a knack about advertising in the *Church Times*. For instance:—

"RELIABLE LADY long, excellent references, Companion, House-keeper, care, tuition backward motherless children (great experience), other position trust. Valuable elderly lady, gentleman. Cheerful, reader, walker, correspondent, drive."

And again:—

"USEFUL HELP. Small House. Two in family, treated as one."

In each case the mere words are nothing, the idea of a great soul in travail everything.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER IX.

The Eminences of London.

LONDON, like the Eternal City—as Mr. HALL CAINE has somewhere remarked in one of his most impressive passages—is built upon seven hills, viz., Campden Hill, Denmark Hill, Haverstock Hill, Highgate Hill, Lavender Hill, Notting Hill, and Primrose Hill. There are, it is true, other gentle eminences such as Hornsey Rise, Brixton Hill, Ludgate Hill, Pentonville Hill, Lord ARTHUR HILL, and the famous Roman Catholic *persiflagiste*, Mr. BELLAIRS HILLOCK, but the seven hills that count are those that we have named.

The bold contours of Primrose Hill, a dome-shaped eminence of volcanic origin, render it one of the most attractive features in the landscape of the North-Western district. The best approach is by Rosebery Avenue, and to view it right one should choose the occasion of one of the periodical beanfeasts of the Liberal League, when its summit presents an aspect of great animation. The ascent is steep, but climbers can dispense with a rope, which, however, is indispensable on Haverstock Hill, a favourite resort of Alpinists and rock-climbers. Indeed, etymologists are not wanting who assert that the name is a blend of Haversack and Alpenstock.

Campden Hill, which can be approached either on foot or in a hired vehicle, has a twofold title to distinction. Its proximity to Holland Park endears it to all Liberals, while as a favourite haunt of artists and literary men it exhales an atmosphere of culture. Though easily within the four-mile radius, it contains several noble residences standing in their own grounds, with extensive lawns, shrubberies, and even forest trees. It is surmounted with a noble reservoir, stocked with rainbow trout, eels and other fish, in which first-rate angling can be had by the permission of the ground landlord, Mr. JUSTICE PHILLIMORE; and many are the Waltonians who come here. It was here that Mr. BULLEN landed his first cachalot.

Students of seismology find Campden Hill a peculiarly congenial *habitat* owing to the tremors produced by the Underground Railway. Musicians frequent it in great numbers—it is enough to mention two, Lord ALVERSTONE and Sir

CHARLES STANFORD, and postillions are to be observed all day long in Church Street.

There is one other point to be mentioned in connection with Campden Hill. If you are not very articulate in giving your instructions to your cabman, it is more than probable that he will transport you to Camden Town. Should this happen, do not fail to pay a visit to the famous Veterinary College and Horsepital, which, if the metaphor be allowed, is one of the lions of the neighbourhood, as well as a triumph of civilisation. Here you will have an opportunity of seeing and conversing with quadrupeds in every stage of decline and convalescence. You will see horses and oxen in bed, in splints, in bath-chairs, almost in every conceivable position except in a teacup.

Campden Hill is connected by a

and here, when he rides down to court the local Muse, Mr. HALL CAINE never fails to stable his Shetland pony. Brixton Hill, another gentle acclivity on the Surrey side, is within easy walking distance, while of Lavender Hill it is enough to say that it fully equals the odorous anticipation excited by its name.

SURPLUSAGE.

"My number," said the polite member of *The Times* Book Club, "my number I have for the moment forgotten. It begins with a 'Z,' ends with a nought, and contains a number of 6's and 7's scattered here and there throughout the whole. Please give me a book."

"Owing to the lamentable conduct of the Publishers," answered the still more polite Attendant, "we have at present no books to give you. Will you accept instead a pound of butter?"

"Anything," said the member, "to oblige a lady and to spite Mr. POULTEN. But why butter?"

What do you suppose that member's number was? Speaking candidly, do you think that he really had a number?

I am a member of *The Times* Book Club, but I have never seen Mr. POULTEN. I have stopped men in the street and have said to them, "Are you Mr. POULTEN?" I have gathered from their answers that they were not (by a long way) Mr. POULTEN. "Then," I have said to them, "how would

you like to be an Admiral?"

I may add that I have gathered also from these chance encounters much interesting information regarding my own parentage and my probable prospects in the hereafter.

But what has this to do with the case? Nothing. What I want to say is this:—I am a member of *The Times* Book Club (have I said this before?) and yet I have not written to the papers about it. Why should not I write to the papers? Why should a hearing be denied me? Why should "T.12345/6789, &c.," have his say, and not I? Why, indeed?

I desire to express my entire and cordial agreement with everything that has been said on both sides of this controversy, and to add on my own behalf the above episode which I have invented for the occasion. Having little or no point it will (I hope) successfully baffle both parties.

For the present I can think of nothing further to say on the subject.

"R.S.V.P. '9."



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

THE QUADRANGLE OF THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN.

narrow spur with the twin peak of Notting Hill, and in frosty weather excellent tobogganning can be had down the east and west sides of Campden Hill Square into the Uxbridge Road—a sport in which Mr. CHESTERTON, the Napoleon of Notting Hill, has long exhibited a remarkable proficiency.

Denmark Hill, which is rife with Scandinavian associations, involves a trip across or under the river, but richly repays the perils of transit. It has long been famous as the rendezvous *par excellence* of the dramatic profession. On its upper slopes, when the weather is not too inclement, you may encounter Miss EDNA MAY, conning her part in *Romeo and Juliet* or some other Shakspearian play, Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN meditating his next presentation, Mr. SIDNEY LEE musing on the cares of trusteeship, or Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER engaged in a friendly bout of jiu-jitsu with Mr. TREE or Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT. The "Elsinore Arms"—a sumptuously appointed temperance hotel—is a favourite haunt of Mr. BERNARD SHAW,

ROSES—FOR AMATEUR GROWERS.



"LA PETITE MIGNONNE." FINE YELLOW.
SINGLE. VERY VIGOROUS.



"RÊVE D'AMOUR." SOFT TRANSPARENT PINK,
VERY PRETTY; BEST UNDER GLASS.



"LUCIE BRISE-CŒUR." DELICATE CREAMY
WHITE, MOST PERFECT FORM.



"PETITE INNOCENCE." STRONG COLOUR, AND
A WONDERFUL GROWER. NEEDS ATTENTION.



"PRIDE OF BRIXTON." A HARDY SORT, DOUBLE,
FLOWERING IN CLUSTERS.



"LORD RAMBLER." CRIMSON, GLOBULAR;
VERY LARGE AND FULL.

PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE.

THERE were twelve tables numbered A, B, C up to—well, twelve of them; and I started at E because my name is ERNEST. Our host arranged us, and of course he may have had quite another scheme in his mind. If so, it was an extraordinary coincidence that my partner's name was ETHEL. She herself swore it was MILLICENT, but I doubt if one can trust a woman in these matters. She looked just like an ETHEL. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be ETHEL to me.

There is only one rule at Progressive Bridge, and that is that if you lose you go on to the next table, and if you win you stay where you are. In any case you get a fresh partner each time. That being so, it seemed hardly worth while to ask ETHEL what she discarded from. As it happened, though, she began it.

"I discard from strength," she said.

"So do I," I agreed gladly. We already had a lot in common. "Great strength returns the penny," I added.

"What's that?"

"Moderate strength rings the bell. It's a sort of formula I say to myself, and brings luck. May I play to hearts?"

ETHEL discarded a small heart on the first round of clubs, and a small club on the first round of hearts. After which, systematically and together, we discarded from great weakness. What with the revoke and other things they scored hundreds and thousands that game.

"You know, where Providence goes wrong," I said, "is in over-estimating our skill. Providence thinks too highly of us. It thinks that if it gives us a knave and two tens between us we can get a grand slam."

"Yes; and I think—I think, perhaps, that just the *least* little bit it underrates DOROTHY's abilities."

"Indeed?" I said. DOROTHY was the person who had just taken 298 off us.

"Yes. You see, DOROTHY *has* played before. I don't think Providence knew that."

"It rather looks like that."

"Mind," said ETHEL graciously, "I don't blame Providence for not knowing."

DOROTHY laughed, and cut for me. I dealt myself three aces, and went no trumps. To my surprise DOROTHY's partner doubled, and led the ace of hearts.

"One moment," I said, and I took it up, and looked at the back of it. Then I looked at the back of my own ace of hearts. Then I looked at the front of it again, and swore very softly, and played it.

"I'm very sorry," I apologised at the end of the game. "I had a wolf in

sheep's clothing, an ass in a lion's skin. You saw me play the three of hearts? Well, do you know—it's very sad—he actually pretended to be the ace. Hid his head behind one card, and his feet behind another, and only—well, I thought it was the ace."

At the end of the round ETHEL and I moved on.

"Good bye," I said to DOROTHY, "I like watching you play. If you wait here I shall be round again soon."

My next partner was called AGGIE. ETHEL addressed her as MARY, but she was much too lively for MARY. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be AGGIE to me.

She began at once.

"I discard from weakness, partner. I like hearts led, I never go spades on my own, I live on tapioca and toadstools, and the consequence was—"

"It's the same with me," I said, "except about tapioca. I don't like tapioca. In fact I always—er—discard from tapioca. Otherwise we agree. It's your deal. Now," I said to ETHEL, "we shall see what Providence thinks of our comparative merits."

Providence made no mistake. In the whole round my partner and I scored once only. *Chicane* in spades. I moved on to G. I should never see ETHEL again.

"I always play the Canadian discard," said VIOLET, "and I like spades led."

I need hardly say that AGGIE, whom ETHEL called MARY, spoke of VIOLET as MARGERY. But she looked much more like VIOLET, and she will always be VIOLET to me. I had never seen her before, though, and I shall never see her again.

"So do I," I said. "Do you know Canada at all? I always wish I had been there."

"I go a good deal to Switzerland," said VIOLET. "Are you fond of Bridge?"

"No, never; that is, I mean, 'Very.' Shall we cut?"

The "Canadian discard" hardly does itself justice under that name. It is no mere discard, but embraces all the finer points of Bridge. It leads through weakness, and blocks your partner's long suits, and trumps his tricks; and, though I couldn't discover any recognised system about it, revokes now and then. I too, from tact or sympathy, or some such motive, played the Canadian discard for all I was worth. We got to H without any difficulty. . . .

J, K, and L may be passed by, for nothing much happened there. For some reason "I" was left out, or rather, run into J. I cannot understand the point of this. To every man his table, and I feel convinced that I should have done remarkably well at "I." I had

been looking forward to it all the evening. I don't much care about betting, but I am prepared to wager a hundred pounds that I should have got a grand slam at "I."

It was somewhere down in the X's that I met MAUD. I had been round I don't know how many times, and was feeling quite giddy. ALICE, ELIZABETH, IRIS, MABEL—they were all forgotten when I came to play with MAUD. HEPZIBAH (on my right) called her MILLICENT or something like that, but I knew really that her name must be MAUD. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be MAUD to me.

"I discard from hearts," I said. "I like my weakest suit led, I have revoked three times this evening, at table G on the right-hand side of the fireplace I played the 'Canadian discard' and I shall never play it again, at K as you go round the lamp I had four aces and my partner went spades, I've had rotten luck all through, and I'm enjoying myself very much. Shall we be very cautious, or would you like to play a dashing game?"

"Oh, let's dash," said MAUD.

I dealt, and went no trumps on two aces. To my great surprise HEPZIBAH's partner doubled and led the ace of clubs.

"One moment," I said, and I took it up, and looked at the back of it. Then I looked at the back of my own ace of clubs. Then I looked at the front of it, and swore very softly, and played it.

"I'm very sorry," I began at the end of the game, "but—"

"Haven't we met before?" said MAUD, with a smile.

I looked at her hard. "By Jove! ETHEL!" I cried.

"My name's MILLICENT," said MAUD, "and seeing that we met for the first time a few hours ago—"

"Yes, you were my first partner. ETHEL."

"I'm sorry. Who is ETHEL?"

"I beg your pardon," I apologised.

"But I always call my first partner at Progressive Bridge ETHEL. It's a sort of hobby with me."

"I see," said MAUD—I mean ETHEL. Well, I suppose I must call her MILLICENT now. Though I had never seen her before, and shall never see her again, she will always be MILLICENT to me.

Another Scandal about J. Caesar.

Was he a bigamist?

"It is generally admitted, even in the Radical camp, that the Ides of next March are likely to prove as fatal to the Progressive spendthrifts of the L. C. C. as they did to Lady MACBETH's wretched husband."—*London Correspondent of "The Liverpool Courier."*

"THE TIMES" EXPERIMENTAL BATTLESHIP.

(A Naval Forecast.)

Dec. 1.—*Times* announces that it intends, in connection with its Book Club, to build within two months an Experimental Battleship, to be called the *Dread-thought*, capable of destroying any Battleship in the British Navy, as model for future construction.

Dec. 2.—Law officers declare such action illegal without leave of First Sea Lord.

Dec. 3.—Sir JOHN FISHER agrees to allow experiment to proceed on following conditions:—

- (1) Battleship to be built at Houndsditch.
- (2) Designs to lie for ten days on table of L.C.C. Steamship Committee.
- (3) When completed, Battleship to remain in Dry Dock in permanent Commission in Reserve with nucleus crew.
- (4) First Sea Lord to appoint nucleus crew.

Dec. 4.—Conditions agreed to by *Times*.

Dec. 5.—Keel of *Times* Experimental Battleship laid.

Feb. 6.—Battleship reported complete. Rejoicings at Houndsditch.

Feb. 7.—Sir JOHN FISHER appoints Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE to command.

Feb. 8.—Sir JOHN FISHER appoints, as members of nucleus crew, Editors of *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily News* and *Morning Leader*, and Naval Experts of *Times* and 200 Provincial Papers.

Feb. 9.—On protest in Parliament at too exclusively journalistic character of nucleus crew, Sir JOHN FISHER agrees to add following Peers and Members of Parliament: Lord PORTSMOUTH, Lord WEMYSS, Lord HENEAGE, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Sir GILBERT PARKER, Sir HENRY NORMAN, Mr. ARTHUR LEE and Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.

Feb. 10.—Mr. HALL CAINE writes to *The Times* to ask if Literature is to be wholly unrepresented, and mentions following facts: (1) That Man is an Island; (2) That the Manxman is a splendid Sailor; and (3) That by ancient charters the owner of Greeba Castle is allowed to keep three boats at his private pier. The last fact, however, he does not wish to press, &c., &c.

Feb. 11.—Sir JOHN FISHER explains that he always intended to add a supplementary literary list, and will publish it without delay.

Feb. 12.—Literary List published, headed by name of Mr. HALL CAINE, and including Mr. CHESTERTON, Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, the Editor of *Old Moore's Alman-*



Cabby (who has just received one shilling and twopence for a two-mile journey). "Hi, CHARLIE! HERE'S THE BLOKE WOT'S GIVING THE MONEY AWAY!"

ack, Dr. GORDON-STABLES (R.N.), Mr. ANDREW LANG and Mr. C. K. SHORTER.

Feb. 13.—Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE hoists his pennon and makes statement to the Press that the most exhaustive trials of the seaworthiness of the Battleship will be made in Dry Dock.

Feb. 14.—Board of Admiralty issue semi-official statement to the Press to show that really satisfactory steam trials can only be made in Dock, and that if the Battleship were added to the Mediterranean or Atlantic squadrons she might be a cause of jealousy and unpleasantness to other commanders.

Feb. 15.—Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE writes to the Press to say that the nucleus crew is beyond praise.

Feb. 16.—Public announcement that Dr. GORDON-STABLES has won Horse Marine Steeplechase.

Feb. 17.—Experiment declared successful. Nucleus crew paid off.

Feb. 18.—Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE, speaking at dinner of Billingsgate porters, asserts that if Experimental Battleship went to sea she would be sunk in ten minutes.

Feb. 19.—Immense sensation caused by Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE's speech. Explanations demanded.

Feb. 20.—Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE explains nothing derogatory to Experimental Battleship intended. He was only stating a fact well known to all naval experts when declaring that a Battleship with a nucleus crew would be destroyed in first ten minutes of naval warfare.

Feb. 21.—Explanation accepted as satisfactory. KAISER telegraphs congratulations to Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE and Sir JOHN FISHER, and states he has ordered all officers of German Imperial Navy to study system of nucleus crews.



Beater (to have that refuses to leave her form). "GET OOP. YE LAZY LITTLE BEGGAR, AN' JOIN IN T' SPOORT!"

THE RAID AND THE RAIN.

ON Thursday last in Westminster there was something curious brewing ;
 You might have seen with half an eye that people were up and doing.
 A sort of tension there was in the air, a sort of terrible feeling,
 Made up of a wish to slap a face and to start a bout of squealing,
 And to scratch out eyes, and to tear out hair, and to fly into a passion,
 And to scream for votes with a feminine voice in a most unpleasant fashion ;
 And to seize on men and to give them fits and talk to them out of season,
 As creatures who must be brought to own the might of a woman's reason.
 And here and there in the murky air of a mid-November noon-tide
 Queer resolute shapes were flitting about with their hair done flat and their shoon tied.
 And they all looked fierce as fierce can be, and Inspector SCANTLEBURY,
 When he saw them flitting about the place, he didn't look very merry.
 For he had felt how a woman slaps when on the tiled floor slipping
 He fell on his back and lay there flat, and (oh, but the sight was ripping!)
 The feminine host bore down on him with the force of an angry pale storm
 And slapped his face, as he lay supine, till it sounded like a hail-storm.

So he says to his men, the Inspector says, "We can't let the women shout here ;
 And if," he says, "they're for getting in, you must all of you keep 'em out here.
 They may howl for votes if they like," he says, "until they have spoilt their beauty ;
 But they shan't howl here in the Commons' House, so, men, you must do your duty."
 Then the desperate DESPARD came by stealth and the passionate PANKHURST peered in,
 And motor-cars brought a good score more, as to Westminster they steered in,
 And things began to look very black, and the clerks of the House were quaking,
 And the members were blue and green with fear, and the SPEAKER himself was shaking.
 When all of a sudden the rain, the rain ! oh, then there began a hurry,
 For the ladies put their umbrellas up and then they started to scurry ;
 And DESPARD scattered and PANKHURST flew, and the rest of them said, "It's no go,"
 And fled like the Russian fleet pursued by the guns of the gallant Togo.
 So that was the end of the female raid and the threats that were said in vain there
 When the draggled women they turned for home as they felt the pitiless rain there.

"Traveller wanted, to push motor accessory."—Daily Telegraph.

It is well said that what is the poor man's work is often the rich man's recreation.



THE CHALLENGE.

FOOTMAN OF NOBLE HOUSE (to Mr. Birrell, who has had a stormy interview). "YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR GLOVE, SIR."

MR. B. "NO! I FLUNG IT!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 12.

—Foggy out of doors. Condition of

clined to approve this happy dispatch. Suggested a further amendment. ST. ALDWYN actually moved one, being a proviso to one earlier submitted. Then came the crowning difficulty.

"You'd better ask the CHAIRMAN," was the cautious reply.

PIRRIE been in House only a few months; has already learnt something of diplomatic ways.

In the Commons Land Tenure Bill taken in hand. Question arose, "What shall he have who killed the deer?" In the matter of deer taken in New Forest short shrift and the gallows were of old time decreed. HOBART testified that he had not seen any deer in the New Forest. MARK LOCKWOOD, jealous for reputation of his native heath, told how his constituents were occasionally provided with venison pasty, consequent upon deer escaping from the Forest and rooting up their garden cabbages. By ancient custom they were in such circumstances permitted to slay the deer. Wonderful what a passion the deer displayed for certain cabbage tracts.

This suggested to Viscount TURNOUR a Hard Case. Clause under discussion provided compensation for damage done by game.

"That's all very well," said the Viscount. "But suppose, Mr. SPEAKER, that a Radical landowner"—here he stared hard at C.-B., half asleep on Treasury Bench—"whose property adjoined a deer park, made a hole in



"ON THE KNEE!"

This word of command is not wholly unknown in politics, and it sometimes leads to the same result as in the recent lamentable case at the Portsmouth Naval Barracks.

(Sir H. C-B. and Mr. K-r H-rd-e.)

atmosphere pellucid compared with that which fills both Houses of Parliament. Lords still in Committee on Education Bill. Have reached Clause 7. Find on arriving at this point there is no Clause 7. Someone remembers that it was struck out last week. Must put in another.

LLANDAFF submitted one. CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH supported it. Bishop of HEREFORD preferred clause of his own drafting. ST. ALDWYN "felt a difficulty about the matter." CREWE, in charge of Bill, declared against something or other. STANLEY OF ALDERLEY flashed happy thought through murky atmosphere. Suppose we don't substitute a clause? Why have a Clause 7?

Noble Lords inclined to jump at this conclusion. It would save a lot of trouble. Would also establish happy precedent. Paper bristled with amendments to subsequent clauses. If the problems were easy, capable of being understood of the Peerage, well and good. If not, off with their heads. LANSLOWNE, taking official view, de-

House prepared to divide. On which amendment? Attempt meanly made to throw responsibility on CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Lord ONSLOW not born yesterday, or even the day before.

"Your Lordships," he said with freezing dignity, "are masters of your own position. If you will indicate on which amendment you propose to divide, I will submit it."

A dead silence followed. Had hoped for better things from CHAIRMAN drawing salary of £2500 a year, paid quarterly. The PRIMATE looked at Leader of Opposition. LANSLOWNE suddenly displayed absorbing interest in structure of the Woolsack. ST. ALDWYN proved master of situation. His amendment, having been moved last in a long series, still (to a certain extent) lingered in the memory. It was accordingly put from Chair, and, by a majority of 151 to 43, the clause, to quote the official reports, "was agreed to down to the words 'and that.'"

"What clause is it?" ARMITSTEAD whispered to PIRRIE.



A FIRST-RATE GUIDE IN A LEGISLATIVE FOG.
(Viscount St. Aldw-n.)



"YOUNG S.-L.-SB.-RY."

"He venerates the office of the Primate, but thinks it might be filled by a more enterprising Churchman."

the hedge, let the deer into his land and then demanded compensation for damage."

This sinister picture had paralysing influence on House. Several Members composed themselves to sleep, whilst the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who had been closely conning the Bill, jumped up with announcement of discovery that "it is to be construed as the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1883, which applied to land belonging to the Crown."

LORD ROBERT CECIL shook his head. Observing which the Labour Members, knowing thereby that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL must be in the right, loudly cheered.

Tuesday, 9.40 A.M.—As HART DYKE would say if he were still with us, the early bus passenger skirting Palace Yard caught this morning a very big worm. Through the fog, clamouring for cabs, hurried a long line of legislators, some in evening dress whose crumpled state added final touch of uncanniness to the spectacle. House been sitting all night with incidental reference to Land Tenure Bill. A dreary performance that might have been avoided by exercise of a little tact. Only person who really enjoyed himself was Mr. FLAVIN, and in his case perfect satisfaction was marred by non-appearance on scene of the police. Still he made the best of it, interrupting Members all round, and having great game with KENYON-SLANEY.

Opportunity enticing for that eminent statesman. On ordinary occasions House

shows some impatience with prolongation of his neatly ordered speech, over whose attenuated sentences he lingers with loving deliberation. In the circumstances of the sitting he and FREDERICK BANBURY were the men of the hour, not to say an hour and twenty minutes. The Colonel rose to the occasion, many times to his feet.

Day was breaking over distant Primrose Hill when he was up again, good for another forty minutes. Hardly had he opened his mouth when a voice from the neighbourhood below Gangway, where Mr. FLAVIN lounged, interposed with in-

quiry, "What have you done to HORNE?"

The remark obviously irrelevant. It might with equal point have taken the form, "What did you do with the North Pole?" Its effect on the Colonel extraordinary. Forgetting for moment iniquities of the Government, but even at white heat of anger retaining his ornate style, he retorted, "If the hon. Member will let me know who he is, I shall know in what part of the House sits a slanderer." Irish Members, properly shocked at anything approaching disorderly language, insisted on the phrase being withdrawn. The DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN ruling it out of order, the Colonel, more sinned against than sinning, was compelled to retract before proceeding with his speech.

CLAUDE HAY rising once or twice in effort to look over PRINCE ARTHUR's head and count number of Ministers on Treasury Bench was accosted from Irish camp with the cry, "Sit down, LITTLE TICH."

This greatly tickled the fancy of drowsy members.

Otherwise a dreary sitting, a waste of time and tissue, no credit to House, a distinct rebuff to the Government.

Business done.—Sat up all night with the Land Tenure Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday. Pretty to watch countenances of noble Lords as they listen to young SALISBURY on his legs battering Education Bill. Members of House of Commons, looking on from Gallery over Bar, marvel at the change that has overtaken him

since he came into the Marquisate. Whilst he was still with us, seated on Treasury Bench, he rarely took part in debate. In the Lords he—like, yet how unlike, GLADSTONE going from Oxford to Lancashire—is unmuzzled.

Handicapped by Ministerial responsibility, he was never able to let himself go. Began well enough. There was the famous outburst of pride and patriotism that marked an early stage of his Under Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. It happened long before the war with Russia presented Japan in a new light. Some inquisitive Member asked what progress was being made in the direction of securing a Treaty between Japan and Great Britain.

"Great Britain," loftily replied LORD CRANBORNE, "grants treaties, she does not ask for them."

That too much even for the PREMIER. The MARKISS not lacking in sympathy with the utterer of blazing indiscretion. Secretly proud of the demonstration of soundness of the chip of an old block. But foreign nations have absurd sensibilities on these subjects. Accordingly edict was issued that the UNDER SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS should not in any circumstances make verbal reply to supplementary questions. With paper in hand, his answer dictated by the PERMANENT SECRETARY and supervised by his Chief, all was well.

In the Lords these restrictions have vanished with the past. The new MARKISS sits on the Front Opposition Bench, none daring to make him afraid.



"LITTLE TICH."
(Hon. CL-de H-y.)

A certain amount of deference of course due to his nominal Chief. He venerates the office of the PRIMATE, but thinks it might be filled by a more enterprising Churchman. From time to time he shows how a House of Commons majority that lays sacrilegious hands on the Ark of the Church should be treated.

His style of speech is in its shrill vehemence reminiscent of the female suffragists conversing with the police in the Central Lobby. No one knows to what length his righteous passion may lead him. Even when he resumes his seat there is no immediate surcease of apprehension. Noble Lords eye him askance as if apprehensive that he will produce and wave aloft a banner bearing the inscription "The Schools for the Church." His incursions are embarrassing to authority. But in an age of make-believe, in an atmosphere of ceremonial, it is refreshing to find a man who uncompromisingly declares his belief on questions to the fore. Like Brother HUGH, whose absence from another place is daily lamented, young SALISBURY compels esteem by inflexible honesty of purpose, unflinching courage in upholding what he believes to be right.

Business done.—Report stage of Merchant Shipping Bill.

A NIGHTMARE OF NOMENCLATURE.

See "Names for Baby" (Pearson).

YOUR Gellibrand is waiting by the gum-tree,

He lingers 'neath the palm and deodar;
O tell him that you love him under *some* tree,

And who the *Safronette* you really are.
Let *Unna* call the cattle home, and stop not

To sport with *Ravelina* on the green;
By the tangles of his *Adosinda's* top-knot
O come into the garden, *Glycerine*!

O *Jeromette*, my only joy, my true love,
Forgive me if I'm getting rather wild;
But I'm doubtful if I really care for you,
love,

Or *Ichabod* the solitary child.
Minella might be in the Moated Grange,
dear,

If it wasn't for the houses in between;
But—*Gellibrand* is feeling rather strange,
dear...

So come into the garden, *Glycerine*!

"GERMAN, LATIN, AND FRENCH.—P. V. would like to communicate with natives speaking the above languages."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

WE do hope he will find his Latin native all right; but he must try to turn the conversation away from tables. Latin natives are very touchy about tables, or *mensæ* as they call them.



Hilda (who has taken her little brother out to a tea-party, mindful of parental advice on diet).
"GOOD-BYE, AND THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR HAVING US. WE DID HAVE PLAIN FOOD, DIDN'T WE?"

WHAT! BABY BEARS!

[It is stated that baby bears are fashionable as drawing-room pets this season.]

WHAT! baby bears are *comme il faut*?
Æsthetic taste has fallen low!

So dainty dames with kisses ply
A shaggy shape with greedy eye
And deck him like a boudoir beau;

And let their merriment o'erflow
At country kin, not in the know,
Who gasp, as they prepare to fly—
"What! baby bears!"

Fair dames, another debt you owe—
A debt you disregard, although
The nursery's placed so very high
To drown a small resentful cry
That how can modish mothers know
What Baby bears?

Commercial Candour.

(From an Aldgate Window.)

SHAVING BRUSHES.

Badger, 1s. 6d.

Pure Badger, 2s. 6d.

Real Badger, 3s. 6d.

CHARIVARIA.

THE country is congratulating itself that FERREIRA'S Raid has had no such disastrous effect as JAMESON'S Raid. It has not, so far, called forth a poem from the POET LAUREATE.

Two days after news of the Raid reached this country, a nervous old Highland lady read in her paper, "The South Africans have arrived in Scotland." She promptly bolted her front-door.

The late General SHAFTER weighed 21 stone. This is partially explained by the fact that he had an iron will.

It is reported that the POPE has decided to accept the situation created by the French law for the separation of Church and State, and France will now disarm.

Another statue has been stolen from the Louvre. Some cities have all the luck. No one steals any of our London statues.

It is thought unlikely that all the War Office staff will be installed in the new building before next year. The difficulty of getting the War Office to move is notorious.

We hear that the fact that a performance of *The Man from Blankley's* was given before the KING on the occasion of his birthday has caused grave dissatisfaction among certain of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects living in Bayswater, who hold that play to be a gross libel on the inhabitants of their district. It is even rumoured that HIS MAJESTY has received several invitations from Bayswater hostesses anxious to correct false impressions.

A usually ill-informed Continental contemporary tells its readers that the Book War in England has now entered on a more acute phase, and that the premises of Messrs. GREENING & Co., publishers, have been burnt down.

We are continually reminded that nowadays humour is not confined to the comic papers. For instance, the following exchange of repartee is reported to have taken place with the rapidity of lightning last week at a meeting of the Southwark Borough

Council. It was, we are told, absolutely *impromptu*. The ex-Mayor (to Mr. DEVONNY): "You're an ass." Mr. DEVONNY: "Then you're a donkey." (Loud laughter.)

The *Gentlewoman* has been complaining of the edifices of hair which now crown so many ladies' heads at the theatre and are as great a nuisance as the *matinée* hat. It is difficult to know how to remedy the evil. We doubt even, if ladies were allowed to leave

and the grateful babies, we hear, intend to present him with a vote of thanks as soon as they have learned to write.

We certainly live in a philanthropic age. The proprietor of *The Throne*, a journal written by the Aristocracy for the Aristocracy, are now issuing an edition at sixpence for slum-dwellers.

"The Westminster City Council," it is announced, "has decided to ask Major-General Lord CHEYLESMORE to sit for his portrait in oils." To have one's portrait taken is always an ordeal, but when the victim has to sit in oils—well, we shall be surprised if his Lordship accepts the invitation.

There would seem to be no limit to the audacity of some members of the Upper House. One day last week Lord MILNER coolly suggested that the rights of *British* settlers in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony should be safeguarded! Lord ELGIN administered the reproof that this show of partisanship deserved.

The weather suddenly became so warm last week that *The Reader* published a timely article by Dr. NANSEN on "How to reach the North Pole."

The Commissioner of Police states that a great scientist is endeavouring to produce a machine which will measure noise. The difficulty, we understand, is to make one strong enough to stand a motor-bus.

A motor fire-engine dashed into a house in Southwark Bridge Road last week, but fortunately did not set the place alight.

The Cleveland (Ohio) branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has decided by ten votes to seven that a millionaire cannot be an honest man. In several instances pathetic scenes were witnessed when the news was broken to millionaires who had been trying their hardest.

A Variety Artist.

"S. H. DAY, the Corinthian and International forward, showed brilliant form for Middlesex at Ealing on Wednesday, and, in addition to scoring four goals off his own boot, had a hand in the other three."—*Beckenham Journal*.



CURRENT COOKERY.

Waiter. "YES, SIR, WE'RE VERY HUP TO DATE 'ERE. WE COOK HEVERYTHINK BY HELECTRICITY."

Customer. "OH, DO YOU? THEN JUST GIVE THIS STEAK ANOTHER SHOCK."

their hair with the cloak-room attendant during the performance free of charge, whether many would take advantage of the privilege.

Since Mrs. RUSSELL SAGE announced her intention of giving away the bulk of her huge fortune to needy individuals who are too proud to ask for aid, she has, we hear, been inundated by applications from such persons.

Mr. BROADBENT, the late Mayor of Huddersfield, has, by a system of bounties, reduced the infantile mortality in his neighbourhood by more than half,



LAYING IT ON WITH A PALETTE-KNIFE.

Miss Sere. "AH, MR. BROWN, IF YOU COULD ONLY PAINT ME AS I WAS TEN YEARS AGO!"

Our Portrait Painter (heroically). "I AM AFRAID CHILDREN'S PORTRAITS ARE NOT IN MY LINE."

LITERARY NOTES.

[Dedicated with profound acknowledgment to "F. L.," the gifted writer of exotic literary criticism in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

SIGNOR BALDASSARO GALUPPI, the eminent Sinologue, has just brought out an exhaustive *brochure* on the influence of the Goliardic literature on the court poets of the Manchu dynasty. Like all that comes from his pen, this elegant treatise is perfectly charming. With the antiquarian keenness of scent for which he is famous, Signor GALUPPI has been able to establish the identity of GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS with LAMBERTUS HERTZFELDENSIS, and to trace the pedigree of the eminent American authoress Mrs. MARY MAPES DODGE to WALTER MAPES, *alias* MAP, the famous author of the *Confessio Goliae*. As an instance of Signor GALUPPI's extraordinarily minute and convincing etymological analysis we may be permitted to quote his derivation of King Pepin from the Greek pronoun *ὄσπερ*, as thus: *ὄσπερ, ἦπερ, ὅπερ, ἀπερ*,

diaper, napkin, nipkin, pipkin, pippin-king, King Pippin.

Professor QUIDDE, the author of the famous *Caligula* pamphlet, has been moved by the publication of the Hohenlohe Memoirs to write a study after the style of PLUTARCH'S *Lives*, contrasting Count BÜLOW with VOIGT, the hero of the KÖPENICK raid. He points out that they are nearly contemporaries, and that the difference in their subsequent careers was entirely due to education and environment. If Count BÜLOW had been brought up as a cobbler and VOIGT had been born the son of an ambassador, Professor QUIDDE is of opinion that it is quite on the cards that their rôles might have been reversed. Incidentally he notices the fact, which has so far escaped the observation of all publicists, that KÖPENICK is obviously connected with COPERNICUS, a discovery which throws a flood of light on the ultimate trend of Germany's naval policy.

At a time when there seems to be a

revival of interest in psychical phenomena, it may be well to peruse the masterly but readable study on Black Magic by M. URIBURU PANGOFFLIN, in the current number of *The Guipuzcoan Gazette*. M. PANGOFFLIN, whose command of cryptic Basque places him in a position of peculiar strength as compared with other writers on the subject, appears to take the eminently common-sense view that where the *foci* in an aplanatic surface exhibit no radio-activity, it is permissible to homologate—or comperndinate as the Quinologists have it—a Mixo-Lyidian gambit. Personally we should like to know what M. BECQUEREL has to say on this subject.

Other new books, it is true, are announced, but as they are in English by English authors they are obviously of no interest to me or my readers.

"WANTED.—Address of Ba Han, Kayan Village, believed to be drowned."

Rangoon Times.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Puck of Pook's Hill* (MACMILLAN) Mr. KIPLING's dear heart has been tugged this way and that by two ruling passions. He loves to talk with children, and he loves, no less, to air his erudition (as we all should if we had it). It results from these divided aims that the stories told by his "People of the Hills" are often far and far above the heads of their child-audience, *Dan* and *Uka*. The "Old People" forget how young these Young People are. They may think they are telling "Plain Tales from the Hills," but they are not nearly plain enough. Best of them all, for its imaginative charm, is the tale of "Dymchurch Flit." This really is a plain tale, for there is no hill on Romney Marsh, whence the little Old People (I suppose it was the local Sloe Gin that kept them so small) flitted to happier lands, away from the horrors of the Reformation. Very fresh, too, are the stories whose scenes are laid in the latter end of the Roman occupation of Britain, a period which hardly anybody has ever expected us to realise as human. Among many new sensations we are shown how closely the attitude of the British-born Roman soldier towards his comrade from the Motherland may have resembled that of the Colonial trooper towards the home-bred article of to-day. And a thrill of novel satisfaction went through me when I found that even Mr. KIPLING was also human, and had made the mistake that most of us have made at one time or other—the mistake of supposing that "thumbs down" was the Roman signal of doom.

I have seen somewhere an advertisement of an article by Mr. ZANGWILL, entitled, "Why Jews fail in business." Personally I had no suspicion that commerce was their weak point. But if there is any co-religionist of Mr. ZANGWILL's who shares his pessimism, let him read Mr. KIPLING's poem, *Song of the Fifth River*, and be comforted. It is one of many sets of verse which introduce or follow the different tales in this book, and are, perhaps, its rarest ornament. One only I should venture to criticize—*The Children's Song*; and that because it is too difficult for children's lips. The rest are very precious jewels sewn upon a rich brocade of antique fancy.

Some day, when it no longer pays to write books, we shall all be adding insult to injury by discussing in the columns of *The Times* the question of "What to do with our Authors." When that day comes Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN must certainly be appointed Headmaster of Eton, or at least perpetual history-lecturer in ordinary to the school, with the salary of a Cabinet Minister. Imagine the joy of being "up" to Mr. WEYMAN with his own works as text-books, to say nothing of the novel experience of remembering what one was taught. I have learnt far more about the Reform Bill and Lord BROUGHAM and rotten boroughs and the Bristol Riots from his last book, *Chippinge* (SMITH, ELDER), than all the poor smattering of dry facts which I had forgotten between youth and middle age. Mr. WEYMAN's facts are so well-chosen and so thrilling and served up with so piquante a *sauce Cupidon* that they are not only easily digested but permanently assimilated into the system of the reader. In fact, to use the language favoured of those who will some day look up to Mr. WEYMAN as the "Head," *Chippinge* is a ripping good book, one of STANLEY WEYMAN's very best.

Among the first changes which the new Headmaster will initiate will doubtless be a reform of that species of refined torture peculiar to Eton known as "Sunday Q's." He will find an excellent text-book ready to his hand in *Sir John Constantine*, by "Q" (also published by SMITH, ELDER). A few specimen "Sunday Q's," with answers, based on the contents of *Sir John Constantine*, will serve to show the lines

on which examination papers should be set. Q. Who and what is "Q"? A. Mr. A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH, a well-known author of the pre-HOOPER period. Q. The dwelling-place of himself and his heroes? A. Cornwall. Q. Of what classic do their adventures in Corsica remind you? A. *Treasure Island*. Q. With how many men did Sir JOHN set out to invade the island where Who was born? A. Seven; NAPOLEON. Q. Do you like the book? A. I do.

Some of the ingrafted stories seem a trifle superfluous and long-winded, but once "Q" gets into his stride his tale is exciting, original, and remarkably well told.

Out of the clash of battle and fall of dynasties there is left living no more pathetic figure than that of the venerable lady who for seventeen years was Empress of the FRENCH. The narrative of a career whose transient brilliance was suddenly overwhelmed under a shadow of increasing gloom is told by Miss STODDART in *The Life of the Empress Eugénie* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The biographer does not profess personal intimacy, nor claim to have had access to new records. The task assigned to herself was to make close study of the almost countless contemporary notes of the daily life, the seasons of joyance, the times of trial, of the EMPRESS. The result is set forth in animated narrative compressed within reasonable limits of space. It is the record of a life whose varied course exceeds the wildest fancy of romance. Politics apart, it makes the reader acquainted with a gracious personality, who lived gaily in the sunlight, and when night fell comported herself with a quiet dignity that won the respect and esteem of the bitterest enemies of the Third Empire.

The author "IOTA"

Recently wrote a

Novel called *Smoke in the Flame*;

Pride lacking cash is

The theme that it lashes,

And HUTCHINSONS publish the same.

The characters patter

A wit-peppered chatter—

A most intellectual game;

And yet, though it's clever,

You seldom, if ever,

Can get at its object and aim.

In fact, this same tissue

Of talk clouds the issue,

Precisely as smoke does a flame;

And even "IOTA"

Could not, I think, quote a

More nicely appropriate name.

A "humorous novel" (advertised as such) may depend upon a humour of action, or a humour of words, or upon both together. If it depends chiefly on a humour of action, then the author is lucky, for the story will write itself, and all he has to do is to stand by and see that the humour comes out. If it depends upon a humour of words, then the author has a tough job before him, for he must take off his coat and see that the humour goes in. The process is known as "being funny." Some years ago the recognized way of being funny was JEROME's way; now it is JACOBS'. For the greater part of *Love among the Chickens* (NEWNES) Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE lets the humour bubble up, and the result is delightful. But just occasionally it runs dry; and then he takes off his coat to it—the resulting brand, "WODEHOUSE and JACOBS," being flat. However, I would forgive Mr. WODEHOUSE anything in return for *S. F. Ukridge*. He is glorious—god-like, as Mr. CHESTERTON would say. On his great shoulders he carries all the lesser characters triumphantly through the book.

THE GIFT OF WINTER.

Now the year is waning fast ;
Now her course is well-nigh done ;
Whirled like leaves before the blast,
Thousands pack their traps, and run
Off to Spain, the Riviera,
Egypt, India, anywhere a-
way from England, rushing to the sun.

Hushed is now the poet's lay ;
He has sung till all was blue
Steadily since early May ;
Now his only "winter view"
Is a songless wish to follow
In the footsteps of the swallow ;
("Footsteps" isn't right, but it will do.)

Not as these I touch the strings ;
Heartily though I admire
Flowers, and birds, and all that brings
Matter to a poet's lyre,
Yet the time I mostly hymn is
When the man has cleaned the
chimneys,
And the hour has come to start a Fire.

Then it is that Britain's clime
Grows, beyond all others, fair ;
All the rigours of the time,
Rigours of the earth and air,
Melt before the gassy bubbling
Of the rich and radiant nubbling ;
And, whatever happens, I don't care.

Daily, ere I move at large
Forth to mine accustomed goal,
I bequeath a sacred charge,—
Lay it on a maiden's soul :—
"Mind you keep the fire up, ANNIE,
SARAH, or, it may be, FANNY,
Fill the scuttle ; hang the price of coal!"

Is it freezing? Let it freeze!
Does it snow, or sleet, or rain?
Do I cough or do I sneeze?
(Bless me!) Why should I complain?
Norrard is the wind, or East'ly?
Never mind ; however beastly,
All the better when I'm home again.

Sweet to sit indoors, and smoke ;
Warm one's heart, and toast one's
toes ;
Give the fire a friendly poke ;
Note the glamour that it throws
O'er my *res angustæ domi* ;
For a fact, you'd hardly know my
Dusky attic when the firelight glows.

This it is that sheds a light
O'er the sullen days ahead ;
This that shines for ever bright,
Always welcome, always red ;
Sweet by day ; and in the small hours,
Even sweeter, and, of all hours,
Pleasantest when turning out of bed !

When I clasp the solemn sponge :
Shiver on the icy brink ;
Shut my eyes, and take the plunge ;
Struggle madly, gasp, and sink ;
Fight for life, and wildly utter



HA. 2488

"YESTERDAY I WAS LOOKING UP MY ANCESTRAL TREE—"
"DID THEY THROW ANY NUTS?"

Cries for help ; and, with a splutter,
Rise, like Venus, wet and very pink ;

When I stand, superbly nude,
While a sympathetic glow
Warms my "British attitude"
Slowly upwards from below ;
When my calves are simply stewing
(Tho' it takes a power of doing) :—
That's about the finest thing I know !
DUM-DUM.

"Inarticulateness of speech, in conjunction
with defective ear-training, produces some queer
results. At a school not a hundred miles from
Oldbury the well-known lines of GOLDSMITH :
The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old,
were rendered by several of the pupils as :
The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infernal old."
Oldbury Weekly News.

Writing "GOLDSMITH" for "SCOTT"
is certainly one of the queerest results
of ear (or any other) training that we
can remember to have seen.

The Literary Controversy of the Day.

THE recent boycotting of St. Paul's
Epistle to the Ephesians by The Times
Book Club has had an interesting sequel,
an announcement having been made in
The Spectator of the publication of a
book called *The Apostles' Greed*. It
will be remembered that The Times
boycott of the *Epistle to the Ephesians*
was generally put down to its indigna-
tion at the publisher's conduct in not
giving the author his fair share of the
800 %. Now The Spectator comes for-
ward to show that the boot is, if any-
thing, on the other leg. We leave these
two famous journals to fight the matter
out themselves.

Commercial Candour.

"The '—' Whiffs are as different from
other Whiffs as the cheap five-a-penny machine-
made Cigarette is from the high-class hand-
made article."—Leaflet Advert.

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT OFFERS.

£30,000 in Prize Money.

DELUGE OF CONGRATULATIONS.

DEEPLY impressed as always with the conviction that the progress of invention has been delayed by lack of encouragement, Mr. Punch has decided to offer £30,000 in three sums of £10,000 each, to

(1) The first aeronaut who succeeds in flying to Mars and back within a week:

(2) The first person who succeeds in penetrating to the centre of the Earth in a fortnight:

(3) The first person who succeeds in swimming from Fishguard to Sandy Hook before the end of the year 1909.

With a view to enlarging the field of competitors as widely as possible, the contests will be thrown open to all nations, the only conditions imposed being such as are essential to prove to demonstration that the prescribed task has been actually achieved in each case.

Thus it will be obligatory upon the winner of the first award to bring back from Mars some tangible Martian trophy—the tail feathers of a Martian, supposing the inhabitants of the planet to have any; the scalp of a Martian, supposing them to have heads; or the prospectus of a Martian book club, supposing them to have enterprise. A live Martian would of course be best, but in this case Mr. Punch reserves the right to control all interviews with him and to become part owner of the copyright of any book that he might write on our own planet.

The winner of the prize for reaching the centre of the earth would have to bring back specimens likely to satisfy the best geologists and mineralogists; and if he should tap any auriferous or diamond-bearing strata on the way down Mr. Punch reserves the right of working them for his own purposes and profit.

Of the winner of the Atlantic swim it would be required that he should communicate with our office by marconigraph every half hour on the way across.

Needless to say, Mr. Punch's patriotic and generous offer is exciting incredible enthusiasm in every portion of the civilised world. At the last meeting of the Aero Club in Berlin the announcement threw several hundreds of the leading balloonists into convulsions of ecstasy, Privy Councillor BUSLEY and Professor ASSMANN in particular becoming so excited that they were unable to keep their feet and floated up to the roof—an exploit all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that Professor ASSMANN weighs 16 and Privy Councillor BUSLEY 17½ stone. Professor HARNACK has a long article in the current number of *Die Nation* on "Ballooning amongst the ancient Babylonians," in which he describes the pleasures of aviation as a

foretaste of heaven, and RICHARD STRAUSS is engaged on a new symphonic poem entitled *Icarus*.

The enthusiasm in Italy is even greater, and Signor SCHIAPARELLI, the famous astronomer, who first discovered the canals in Mars, is busily engaged on the construction of a motor canal-boat for Mr. WELLS. Signor FOGAZZARO has promised to dedicate his next novel to the winner, and a large proportion of the children born since the announcement have been named PULCINELLO in honour of the donor of the prize.

On his sportsmanlike and generous offers Mr. Punch has also received thousands of enthusiastic letters, a selection of which appears below:—

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the most sincere pleasure to enter for the Mars race, which has been rendered possible by your splendid generosity. May I be allowed, however, to suggest that you should modify the conditions governing the competition in one important particular, viz., that the aeronaut, or as I prefer to call him, the aviator, should be allowed to call *en route* at not more than two planets to obtain fresh supplies of petrol. Yours, &c., H. G. WELLS.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inscribe my name in the list of competitors in the great boring prize which you have so generously offered. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary for me to supply you with evidence of the *bona fides* of my application, but I may perhaps be allowed briefly to refer to my profound and successful excavations in search of prehistoric fauna embodied in my little brochure on the Mammoth, and to the letters—occupying several thousand columns—which during the past twenty years I have contributed to *The Times*. Yours faithfully,

H. H. HOWORTH.

DEAR SIR,—Your splendid prize should do much for natation.

MONTAGU HOLBEIN.

DEAR SIR,—Swimming may be said hitherto to have been only in its infancy. With your offer it becomes an adult and serious thing. I mean to have a go for that ten thou. JABEZ WOLFF.

DEAR SIR,—I am so much impressed by your generosity that I wish to add my mite to augment each prize. Thereby offer £1000 to each of the winners, together with a medal bearing my portrait to commemorate the renaissance of munificence. Yours, &c.,

HALL CAINE.

"Bid him come forth
And not blush so to be admired."

The Theatre Magazine promises an illustrated interview with Mr. HALL CAINE. Surely this must be the first time that Mr. CAINE has consented to be interviewed.

HOW THEY WORK THE WEATHER.

(A real conversation, overheard by Mr. Punch, author of "The Great Gerrard Family," "Tate's Private Opinion of Brady," etc.)

NEGRETTI put down his glass, and lit a cigarette with great care.

"Now then," he said, "to business."

ZAMBRA took out his pencil, and chewed the end of it reflectively.

"Let's see," he began, "what did we have yesterday? Read it out, NEGRETTI, will you?"

"Well, I was just wondering if we couldn't have a bit of a change, ZAMBRA, old man," said NEGRETTI nervously. "You see—"

ZAMBRA leant back and closed his eyes. "The paper you will find in the corner," he said.

"All right, ZAMBRA," said NEGRETTI meekly. "I only meant— Ah, here we are. 'Strong winds, unsettled, squally, some rain and mist, mild.' Yes, that was it. 'An unsettled type of atmospheric condition was generally in the ascendant,'" he continued, with the conscious pride of the author, "'owing to a deep disturbance off the—'"

"Oh, never mind that," interrupted ZAMBRA rudely. "I don't mind your doing that part yourself, only don't bother me with it. 'Strong winds, unsettled . . . ' I should think we might have that again. Eh?"

NEGRETTI coughed. "I suppose if you say so, ZAMBRA."

"Well, why not?" "Oh, nothing. Only I was thinking of going a little bicycle ride to-morrow. But if you think—"

ZAMBRA threw down his pencil and got up.

"All right, then," he said. "Do the thing yourself."

"No, no, ZAMBRA, I didn't mean . . . of course, I know how your garden wants rain . . . still, I had just jotted down a few ideas . . . Ahem!" He cleared his throat. "'Light breezes, fine, sunny, very mild.' And then I thought we might just put in 'Rain locally,' and then perhaps your garden . . ."

"My dear NEGRETTI!" "No, no, of course, I don't imply for a moment . . ." He broke off, and began a new line. "You mustn't think, ZAMBRA, that I am not grateful to you. I remember what difficulties I had before I met you, when I had to do all this by myself. But I do think that just this once, when I want to bicycle to Reigate—"

"Say no more," said ZAMBRA, and he leant over and clasped NEGRETTI's hand.

"Thank you, ZAMBRA." "I've thought of a brilliant idea. We'll have 'strong winds, unsettled, squally' as before, only we'll put in



THE HORSE-THIEF.

TROOPER ROSEBERY (*of the Scots Greys*). "HE'S AWA' WT' MA HORSE! AN' HIM A BRITHER SCOT!"

[Lord ROSEBERY is expected to take an active part in the National Meeting to be held at Edinburgh for the purpose of protesting against Mr. HALDANE's proposed withdrawal of all cavalry from Scotland.]





HIS FIRST ROUND.

Caddie (pointing to direction flag). "You'd BETTER PLAY RIGHT ON THE FLAG, SIR."

Curate. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH. BUT I HAVE VERY GRAVE DOUBTS AS TO MY ABILITY TO HIT SUCH A VERY SMALL MARK AT THIS DISTANCE!"

'fine locally.' See? Then that will be all right for you. By the way, what direction is the wind?"

NEGRETTI moistened a finger and held it up. Then he glanced furtively at ZAMBRA.

"Dead north," he said, and began to whistle loudly.

"Right," said ZAMBRA, "I've got all that down. Now we just want a few figures. Let's see, I always let you do the figures, don't I?"

"You do, ZAMBRA," said NEGRETTI, gratefully.

"Very well then, off you go. Think of a number."

"Two hundred and eighty-seven."

ZAMBRA tapped, but not impatiently, with his pencil.

"Between twenty-eight and thirty," he said.

"Twenty-nine," said NEGRETTI.

"Good. 'Barometer 29.67,' say. Thermometer, Max. 57, Min. 40.' There, that'll do for now."

"Lowest on grass 33," said NEGRETTI, firmly.

ZAMBRA stared.

"Do you still amuse yourself like that?" he asked.

"Lowest on grass 33," repeated NEGRETTI. "I don't care, I *am* senior partner, lowest on grass 33, lowest on—"

ZAMBRA shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said coldly.

NEGRETTI seized the pencil eagerly.

"I'm off now," said ZAMBRA. "Let me see a fair copy. And—and, you're not a bad chap after all, NEGRETTI. Good-bye."

* * * *

"A very unsettled type of atmospheric condition was again in the ascendant," wrote NEGRETTI, with his head on one side, and his tongue out, "owing to a deep disturbance—"

He looked up suddenly and chuckled. "I got the wind dead north," he said gleefully, "and I'm going to Reigate to-morrow. And ZAMBRA never spotted it. 'Strong N. winds.' Yesterday they were south, and ZAMBRA never—"

He stopped and coughed. "I was letting my mind wander. Where was I? Ah, yes. 'Owing to a deep disturbance which struck the . . .'"

Outside, ZAMBRA was putting on his coat.

"Confound NEGRETTI!" he muttered. "The man's simply becoming a tyrant. I shall have to put my foot down soon."

"As you were!"

"Thanks to the party system, we are nearly always as we were, for if a Radical Government crawls forward three inches, the next Tory Government jumps back three miles."—*Radical Press.*

If our sailors have to do this every time they receive the word of command "As you were," no wonder there is reputed to be an insubordinate spirit abroad.

Efficiency in the Auxiliary Forces.

FROM the regimental orders of the C.U.V.R.C. (in *The Cambridge Review*):

"Any candidate who obtains '8%' of marks in the above examinations will be entitled to distinction."

"Petitioner, who has a striking head of hair, denied that he had ever been guilty of cruelty to his wife."—*Star.*

CONSIDERING his natural advantages, we think that his restraint was extraordinary.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER X.

The Tate and the Chantrey Pictures.

THE English people have of course always been intelligently interested in art. As is well known, large sums of money are voted every year by the Government for the purchase of Old Masters, in search of which we have highly-paid expert advisers in all the capitals of Europe. None the less there has always been a loophole for private enterprise, and one of these was seized by the late Sir HENRY TATE (who is no relation of HARRY TATE of the Halls, in spite of the statement to the contrary in the *Almanach de Gotha*), who noticed that rich as was the north bank of the Thames, about Millbank, in ship-yards, cab-ranks, and female prisons it had no picture gallery, and he therefore built one there.

It is now one of the resorts of the art world. There are canvases there which connoisseurs come vast distances to see; while it is said that COQUELIN himself, before producing SARDOU's *Mortification*, once spent a day there in order to study the expressions of the curator's face as the new Chantrey Bequest pictures were brought in. Excellent in its way as is the work of WATTS and MILLAIS, LAWSON and ALFRED STEVENS, CONSTABLE and TURNER, it is of course for its unique collection of Chantrey treasures that one seeks the Tate. Year after year they come in, directly the Royal Academy summer show closes its doors, and with the new arrivals the Channel service bringing the *virtuosi* from Berlin and Munich, Paris and Madrid, has to be augmented. "Week-ends at the Tate" (*Fin de semaine au Tate*) are among the great attractions of the Continental Cook, who issues tickets by the thousand to art lovers. Most of the Millbank hotels take the coupons, and special arrangements for sedatives at reduced prices have been made with the local chemists.

It is doubtful if London has any more interesting sight than a meeting of the committee at work at Burlington House choosing the Chantrey pictures soon after the opening of the Academy. It has been customary to consider a bump supper as the acme of high-spirited enthusiasm; but the excitement at one of those functions is dulness itself compared with the infectious delight of

these eminent artists as masterpiece after masterpiece is selected by them for the Tate Gallery. Shallow persons say that artists are jealous of each other. A lie! There is a genuineness of appreciation among painters that cannot be described. The murmur of their praises reaches even to Piccadilly, mixing oddly with the other sounds of the sweet May night—for the selection of the Chantrey pictures is always done after dark. "That's a good picture!" you may hear. "By Jove, but that's good!" "Where's your MICHAEL ANGELO now?" "Talk about paint!" "Whew, he's a master!" Such are the phrases which come tumbling into the street, while now and then the thin quavering tones of a Nestor among the committeemen will cut into the night—"If only I were eighty years younger! Ah me! Ah me!"



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

ENTHUSIASTIC EXPERTS DECIDING ON THE PURCHASE OF A CHANTREY BEQUEST PICTURE.

It is, of course, a great time for the artists whose work is under discussion. They sit at home, at Bedford Park and Chelsea, waiting to know the worst; which is told them by messengers who leave Burlington House like arrows directly a purchase has been decided upon. It is customary to give these messengers a fee of five shillings if the picture has been bought, and £5 if it has been rejected.

(To be continued.)

Getting Back on the Boss.

A NOTICE in a boot-repairer's shop in Birmingham runs:—

"All our work is done by machinery on the latest principal."

As a result of its enterprising interest in aeronautics, *The Daily Mail* is now known as "The Fly Paper."

ABOUT GOVERNESSES.

BY HELEN AND CECIL.

CECIL and me are always worried now, and it's just because Miss THOMPSON (Miss TOMMY, we called her) got married in summer. You see Miss TOMMY came from a new kind of college, where she had been properly trained never to tire children, and always to be interesting. As soon as ever she wasn't interesting we told her, and she begged our pardons and thought of something else quick.

CECIL is much patienter than me, so I always had to start the languishing. You lie back and blink your eyes, and draw one hand over your fevered brow—it's quite easy. We made Miss TOMMY tell us all about her training, and how she had to carry her pupils "along the line of their natural ability."

That was how we came to miss the multiplication table, and the dates. They didn't lie along any of our lines.

Miss TOMMY explained to Mother before she left that she thought Mother really ought to know that there was something the matter with our brains, and that the sum part had got left out by mistake, and Mother was quite worried, and CECIL and me heard her say something to Nurse about a Specialist.

I thought it must be because of poor Dad.

You see CECIL and me get all the really intellectual part of us from Mother. Of course Dad is a J.P. and a Chairman, but he can get all he wants for those kinds of things straight out of his own head—fresh. But it is Mother who goes to the Extension Lectures

and shuts herself up with the Encyclopædia writing the papers. Dad only stays at the County Club and fetches her away. (CECIL says I ought to say that Dad uses the Encyclopædia for a racket press, and that will show the kind Dad is.)

Then it is Mother who tells Dad what he really ought to read, only he never does. Dad says that he once read somewhere that you couldn't be a gentleman unless you had forgotten your Latin; but Mother says he has got the quotation all wrong, and that in any case it was a most unwise thing to say before us children.

But of course the real thing that's the matter with poor Dad is that he has the artistic temperament, and when once you've got a temperament they say it sticks, and you oughtn't to be blamed, and that's why—but I forgot, I haven't explained about Miss MOOR yet.

I really had to listen to what Mother was saying to Dad just before she came.

"I am so dreadfully afraid that the children have been fed on mince-meat, and are never going to get their intellectual teeth at all. With a conscientious boy like CECIL the system might succeed, but not with an inveterate little shirk like HELEN. HELEN must learn to grip hard, and I am thankful that Miss Moor is the real old-fashioned kind."

Of course I told CECIL, and we were frightfully anxious to know what the real old-fashioned kind was like. Now we do know.

We started with a dreadful disappointment about Miss Moor the first week.

We had found out that she was very High Church, so on a Saint's Day we suggested to Mother that Miss Moor might wish to go to church. (We had had a ripping invitation from the Forester.)

But when Mother asked her she only said, "Thank you—no, Mrs. LISTER. I have never believed in a religion that interfered with lessons!"

Then there was the Multiplication Table! Why, the very first morning Miss Moor said she had never heard of children of our ages not knowing up to twelve times.

We explained all about our heads, and the line of natural ability, but she just said, "Nonsense!"

Afterwards Dad offered us each half-a-crown if we would say the thing to him in a week. We learnt it in two days, but that was because we wanted to buy a pair of rabbits.

And even languishing is no good. Miss Moor only says, "HELEN, as you are neither the heroine of a magazine story nor a worn-out seamstress, sit up, please!"

There's only one gleam in the dullness. You see she thinks CECIL has what she calls the "faculty for diligence," and she lets him argue with her when she won't listen to a single word from me. So when I'm desperate I kick CECIL, and then he starts—just to give me a rest.

Only last Friday she was dreadfully bothersome over some dates of EDWARDS and HENRYS, so I kicked CECIL hard and said, "Don't you wish, CECIL, that poor Dad had been more intellectual?"

"Explain yourself, HELEN!" she said.

"If Dad had got all this stuff safely into his head it might have helped me a little, don't you think?"

"HELEN, I am simply appalled at you!" she said. "Your father is an altogether estimable gentleman! Stop idling and learn those dates!"

I kicked CECIL again, and then he woke up.

"Could you tell me what is meant by the artistic temperament?" he asked, awfully politely.

"The artistic temperament is a very



Billiard Enthusiast (having mistaken his room at the hotel, holding on to knobs of bed). "WHICH DO YOU PREFER, SIR? SPOT OR PLAIN?"

special gift, CECIL, which enables those who possess it to view things in the light of what they seem, or else of what they wish them to be, rather than as they are."

"Have you it, Miss Moor?"

"If you had it," I broke in, "you could say our sums were right when they weren't, supposing you wanted to go, couldn't you?"

"For your sake, HELEN, I am thankful there is no such fatal flaw in my educational instinct. Go on with those dates."

"Poor Dad has it!" persisted CECIL. "He says the more short-sighted you are the better you can paint; and the less you know the smarter you can write. He says that some of *The Daily Mail* people have it."

"Don't get discursive, CECIL," said Miss Moor. "For a boy of your age, I do not consider it suitable to discuss either your own father or *The Daily Mail*."

"Then may we talk about dates? Because—"

"Certainly. Dates are the foundations of all history. First the date, then the man; even you, CECIL, have your date."

"But wouldn't it be safer to have the man first, and then the date?"

"Why safer?"

"Only—if somebody had forgotten my date, wouldn't I be here?"

"That is why we keep your birthday, CECIL, to be quite sure you are there!"

We looked round and there was Dad. Miss Moor did jump.

But anyhow that's really the kind of person Miss Moor is, and that's why we know such lots of things now that we never meant to know.

But there's one awfully decent thing about her. She has an invalid mother, and has to go home on Friday nights, and that's how it was, one Saturday, that we went hunting Socialists. I'll tell you about that another time perhaps.

THE PUNCHPUDDLE HUNT.

I.

In the Punchpuddle Hunt there are tinkers and tailors
And rich men and poor men of every degree;
There are beggarmen, thieves, there are soldiers and sailors—
The only thing lacking's a Labour M.P.;
There are butchers and bakers (old men with new acres),
And of sportsmen—at times—a stray couple or three.
Oh, happier far with a duck-gun and punt
Were the Nimrods that follow The Punchpuddle Hunt!

II.

See The Punchpuddle Hunt on "The Walnuts" converging,
The seat of Sir Solomon Ikestein (we'll say),



Through villages surging, from stations emerging,
The high-roads and by-roads with scarlet are gay.
On covert-hacks spurring, in motor-cars whirling,
In hundreds they flock to the breakfast to-day.
The steeds of the Ikestein are turned in the stalls;
The ancestor Ikesteins leer down from the walls;
On the chairs in the halls are the famous Three Balls,
Or, on a field *sable*; while yonder the table
Is groaning beneath a repast that appals.
Oh, the food and the drink and the roads bear the brunt
Of the damage that's done by The Punchpuddle Hunt!

III.

See the Punchpuddle Hunt on the terrace assembling,
All swelling and pompous and ripe for the fray.
How the horses are jostling and wincing and trembling
As they push to the front of the motley *mêlée*.

See the head carried high,
See the crop-hand on thigh,

For the local photographer's busy to-day.
It is done: they are off to the Ikestein plantations—
"There's a fox," goes the song, "in the spinney, they say;"
"Eleu, in!" and the whips hurry down to their stations;
"Tally-ho!" from the laurels—the fox is away!



View-holloas are pealing; yes, there he goes stealing,
His pads full of sawdust, his brush full of hay.
O'er the tennis-lawn sailing, he slips through the paling,
And a strong scent of aniseed clings to the clay.
With the dog-pack behind and a bagman in front,
See the charge down the drive of The Punchpuddle Hunt!

IV.

See, The Punchpuddle Hunt on the gravel are striding
Away to the lodge-gate as straight as a die.
The huntsman is riding: the field-master's chiding:
And behind them, amongst them, the hounds in full cry.
At the lodge one cries, "Whoa!"
And again, "Tally-ho!"
There's the fox ringing back to his crate in the sty!"
Through a gate on the right through the gallant first flight,
And the wily one crossing the orchard they spy.

On the musical grey

And the collar-marked bay

And the job-master's hack that goes out every day,
Feet home, shoulders up, through the meadows they fly,
Under branches low-hung and through gates widely swung
Till a ragged, black bullfinch looms hairy and high.
Right round to the left see the multitude swerving,
For yonder goes Reynard the bold and the sly—
Ah, right in the line is a vision unnerving,
A grim, four-foot drain, terror-striking—though dry!
So they circle like birds, using horrible words,
As they search for the bridge which they hope to be nigh;
Save a youth on a roan with a will of its own;
See him rise to the sky: hear him yelling "Almigh—!"
See him cling to the saddle and land with a grunt—
'Tis the "Hard-riding Dick" of The Punchpuddle Hunt!

V.

Oh, The Punchpuddle Hunt are unflinching, untiring!
Three times round the house at full gallop they sail,



Red, panting, perspiring—domestics admiring—
Already the leaders are catching the tail.

Three times has the fox

Had a try for his box,

And three times have they headed him off with a pail,
And now through the meadows once more he is slinking,
Since attempts at the pigsty in nowise avail;
He's right back for Leadenhall, beaten and sinking;
He'll run the embankment—he came down by rail.

"Tally-ho!" in the lane;

He'll be crossing that drain!

There's the governess waving with might and with main,
See her walking-stick thumping his back like a flail!
The hounds in full cry close behind him are tearing;
His limbs seem to totter, his lungs seem to fail;
He leaps for the bank with an effort despairing,
And into a rabbit-hole creeps like a snail.
The spade and the pick get him out double-quick;
"Who-hoop!" and the bagman is dead as a nail.
"Forty-five of the best. Now for luncheon and rest;
And let Leicestershire envy and Lincolnshire quail!"
(Oh, a three-legged fox and the words "Quid prosunt?"
Should be motto and crest for The Punchpuddle Hunt!)



Guard of Express Train (just on point of departure)—to porter. "IS THAT GENTLEMAN GOING ON? PUT HIM IN THERE--PUT HIM IN ANYWHERE!"

BETSY.

SHE'S as round and fat
As a well-turned pat
Of Dorset.
Her fun,
Like the sun,
Is bright
And light:
It's the sort of fire
That doesn't require
Any bellows to force it.
She's only three,
You see,
But she chaffs
And laughs,
And then in a tone
That's all her own
She sets you down
With an angry frown,
And a stamp of her slipper;
And follows it up,
The pup,
With a peal so merry,
That you're quite put out
By the sudden shout
Of this tiny tripper,
This most important and very
Impertinent ripper.

She's a dancing,
Glancing,
A most entrancing
Bundle of life,
At strife
With reason,
And quick to seize on
Your slightest word
In a manner absurd
To help herself,
The Elf,
And to show
You know
Little or nothing at all
Of anything great or small;
A most outrageous, imperious,
Solemnly serious,
Anti-narcotic,
And highly despotic,
Whimsical chit,
With a turn for wit,
And a funny snub-nose,
And a great pink rose
In place
Of a face.
Oh she's the one
In the midst of her fun
To make or to pick names,
The queerest nick-names,

For you and the rest;
To give herself airs
With the very best
As she walks downstairs
With an invalid doll wrapped up in a
shawl
And a Dandie bandy peppery dog,
With his tail stuck out and his ears
agog,
Who never never obeys her call.

Who was it said
That word of dread,
Bed?
Hush the trumpet, muffle the drums!
Somebody comes, a nursemaid comes,
And off goes she—
She's only three,
You see.
In spite of her pleading, wheedling wiles,
In spite of her tricks and songs and
smiles,
Shaking her touzled golden head,
She is seized, God bless her, and marched
to bed.
Shut eye;
Lullaby.
One peep,
Go to sleep. R. C. L.



COLD COMFORT.

Visitor to the West Indies (who has been warned against bathing in the river because of alligators, but has been told by the boatman that there are none at the river's mouth). "BY JOVE, THIS IS RIPPING! BUT, I SAY, HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE ARE NO ALLIGATORS HERE?"

Boatman. "WELL, YOU SEE, SAH, DE ALLIGATOR AM SO TUR'R'BLE FEARED OB DE SHARK!"

DIETETIC ETHICS.

["You can make a person good or bad, honest or dishonest, simply by seeking the right kind of diet."—Bishop Fallows, of Chicago.]

It was once understood, if a baby was good,
That, so far from deserving the credit, he
Owed each little grace one might happen to trace
In his tiny white soul to heredity.
The converse, of course, had equivalent force:
If virtuous ways were too tame for him,
If he kicked in his crib and tore holes in his bib,
Bad ancestors must be to blame for him.

This creed had its day in the usual way
Till some one invented another one,
Which, of course, being new, very rapidly grew
Till every one scouted the tother one:
Environment next was the popular text—
A model of virtue a lad might be
If rescued in time from the purlieus of crime,
No matter how wicked his dad might be.

But Science in vain made attempts to explain
The nature of vice and the laws of it;
She failed in her search: it was left to the Church
To find the mysterious cause of it.
Come, trainers of youth, hear the Bishop's new truth!
This briefly will give you the sum of it:
You may turn any brat into this, into that,
By what you may put in the tum of it.

Your virtue and vice—to be short and concise—
Have diet alone for their origin.

If a babe's to emerge like a saint, I should urge
A plentiful pouring of porridge in.
A bantling should shrink from Welsh rabbit, I think,
Before, say, his third anniversary,
While pickles and beer and red herring appear
To sap the moral of the nursery.

When a brat has eschewed every vice-forming food,
When tarts he no longer eats jammily,
When he sticks to boiled rice, he will never know vice,
Whatever the crimes of his family.
The state of the mind varies thus with the kind
Of one's food, and of course it will follow—
The particular blend of one's creed will depend
On what one is able to swallow.

EPITAPH ON THE SOAP TRUST.

BORN NOV. 1ST, 1906.

DIED (*felo de se*) NOV. 23RD.

Buried at the Crossfields with a 15-oz. cake in his inside.

STRANGER, please drop a tear upon the dust
Of one that did spontaneously bust;
Had I lived on, they would have killed me dead,
So I committed suicide instead.



IN THE RUBBER COILS.

SCENE—The Congo "Free" State.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday night, November 20.—“Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?” “I do bite my thumb, Sir.” “Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?” “No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb.”

Thus the servants of *Capulet* and *Montague* in a public place in fair Verona.

Scene re-enacted in House to-night. According to arrangements made last week the sitting was allotted for further consideration of Plural Voting Bill, interrupted by lamentable illness of LULU. Next to Education Bill good Conservatives most bitterly detest LULU's innocent-looking ewe lamb. They fought it tooth and nail whilst it was to the fore. When temporarily shelved, they, with a view of postponing evil day when it must take its place in the forefront of business, enlarged on any other subject that chanced to come up. As MATT PRIOR, not thinking of Parliamentary tactics, sang 200 years ago:—

The merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
EUPHELIA serves to grace my measure;
But CHLOE is my real flame.

Hour had struck, and they must needs buckle to with design to scotch, since they could not kill, a piece of legislation genially described by CARSON as “the work, not of a statesman, but of a sneak.”

Judge their surprise when, on opening Orders of the Day this morning, they found standing first, not the Plural Voting Bill, but the Irish Town Tenants Bill! Report current that when he grasped situation CARSON straightway, from sheer joyousness of heart, proceeded to perform certain ordered steps in the cake-walk. Story lacks confirmation. But, when one comes to think of it, what a cake-walker CARSON would be if he only gave his mind to it, not to mention his elbows and knees.

Occasion brings forth one of those flashes of histrionic art that make us marvel why PRINCE ARTHUR gave up to Westminster what was meant, say, for the Théâtre Français. As soon as Questions were over, he interposed, and fixing C.-B. with glowing eye asked, “What about the Plural Voting Bill?”

For a moment C.-B. realised the feelings of the Wicked Uncle, home from his dire errand, confronted by demand for information as to where he had left the children. Endeavouring to hide uneasy conscience behind a smiling countenance, he explained that when he said he would put down the Plural Voting Bill for to-night he did not think he would live to find that the Town Tenants Bill required a second sitting for its consideration.



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. III.—“SEVERED.”

“If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.”

PORTRAIT OF A PROMINENT SPORTSMAN OF UPPER TOOTING ENJOYING A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

This airy treatment would not do for PRINCE ARTHUR, his heart bleeding for the fate of the neglected Plural Voting Bill. Having sternly cross-examined PREMIER, he remarked, “The right hon. gentleman is teaching us not to adhere to anything he says.”

With angry roar Ministerial host closed round their stricken Chief. “Withdraw! Withdraw!” they yelled at PRINCE ARTHUR. Thus encouraged, C.-B. put himself into fencing attitude.

“Does the right hon. gentleman bite his thumb at me?” he asked. “Does he use words implying that I am in the habit of deceiving the House?”

PRINCE ARTHUR rising to answer found himself facing an infuriated throng who shouted “Withdraw! Withdraw!” with persistency that left no opening for withdrawal. In comparative pauses he found opportunity slowly to say: “The right hon. gentleman is personally incapable of intentionally deceiving the House.

What I mean is, that through carelessness of statement he has led us to anticipate a course of business ultimately not adopted. In short, Mr. SPEAKER, I do not bite my thumb at the right hon. gentleman; but I bite my thumb, Sir."

"Nothing could be 'andsomer," was the comment of an hon. Member below Gangway seated in neighbourhood of Mr. WILL CROOKS. The uproar ceased. The Orders of the Day were called on; PRINCE ARTHUR, ever thoughtful for others, hastily brushed away a tear that coursed down his cheek, and attempted to console EDWARD CARSON in his disappointment at accident that had barred progress of LULU's firstling.

Business done.—Report stage of Irish Town Tenants Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday.—"At Last!" as CHARLES KINGSLEY remarked when he voyaged forth to view with unobscured eyes the actual West Indies. Education Bill is through House of Lords; more precise to say an Education Bill is in such state. Compared with the measure the Commons sent on last August, the one returning to it is as completely repaired as was the Irishman's gun. It's all there, save for new lock, stock and barrel.

"And what do you think will come of it all?" the PRIMATE, on his way to unrobe, asked the MEMBER FOR SARK as he passed him on the steps of the Throne.

"Since your Grace asks me," said my right hon. friend, "I may—using the words of course strictly in a Parliamentary sense—venture to state my private conviction that in due course it will appear that the zeal of the Lords hath eaten them up."

Business done.—The Lords complete Committee on Education Bill.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HALDANE has decided not to mount sentries at the new War Office, Whitehall. He desires to avoid even the appearance of militarism.

It has also been decided, in the interests of economy, that barrack buildings shall have one coat of paint in future instead of two. The silence preserved by the Royal Academy on the matter of this decision is adversely commented on.

Not being permitted to encourage rifle shooting, the Burgess Hill group of County Council school managers has decided to ask permission of the East Sussex education authority to acquire a piece of land in order to teach school-boys gardening. It is thought that the request will be granted on the under-

standing that nothing be taught which will enable the lads to throw up entrenchments.

£10,000 is offered by *The Daily Mail* to the first person who flies from London to Manchester. Personally, we have often wanted to fly from London, but Manchester has never struck us as a more desirable haven. This, we suppose, is the reason why such a substantial prize is to be given.

An appeal is made for a more handy word than "Aeroplane." A barber asks, What's wrong with "Air-cutter"?

It looks as if brighter times are in store for authors. Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has just booked another order—this time from the King of SERVIA.

The rumour that the Crown Prince of SERVIA was demented has been denied by an official *démenti*. Confusion worse confounded!

Meanwhile we hear that the CROWN PRINCE is, anyhow, so eccentric that his younger brother is already a kind of Half-Crown Prince—in a Twopenny-ha'penny kingdom.

It seems incredible, but we do not believe that any one has yet referred to Mr. MOBERLY BELL as the Bell of New York. We do so now.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE spoke encouragingly of the state of the British Drama at a dinner last week: he questioned whether at any time since the days of ELIZABETH there had been so much reason for optimism. Miss DRAUGHN is now appearing in *The New Aladdin*.

A tramp who was summoned at Fairfield Police Court for begging was found, on examination, to be wearing a horse-rug round his shoulders, two top coats, a small coat, three waistcoats, three shirts, three pairs of trousers, and six pairs of stockings. It seems strange that this man should not have realised that he was in a position to earn a handsome salary as a Music Hall humorist.

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is considering the question whether live whelks, when used as bait, do not come within the scope of the Wild Animals in Captivity Protection Act. It is further rumoured that a sensational charge of ill-treating a Stilton cheese by imprisoning it in an air-tight receptacle will, at the instance of the Society, shortly come before the Courts.

Sir LAUDER BRUNTON regards dust as one of the greatest enemies of old age.

There can be little doubt that we should all live longer if we did not become dust.

The publication of the fact that each of the prisoners' cells at the new Old Bailey contains a dainty wooden table of the new art pattern has served to increase the excitement among our criminal classes, and loud complaints are made as to the delay in opening the building.

OPTIMISM.

[A deputation from the House of Commons, that interviewed the PRIME MINISTER with regard to old-age pensions, was assured that the matter would be dealt with as soon as time and money will permit.]

WHEN you find it getting harder
To refill an empty larder
And you're failing in virility and wit;
Don't allow the fact to grieve you,
For Sir HENRY will relieve you—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

If you're getting old and needy,
If you're chronically seedy,
Or occasionally subject to a fit,
Yet the State exchequer offers
Compensation from its coffers—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

You have merely got to mention
That you'd rather like a pension
(Presupposing you're a law-abiding cit.);
You may not, at first, believe it,
But you're certain to receive it—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

When some persons in a hurry
Were unwise enough to worry,
Did Sir HENRY merely counsel them to
"git"?
No! The joyful deputation
Heard him hint at legislation—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

Then all honour unto C.-B. !
What a thoughtful man must he be !
Let us emulate his optimistic grit !
(Though we feel that we are fated
To be buried, or cremated,
Ere the day when "time and money
will permit !")

Good News for Battersea.

"Radical repairs are being effected in the Dogs Palace."

So, at least, we learn from the *Cork Constitution*; the information having been communicated, no doubt, by a Venetian colleague of Mr. MAX BEERBOHM.

"WANTED, 24 Christian Men and a Bandmaster, for the Independent Methodist Mission Brass Band."—*Hull Daily Mail*.

WE have always felt, with some brass bands, that the qualification can only have been a moral one.



Customer. "I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T FIND MY HAIR IN VERY GOOD ORDER. I'VE ONLY JUST RETURNED FROM THE GOLD COAST, WHERE IT'S BEEN RATHER DIFFICULT TO GET IT PROPERLY CUT."

Barber. "CUT, SIR! WHY, IT'S BEEN BIT!"

"H. E. HOOPER, LTD."

FOLLOWING upon the example set him by Mr. OWEN HALL (although as a matter of fact in need of no prompting whatever); Mr. H. E. HOOPER has decided to turn his active and mobell brain into a limited liability company with a capital of £5,000,000,000.

Mr. HOOPER has come to this decision only after the most careful consideration. Tired of frequent journeyings to and from America, often in rough weather; tired of the wear and tear of distributing Encyclopædias; tired of the Book war and the letters of all the Club's subscribers but particularly of R/15779; he has made up his mind. Henceforward he will be the brain behind whatever concerns may care to enlist his services. That is his new *métier*.

Mr. HOOPER does not bind himself to think only of the interests of one firm. He is prepared to think for all who employ him. He will just sit in a revolving chair, put on his carpet slippers

and think. The more he thinks the more you will profit.

Fees, low.

Thought, very high.

Is your paper in a bad way?—Go to HOOPER.

Have you any old Encyclopædias to sell?—Go to HOOPER.

Are your profits decreasing?—Go to HOOPER.

As TENNYSON said—

HOOPER

Is the great re-couper.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Have a few debentures?—No?

Then a few preference shares?—No?

Then buy the ordinary stock.

Directors.

Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL.

Mr. J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

Dr. ARTHUR SHADWELL.

Mr. JOSEPH LYONS.

Mr. WYMAN.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN.

JACKSON.

Testimonial from a chartered phrenologist.

I certify HOOPER's Head to be covered with the best kinds of bump.

WALTER CRANIUM, M.R.I.C.P.

What HOOPER thinks to-day England does, and pays for, to-morrow.

HOOPER knows.

HOOPER has both his eyes wide open.

HOOPER was not born yesterday.

HOOPER can count five beans as accurately as any one.

HOOPER is no chicken.

HOOPER is all there.

HOOPER gets a cinch of the pocket every time.

HOOPER is a boss mind.

Don't make any mistake about HOOPER.

Testimonial from a chartered hatter.

I certify that HOOPER takes a No. 9 hat, and that he can only keep even that on by means of a vacuum brake.

HENRY HOBBS, M.R.I.C.H.

JEU DE MORT.

If you like a good hearty death-bed laugh, you must go and see *The Doctor's Dilemma*; but if you are not yet perfect in the cult of Mr. SHAW, but still feel a little sensitive about the more elementary decencies, you had better leave before the end of the Fourth Act. And, in foregoing the conclusion, you must not be troubled by the thought that you will miss the full meaning of Mr. SHAW's design. You will miss that anyhow, and in good company; for the author himself would be hard put to it to prove that he does not share your uncertainty as to his intentions.

The doctor who suffers from the titular "dilemma" is supposed to have invented a new method for inducing good germs to devour bad ones. He has ten consumptive patients under treatment; and there are two other urgent cases brought to his notice. One is that of a good fellow, a poor over-worked member of his own profession; the other that of a brilliant young artist, who is also an accomplished scamp. We are asked to believe that it is impossible for the doctor to undertake more than one of these two cases. Hence his dilemma. But his reason for declining to undertake both is never made sufficiently convincing; and that is unfortunate, as upon this point the rest of the play is made to turn. His choice is finally made in favour of the honest man, whose death would be the greater loss; and he hands over the other to a fashionable doctor, with the fatal results which were anticipated. In this course he is influenced largely by admiration for the victim's wife, and by a desire to save her from the knowledge of her husband's true character. And so, after some very attractive dialogue (though I must doubt if you could get half-a-dozen doctors to let off so many familiar professional wheezes in one another's company) we arrive at last at the death-bed scene.

Here, in the presence of his wife and five lay-figures (four of them eminent doctors, and one a studio property), with many appeals to the most sacred associations, the dying man, declaring himself to be a disciple of Mr. SHAW, makes profession of his faith as an artist, and apologises for his life as a worm. For it

should be understood that his vices are not of the forgivable kind that one allows to erratic genius; they are ugly and dirty and mean. And if any other author had classed such a type among the followers of Mr. SHAW's creed of life, Mr. SHAW should have had my indignant sympathy. Even as it is, I am very sorry for him.

So the man dies on his wife's breast; and she loosens her embrace and rises and moves from the room. Instantly the doctors burst out into ribald badi-

ribaldry, or else it is an incident without importance and there is no sense in trying to harrow us with the pathos of it. Some such thought as this seems to have penetrated even the author's "nuciform" headpiece; for later on he makes one of his characters say that "life does not cease to be funny because people die." True enough, and mercifully so; but one may be permitted to distinguish between the consolations of philosophy and the licence of the buffoon. And the choice of occasion has also some-

thing to do with it. And again, it is possible to think of funny things without necessarily saying them aloud or in print. As to this possibility, I think perhaps it may never have occurred to Mr. SHAW.

Unless he consents to cut out the chief cause of offence, and drop his curtain in the Fourth Act at the close of the death-oration, I can only wish that his drama may perish of rapid consumption. Yet I should regret a fatality which could be so easily avoided; for the play contains some very excellent phagocytes, which enjoy a strong numerical advantage over its malevolent germs. The humour of the first two Acts is delightful, if not always very fresh (the joke, for instance, about being careless recalls too closely a similar *mot* in *The Importance of being Earnest*). And there are some scraps of proverbial philosophy let fall by one of the doctors—a man of the old school, who recognises most of the new inventions as having been made, and condemned, in his father's day—which have a serious value. Unfortunately, by steady abuse of it, Mr. SHAW has long ago forfeited his claim to be taken seriously.

The acting throughout was really admirable, though, perhaps, apart from the death scene, Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER trusted too easily to his words to carry him through, and did not help us to realise much else in his part beyond its improbability. Mr. ERIC LEWIS had the pick of the good things, but it would be a thankless task to draw distinctions in work of so uniform an excellence. O. S.

"DIEU ET MON DROIT."—Certainly; before accepting the post of Turkish Bath shampooer, you should insist on having an undertaking that your uniform be provided free.



"—BUT THOSE UNHEARD ARE SWEETER."

SCENE—A Boarding-house.

Wife. "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS SIT AT THE PIANO, DAVID? YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T PLAY A NOTE!"

David. "NEITHER CAN ANYONE ELSE, WHILE I AM HERE!"

nage calculated to convulse the votaries of Mr. SHAW. Their approval was an overwhelming tribute to the author's greatness, an eloquent acknowledgment of his superiority to the laws of common decency. If, in that chastening moment of terror and pity, anybody in the audience had dared, without Mr. SHAW's invitation, to break the spell with even a suppressed titter, he would have been scowled upon for a wanton sacrilege done to Nature and to Art.

After all, Death is either a very big thing (as Mr. BARRIE would say) and so not a subject for immediate

BALLAD DIDACTICS.

[“Incidentally a good round, such as the 17th Century ‘Great Tom is Cast,’ or ‘Turn again, Whittington,’ or a ballad, such as ‘The Bay of Biscay,’ or ‘Here’s a Health unto His Majesty,’ may be used to awaken an abiding interest in history and geography.”—A. E. Keeton on “National Art Songs” in the “Monthly Review” for November.]

ACTING on this suggestion, the Board of Education, abetted by Mr. BIRRELL, is issuing an annotated edition of English Folk-songs for use in the National Schools. We subjoin extracts:

“The Bay of Biscay.”—This dramatic and descriptive piece of poetry relates to the celebrated occasion when an unequal contest was waged against the fury of the elements by the crew of a British bark. It appears that some dreadful thunder roared loudly, the rain came down in a deluge, and vivid flashes of lightning rent the clouds asunder. The night was dreary and pitch dark, and owing to the incessant strain on the unfortunate ship’s timbers a formidable leak was sprung. The storm-tossed seamen, dreading an immediate grave in the deep, clung to the slippery shrouds exhausted with their exertions, while the vessel lay until the following morning in the Bay of Biscay. In the sequel it will

be seen that a sail appeared in the nick of time. The crew hailed her with three cheers, and were promptly conveyed with a now favouring gale from the vicinity of the Bay in question. This pathetic incident occurred towards the end of the eighteenth century, before the introduction of steam. It may be taken as historic, though the number of the vessel at Lloyd’s has not been handed down.

“The British Grenadiers.”—We have here a stirring encomium on a famous regiment, which was originally armed with hand grenades. Its bravery is

favourably compared with that of certain Greek heroes, bearing the names of ALEXANDER, HERCULES and LYSANDER. In respect of tow-row-rowing the British Grenadiers were admittedly supreme. To be more explicit, the instant they were commanded to storm the palisades, their officers led with fuseses and the picked men followed with grenades and threw the latter from the glacis about the enemies’ ears, the tow-row-rowing being thereupon repeated. We are strongly recommended in the song to drink to

Churchman and outspoken believer in the divine right of Kings; that he strongly inclined to Roman tenets under JAMES THE SECOND, and was on the point of becoming a Jesuit, but for the Revolution; and that he was the reverse of a Passive Resister when WILLIAM claimed his allegiance. On the accession of ANNE he reverted to Toryism, not without some strong language addressed to ecclesiastical trimmers, and finally under GEORGE THE FIRST elected to turn Whig, and support the Protes-

tant succession. His life-story is not further continued, but, judging from the accepted dates, the reverend gentleman must by then have been a centenarian. Until his dying day, however, he expressed a firm determination to retain under every régime the incumbency of his agreeable Thames-side living. ZIG-ZAG.

REAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[The subjoined letter has been received from the actual gentleman who signs it. While happy to publish it, we repudiate beforehand all responsibility for any result, fatal or other, which may follow upon perusal of it.]

To the Editor of “Punch.”

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When the Marquis of RUVIGNY was compiling his monumental work, “The Plantagenet Roll of the Blood Royal,” and I, as one of the royal descendants, was requested to

supply the noble Marquis with details regarding myself and my family, I happened to show my friend, Mr. OSCAR MOUAT BALTHASAR (who, by the way, is himself descended from “The Three Holy Kings”) one of my letters addressed to the Marquis of RUVIGNY, which was, as you may imagine, most humbly and politely worded. “You do butter him up,” remarked my friend, “but, certainly, a long roll requires a lot of butter.” I do not know whether you will agree with me, but I confess I thought this rather a good joke. Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.



A FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION.

the continued health of these valorous fighting-men and their commanders.

“The Vicar of Bray.”—This is a metrical autobiography of a Berkshire incumbent, gifted with a flexible conscience, and is marked by self-revelation worthy of a PEPYS. We have also a valuable epitome of religious policy under the Stuart and Hanoverian dynasties. The successive sovereigns are mentioned by name, which adds highly to its worth as an historical document. We learn, for instance, that in the golden days of King CHARLES THE FIRST our cleric obtained his benefice through being a keen High

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is high time for some English publisher to produce a translation of "PIERRE DE COULEVAIN'S" *L'Île Inconnue* (CALMANN-LÉVY). The extraordinary popularity which this book has won in France is sufficient proof of a sincere desire on the part of our neighbours to become initiated into the mystery of life and manners in this unexplored Isle of Britain. And, since the charming authoress has here made a comparative study of the characteristics of both nations, it is well that a reciprocal interest should be stimulated among those whose study of French ideals is hampered by their ignorance of the French tongue. I should be sorry to seem to underrate the value of those exchanges of civic or commercial hospitality by which the *Entente* has been from time to time encouraged; but it is certain that far more has been done to promote a cordial understanding by this work of PIERRE DE COULEVAIN than by many international feats of *gourmandise*.

To loyal friends of the Sage of Bouverie Street this book has a peculiar attraction on account of a visit paid to Mr. Punch by the authoress; a visit to which she devotes many flattering pages. Appreciation in foreign quarters is not so habitual an experience with him that he can afford to repress the blush of modest pride on reading such a passage as this: "*Il n'y a aucun mérite à lire Punch quand on sent l'humeur; il est délicieux!*" He is more and more convinced that a perfect understanding between the two countries is only a question of right education, but that it will never be accomplished until every inhabitant of both nations subscribes to his paper, and all hearts on each side of the Channel are hebdomadally united by the wireless current of his magnetism. Meanwhile he begs leave to offer to his gracious and amiable guest the assurance of his homage the most profound.

There ought to be on the front page of every book a list of the people who appear in it; with a little note against each name to say "You'll like this man," or "This chap's a beast," or "She'll want some knowing, but she's rather a dear, really"—so that the reader might start fair, with his mind prejudiced in the right direction. When I say this ought to be so, I mean that it would be rather amusing in the case of some books. It would be particularly amusing with Mr. KEBLE HOWARD'S new book, *The Whip Hand* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); because I feel certain that against *Philip Love*, the hero, he would put "Darned good fellow," or something like that. Whereas, really, you know, he is the most selfish prig one has met for a long time. On the other hand, *Oswald Lewis*, the bounder, is merely a melodramatic bounder. Mr. HOWARD is taking no risks with him. He is not implicit in his treatment of types. "I'm going to make this chap such a bounder," he says, "that even the ordinary bounder will recognise him, and thank Heaven he is not as this man."

Mr. HOWARD'S strong point, as is well known, is dialogue; indeed he never seems quite comfortable away from it. The dialogue here is as accurate as ever, though I am not sure whether photographic accuracy is the one thing to go for in dialogue. There ought to be a pleasant mean between Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S *Dolly* and Henry his Reader, and Mr. HOWARD is the man to find it. On the whole a quiet, comfortable, readable book—qualities which Mr. HOWARD seems content to regard as the aim and end of his art.

Mr. MARION CRAWFORD knows his Rome, an accomplishment possible, it is true, to the ordinarily intelligent sojourner therein. His latest novel, *A Lady of Rome* (MACMILLAN), is instinct with the throbbing life of the historic city. Every

page glows with pictures of its ancient palaces, is coloured by glimpses of its bustling streets, the sound of whose names makes music in the ear. But he is also master of a profounder study, that of the heart of man and woman, especially woman. A beautiful girl in love with a well-born but impecunious soldier is forced into marriage with a wealthy noble. Their relations are briefly but effectively set forth in a couple of sentences. "Many persons really suffer if a cat is in the room and almost faint if the creature accidentally brushes against them. If any of them read these lines they will understand, for that is what *Maria* felt for the man who was her husband and who loved her almost to folly." It will be gathered from this way of putting it that the married life of the *Count* and *Countess Montalto* was not altogether a happy one. The situation was brought to a climax by discovery of renewed relations between the Countess and her old lover. Thereupon the outraged husband quitted Rome and spent many years in Spain. It is in the story that follows, recording the conflict between honour and passion fought by the hopeless lovers, that Mr. CRAWFORD'S dramatic skill and delicate workmanship are seen at their best. Of several studies that of the husband is, perhaps, the best. Mr. CRAWFORD has reached a stage in his career in which he becomes his own most dangerous enemy. Readers of his books are apt to recall earlier triumphs, and shake solemn heads over imagined decadence. *A Lady of Rome* will safely stand this familiar ordeal.

In spite of the fly-leaf list of sixteen books to his credit, I am convinced that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has missed his vocation; that he is wasted as a writer of "novels," "fantasies," "short stories," "*belles lettres*," and "drama" (as he classifies his works). What he ought to do is to take his latest production, *Whom God Hath Joined* (NUTT), to the editor of some newspaper which placards "shocking scandals" and "horrible details," and show it as a specimen of descriptive reporting in the Divorce Court. He is sure of a job. Only first he must work hard at his proof-correcting.

When I saw *The Poacher's Wife* (METHUEN), with Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' name on the cover, I opened the book hoping to get a breath of that Dartmoor atmosphere which Mr. PHILLPOTTS, better than any other writer living, knows how to transfer to paper. What I did get was (as nearly as I can recall it) the following, vaguely stimulated here and there with the familiar fragrance very heavily diluted:—*Daniel Sweetland*, the poacher, marries *Minnie Marshall*, and is arrested for the murder of a keeper in a mysterious poaching affray, his gun having been found on the spot by *Titus Sim*, his rejected rival and ostensible friend, a footman in the service of *Sir Reginald Vivian*. *Daniel* escapes, leaving evidence of suicide; meets sailorman looking for ship's hand; * sails to West Indies, whither *Henry Vivian* has gone to inspect his father's plantations; * writes tedious descriptive letters to his wife; meets *Henry*, who denounces him as murderer; flies to mountains. His ship sails without him, and is reported lost with all hands. *Titus* weds supposed widow. *Daniel* discovers plot to murder *Henry*,* and saves his life.† *Daniel*, disguised as deaf and dumb negro servant, returns with *Henry*.† *Daniel* reveals himself to *Titus*, who rides off to kill *Minnie*. *Daniel*, in motor car, arrives in time to save her.† *Titus*, proved to have faked evidence against *Daniel*, gets five years for attempted murder. *Daniel* rewarded with post of assistant overseer in Tobago.†

* This mark indicates the more important instances of development of the narrative by means of improbable coincidences.

† This mark indicates either a somewhat tame rustic interlude or a not wholly indispensable slab of explanation or recapitulation. It also indicates the places where I paused and had another look at the cover to make sure that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS really wrote the book.

REMORSE IN THE STALLS.

["Acting," it has been humorously said, "is a very real art. It trades with our souls in the art of illusion. In the theatre we can live over again our own lives, suffer even the torments of the damned, and that even after a good dinner and with a motor waiting for us outside."]

"Be sure your sin will find you out!"

Encouraged by this cheerful maxim
Men watch the tough backslider flout

The sense of guilt that never racks him,
Knowing that Nemesis, alive to crime,
Will get him every time.

But there are moments when a course

Of crime, at present undetected,
Visits with pangs of sheer remorse

A conscience hitherto neglected,
Strictly compelling one to look aghast
Upon his lurid past.

Thus at the Play, when I have viewed

The brave but unsuspecting hero
Haled off to penal servitude,

My optimism sinks to zero;
A pungent sense of long triumphant vice
O'erwhelms me in a trice.

Ripe with a banquet of the best,

The price of which is such as few pay,
And carried hither, nicely dressed,

Inside a smart electric *coupé*,
'Twould need, you might suppose, a
goodish thrust
To probe one's moral crust.

Others the villain's evil tact

Revolts perhaps, but hardly saddens,
Nor calls to mind the painful fact

That they like me are thorough bad
'uns;

Their self-complacency requires a far
More penetrating jar.

With me 'tis otherwise. Though few

Are pledged so deep to callous knavery,
I still remain a victim to

A conscience's uneasy slavery.
The curtain lifts, and lo! my eyes are wet
With penitent regret.

I recollect, while still in socks,

How artfully I broke asunder

My little sister's money box,
And purchased sweetmeats with the
plunder,

And later, quailing 'neath a father's eye,
Threw off a whopping lie.

How, when a guileful youth of ten,

I tied tin cans to poor dumb creatures,
And tripped up blind and aged men,

And fashioned booby-traps for teachers.
These reminiscences obscure my view
Between acts one and two.

But as the villain's lust for pelf

Eggs on the miscreant to new ill

I call to mind how I myself

Doctored my uncle PETER's gruel,



A CHECK.

Uncle Frank (who has been twenty-four hours in the house). "HAVE I TOLD YOU THE STORY OF THE RAT AND THE BIRD, DULCIE?"

Dulcie. "YES; TWICE!"

And put an end to poor Aunt MARY's cares
By pushing her downstairs.

How, that my guilt might not be plain,

I strangled JAMES, my uncle's valet,
And finished off ELIZA JANE,

The housemaid, with a croquet mallet,
And sought the boy in buttons with an
axe,

And felled him in his tracks.

Trifles like these should not affect

The torpid core of hardened sinners,
Who sit in splendid raiment decked,

And lined inside with heavy dinners;
Their self-esteem should hardly fall a
prey

To any paltry play.

But there it is. I never view

The Lady CLARA's paroxysms,
But straightway I am plunged into

Remorse's uttermost abyssms;
And when Lord ARCHIBALD comes out of
jail

I blubber like a whale.

ALGOL.

"It is sufficiently unusual to deserve comment that not a single case arising out of the races was brought before the Warwick borough magistrates this week. The credit for this undoubtedly belongs to the police."—*Warwick Advertiser*.

Is this quite kind to a deserving body of men?

PEERS v. PEOPLE.

Being a fresh example of the old contest between Ignorance (Peers) and Culture (People); between the Powers of Darkness and the Powers of Light.

[“Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., wished to go to the country to see whether a couple of hundred of very narrow-minded and rather ignorant and entirely antediluvian country gentlemen, and two dozen bishops, who managed to gather up a very large measure of worldly cunning in an odour of sanctified simplicity, were to stand in the way of the expressed wish of the people.”—*Press Report of meeting of the National Liberal Federation.*]

“Dr. MACNAMARA has played a conspicuous and honourable part in working for a concordat.”—*Daily Chronicle.*]

My Lords, can you have pondered deep enough

What you are in for, you who rashly pit
Those brains composed of agricultural stuff
Against the Proletariat's urban wit?

Matching your rustic voice
With the Elect, the Sacred People's Choice?

Vainly the Titans thought to try their skill
(Antediluvian bumpkins!) on the gods,
And vainly you defy the People's Will,
Plunging against incalculable odds;

That Will, whose changeless laws
Stand rigid—like a pendulum at pause.

When those specific mandates shook the land,
Treating of Plural Voters, Trade Disputes,
Tariffs and Schools, Slave-drivers on the Rand,
And Tenants' rights in jam-producing roots—

Can you have never guessed
That *each* of these was made the *single* test?

Ay! and it spake with no uncertain sound,
That godlike Voice, immutably sincere;
Even as of old from out the sky's profound
Zeus spake in thunderblasts, so came the clear
And overwhelming sign

By 51 per cent. to 49!

But you of narrow mind—no scholars you,
But rather ignorant Etonian boors—
And these your Bishops—such a worldly crew,
Doves with the serpent's cunning in their lures—
How dare you thus oppose

The pious *savants* whom the People chose?

My Lords, I note your independent air
Of men with none to say them Yea or Nay,
Since no elector's favour sent you there,
And no man's whim can pluck you thence away;
Nothing to gain or lose!

This makes you sadly prone to honest views!

A fatal habit; and I'm sore afraid
'Twill be your ruin, if you still rebel
Against the People's verdict as conveyed
By the Anointed Choice of Camberwell!

For O, you really are a
Dreadful offence to Mr. MACNAMARA!

O. S.

THE SADNESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

(With grateful acknowledgments to P.T.O.)

ARE the Americans a sad people? That is a question to which, strange and paradoxical as it may appear, I have heard different people give different answers. Some of my friends—and their name is legion—insist that I confound sadness with strenuousness. But I can never get rid of the impression of *tristezza* as the dominant mood with which I was brought in contact among the Americans I met in the streets, on the cars, in the elevators, or in roof-gardens. Not that one does not meet an enormous amount of good humour among Americans; indeed they are the second most good-humoured people in the world. Hence to a Galway man accustomed to the gay, insouciant, harum-scarum intercourse of Irish people among themselves, it is like breathing one's native air to hear and to see the way Americans treat each other on the football field and elsewhere.

* * * * *
Still I cling to the conviction that while travelling in America you constantly get a sense of strange and brooding sadness. America, in fact, is the land of the Almighty dolour. And this is doubtless why, in virtue of the eternal law that extremes meet, Americans are so passionately addicted to confectionery. As the Roman poet SOPHOCLES puts it, from the mid fount of sweetness there rises perpetually an *amari aliquid*. Personally I can deeply sympathise with their dualism, because I am saddest when I sing; besides, as a gay insouciant Hibernian I can recognise the truth of MOORE'S reference to “Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye.” But I own that it surprised me to find in all classes, all social strata, from log cabin to White House, this pervading and terrific gloom. To descend from generalities to the concrete fact, let me recall an illuminating experience of my recent visit. As I was returning from a superb luncheon given by the *New York Times* Booker Washington Club at Delmonico's, I asked for an evening paper at one of the news-stands. I still behold the young lad at his stand; his manner, his expression haunt me still. I asked the price; he answered me “one cent.” This was, I think, sufficiently curt. Even in England, grimy, cruel, and oppressive, but to me inexpressibly dear old England, a normal newsboy would have followed up this answer with a suggestion to take another newspaper. But really what struck my insouciant but sensitive soul was not his laconic utterance so much as the expression of his face and the intonation of the voice. The eyes looked out at me from apparently unfathomable depths of self-abstraction and illimitable woe; and the voice was like the wail of some abysmal despair. That boy-face, with its fine, dark eyes, its olive complexion, its look of reverie, isolation, and despair, seemed to me more like the face of some one of those monks of the East who have so conquered the spirit and become so detached from the realities of this transient world as to suggest already that they have begun their reincarnation into another and happier epoch, nearer to the blessed Nirvana.

* * * * *
It is one of the extraordinary things in America that the natives of other countries become so quickly Americanised. Instances are, I believe, on record of European immigrants who, within two hours of landing at New York for the first time, have, on the sworn testimony of credible witnesses, been admitted to the full privileges of American citizenship. But I prefer to speak of what I have myself seen and felt. Everybody knows what a naturally gay, careless, quick-spoken and amiable being the Irishman is, but the Irishman who has been in America for only six weeks unconsciously adopts that curious, self-absorbed, *morne*, not to say *triste*, manner of the native American. One's physique even changes rapidly, under the tremendous and constant pressure

ACCORDING to the *Dublin Evening News* the Belfast Tramways manager reported that “the electric cars had conveyed over 10,000 people to the International Ruby match at Balmoral on Saturday. In one hour 12,000 tons weight of passengers had been conveyed to Balmoral.” Roughly, this works out at 1 ton, 3 furlongs, 15 gallons, 2 rods, poles or perches, and 8 seconds (Fahrenheit) per man. We have, unfortunately, no data for gauging the value of the ruby.



HER FIRST JUMP.

[At the recent by-election at Huddersfield, the defeated Labour Candidate was backed by the Suffragettes. It is understood that they propose to take the field against the Liberal Candidate in all future contests.]





OUR VICES.

"AND WHAT WAS THE COLONEL'S SPEECH LIKE?"

"OH, FLUENT AND ALL THAT. OBVIOUSLY PREPARED. I CALL IT VERY BAD FORM IN A SOLDIER!"

of the most potent of all factors in the environment of the human race—the factor of climate. It was in the ancient State of Massachusetts—sadly perpetuating in its first two syllables the cruel dominance of white over black—that I first experienced this strange and rapid change in physique. A bootblack—a sad-eyed, swarthy-complexioned child recalling in his lineaments the face of SAVONAROLA in early childhood—on my presenting him with the customary *douceur*, remarked, "Thanky, Colonel," and to my amazement I realised that I had lost the mellow brogue and opulent contours of Galway, and was practically indistinguishable from the typical spare-built, alert, yet saturnine American officer. My moustache had completely disappeared, and in place of my unwonted flow of urbane, if otiose, eloquence, I found myself reduced almost entirely to the crisp monosyllables, "yep" and "nope."

* * * * *

But the change was not merely physical. It was psychical as well. In England—dear old tyrannical oppressive England—I never find the slightest difficulty, with or without provocation, in exercising the blessed faculty of unmitigated panegyric. I have never met (or at least written about) an Englishwoman who was not lovely; I have never encountered an Englishman who was not the soul of chivalry and goodness. Imagine then my terrible and soul-shattering predicament on finding the fount of eulogy dried up, the resources of encomium exhausted! And yet there are people who say that there is no tragedy in modern life! Could anything be more tragic than my position when on my introduction to

President ROOSEVELT, instead of saying, "Mr. PRESIDENT, this is the proudest moment of my life," all I could get out was the appallingly curt and jejune greeting, "How do?" The sequel, I may add, was even more distressing, for during the interview Mr. ROOSEVELT, though steeped in strange and brooding sadness, kept up so unintermittent a monologue that I never succeeded in getting in a word edgeways. The ball of repartee, as my dear old friend CHAUNCEY DEPEW once remarked, cannot be kept up without constant repercussion, and I am not exaggerating when I say that it was one of the most painful and unfamiliar experiences in my whole life.

London to Geneva by Balloon.

"Mr. LESLIE BUCKNALL, who left Wandsworth yesterday in his balloon, descended at daybreak at Vivey, near Lake Geneva, having travelled about 420 miles in sixteen hours."

"Result—Surrey 13 points, Midland Counties 8 points."

Westminster Gazette.

Nothing is said about the Midland Counties representative; but he probably started from Derby and went about 258 miles.

"Both this year's Oxford Eights are on the light side. With three exceptions only two of the men scale over 12 st."

'Camisio' in 'The Sunday Times.'

There will be no Acrostic in this week's *Punch*. Readers are invited to send in a solution of the above conundrum.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XI.

London Theatres.

ON this subject a word of warning is needful. Do not be misled by the phraseology of the theatrical advertisements. The fact that "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN presents, &c.," does not mean that there is nothing to pay. Quite the reverse.

If, however, you are very impecunious and still desirous of theatrical entertainment, you have only to watch the police making their arrests. Every woman arrested in London is an actress. Whatever she was before, she becomes an actress by the mere process of apprehension.

CHAPTER XII.

Politics.

No visit to London is complete without an hour or two at the Houses of Parliament; but it is not too easy to obtain the right of entry.

Members of Parliament who show visitors over the House are not allowed to take tips, but may be rewarded in kind. A gold-mounted cigarette-holder; a scarf-pin; a match-box; a cigar-case—these are permissible gratuities. A Member of Parliament detected in the act of receiving money is liable to instant dismissal.

Tea on the terrace is sometimes included in the entertainment. An introduction to C.B. as a prominent provincial supporter can be arranged for only on special terms. The usual reward for this honour is an invitation to a big shoot or private theatrical week-end party.

Another special privilege, which however has to be arranged beforehand, is the sight of a Conservative. These once were common enough, but you may now visit the House a dozen times and get no glimpse of one.

The great thing at the House of Lords is to be shown round by the Librarian. Terms on application. Extras include a handshake from Lord NORTHCLIFFE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Greenwich.

A pleasant morning excursion from London takes one to Greenwich (pronounced Grinnidge). The best way in summer is by water, but this necessitates rising at daybreak in order to secure a seat on the County Council steamers.

Greenwich (so called from its white-bait) is chiefly famous for its Observatory, which not only is guilty of the principal astronomical discoveries, but also sets the time for the United Kingdom; contains the oldest men in the world (as all travellers by the Tube lifts can testify); and possesses the best known specimen of the meridian that has ever been kept in captivity. What the bear is to Berne so to Greenwich is its meridian.

The present one, which is still hale and hearty, has been there many years—strong testimony to the healthy air of this Kentish resort. Great care is taken to keep persons from throwing it unsuitable food, and the Meridian House is always strongly guarded. An attempt was made in the last century to obtain another in order that the



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.
DISCOVERY OF A COMET AT GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

pair might multiply, but it was unsuccessful.

Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, the present chief keeper (who, curiously enough, tells the time by a pocket sundial and a box of matches), is a genial and erudite man, whose favourite reading is *Nancy Noon*. He has a large circle of friends, a strong antipathy to capital punishment for all but those guilty of homicidal crimes, and is famous at Greenwich and Woolwich book-teas for his ingenuity. Long may he wave, is the wish of all who know him.

"Nix."—A receipt stamp must be affixed on a person giving a receipt."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"Affixed" is the technical term, Nix; over £2 a postage stamp on the forehead, under £2 a rubber stamp on the back of the neck, of the person giving the receipt.

THE MOTOCRAT.

I AM he: goggled and unshamed. Furred also am I, stop-watched and horse-powerful. Millions admit my sway—on both sides of the road. The Plutocrat has money: I have motors. The Democrat has the rates; so have I—two—one for use and one for County Courts. The Autocrat is dead, but I—I increase and multiply. I have taken his place.

I blow my horn and the people scatter. I stand still and everything trembles. I move and kill dogs. I skid and chickens die. I pass swiftly from place to place, and horses bolt in dust storms which cover the land. I make the dust storms. For I am Omnipotent; I make everything. I make dust, I make smell, I make noise. And I go forward, ever forward, and pass through or over almost everything. "Over or Through" is my motto.

The roads were made for me; years ago they were made. Wise rulers saw me coming and made roads. Now that I am come, they go on making roads—making them up. For I break things. Roads I break and Rules of the Road. Statutory limits were made for me. I break them. I break the dull silence of the country. Sometimes I break down, and thousands flock round me, so that I dislocate the traffic. But I am the Traffic.

I am I and She is She—the Rest get out of the way. Truly, the hand which rules the Motor rocks the World.

THE *Liverpool Daily Post*, referring to next year's Golf Championship, says: "JAMES BRAID will doubtless defend his title stoutly, but beyond that a forecast would be premature." Having once really launched out into prophecy the *Daily Post* might as well have gone on. Even as it is, it has altogether overlooked the following possibilities:—

1. That there may be no next year at all.
2. That the present champion may in the interim marry and change his name to ROBINSON.

A Study in Black and White.

"COAL BUSINESS WANTED; or would entertain good paying Milk Business; not particular to price."—*Evening News*.

What he really wants, of course, is our old *Encyclopædia*.



IN SOHO.

Waiter (shouting down speaking tube). "LÀ-BAS, UN POLEEZEMAN, UN !"

THE LAST DROP.

BARBER, arise! Prepare your keenest blade,
Bring soap; with clippers and abhorred shears
Shave me this upper lip! Don't be afraid;
Come, fellow, why these tears?

You tell me it is beautiful. Nay, nay,
Old flatterer; these words are kindly meant;
It has some comeliness (and well it may,
With all the time I've spent);

Yet, were this growth the noblest of its kind,
Still would I charge you, on your barberhood,
Destroy and spare not! And if I don't mind,
I don't see why you should.

What, must you argue still? Nay, man, I know
All you would urge; I grant its melting droop,
Its prodigal luxuriance; but oh,
Barber, the Soup, the Soup!

It is the Soup. Last night, an honoured guest,
I sat among the great; Eve's fairest child
Partnered my honour; I was at my best;
Sweet heavens, how I smiled!

Perchance I smiled too richly, for it dipped—
Dipped, Barber—and, as from an o'ercharged squirt,
A fat, slow, thick pearl, like a pig's tear, dripped
Slap on my naked shirt.

Barber, just then an angel passed o'erhead;
The conversation, with a sudden slam,
Shut up; and (much to my surprise) I said,
Clear as a lark, "Oh, D—!"

Alas, it rang out like the crack of doom!
Vainly I strove to bridge it with a cough;
In vain I sought one friendly soul on whom
I might have palmed it off;

Warm on my breast men saw that trickling pearl;
Indeed, my partner's leap into the air
Was quite enough; (I never liked that girl;
She had no *savoir faire*).

Crushed, I was crushed. And there among th' elect
For two good hours, with ice upon my spine,
I sat, and moaned about the retrospect,
A death's head at the wine.

* * * * *

Barber, I place my future in your hand.
My character is humbled in the dirt;
That wouldn't matter, but I cannot stand
Spoiling a brand-new shirt.

Rase me, I pray, this fair but naughty growth;
For bald-lipped I must issue from these doors;
To work, stout fellow! You need not be loth!
It's my moustache, not yours.

DUM-DUM.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(Showing how difficult it is, in some offices, to write this sort of article properly.)

HEIGH-HO, Christmas is nearly here again, and once more the great question of what to give to our friends confronts us all, whether we dwell in the lordly castle or in the simple cot. It seems incredible that a whole year has flown since last Christmas!

[EDITOR. Yet it is a fact.

AUTHOR. Thanks, I have a calendar.]

But there is no staying the inexorable hand of Time; and so we cheerfully reconcile ourselves once more to the old round of shopping, and to asking ourselves anxiously as we make each purchase, "Is this quite suited to HARRY?" and, "Will JANE really like that?"

[EDITOR. Who is JANE? I must know.
AUTHOR. Ah!]

Now I have just made a little tour of the West-End shops, and I can confidently say that never, if ever, has there been such a goodly stock of novelties for the connoisseur to choose from. I started by walking down Regent Street, and my first visit was made to—

[EDITOR. Just one moment. Are you being paid for this?

AUTHOR. Hang it all, I hope so.

EDITOR. I mean, by the shop people?

AUTHOR. My dear man, how can you—

EDITOR. Quite so. Only if you mention names it always looks rather—

AUTHOR. I see.]

Here I much admired the old Japanese silver; and for a present to a married woman I can suggest nothing more delightful than—

[EDITOR. Beautiful weather we're having. Are you going away for Christmas?

AUTHOR. I am tarrying for a short interval in the Fen country. Why do you ask?

EDITOR. Oh, I don't know. Let's see, you were just starting a new paragraph?]

To those who cannot afford such luxuries as these I can only say, "Stay away, lest you be tempted to spend beyond your pocket. Follow me instead into the commodious premises of Lib—

[EDITOR. H'sh! You were just going to say Lib—

AUTHOR. H'sh! So were you.]

This shop is really too fascinating. I spent hours wandering into their various rooms; and I finally decided that, if I had a sister whose husband was contemplating a shooting tour in the North East Balkans, just the very thing to give him for a Christmas present before he started would be one of those delightful—

[AUTHOR. I say, what are those things called?

EDITOR. What things?

AUTHOR. You know.

EDITOR. Oh, those. Oh, we never mention those.

AUTHOR. I see.]

Of course, there are other things in the shop too—

[EDITOR. Let's let them guess that.]

such as—

[EDITOR. The Fen Country. What do you do there?

AUTHOR. Catch swallow-tail butterflies.]

and those perfectly sweet—

[EDITOR. Yes, I know. But be careful.]

However, having once got you inside, I may safely leave you to make your own selections.

It has been well said that so long as men are men they will smoke, and that, so long as they smoke, one never need be at a loss for something to give them at Christmas. A box of choice cigars, a cigarette-case, even a tin of his favourite mixture—

[EDITOR. "Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, what I call—"

AUTHOR. "Is indeed—"

EDITOR. "And no other." Get on to the next shop.]

Have you seen the new—[EDITOR. Ahem!] that everyone is wearing now-a-days? You will see the sort of thing I mean in PETER—

[EDITOR. Now then!

AUTHOR. You're so hasty. I was going to say "in Peter's Mother."

EDITOR. I beg your pardon . . . But I don't believe you can see them there.

AUTHOR. When did you go last?

EDITOR. On the first night.

AUTHOR. Ah!]

An always successful present consists of books. In giving books to a friend the great thing is to select them carefully. In doing this you flatter your friend by showing that you have studied and realised his likes and dislikes, and at the same time you do credit to your own judgment. The best way of attaining these two desirable objects is to—

[EDITOR. Steady!

AUTHOR. Hang it, what is the point of the article if I mayn't tell them where to go? Well, look here, may I mention "The Times" Book Club? After all, its one idea is to further the interests of the public, and to stand up for the rights of man. It isn't like a private firm.

EDITOR. You're quite sure of that?

AUTHOR. Quite. Mr. HENNIKER HEATON has said so.

EDITOR. Oh, all right then.]

—is to write to *The Times* Book Club for "Parcel G." Don't forget. You just

write and say "Dear Sir, I want 'Parcel G' sent down at once, carriage forward. I enclose 11d." Each parcel contains a dozen books or so, but in "Parcel G" you get rather more pages—4,137, I think, to be exact—and 9 ins. by 7 ins., some of them, which is larger than those of its neighbour, "Parcel F."

[AUTHOR. I'm going to stop here. You won't let me mention any of the things I want to, and it's absurd of you to expect an author to turn out his best work like that.

EDITOR. If this is really your best work I shall be only too glad to turn it out.

AUTHOR. If that's funny, I'm sorry. I shall now write you a little poem about the robin. I wasn't going to, but—

EDITOR. No, no, I apologise.]

A FASHION FORECAST.

["Mark my words, crinolines will come in again."—Mr. Andrew Lang in "*The Illustrated London News*."] OBSERVE, no note of indecision

Weakens the force of what he states;
Endowed with more than normal vision
He sees the future's fashion-plates:

The time is near (he thinks), to-morrow
May usher in the fateful morn
When ladies will awake to sorrow,
For crinolines will then be worn!

Ah, what a time of tribulation

Will then come in to disconcert
That large proportion of the nation
Whose habit is to wear a skirt;
For, BETH, though in your Gibson rig
you're

Turning all hearts and heads to-day,
Soon you will find your splendid figure
Is, broadly speaking, thrown away.

Also, I think some small compassion

Should certainly be felt for us;
Think what the advent of this fashion
Will mean to all who use a bus!
What art will soothe the melancholy
Of men upon their homeward ride,
When lovely woman, "hoop'd in folly,"
Insists on squatting eight a side?

The lovelorn swain, upon the Tube route,
Will soon perceive the "little rift,"
When she he worships murmurs "You
brute!"

(Colliding with him in the lift);
Or else, his proffered arm refusing,
Because "she hates a clumsy man,"
She'll leave him (like stout CORTEZ)
musing

Upon the pique of MARIAN!

True, Mr. LANG, your words sound solemn,
And yet I wish you would explain
Whether you penned that chatty column
In graver or in lighter vein;
For, though you always write sincerely,
This little doubt my mind assails,
Whether 'tis sober truth or merely
One of your charming fairy tales!



SELF-HELP.

The Vicar's Wife. "I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU'RE NOT PAYING INTO OUR COAL CLUB THIS YEAR, GOODENOUGH."

Goodenough. "WELL, MUM, YOU SEE—WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS 'ERE. I LIVES RIGHT BE'IND THE COAL YARD NOW!"

CLOSE TIME FOR OPERATIC HEROINES.

THE final stages of the Italian Opera Season were illumined by the apparition of a new Spanish star in the person of Mlle. MARIA GAY, who was acclaimed with an almost universal chorus of praise. This had the desirable effect of producing a record house at the only subsequent evening performance of *Carmen*. Perhaps the praise had been overdone; certainly I was not alone in being a little disappointed. One had hoped for a more lithe and graceful figure—for qualities which not only make for obvious fascination but serve as a foil to the occasional brutality of *Carmen's* methods. To speak truth, I found the lady too robust; with those stout arms of hers she looked to have nothing to fear from a regiment of soldiers. Her acting in the lighter scenes was full of vital force, of swift intelligence, of daring and original diablerie; but when it came to sterner business she made no great advance upon tradition. In her dances she showed vigour rather than grace.

Her singing, except for its dramatic power, was not very remarkable; one missed the fulness and ease of Madame KIRKBY LUNN's mellow voice. Still, when all is said, she probably came nearer to the real *Carmen* than any actress yet seen upon the operatic stage. But I should still doubt whether she would reach the highest distinction with any character less salient and seizable.

Apart from their failure with *La Gioconda*, which had to be abandoned through the breakdown of Madame NORDICA's health and nerves, the Management is to be congratulated on a brilliant autumn season, which should be a good augury for the coming visit of a German Opera Company who are to hibernate in our midst for four weeks from the middle of January.

There is clearly a growing taste for Musical Tragedy. That its course has been unrelieved during the season just closed is shown in the following tabulated scheme, which embraces the entire autumn programme. It will seem that every opera without exception has been

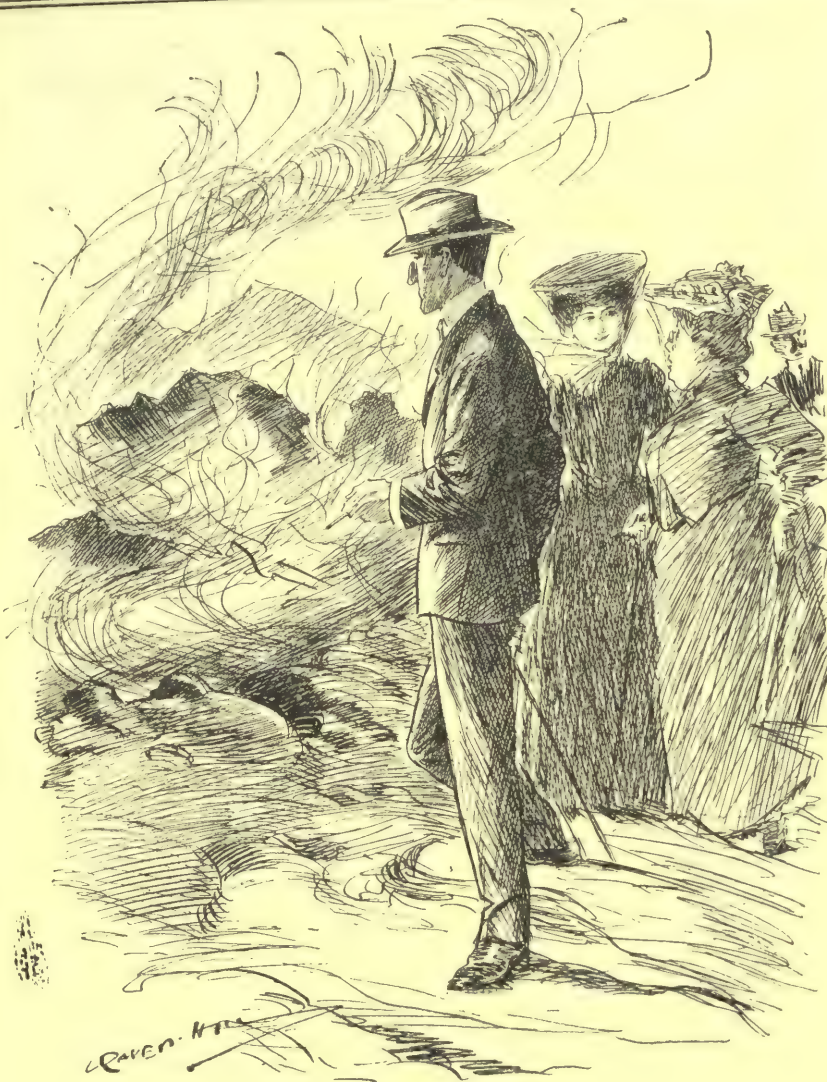
fatal to its heroine. Not one has survived. On the other hand the heroes, although always in the neighbourhood at the time, have with two exceptions escaped.

Opera.	Mode of heroine's death.
Rigoletto	Killed (knife)
Carmen	Killed (knife)
Adriana Lecouvreur	Killed (poison by post)
La Tosca	Suicide (off high wall)
Fédora	Suicide (poison)
Madama Butterfly	Suicide (hara-kiri)
Aida	Asphyxia
La Bohème	Phthisis
La Traviata	Phthisis
Faust	Exhaustion.

O. S.

"REWARD £5—Lost, 7th inst. Dog, mixed breed, black and tan, short legs, curled up tail; sits up; named Prince; OWNER DISTRESSED; red ribbon on neck."—*Manchester Evening News*.

WE feel that we should know the dog in any position, but we cannot quite picture the owner yet, though he seems to have adopted the new mourning. If, however, we find either of them we will take care to communicate at the address mentioned.



SCENE—*The Summit of Vesuvius.*

American Tourist (to the world at large). "GREAT SNAKES, IT REMINDS ME OF HELL!"
English Tourist. "MY DEAR, HOW THESE AMERICANS DO TRAVEL!"

English Tourist. "MY DEAR, HOW THESE AMERICANS DO TRAVEL!"

THE 'BOSTON.'

... THE band began to play the *Blue Danube* and my partner bowed before me.

"This," he said, "is ours, I think. It is a waltz."

I murmured my thanks for the information.

"You Boston, of course?" said he.

I admitted that I Bostoned.

"Good!" said my partner. "I think it is a charming dance. I learned the step from some very nice Americans that I met this summer at Caux. Are you ready?" A look of tremendous determination came into his face as he gripped me, and we moved off.

"I fancy," said I, "that I am not doing it very well."

"You only need a little practice," he observed, stopping and leaning me up

against the wall. "Take more of a long sliding step, bringing up the second foot behind the first, as in the two-step, only with more of a glide. As the step is in $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ time, you want also to watch your time carefully. It isn't *one* two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, but *one* two three one, *two* three one two, *three* one two three."

"I see," said I. "Shall we go somewhere where it is cooler?"

My second partner wasted no words. He assumed that I Bostoned as a matter of course. I gathered this from the fact that when, after an uneasy half-circuit of the floor, I disengaged my hand from his arm and stepped aside out of danger, he remarked: "You Boston rather differently from some Americans who taught me the step in Nova Zembla last August."

I asked if they were aboriginals.

He looked doubtfully at me for a second and then (after assuring me that they were very nice) began to explain how it should be done.

"You begin," he said, "with the right foot, as in the Military two-step, but you bring your left foot a little in advance at the second step, and then start off with it for the next half-turn. The time is a little difficult to keep, but that is only a matter of practice. You want to come in more on the second of the bar, thus: one *two* three, four *one* two, three *four* one, two *three* four."

I said I would certainly do so, but just now I must have a glass, a full glass, of champagne.

My third partner took the opportunity of giving me some instruction before we began to dance.

"When you Boston," he said, "you count one two three four five six seven eight nine, one two three four five six seven eight nine, making one half-turn at four and another at seven. The step itself is a sort of half-sliding polka, half-running sweet-step. It is quite easy. Now—OFF we go. One two three four five six seven eight," he counted loudly, his voice rising high above the music.

At "nine" I made a second half-turn, which brought me up sitting on a divan. "Don't you like the Boston?" he asked.

I said I loved it, but I was so tired this evening.

"I am glad," he said, "that it is to be popular this winter, because some very nice Americans, that were staying in the same hotel with me at Batoum in September, taught it to me, and I feel rather ahead of the other Johnnies, you know."

"What I like about this Boston," said my fourth partner, "is that you don't need to worry about the rotten time or tune, but just go as you please."

With these words he placed me carefully in front of him and ran me backwards violently into a man, whose eye-glass shot out of his eye and crashed to atoms against the unnatural teeth of a lady in black some yards away, who screamed loudly and dragged her partner on to the floor, there to become the nucleus of a pile of bodies which was still increasing when I darted through the door.

"You don't care about it, evidently," said my partner, as he joined me on a sofa. "You should learn it. It's lots of fun."

He explained its attractions to me for the next five minutes, mentioning incidentally that they had danced nothing else all October up at Strathpeffer, where some very nice Americans had introduced it at a shooting lodge.



THE DEFENDER OF THE FOLD.

ARTHUR B. "ONLY OVER MY FALLEN BODY SHALL YOU ASSAIL THESE INNOCENT LAMBS."

[Mr. BALFOUR has undertaken the defence of the House of Lords against Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.]



FORECASTS FOR 1907.



I.—THE BALLOON REST CURE. THE DOCTOR ON HIS ROUNDS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 26.—Thanks to C.-B. the question hour beginning to revive its old delights. It provides an opening for Leader of House to shine with peculiar, at other epochs unattainable, lustre. What House desires above all things is to be amused. Question time is the PREMIER's prime opportunity of serving in that direction.

Certainly the task not difficult. The House almost abjectly grateful for anything that even looks like a joke. The other night, when someone asked HALDANE how many sofas had been supplied to the new War Office and he made emphatic answer, "One sofa has been supplied to the War Office," the roar of laughter that followed was so hearty and prolonged it seemed as if we should never reach the Orders of the Day. It happened that the boisterous appreciation of native humour was a little hard on HALDANE. He hadn't quite finished his joke; was adroitly leading up to climax. The one sofa alluded to was for the use of the Clerks.

"There was," he continued, "a second

sofa provided for the convenience of the lady typists."

Here was humour rich and rare. Unfortunately, the tornado of laughter that greeted the introductory quip still reverberating, the crowning jest was heard by only a few Members. There would certainly have been no business done had it gone round.

C.-B. couldn't compete with this success. There was concatenation of adventitious circumstances, that made the opportunity unique. But he was very good to-night, his points being made in a sort of quiet aside that added to effect.

LONSDALE had spent the midnight oil in preparing a poser. It alleged, on authority of President of Royal Statistical Society, that the minority in present Parliament individually represents more than twice as many electors as do Ministerialists. This one of the oldest chestnuts of political controversy. It was made much of by the Liberals in the last Parliament when, in somewhat aggravated form, the same anomaly presented itself. Nevertheless, looked damaging on the face of it. Some men would have made elaborate reply in endeavour to discredit the President's arithmetic.

All C.-B. said was, "The figures quoted by the hon. Member, which I believe are of a kind not unusual to be produced after a General Election, had escaped my notice."

Later, ASHLEY asked if anything could be done to obviate the scandal of blocking motions? "I am familiar with that scandal," said C.-B., and old Members on both sides chuckled at recollection of the daily practice of Ministerialists in the last Parliament fending off awkward discussions on Tariff Reform and other matters by putting down a blocking motion to the pained indignation of the Opposition.

Thus doth the short answer not only turn away wrath but is more effective than a long one.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill considered on Report.

Tuesday night.—Sir JAMES ALFRED JACOBY finds that the heaping up of honours won in a strenuous life is not everything. It seemed but yesterday that, like ALEXANDER, no fresh worlds were left for the trampling of his conquering heel. When a man is Chairman of Kitchen Committee of House of Commons, and has had conferred upon him the dignity of knighthood, the

only drawback to the serenity of life is a certain monotony of satisfaction.

To-day, unexpectedly after the manner of storms, the sky is overcast. Black clouds roll up over the expanse but yesterday of cerulean blue.

It's those pesky Committee Clerks. Sir JAMES really doesn't know what the Constitution is coming to if it is to be thus assailed from outside. Last week it was the Secretaries of the heads of departments discovered seated within the sanctuary of the House. Now it is Committee Clerks wanting to take their lunch or dinner in any one of the dining rooms whither their fancy may lead them, just as if they were Members for the Isle of Thanet, or other influential constituency.

The CHAIRMAN had arranged that if they insisted upon having meals at the House provision should be made. Only they must sit apart at a special table set in a particular room. And here is the thing being made subject of a question in the House, along with others relating to sandwich-men in the West End, the governorship of Natal, and revolutionary refugees. Worse still, the SPEAKER sides with the querist, positively declaring that in this matter the Kitchen Committee have exceeded their functions.

JAMES ALFRED doesn't want to embarrass the Government, who already have House of Lords on their hands. Still a man must consider his own dignity, take thought of the honour of a high office committed to his charge.

"And to think of all I have done for them!" he said, mopping his heated brow. "I feel that if it were only for the shilling dinner I should not have lived in vain. You know it, TOBY, dear boy; it's your favourite function; cut off the joint; gravy lavishly poured out from a ewer; two veg.; pat of butter; a square inch of cheese; celery when going out of season; bread ad libitum; and all for a bob.

"Don't wish to strike a chord too high, but in contemplating this boon I remember ROBERT PEEL's aspiration when the Protectionists turned him out just sixty years ago. 'It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundance of

untaxed food.' Cases of course not exactly parallel. But I trust that now and hereafter daily toilers in this hive, tucking into their shilling dinner, will think kindly of JAMES ALFRED JACOBY, Knight."

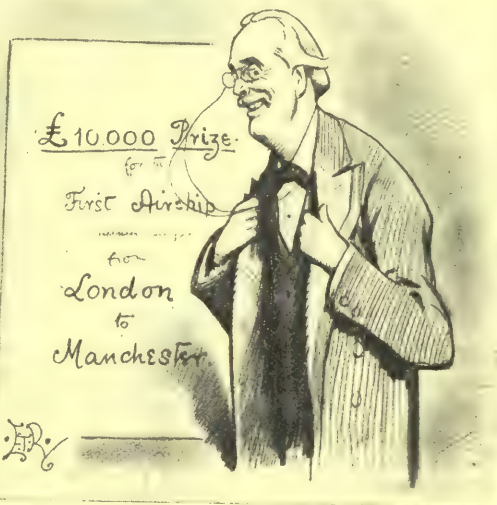
Business done.—Plural Voting Bill moving along under gentle compulsion of Closure.

MOVING WITH THE TIMES.

AFTER carefully reading through an article on "Dress at the Motor Show" MURIEL glanced at the latest news from the front about *The Times* Book War.

"If women were publishers, the prices of books would be changed at once," she remarked.

"They would be cheaper?" I hazarded.



ONE WHO KNOWS.

Right Hon. A. J. B. "What! Fly from London to Manchester? Simplest thing in the world! Why, I flew from East Manchester to the City of London myself in next door to no time. Rather think I'll claim the money!"

"They would be priced according to quality, not quantity," replied MURIEL.

"But no one would agree as to the quality," I said.

"All sensible people would," said MURIEL. "Just look at *this*," and she contemptuously indicated a volume which was lying on the table. "They don't marry, and the heroine is crippled by a motor accident. And yet they ask the same price for it as for *this* one which is perfectly *delightful*, and where there are three marriages in the last chapter!" And she smiled reminiscently. "If I were a publisher I would only charge 2s. 6d. for books where they don't marry, or where any of the nice principal characters die. Then, you see, the authors wouldn't let the people die in their books, and everyone would be much happier all round."

"What would you charge for books in which two men are in love with the heroine, and only one gets her?" I inquired.

MURIEL looked pleased.

"Of course they couldn't *both* get her," she said happily, "and I never like the books where the other man goes and marries someone else. Men shouldn't be fickle."

"But then there would be two marriages in the last chapter," I reminded her.

MURIEL looked thoughtful.

"It would all depend," she said. "I should have to read the book to see."

"What about the *Garden of Allah*?" I asked. "What would you charge for that?" MURIEL hesitated.

"It was quite worth 4s. 6d.," she confessed. "But then it would make a precedent for other authors. I think it would have to be issued with a publisher's note that it was quite exceptional and mustn't be imitated. Something like a patent, you know."

"Then about the bindings," she went on, warming to her subject. "I would have books bound according to what was in them."

"Yes?"

"Yes," repeated MURIEL, with decision. "All the books that end well should be bound in bright red and gold. Books like *The Angel of Pain* or *The Image in the Sand* should be in black and silver—kind of half-mourning—to show that someone nice, but not the hero or the heroine, dies in them; but if either the hero or heroine dies, the whole book would have to be bound in plain black. Just think how it would simplify matters when one was choosing a book at the library!"

"But you have only mentioned novels."

"Oh, you can work it out for yourself," she said, as she pushed the latest *Times* circular between the bars of the cockatoo's cage, where it was received with flattering eagerness.

"Then biographies would be—?"

"One shilling net, in dark brown."

"But they wouldn't pay," I said.

"Well, they needn't be written," she said.

ACCORDING to *The Daily News*, nearly five and a half thousand persons at Huddersfield "declared for Mr. WILLIAMS' monosyllabic programme 'Abolition.'" (The others, however, declared for Mr. WILLIAMS' own abolition.) In Liberal circles the monosyllable "Anti-demonism," is much worn just now.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

DEAREST, to run some fad to death
Would seem to be your one ambition,
And I am somewhat out of breath
In keeping pace with each transition.
Your Bridge was but a passing craze;
It ceased to be your occupation
Ere I could find a fitting phrase
In which to make my declaration.

Nought but your motor now would serve,
And much I feared your end was
nearing,

Despite your most undoubted nerve
And more or less accomplished steering.

I hate mechanical affairs,
And loathed to see this fury seize you,
Yet learned to do my own repairs,
Hoping my skill perchance would
please you.

But no, I found you now intent
Upon some strange new-fangled
preaching,
Not very obviously meant
To be Platonic in its teaching.
I took the course, though sadly galled
(Since lectures are my pet aversion),
To find your latest fad had palled,
And you had made a fresh excursion.

I saw you driving off the tee,
But could I ask you then to love me?
Alas, 'twas all too plain to see
Your form was hopelessly above me.
Yet, though you left me in the lurch,
I found you, when your zeal abated,
A lovely penitent in church,
Where all your sins were flagellated.

At last, I thought, my way was clear;
Your love of change was surely
waning;

But now, oh bitter news, I hear
That you have started aeroplaning.
You covet that ten thousand prize,
But here the last fond strand you
sever

Since, skimming gaily through the skies,
You will be flightier than ever.

LITERARY QUERIES.

In several magazines I have observed
a notice to contributors, asking them "to
write on one side of the paper only."
Can anyone tell me *which* side it is that
editors prefer?—NOVICE.

I am thinking of giving the postman
a little gift book this year, instead of the
conventional monetary offering. Would
The Life of Knox be inappropriate?
AUNT KATE.

In the opening chapters of a recent
novel called *The Duchess and Some
Diamonds* I came across the following
sentence:—"Sir Ralph bit his lip till the



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, Mr. Punch begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. IV.—DAY-DREAMS.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS QUITE RECENTLY TAKEN A TOSS.

blood came again." I should like to know to what story this is a sequel, as this is the first and only biting episode in the present volume.

CONSTANT (NOVEL) READER.

My little girl (aged seven and a half) has just written her first story. How am I to prevent *The Times* Book Club getting hold of it and so damaging its sale?—ANXIOUS PARENT.

I am very interested in old clocks, of which I have a large collection. Has any reader heard of a book called *Tales*

of a Grandfather, which seems to bear upon my hobby?—CHIMES.

I was suddenly asked the other day if the Britannia buses ran to "The Napoleon" (of Notting Hill) immortalised by DICKENS in *David Chesterfield*? I didn't know *what* to say. Is there any answer?
SLIGHTLY MIXED.

"If Boy who found Silver Flask outside —'s shop will return the Manager at —'s he will be rewarded."—*Liverpool Echo*.

AND we shall have solved the mystery of the Man in the Silver Flask.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

HALF-A-DOZEN crude chalk pictures were ranged against the railing that fenced the demure sanctity of the Square garden from an inferior outer world. A placard announced with a certain stern insistence, "Entirely my own work" as though there were many possible pretenders to the honour. The pictures were all portraits, and with a little thought each might be recognised. Besides, each was labelled.

They were pictures of great men,—Mr. KEIR HARDIE, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and others even greater. Really Great Men, you know, men at thought of whose Greatness a lump comes to the throat and a swelling to the heart.

Really Great Men—our Rulers. And as I looked at them with eyes suffused with love and loyalty, the artist spoke.

"I 'ates 'em," he said ferociously. "I 'ates 'em one and all!"

He was a little old man, very crippled and bent and twisted. His eyes were bright, his long tangled hair was a flaming red toned down by flecks of white, and his long chin refused to be unnoticed. He crouched upon an old great coat with a box of broken chalks to his hand, and as I looked at him, betwixt wonder and horror at his profanity, he said again, "I 'ates 'em!"

We were alone together in the grey of a late autumn afternoon.

"You are, perhaps, a Tory," I said with respectful sympathy. I thought that here, perhaps, was a fiery spirit compelled, by hunger and the People's Mandate, to swallow his convictions.

For myself, I am a hero-worshipper rather than a politician.

"No, I ain't," he retorted; "I 'ates them Tories just the same. CHAMBERLAIN, BALFOUR, the Dook and 'im they calls C.-B., I ranks 'em all together in me own mind. If I 'ad my way they should be put together into a sack and drowned!"

I felt that there might be friction in that sack ere Peace ensued, but I repressed my thoughts. This was a man with whom one might not be flippant.

"Then what," I asked, "are your convictions? Whom, if I may ask, do you admire?"

"Not one of 'em, nary one of them

politicians," he answered with the same fierce earnestness. "What 'ave they done for you, or me, or even for that interfering copper at the corner? Why, they ain't there to do nothink for us! They're there for their own 'ealth entirely. Some on 'em to please their lady wives, some on 'em for money, some on 'em to get their names in print, and some on 'em just to 'ear themselves speak. And we stands by and lets 'em! Sometimes, as I sits 'ere all day a-thinking, I could take my bit of chalk and write under them pictures essackly what I thinks! Ay, and it would do 'em good to read it, too!"

Involuntarily I shuddered. This old man with his fervour was rather terrible.

tion of our country. Tell me, then, with what system you would replace it."

For a space he did not answer me; for a space he smoked and expectorated in silence. I watched him with a certain awe. The grey of the twilight was deepening around us. The policeman at the corner was visibly suspicious.

"I'd keep the KING," my oracle said at last. "E seems to be as nice and kindly a genelman as ever walked. I seed 'im once, but I dunno that 'e seed me. Never mind; I'd keep 'im. And I'd give 'im men to 'elp 'im with their advice 'oo wouldn't 'ave nothink to gain by anythink they told 'im."

"Whom would you then select?" I asked him with a certain breathlessness.

He puffed thoughtfully at his suffocating pipe; I think it is possible that my respectful interest pleased him.

"I'd find a dozen men for 'im," he said. "Only a dozen; woddoyer want with six 'undred? A dozen decent men like meself, 'oom I could lay 'and on to-morrow, 'oo've knowed cold and clemming and the wet of the streets. And I'd put us twelve to live for the rest of our lives in a decent quiet 'ouse, with fires allus going and good blankets on the beds. And there should be one special large room, with tables and a nice sandy floor. And we'd meet in there, once a day per'aps, with our pipes and a pint o' beer before us, and the KING should come along and just lay anythink that puzzled

'im before us. And we'd sit there, quiet and decent, and do what we could to 'elp 'is Majesty."

He looked up at me with shining eyes—quite pleased. Like a child who has described some wonderful plan to you, which has been quite real to him as he spoke. But the policeman was coming definitely towards us now. I fancy he had made up his mind that we were planning a burglary. The old man saw him coming, and shivered a little.

"But, Lord love us, it'll 'ardly be in my time," he said. "It's a cold, cold evening. And winter's coming."

He peered through the chill twilight, and all the brightness had faded from his eyes.

Into his cap I dropped something—a sadly paltry solace for the hopelessness of his Idea; and so left him to his portraits of men as they are and his visions of Life as he would have it to be.

WHY REDUCE THE ARMY?

A Suggestion to Mr. Haldane.



If a penny is deposited in the slot, as above, the Sentry will immediately "about turn," and the B.P. will get what they require. By this means each Regiment should, in time, become self-supporting, and so effect another of those little economies we hear so much about just now!

The pillars of my world were shivering about me.

"They talks about abolishing the Lords," he resumed in a musing voice. "Well and good, I ses, but why stop at the Lords? What about the Commons?"

For a moment his daring words came near to stunning me. I know not what I should have said, but by some chance my trembling fingers touched my pouch, and I held it out to this iconoclast. He softened visibly as he produced a dreadful pipe.

"Ah!" he said as he crammed it. "You're one of them as understands a thinking man." His eyes were far away in the great spaces.

"Tell me, I beg of you," I said respectfully, "tell me something of your scheme of reform. You have, doubtless after careful thought, destroyed the Constitu-

CHARIVARIA.

MERCHANTS and manufacturers all over the country report a trade boom. This bears out the prophecy made by so many persons that things would improve after the South African War.

We know no finer example of the humility of true greatness than Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S resolve to submit himself to the suffrages of the populace for election to the L.C.C.

Mrs. STETSON, a prominent Christian Scientist, declares that Mrs. EDDY will probably never die. We hear that the use of the half-sceptical word "probably" has given offence in some quarters.

Dr. STÜBEL, the German Minister at Christiania, is in disgrace for having omitted to hand 400 telegrams to his Royal Master. The KAISER'S fondness for telegrams is so well known that the Minister's carelessness is almost incredible.

Mr. NEIL PRIMROSE, Lord ROSEBURY'S second son, has been bequeathed a sum of £150,000 with the idea that he should devote himself to a political career. Another eligible bachelor, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, has pronounced himself in favour of votes for women, and is already a little nervous as to the results which may follow this declaration. We venture to warn Mr. PRIMROSE against this dangerous course.

It is to be hoped that the angry feelings engendered by the Soap strife will now gradually subside, but it is rumoured that a member of one of the firms of the late "Trust," on being asked, the other day, why he did not advertise in *The Daily Mail*, answered, "What's the good of advertising in papers whose readers don't use soap?" This, of course, was mere petulance.

Yet another combine! It is rumoured that the Shakspearians and the Baconians are about to join forces in order to fight the upstart RUTLAND.

We are authorised to deny the report that Mr. HALL CAINE has been driven almost mad by the discovery that Miss MARIE CORELLI bears an extraordinary resemblance to ROGER, Earl of RUTLAND.

For the rest, Mr. CAINE is of the opinion that Dr. BLEIBTREU'S assertion that SHAKSPEARE was nothing more than a drunken and dissolute actor becomes palpably absurd to anyone who is familiar with the bard's lofty countenance.

The latest flying-machine is shaped like a butterfly. Experiments show that



"'FUMEUR,' M'SIEUR?"
"NONG, NONG—PARIS!"

it will not rise, but it is much prettier than the other sorts.

What's in a name? A Vanguard omnibus pushed a van through the window of a milliner's shop last week.

A new race who had never seen white men before has been discovered on Prince Albert Land. Advertisements of *The Times* Book Club, *The Times* Registry Office, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* are about to be despatched.

Certain persons contend that modern books cost too much. They are, anyhow, not so dear as ancient ones. Last week the purchaser of a little Caxton volume which contained only 214 leaves had to pay £490 for it.

Prince JOACHIM ALBRECHT has started

on his journey to Africa, whither he has been sent to fight the Herreros because he wanted to marry the actress MARIE SULZER. Special police precautions are being taken to prevent the Prince meeting this lady, and all *vivandières* are being carefully scrutinised.

Two interesting Natural History items are published this week. A new animal has been discovered in Thibet; and an inhabitant of Tunbridge Wells claims to have the biggest beard in Europe—it is 15 feet long, and he winds it round his body.

A piece of old Dresden china only eleven inches in height, representing a lady and two pug dogs, has been sold by auction for £1,050, and pug-dogs, who have always been conceited, are now becoming unbearable.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

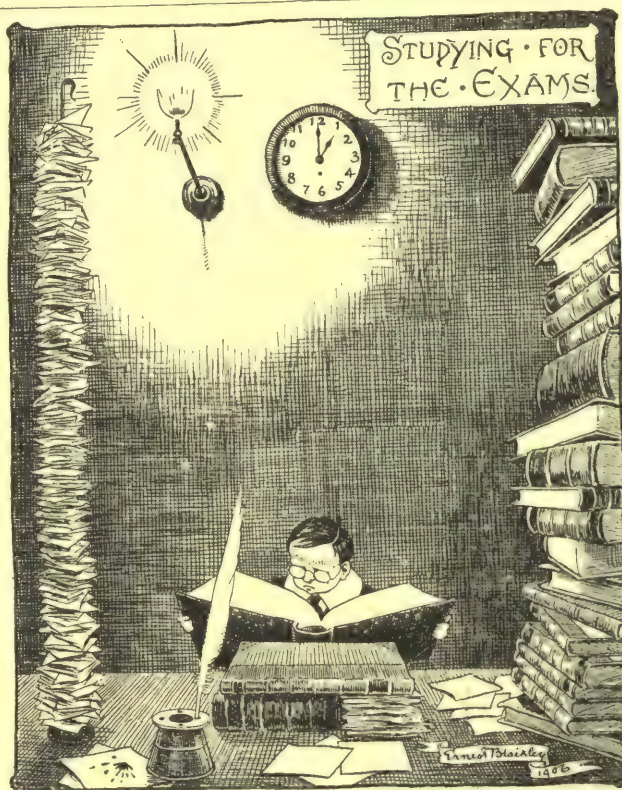
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN editing the *Letters of the Earl of Lytton* (LONGMANS) Lady BETTY BALFOUR disclaims pretension of presenting a complete biography of her father. As she reminds us, an account of his Indian administration, the most important public work of his life, compiled from official letters and despatches, has already been published. Nevertheless, we have here biography in its highest form, the private letters of a man of striking individuality strung together by a brief but lucid narrative of the principal events of his career. The Earl of LYTON was a voluminous letter-writer. He thoroughly enjoyed the pastime, sparing no pains in its pursuit. Some of his letters to his father run the length and take the rank of essays, chiefly on literary topics, exceeding in profundity of knowledge and polish of style the average magazine article. He was fond of talking about himself, examining his motives, exposing his sentiments, and narrating the incidents of his daily life. This habitude makes the book almost an autobiography. It dates back to his school days at Harrow, finishing at the Embassy in Paris, whither he repaired at the close of his momentous reign in India. When he touches current politics, as he most frequently does during his prentice days as he moves from Embassy to Embassy through the Courts of Europe, he displays an insight which, in one so young, was marvellous.

Incidentally he draws a vivid portrait of his father. He probably would have been surprised and pained to know what impression it would have on the mind of the dispassionate reader. His love for his father was womanly in its passion and tenderness. To him he was "one of the noblest representatives of the highest type of England's greatest men." Three days after the first Lord LYTON's death he wrote to JOHN FORSTER, "Each hour brings forth some overwhelming discovery of the nobleness, tenderness, generosity and exquisite beauty of my dear father's peerless nature." Yet the correspondence reveals the novelist as a selfish man of hard, exacting nature, who went near to crushing the fine flower of his son's acute sensibility. As genius developed, and there was prospect of its bringing credit on the family name, his manner mellowed. But by that time ROBERT LYTON could do without help and encouragement, which, as Dr. JOHNSON wrote to his tardy patron, "had it been early had been kind." Lady BETTY BALFOUR inherits the literary talent of her father and grandfather. Her delicate work is accomplished with perfect taste, unerring judgment, and a skill that conceals its inherent difficulty.

Mr. H. T. SHERINGHAM, the fishing editor of *The Field*, and Mr. NEVILL MEAKIN, the author of that bloodthirsty

but fine novel *The Assassins*, have combined to write *The Enemy's Camp*; which Mr. MACMILLAN, however, has published quite by himself. I imagine that, when Mr. SHERINGHAM wanted to put in something technical on casts, Mr. MEAKIN threatened him with a corpse or two, and that in this way the balance was held between them. The result makes very pleasant reading. There is not too much to laugh at, but plenty to smile at; a fund of fresh-air humour in every chapter. The Gladstone Bag motif, which runs through the book, is an inspiration. *Charles*, the aristocrat of the little company of friends who are camping out up the river, has with him a bag full of splendid clothes. The rule of the camp being "no collars and no razors," the bag is taken away from him and hidden. Without heat and without reproach, *Charles* spends the rest of the book looking for his clothes; what time the others of the party are enjoying the society of the ladies in the rival camp. If you would discover how at last he found them, you must read on till page 342. You will not be bored on the way.



"TOO MUCH HOME WORK."

(See "Daily Mail" Correspondence.)

journalist reads aloud to him while he works.

As for (3), I have hopes, for the book contains much interesting natural history, and the persons who flit about the slender line of narrative are, despite the improbability of their co-existence in one place, all very real and pleasant companions.

We have received the following note from a gentleman who offers to review for us (if we will send it him) a book just published by Mr. MURRAY, entitled "*Pogroms: their Origin and Management*." "The Pogrom," he says, "is a sort of cross between the Pug and the Pomeranian, and is one of the most fashionable pets in Society at the present day. In that part of the book devoted to its management, I expect to find many useful hints as to its food, ailments, and so forth. The Pogrom is devoted to children, and this book should be a highly popular present with our young friends at Christmas." We have decided to decline our correspondent's sporting offer.

In Green Fields (CHAPMAN AND HALL) consists, ostensibly, of a series of letters written by a London journalist who buys an old house and estate in the country, and runs it on the principle that the land affords ample means of livelihood for its inhabitants. Having read it, I find myself wondering (1) whether Mr. OSWALD CRAWFORD, the author, is a Socialist with imperialistic leanings, or is merely trying to preach a back-to-the-land gospel—a compromise between the systems of TOLSTOY and the week-end cottage; (2) whether any of it really happened; and (3) whether he will get the very large number of readers he deserves.

As for (1), I give it up.

As for (2), I have my doubts. Thus, I am dubious (though I like him) of the gardener who accepts hints from BACON's *Essays*, which the

ABOUT TOBY.

(From Helen and Cecil.)

— PUNCH, ESQUIRE.

MY DEAR SIR,—

May we write to ask you about Toby? (Not the M.P., but the other dog.) We know that he is your dog, and it isn't exactly any business of ours, but *don't* you think there is something the matter with him?

HELEN and I have wondered for years and years why he doesn't cheer up, but he *never* does. Nurse says he is "likely one of the *born tired* sort."

But then *you* always look so jolly, and we don't think it is *quite* fair for Toby always to look so out of it.

We took him to the harness-room the other day, and most of the men thought he was starting in distemper, because of that droop in the lower lids, but the coachman says he has far more the "Too Old at Forty" look, and that he's holding himself stiff because of the rheumatics, and scowling because he is sure there won't be any Old Age Pensions in his time.

We asked Lady MONTFORT, and she says she is certain it is the *Feather*.

"Dogs nowadays are quite as particular as people, CECIL, and of course the feather is altogether out of date, and his ears—well, they are absolutely rank."

(HELEN says I ought to explain that Lady MONTFORT cuddles lap-dogs at big Shows, and comes here afterwards to tell Mother all her wrongs, and how the judges cheated.)

Mother thinks that any dog would dislike a pile of hard books to sit on, and she would send you a new easy-chair for him with *pleasure*. She thinks also that perhaps Toby isn't musical, and keeps his head stiff because of those bells. But

Dad is certain that Toby is "all there and quite fit," only that he is offended because you keep all your jokes from him.

I told Dad that of course I knew you would never *mean* to be unkind to poor Toby.

Toby is really awfully like a Lord Justice Person who comes here for week-ends, and, when we asked him what was wrong, he said:

We dashed down with both pictures to Dad, and he measured, and certainly *Almanack-Toby* has shorter legs. Dad thinks he *may* be his younger brother, but that we had far better write and ask you.

When you reply, there is just one more thing. What are you and *Almanack-Toby* laughing about? We *don't* want to worry all over Christmas. Our

best guess is that you had invited a dinner-party, and that everybody forgot to come, and so you and *Almanack-Toby* had it all to yourselves.

Goodbye, and hoping you are well, as it leaves us at present,

Your very respectful CECIL.

P. S. — HELEN sends you "A Merry Christmas," and so do I, and hugs and bones to our darling Toby. The bones are coming by parcel post, only mind the right Toby gets them, please.

[NOTE TO HELEN AND CECIL. — Mr. Punch tells me that the *Almanack-Toby* looks so pleased because he's got his Christmas number off his chest, and needn't bring out another one till next year. The Ordinary Toby looks so thoughtful because he knows he has to bring out a fresh number every week of his life, poor beast! He does all the work, you see; and Mr. Punch just does the laughing.—Ed.]



A HOT RETURN.

"OH, I'M SO SORRY I COULD NOT COME TO YOUR 'AT HOME' YESTERDAY."

"DEAR ME, WEREN'T YOU THERE?"

"WHY OF COURSE I WAS—HOW VERY SILLY OF ME—I QUITE FORGOT."

"Counsel been trying to joke a client out of Dartmoor, my boy! Nothing more aggravating to that class of mind for which Mr. Toby is celebrated."

Oh—HELEN has just interrupted. She says I needn't send this at all! Only I have stamped the envelope. The *Almanack* has come, and Toby is *smiling*! We were so awfully excited, until suddenly we wondered—I mean—is it *our* Toby?

Commercial Candour.

"CRÊPE de Chine slips, in black, ivory, and various colours, copies of French models at three times their price."—*Morning Post*.

"Pedigrees traced: evidences of descent from Public Records."—*Notes and Queries*.

THE most usual evidence is the possession of a skin like parchment. One often reads of such cases of heredity.

A SECRET COMMISSION.

[As far as the author can make out the facts, AUGUSTUS, affianced to AMELIA, has been instructed by her to purchase some gloves in the West End and forward them to her country address. A secret commission is given to him by a representative of the vendors, but he at once returns it.]

Note.—On and after January 1, 1907, the acceptance of secret commissions will constitute an offence against the law of the land.]

ENCLOSED, AMELIA, you will find the gloves,
Three pairs, as ordered—suède, and long and fine,
And of a hue to match the turtle-dove's,
That bird that stands for fond affection's sign;
Also, my conscience being very nice,
I'd have my lady know exactly what
Secret commission on the market price
Her true AUGUSTUS got.

For she that o'er the counter served and sold
Had beauty—not of your heart-breaking kind,
But more anæmic, of a frailer mould,
And (need I say, AMELIA?) less refined;
And as I sat a-sampling gloves, and deemed
That none was good enough to meet the case,
The shop-handmaiden looked at me and beamed,
Beamed all across her face!

I gave no provocation, I will swear.
The initiative was hers and hers alone;
She must have noticed my connubial air
And claimed the sex's triumph as her own;
Anyhow, there before me smiled the girl,
And O AMELIA, count it not for sin
That blushfully I let my features curl
In a slow fatuous grin.

This trivial detail I should not narrate—
Plainly a reflex action, pure of guile—
Only that I discovered too, too late
Your aunt was there and watching all the while;
Therefore I think it best that you should glean
The truth from me, nor let your judgment err,
Tricked by a lurid version of the scene
As it appealed to her.

I trust my story (now you have it right)
May heal between our hearts the threatened breach;
Clean is the breast I make; O clasp it tight
When next I bring it round within your reach!
I took the veiled commission—that is true;
I had a moment's softening of the brain;
And then I thought of Honour and of You,
And gave it back again!

O. S.

Brighton.

"Unsettled. Rain fell steadily for some hours. Madame ALBANI was unable to fulfil an engagement to appear at a concert . . . Her absence was due to an attack of hoarseness."

THE above passage appears in *The Daily Telegraph* under the general heading "HEALTH AND SUNSHINE."

Looking Ahead.

FROM the "Legal Query" column in the *Melbourne Herald*:

"My first husband has been away from me for over seven years. Would it be legal to marry again? If I did, and my second husband left me, could I sue him for maintenance?"

"P.—Can anyone give directions for the preparation of a dish which, when served, appears to be composed of boiled potatoes and greens with melted cheese mixed in it?"—*Star*.

Answer to "P."—The best way is to boil some potatoes and greens, and mix some melted cheese with them.

THE BOOK-HAWKERS.

The scene is the Strand, the time some few years hence, when our leading authors shall have adopted Miss GERTRUDE ATHERTON's suggestion, in her recent letter to the Press, that authors should print their own books and sell them from barrows in the street. The pavement, as far as the eye can reach, is lined with brainy men of letters. One recognizes among them Mr. BERNARD SHAW, faultlessly dressed as usual in the conventional costume of the man about town; Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON, his face almost completely obscured by a full set of chinchilla whisker-fittings; Mr. GUY THORNE, trying not to look like Mr. RANGER GULL; Mr. A. E. W. MASON, in feathers; and numerous others. In the foreground are Prospective Purchasers.

First P. P. (consulting a list). I always think books make such capital Christmas presents, don't you? Now, let me see—

Second P. P. And this new arrangement is so much better than having to go into a shop. And it's so nice to think of the dear author getting the 800 per cent. profit instead of the publishers. Now, let me see—

Mr. Hall Caine (with startling suddenness). Here you are! Here you are! Buy! Buy! Buy! All genuine Manx, and genius in every syllable. We are the old firm. Here you are, lady. *The Eternal City*. All about the great city of Rome, of which you have doubtless heard. *Eternal City*, lady? Highly recommended.

First P. P. Would the dear Duchess like that, do you think? It sounds nice.

Second P. P. I think she would prefer something a little more in the movement. Rome is so very musty, isn't it? I wonder which is HOPE's barrow.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawker. HOPE, lady? Here you are. I've got 'em! I've got 'em! Pick 'em where you like, and choose 'em where you like. This lot is in the old style, dialogue highly spoken of in the best circles, also Ruritanian adventures, a mode to which we have recently recurred. These others are of the middle period. A problem given away with each volume. You prefer the easier kind? Certainly, Madam. Make it up into a parcel for you. GEORGE, one *Sophy*, and look slippy about it. Anything else to— No? Thank you, Madam. Good-day, Madam.

First P. P. Well, that disposes of that. Now—

Second P. P. My little nephew is just going to school. I must buy him a book. What he wants, I suppose, is—

Mr. Rider Haggard. Blood! Walk this way, walk this way! Buy the boy blood! Try our new thriller. Starts with a fight, and not a let-up till the finish.

Mr. Kipling. Instruction with amusement! We blend 'em. We blend 'em! Give the kiddy our last, and see him take in English history till he swells. Do you want, best-beloved, to think 'scruciatingly imperially? This is the place for you. Here we are! Here we are!!

Mr. H. G. Wells. Stop. You must picture me writing this book with a certain passion and pleasure, a little forlorn figure with a taste for sporting prophecy . . . or perhaps . . . I wonder . . . to us who move athwart the great . . . Change, Madam? Yes, Madam!—Roll up! Roll up! If you like sentences that break off in the middle into three full-stops, roll up! I'm the qualitee!

Mr. Henry James. If you want sentences that never break off at all—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Does your face hurt you when you try to smile? Are you weary of the Old Humour? This way for the new cure. Our last! Our last! Full of rollicking death scenes. Tragedy the only true farce. Here you are! Fun and tuberculosis! Comic consumption for all!



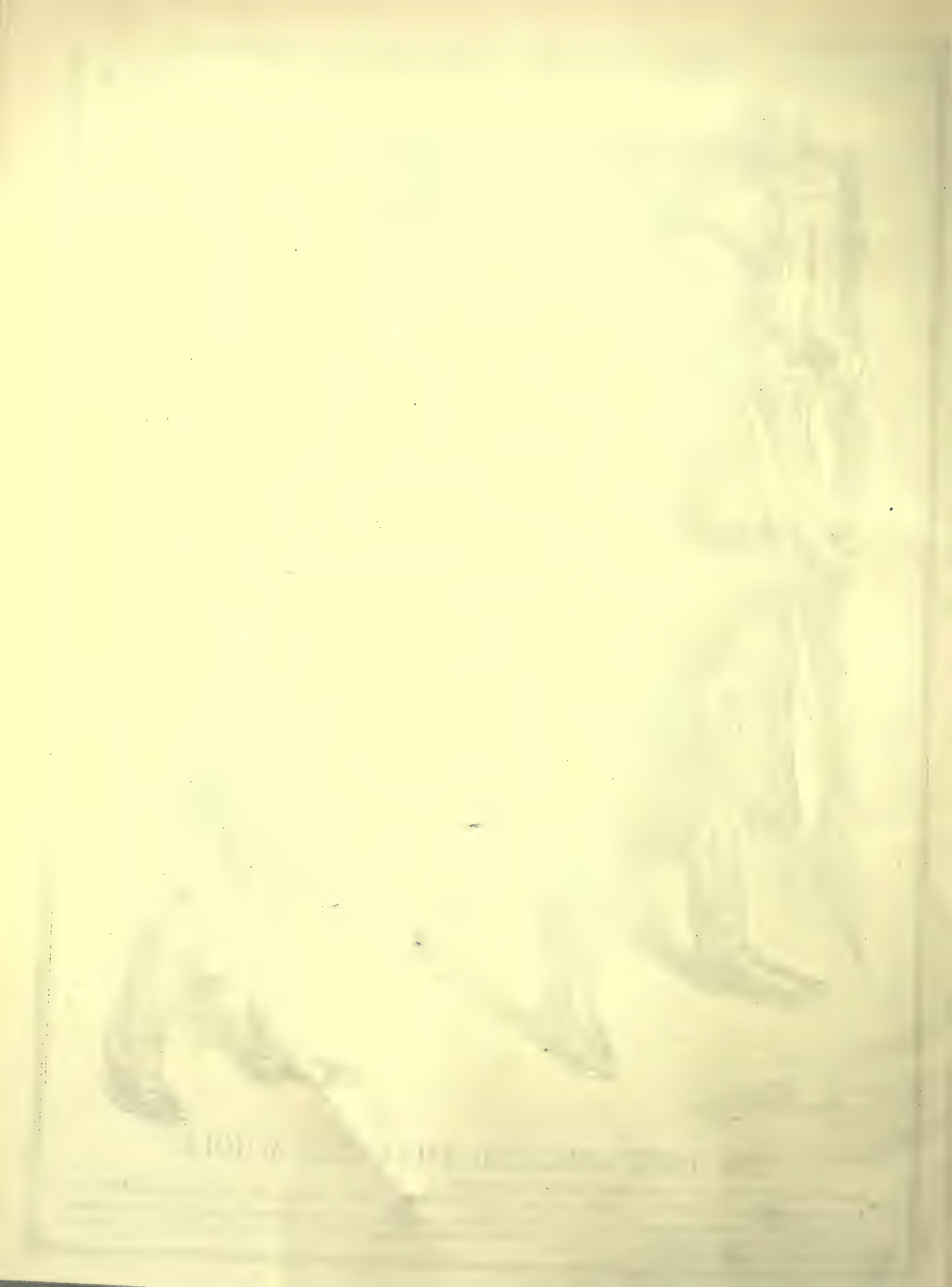
Bernard Partridge.

THE PART GREATER THAN THE WHOLE.

JAPAN. "MAY I ASK, ARE YOU THE 'UNITED' STATES?"

UNCLE SAM. "WAAL, I CAN'T SAY RIGHT AWAY. I'M JUST CON-SULTIN' CALIFORNIA ON THAT VURRY POINT."

[The Japanese Government has complained that its Treaty with the United States has been infringed by the refusal of the Californian high schools to admit Japanese children. The Federal Government, however, has apparently no power to enforce obedience, on the part of individual American States, to the terms of its own Treaty.]





THE DESCENT TO MAN.

"ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOUR DOG HAS BITTEN THIS CHILD?"

"WELL, THE BOY'S BEEN AGGRAVATING HIM; AND, AFTER ALL, THE DOG'S ONLY HUMAN!"

Mr. A. E. W. Mason. Mr. Speaker, Sir, I spy strangers. I mean, look here! Look here! Where *does* Mr. MASON get his lovely fiction? Buy! buy! buy!

Mr. Guy Thorne. What is it master likes so much? Who gets mentioned in sermons by the Bishop of LONDON? Me! Me! Me! Here you are! Religion and Patchouli. Rally round. Rally round.

Confused Chorus of Authors. Here you are . . . Buy! buy! buy! Mediaeval Romance . . . Dips into the future, four-and-six a go . . . If you can't afford to winter in Egypt, do the next best thing, and buy our . . . Sicilian scenery . . . Come on! . . . Buy! Buy!! Buy!!!

First Purchaser (as she drives away. The floor and seat of the carriage are completely covered with books. More are coming on in a cab). Oh, dear, I've such a headache.

Second Purchaser. So have I. And I'm certain we've both bought dozens and dozens more books than we wanted. I came out meaning to buy four, and I must have got four hundred.

First P. It's so hard to resist the poor things. They did look so hungry, they *were* so grateful when you bought anything. I thought I should have cried when that pathetic man wanted to give us what he called a dead snip for the Aerplane Derby of 1950.

Second P. Well, after all, though we have bought so much more than we intended, I suppose we've done some good.

[They drive off.

Mr. Kipling. Not bad. Eighty-three *Pucks* gone since lunch. Have to be printing another edition soon.

Mr. Caine. This is no new job for me. Been doing my own booming for years!

Mr. H. G. Wells. Prophecy is all right. Comets are moving.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason. I've sold pounds and pounds of *Feathers*.

Mr. E. W. Hornung. My brochure *One Hundred Handy Ways of Killing a Policeman* is going strong.

Mr. Guy Thorne. Ah, my dear friends, ought we not to feel as we look around us how blessed—

Constable X 15. 'Op it, there, 'op it! You've been 'anging about here long enough, you authors. 'Op off, now.

[They 'op off, as scene closes.

"What is a Hygienic Shave?"

THIS is a question asked by a barber's shop window in Fetter Lane. The answer is easy. A hygienic shave is a very near thing. Thus, if you were to try the Sun-bath Cure in London just now, and didn't die, that would be a hygienic shave.

Promoting a Nuisance.

A CONTEMPORARY states that Lord MONTAGU has "offered a 500 guineas prize annually for the best performance of the aeroplane in England." Many a true word is spoken in a misprint!

Making it Quite Clear.

LADY wishes to recommend a good Plain Cook; leaving through going away."—*Provincial Paper*.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XIV.

St. Paul's.

No visitor to London, even an American here only for a week end, should fail to see St. Paul's Cathedral; but anyone proposing to do so must hurry, for the edifice is said to be in danger of collapsing at any moment. Several evening papers are subsisting at the present time entirely on this rumour. As to the truth or falsity of it, time alone can testify; but a celebrated architect has given it as his opinion that if it did fall the crash would be terrific, while Sir GILBERT PARKER, interviewed the other day in *Considerable Thoughts*, staked his reputation on the belief that were a collapse to come the cause would be a subsidence of one of the foundations. "In the event of a disaster of this kind," the great publicist added, "nothing could save the ball. It would inevitably come to the ground." No wonder that with authorities such as this in so pessimistic a mood a good deal of anxiety is felt in newspaper-reading circles.

For some reason that his biographers have never fully explained, Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN placed this masterpiece of monumental masonry in the midst of drapers' shops, and fairly near, not only the General Post Office, but also the statues of Sir ROBERT PEEL and Queen ANNE. Londoners to-day, however, have cause to be grateful to the famous architect for also placing the building on a bus route, for were no buses to pass the doors, we should have to reach it either (1) on foot, or (2) in a cab, which would be respectively (1) wearisome, and (2) expensive.

Since the rumours of impending dissolution have gained ground, spreading even to the morning press, it has been debated whether or not traffic should be allowed near St. Paul's at all, for fear of shaking the structure; and several of the minor Canons, with voices of unusual resonance, have been dismissed for similar reasons, or condemned to spend an hour every morning in the Whispering Gallery to learn softer tones.

The theory of Signor MARCONI, that there is sympathy between great buildings all the world over, and that St. Paul's is falling because the Campanile of St. Mark's fell, is treated with scant courtesy



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

The peril of St. Paul's. Renewing the foundation—for which a sinking fund is being raised.

by Sir OLIVER LODGE; but none the less there are more things in heaven and earth, as SHAKESPEARE (or was it the Earl of RUTLAND?) said—than are accounted for by the philosophy of *Horatio*, and with the ZANCIGS puzzling the whole *Daily Mail* staff, one hesitates to say that anything is impossible or even unlikely.

Whatever the cause, the fact remains that St. Paul's is threatened by *The Evening Standard*, and therefore we would say to all intending visitors:—"Go as soon as you can, and don't stay long." Cast-iron umbrellas may be obtained at the corner shop at the Cheapside end; but of course no one born to be hanged was ever killed by a falling stone.

Speculation is always rife as to what will happen to the site of St. Paul's

when the *débris* has been cleared away. Dr. CLIFFORD, interviewed on the subject, said he thought that there could not be a better position than this for a Non-conformist College. Mr. OSWALD STOLL, on the other hand, has already completed the plans for a new Empire, while the old cry that there is no good central City garage has again sounded, with some significance. It is also suggested that the summit of Ludgate Hill is obviously the best place on which to erect the platform from which aeroplanes leaving London for Manchester could start.

All this is, of course, premature; but if not premature what are we? Meanwhile, defiant alike of rumour or history, Archdeacon SINCLAIR continues to take his meals in the very shadow of this imposing structure, between each mouthful remarking with infinite *sang-froid*, "Threatened buildings live long." That he may be a true prophet in the present case is the fervent wish of all those not interested in the fall of the celebrated fane.

Mr. HALL CAINE is also among the optimists, but we should, he says, be prepared for the worst, and he has therefore offered as a test case to stand, in the event of demolition occurring, on the top of Ludgate Hill among the ruins, with his head bare, for a whole morning, so that some idea of what the Dome was like may be communicated to sight-seers.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE remarkable popularity achieved by Mr. WAKELING DRY's *Life of Puccini* (JOHN LANE), illustrated by photographs of the gifted maestro

Driving his motor,
Wrestling at Pompeii,
In his motor-boat,
In peasant dress,
At his farm,
Snowballing,
Descending Mount Etna
on a mule,

has, we are not surprised to learn, prompted a well-known firm of publishers to prepare a series of similarly illustrated monographs of leading British composers.

The first of the series will, of course, be devoted to Sir EDWARD ELGAR, and will be enriched with twelve instantaneous photographs of the famous composer of *Gerontius* by W. G. BEDLAM. Amongst other characteristic poses, Sir EDWARD will be depicted

In the uniform of the Bavarian Highlanders,
Playing pelota at Alassio,



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

The peril of St. Paul's. A Sunday morning disappointment.



Miss Binks (breathless, hurrying to catch London train after week-end trip). "CAN YOU PLEASE TELL ME THE EXACT TIME?"
Old Salt. "ALF EBB."

Deerstalking at Edgbaston with Sir OLIVER LODGE,
Dancing the tarantella with Mr. ROBERT HICHENS,
Writing to the Manager of *The Times* Book Club,
Re-dedicating his *Olaf* to the Crown Prince of NORWAY.

The second volume will have Mr. HENRY J. WOOD for its hero, and here Mr. W. G. BEDLAM's magical camera is credibly asserted to have surpassed its own record in the graphic portrayal of the famous conductor. The plates will be forty-four in number, the most enchantingly characteristic being those which represent Mr. Wood

Standing on his head and conducting with his right foot without a bâton,
Descending Primrose Hill on a toboggan,
Arrayed in the gorgeous robes of the Hereditary Voivode of Mingrelia,
As Mazeppa.

Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, whose wonderfully brilliant symphonic extravaganzas have caused RICHARD STRAUSS so much searching of conscience, will be the subject of the third volume. Mr. BEDLAM has secured a set of superb snapshots of

the great orchestral virtuoso, amongst which the following are perhaps the most arresting in their mingled charm and appropriateness:

Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE playing full back against the Springboks,
" " playing his arrangement of *The Bells* to Mr. C. F. MOBERLY of that ilk,
" " sailing his model yacht on the Round Pond,
" " playing spillikins with Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON,
" " ascending Ruwenzori on a giraffe.

A painful impression has been caused in musical circles by the rumour that the gifted critic of *The Pall Mall Gazette* has resolved to modify his style and to abandon henceforth the use of the words "vital," "accomplishment," "sensitive," "delicate," "exceedingly," "superlative," "extreme," and "supreme." We understand that a national memorial is being promoted by Mr. HENNIKER HEATON to impress upon the *P. M. G.* critic the desirability of reconsidering this suicidally self-denying ordinance.

We have been asked to correct the erroneous statement that BORIS BOGUS-

LAWSKI, the famous Wallachian violinist, is the only prodigy in his family. The painful fact now transpires that his younger brothers, BOLESLAS, TASSILO, BRONISLAW, and PANJANDER, and his sisters, WILLIBALDA, MAJUBA, and FRISKINA, are all similarly affected with musical hypertrophy, and that, according to present arrangements, their *débuts* will occur at intervals of a year or so between 1907 and 1914.

A conclusive explanation of the anarchical condition of the Muscovite Empire has been furnished by *The Musical Herald*. The concertina, it appears, is the national instrument of Russia.

Mr. IVOR SCHENECTADY JENKINS, F.R.C.O., who recently adjudicated at the Eisteddfod at Gwaun-cae-gurwen, is going on as well as can be expected.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Three years ago I began to have lessons on the piano. However, owing to illness in the family, I was obliged to give it up. Do you think that if I were to restart in earnest I could make my mark?—YOUNG HOPEFUL.

ANS.—Consult your family doctor, if any of your family are still alive.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POLES.

My suffering Public, judge me not amiss
If, rising from the narrow bonds of Rhyme,
I seek the nobler Blankness of the bards,
Where one may stretch oneself, and go ahead,
Not pausing, save for breath, or fat, round words
To clothe his thought withal. I cannot help it.
I am constrained thereto by such a theme,
A mystery so complex, so obscure,
That I can tackle it no other way.
Permit me, then. And, with apologies,
I now pronounce the purpose of my song.

There are among us certain men who seem
(Mark the poetic glories of that line)
Possessed of an insane desire to scale
Our high terrestrial poles—or North or South—
Say North. And what I want to know is this:—
Suppose they get there, what will happen then?

(There are two North Poles really—I know that;
But for simplicity we'll call them one.)

Take first the compass. This, as you're aware,
Inevitably, with unerring nose,
Points to the North. I'm sure I don't know why;
Such is its mad, mad humour. Now, suppose
You stick it on the Pole; how does it act?

First you would say that, as it seeks the North,
And, as that lies directly underneath,
It points straight downwards. So it would appear.
But, mark you, what about the other end?

This (which, with deference, we'll call the Tail)
Has an affinity towards the South,
Equal and opposite in all respects.
One end looks North, the other end looks South.
If, then, your nose points downward to the earth,
From the position of your unshamed Tail
The South Pole must be clean above your head.
But, as you're standing on the northern end
Of the terrestrial axis, for a fact,
The South Pole, being at the other end,
Must stick out right away beneath your feet.
So that your Tail, which points toward the skies,
Must at the same time look the other way.
Dash it, it can't do both. So *that* won't do.

Now for another. This is harder still.
Science, for travail of geographers,
Draws a straight line through Greenwich, pole to pole,
Which she calls nought or zero, which you will.
Now any place that isn't on that line,
Considered in connection with the poles,
Has bearings East or West. Contrariwise,
All of this world that isn't East or West
Must be in line with Greenwich. Mustn't it?

Now then, suppose a person climbs the Pole,
In what direction must that person gaze?
South. For up there there is no East or West;
And, though he screw his head off, he can still
Only look Southward. Thus his line of sight,
As it sees nothing lying East or West,
No matter where he looks, must pass through Greenwich.
And, as he slowly circles round his Pole,
And yet can never look away from Greenwich,
It follows that that quaint old-fashioned spot
Moves, with his eye, clean round the world and back.
But Greenwich *doesn't*—hang it, Greenwich *can't*!
Where are we, Readers? Here we are again.

But wait a minute. No. I'll tell you what.
Man, in the limits of his finite mind,
Of finite things alone has cognisance.
All that is real, everything that *is*,
Must have three what's-his-names (Dimensions. Thanks),
Or else it's simply nowhere. Now a line,
Being, as EUCLID properly observed,
Length without breadth, which is ridiculous,
Has one di-what's-his-name, which doesn't count.
We see, then, that meridian through Greenwich,
Saving in Science's disordered brain,
Doesn't exist—and every spot where man
Can rest his foot is something East or West;
There is no atom on this mundane orb
But has its little bearings. Very well.
Now put that person up his Pole again.

Recalling what we said of him before,
It becomes clear to an unbiassed mind
That the position which he occupies
Has bearings neither East nor West. And thus,
If we apply the paragraph above,
Wherever else his doubtful post may be,
It forms no part of this terrestrial globe.
That is to say, there is no Pole at all.
Which being satisfactorily proved,
I fail to see why people want to go there.

DUM-DUM.

THE CITIZEN'S MAGNA CHARTA.

THE "League of Universal Rights" has recently been founded by Mr. PARFITT (who is, we believe, a descendant of CHAUCER'S "verray parfit gentil Knight") in order to crusade against the laxness shown by cabmen, railway guards, omnibus conductors, waiters, and others in the performance of their respective duties.

According to *The Daily Express*, a start was made in the streets of London on December 5 by a representative of that paper and the founder of the League, and some disheartening scenes were the result. The Members, however, are not going to be deterred in the prosecution of their common-law rights, and are prepared to undergo some inconvenience in carrying out the following programme:—

Calls will be made at irregular intervals during the legal hours at the Carlton, Cecil, Savoy and similar hotels, when the several managers, being common innkeepers (as stated on the licences posted up in their front halls) shall be required personally to furnish a Leaguer, or "M.L.U.R.," with a glass of four-ale to be drunk on the premises and as publicly as possible.

The station-masters at the London termini, being employees of Carrying Companies within the meaning of the Act, will be requested to label the luggage of M.L.U.R.'s, and transfer the same to the guard's van during the Christmas holiday season, when the usual shortage of porters is to be expected.

The Postmaster-General, as a paid public official, will be called upon to attend in person at any branch post-office within the County of London and hand over the farthing change on the price of a postcard to any Leaguer, if the latter is dissatisfied with the demeanour or dilatoriness of the young lady behind the counter.

Motto for the Congo Free State.

"RED rubber and the breaking up of laws."

In the Votes and Proceedings of the House of Commons for December 6, there occurs this:

"Licensing Law: Petition from Eccles for alteration of law."

Poor old Eccles of Caste! He wants greater facilities!

FORECASTS FOR 1907.



II.—CHURCH PARADE ON A WARM DAY IN 1907.

[“Men’s dress is showing an increasing tendency to make comfort the first consideration.”—Daily Paper.]

THE POET’S INFLUENZA.

[“Tie up the knocker, say I’m sick, I’m dead.”—Pope.]

To-day, alas! no witty *mots*
 Shoot through my keenly quick (ahem!) brain;
 I feel a fullness in the nose,
 A soreness of the mucous membrane;
 My headache, too, is most severe;
 The pains within my limbs are stinging;
 And, though I’ve noises in each ear,
 ’Tis not the Muse that does the singing!

My Pipe is out of tune; I find
 That when I breathe thereon it splutters;
 Its notes are of the throaty kind,
 Or “flash” as those the forger “utters;”
 I struggle bravely but, although
 My motto says *Nil Desperandum*,
 That other thing I have to blow
 Would make the very pipes of Pan dumb.

To ask me now for jests and quips
 Would be abominably cruel;
 Sealed is this pair of lyric lips
 That open only for their gruel;
 So, reader, don’t expect from me
 A poem wrought with artful cunning;
 You would not ask it could you see
 These eyes, like *Charley’s Aunt*, “still running!”

BY SPECIAL MOTOR-LICENCE.

[Motor-car marriages are the latest freak of American Society.]

From our *Porkville (Pa.)* Correspondent.

THE fashionable function of the week has been the marriage between Lord ADALBERT FITZ-EGMONT and Miss SADIE Z. SPLOSHER, which took place on the bride’s paternal motor-cars at eighty miles an hour.

The bride was attired in the cutest of ‘possum-skin wedding-dresses, with priceless antique motor-goggles said to have belonged to one of her *Mayflower* ancestors, while the bridegroom wore with aristocratic distinction an immaculate motoring-suit of rhinoceros-hide. The officiating clergyman read the marriage service through a megaphone, and the opening voluntary, “*O who will o’er the downs so free?*” was skilfully tooted on the motor-horn.

Owing to Lord ADALBERT’S unfortunate mislaying of the ring, a spare non-skid band had hastily to be substituted for it at the last moment.

A novel touch was given to the wedding-breakfast by the killing of most of the provender *en route*, but the feast came to an unexpected termination through the front car colliding with a policeman. At the magistrate’s court the party was sentenced to pay a fine of \$10,000, and the marriage lines were endorsed.

Next month Lord and Lady A. FITZ-EGMONT hope to entertain their friends with a motor-car divorce.



Passenger (faintly). "S-S-STOP THE SHIP! I'VE DROPPED MY TEETH!"

TO A PRINCETON ROWING MAN.

✂ [Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE has presented a lake four miles long to Princeton University in order to enable them to start a Boat Club.]

HERE's a welcome to our brother from the brotherhood of oars,
From the men who smite the water in their Eights and in
their Fours:

They have heard the news with gladness, and they bid him
take his seat

With his hands about the spruce-wood and the straps about
his feet.

You will learn, they say, to suffer, and your learning will be
long,

Through the days of toil and patience that shall serve to
make you strong,

Days of tedious repetition in the cold or in the rain,
Days of limitless endurance, days of discipline and pain.

But it's worth it, yes it's worth it: you will find our words
are true

When a sudden change converts you from a chaos to a crew;
When your boat moves fast and faster, and your bodies seem
to spring

All at once to the beginning from the rapture of the swing.

You shall know the joys of racing, you shall hear the frenzied
din

When your flag floats out in triumph and the cheers proclaim
a win;

And you'll bear without a murmur, when the fates ordain
the test,

To be fairly met and beaten, though you know you've done
your best.

And when age, that weary teacher, lays his burden on your
back,

You can come and watch the young ones in their yellow and
their black;

And your vanished youth will greet you and your heart
renew its glow

When you see them swing as you did in the days of long ago.
R. C. L.

"WHAT'S in a name? says SHAKSPEARE. The Athlone Urban Council believe that Custume Place will be more acceptable to the general bulk of the residents than Victoria Place. CUSTUME, the brave Irish sergeant, and his comrades sacrificed their lives in defence of the Old Bridge during the Williamite Wars, their heroism being favourably compared with that of HERODOTUS 'in the brave days of old.'"—*West Meath Independent*.

Every schoolboy student of *The Lays of Ancient Rome* will remember how well HERODOTUS kept the bridge. For, after all, as the *West Meath Independent* reminds us, what's in a name?

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge noble consignments of Calendars and Christmas offerings from Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK, MARCUS WARD, and C. W. FAULKNER; Rag-Books from Messrs. DEAN; Crackers from Messrs. CALEY and TOM SMITH; and Pocket Books and Diaries from Messrs. DE LA RUE and JOHN WALKER. He proposes to take the opinion of some of his favourite hospitals on their merits. Regarded as literary achievement, he is quite sure that the printed matter contained in these seasonable gifts would compare favourably with that of many of the masterpieces which overflow his Booking Office.

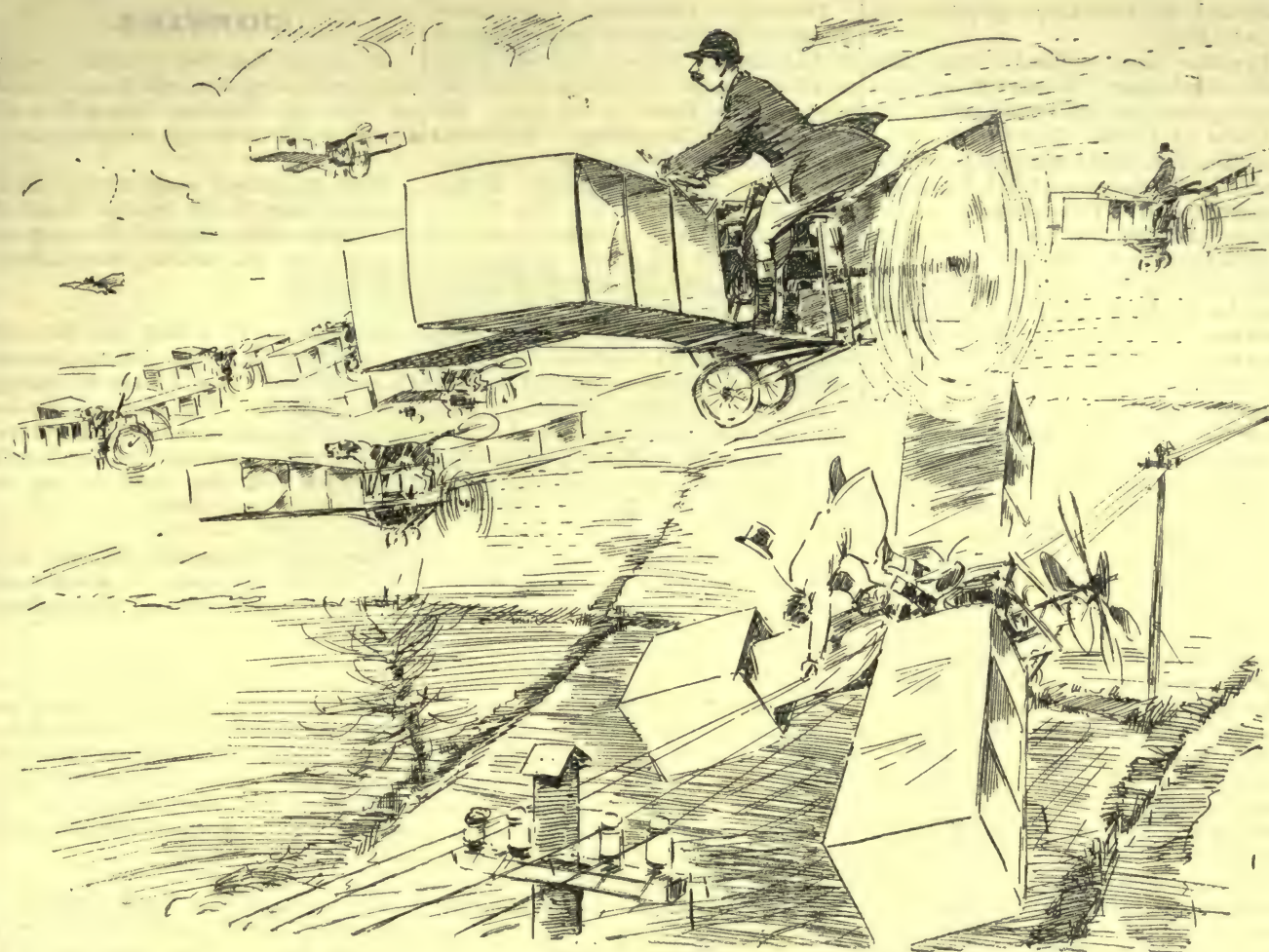


THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

LANSDOWNE. "I BAR YOUR WAY? MY DEAR FELLOW! WHY, YOU'VE GOT A MANDATE!"

TRADE DISPUTES BILL. "WELL, SO HAD MY FRIEND HERE."

LANSDOWNE. "AH! BUT NOT SUCH A BIG ONE!"



THE CHASE OF THE FUTURE.

(Extract from letter of sportsman in 190—.)

Aero Lodge, High Leicestershire: "AM HAVING RIPPING SPORT HERE. THE FLYING FOXES WE IMPORTED ARE THE REAL STRAIGHT-NECKED SORT. NO MORE OF THE OLD MUD-LARKING FOR ME. AND NEVER STOPPED BY FROST NOW. CAPITAL HUNT TO-DAY. POOR OLD SPRAGGON TOOK A DEUCE OF A TOSS OVER TELEGRAPH WIRES—DIDN'T PUT ON STEAM ENOUGH OR SOMETHING. CROOKED HIS FLYER ANYHOW—STRAINED A PINION, I HEAR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, Dec. 3.—Generally understood country is seething with excitement. Constitutional crisis at hand. The Lords, harnessed to Education Bill, have taken the bit between their teeth. Are rushing at break-neck speed down a steep place. Midway, slowly advancing to meet them, is the 300 h.-p. motor-car of majority in Commons. Someone surely will be hurt.

Expect to find excitement bubbling at Westminster, where the storm is generated. Looking in at Commons, find the Chamber almost empty. On his feet is KIMBER, Bart., moving rejection of Plural Voting Bill. Next to Education Bill this the measure that most deeply excites wrath of Opposition. If it stood by itself, chief work of Session, it would stir lowest depths of political con-

troversy, ending in deadlock between the two Houses. As it is, KIMBER's denunciation of its iniquity is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. There are not thirty Members present to have their blood chilled, their flesh caused to creep.

SMITH of Liverpool, who followed in a surprisingly prosy speech, complained of the empty state of the Front Bench. "Which Front Bench?" Members asked themselves. That on which the esteemed Leaders of KIMBER, Bart., should have been seated was absolutely tenantless. LULU had the Treasury Bench all to himself.

Nothing daunted, KIMBER, Bart., manuscript in hand, read his choice bits. The Bill now before the House was not, he insisted, a solitary example of deeply iniquitous plotting. It completed a triad of fell designs against all that was good in an ancient Constitution. The

Education Bill was designed to despoil the Church. The Land Tenure Bill was meant to despoil the landlords. "And this," added KIMBER, Bart., fixing LULU with flaming eye, "is a Bill to despoil the electors."

That's the sort of thing that rises to the height, descends to the depth, of actual political situation. The stranger yawning in the Gallery naturally expected to find the declaration greeted with that storm of cheers and counter-cheers of which he sometimes reads in the papers. If KIMBER, Bart., had been remarking on the dampness of the day, or the lengthening hours of mid-winter nights, reception of his remarks could not have been more chilling.

Yet it is true that crisis is at hand. You can almost hear the rumble of the gun-carriages dragged into position. And the House of Commons is in a state of torpidity out of which it is not

disturbed by the fiery eloquence of KIMBER, Bart.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill read a third time. Motion for its rejection negatived by 333 votes against 104.

House of Lords. Tuesday, 1 A.M.—Lord CREWE strolled homeward a stricken man. Lords have completed Report of Education Bill. This stage in respect of any measure is a *locus penitentie*, provided equally for Ministers and Opposition. If in Committee amendments have been added to a Bill which upon reflection it is found desirable to abandon or modify, it can be, frequently is, arranged on Report. There were sanguine persons who convinced themselves that the action of the Lords in Committee, transmogrifying the Bill on vital points, was what in less august assemblies is known as bluff. Having asserted themselves in Committee, the Opposition would, optimists insisted, come to terms on the Report stage. "Instead of which," as the judge said, they have used the Report stage not only to confirm in the main their amendments in Committee, but to add at least one other more hostile to the spirit of the measure fashioned in the Commons.

"My Lords," gasped the Minister in charge of the Bill when to-night LANSDOWNE sprang on House new series of amendments to Clause 4, "some of us thought the faculty of astonishment had been exhausted by the amendments placed on the paper. That this amendment should, at this stage of the Bill, be moved by the Leader of the Opposition, revives emotion in its most acute form."

Young SALISBURY chuckled. A great day for him. LANSDOWNE might lead; he governed. DEVONSHIRE came forward in favourite character of temporiser. Couldn't the Government suggest some compromise? No; RIFON threw up his hands in gesture of despair in face of an amendment which, he declared, "struck at the very heart of the Bill."

Curious to note here, as at earlier hour of sitting in the Commons, total absence of outward and visible sign of unrest. Benches fuller than in the Commons; but equal lack of movement. The die is cast. There remains only the Third Reading stage, which offers no opportunity of retreat from position taken up on successive clauses. Within ten days Lords and Commons will be at grips, lion and unicorn fighting for the crown of supremacy in legislative action. Not a ripple of excitement shows on the Benches. Heard in silence is the announcement of the figures showing that in a House of 176 Members LANSDOWNE's fateful amendment has been carried by a majority of 86.

Business done.—Report stage of Education Bill completed.

Thursday.—Usual crop of fairy stories on booksellers' counters marks approach of Christmas. None equal in picturesqueness, point and colour to that just completed by Lords under title "The Education Bill Changeling." It is issued at net price, though, contrary to custom, the precise cost is not fixed. It may prove incalculable.

Plot of the story simple, as are all masterpieces of this class. In the glad summer-time golden-mouthed St. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL conveyed from the Commons and left on steps of the Lords a lusty infant. It was his first-born; naturally had lavished upon it exceptional measure of pride and affection. The good Lords, he was certain, would cherish the little one. They with their storied wisdom would judiciously strengthen its frame, add fresh grace and vigour to its dimpled limbs.

Coming back at the appointed time to claim the infant, lo! a changeling was placed in anguished father's arms. Regards it with aversion.

"It's no use to us," he said, handing back the hapless babe to LANSDOWNE. "A poor thing. Certainly not mine own."

LEADER OF OPPOSITION declines the charge. It is not his infant. It is PÈRE BIRRELL's, so much improved that he scarcely wonders the paternal eye does not recognize it. PÈRE BIRRELL obdurate. So is LANSDOWNE. Meanwhile what is to become of the Changeling?

Business done.—Lords read Education Bill a third time.

AEROPLANITIES.

DESPITE the present boom in flying machines and the huge prizes which are being offered, there was a slight increase in traffic receipts on the Bakerloo Railway last week.

People in the suburbs of Manchester are feverishly putting wired glass in their skylights.

It is claimed for the aeroplane that it is bound to be good for trade generally. Very soon, if the prophets are to be trusted, everybody's business will be looking up, if only to see what to avoid.

It is very rarely that one sees a balloon in our highways and skyways now. The day of the gas balloon (how delightfully mediæval the words sound!) as an aero-vehicle is past.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, speaking at the dinner of the Royal Aeroyachtic Club the other night, declined to say definitely whether he intended to enter a challenger for the Sky Blue Ribbon, but expressed the hope (with the usual catch in his voice) that the best . . . [*Cætera desunt.*]

CHARIVARIA.

It is said that the Socialists, when they come into power, will not only insist on Old Age Pensions, but will make them payable at the age of twenty-one.

With a practical unanimity which is too rarely seen in the French Chamber, the Deputies have adopted the proposal to raise their own salaries from £360 to £600 a year.

It looks as if Prince von BÜLOW's recent appeal for better relations between Germany and Great Britain is bearing fruit after all. The German gipsies whom we recently assisted back to their country are so touched by our kindly treatment that they hope to pay us another visit next Spring.

The hero of Köpenick has been sent to prison for four years. It seems a sad fate for a man with an international reputation.

King LEOPOLD, in an interview, has stated that the English people forget the class and character of the natives of the Congo. They are, he declares, a barbarous and uncivilised race. If this be so, it is astonishing that there should not be more sympathy between them and some of the Belgian colonists.

The issue of the latest pattern of peaked cap for all branches of the Army has now begun. The shape is exactly the same as that worn by officers. It will be interesting to watch the effect of this experiment on recruiting. We understand that the Army Council is prepared, if necessary, to go so far as to issue Field Marshals' plumes to the rank and file.

The Army Council has decided that we are to have fewer Colonels. Mr. ROOSEVELT, who is not wanting in courage, has never dared to propose such an idea in America, where it would threaten the position of the vast majority of his fellow-citizens.

The Government is about to abolish Geography as a subject of examination for candidates for the Diplomatic Service. Arrangements, we understand, are to be made for explaining to our diplomats, when future appointments take place, the whereabouts of the particular country to which they are accredited.

Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, whose achievements in postal reform are so well known, is, we notice, continuing to take an interest in men of letters. His energy seems to be boundless; as a foreigner said to him the other day, he is indeed a busy body.

Mr. F. R. CHURCH, an American painter, has just returned to New York after a tour of the European picture galleries. "What impressed me most about the Old Masters," he tells a *New York Herald* reporter, "was that they did too much work." And what impresses us is the fact that the tireless old fellows are still producing pictures—which American millionaires buy.

We should be the last to object to a joke in the right place, but we must confess it was somewhat of a shock to come across some comic spelling in President ROOSEVELT's otherwise dignified Message to Congress.

The rivalry between motor omnibuses and trams, so far from dying out, seems to get more acute. Last week, in the Seven Sisters Road, a motor omnibus locked itself with a tram and dragged it off the line.

Flying machines, it is declared, will be much safer than motor-cars. "Seeking safety in flight" is certainly a well-known figure of speech.

"One penny—all made to wind up!" cried the hawker. "What's that—a list of new Companies?" inquired an absent-minded investor.

The largest Christmas cake in the world is now on view in a shop at Fulham. It took two months to make, and contains 5 cwts. of currants, 5 cwts. of sultanas, 5 cwts. of lemon-peel, 30 cwts. of flour, 16 cwts. of sugar, and 8 cwts. of butter, and we can imagine no more acceptable present for a boy.

The money taken at the Zoological Gardens during the past twelve months reached the record figure of £21,563,

and there is a growing feeling among the animals that they ought to share in the prosperity. Rumours reach us of a movement, set on foot by the gluttons, for insisting on double rations on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

High top-boots for dogs are now being sold in the shops of New York. Grey-

artist, that he creates nothing, that he is full of vanity. It was with a feeling of intense relief that we read last week a denial of these charges by a number of our leading actors.

A vicious bullock which disorganised the traffic on the London and South-Western Railway between Ascot and

Egham one day last week, and defied the railway officials for about two hours, has been shot. It is proposed to place cautionary notices, drawing attention to this fact in all fields near the line where there are cattle.

Three eminent architects have consented to make an inquiry into the structural condition of St. Paul's Cathedral. How the Government came to let slip an opportunity for the appointment of another Royal Commission is a puzzle.

The Workmen's Compensation Act is to be extended to Domestic Servants, and in future, when MARY JANE breaks our valuable china, we shall have to pay her compensation for the shock to her system.

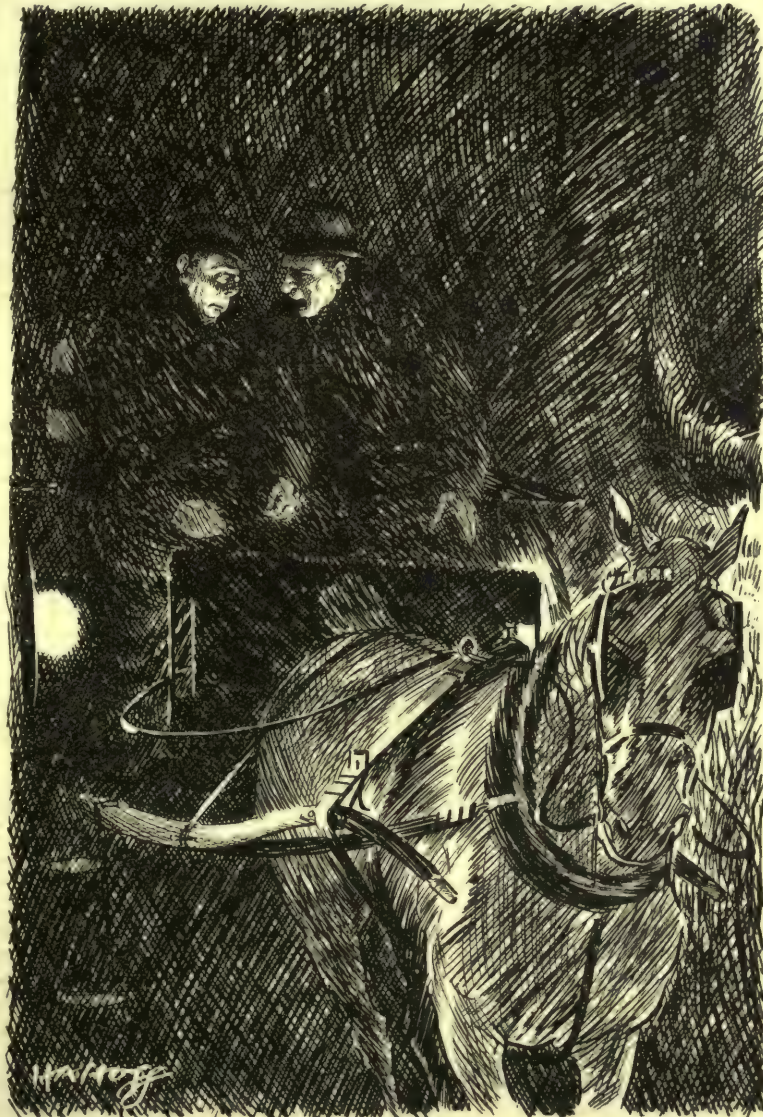
"Figures as Illustrations."

For a really helpful comparison one instinctively turns to *The Evening News*. Writing of

the Great Wheel, it says:—

"The following new facts concerning the structure, supplied by the engineer, will be found interesting. The height of the wheel is 300 ft., which is equal to a company of infantry of sixty men, 5 ft. high, standing one on top of the other."

"300 ft." can convey nothing to anybody. "Sixty men, 5 ft. high, standing one on top of the other"—the image leaps to the mind at once.



BON VOYAGE !

"WAKE UP, WAKE UP, OLD CHAP! YOU'LL HAVE US IN THE DITCH IN A MINUTE!"

"WHAT! HAVEN'T YOU GOT THE REINS?"

hounds are said to look better in them than dachshunds.

Bits for Boys is the title of a volume which has just appeared. We all know that boys are difficult to manage, but we deprecate the suggestion that they should be treated like horses.

Mr. ARMIGER BARCLAY declared in *The Monthly Review* that the actor is not an

MARGERY'S SOCK.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN MARGERY was three months old I wrote a letter to her mother:

DEAR MADAM,—If you have a copy in Class D at 1s. 10d. net, I shall be glad to hear from you. I am,

THE BABY'S UNCLE.

On Tuesday I got an answer by the morning post:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours: How dare you insult my child? She is in Class A1, priceless, and bought in by the owner. Four months old on Christmas Day. Fancy! I am,

THE BABY'S MOTHER.

MARGERY had been getting into an expensive way of celebrating her birthday every month. Hitherto I had ignored it. But now I wrote:

DEAR MADAM,—Automatically your baby should be in Class D by now. I cannot understand why it is not so. Perhaps I shall hear from you later on with regard to this. Meanwhile I think that the extraordinary coincidence of the baby's birthday with Christmas Day calls for some recognition on my part. What would MARGERY like? You, who are in constant communication with her, should be able to tell me. I hear coral necklaces well spoken of. What do you think? I remember reading once of a robber who "killed a little baby for the coral on its neck"—which shows at any rate that they *are* worn. Do you know how coral reefs are made? It is a most fascinating business.

Then there is a silver mug to be considered. The only thing you can drink out of a mug is beer; yet it is a popular present. Perhaps you, with your (supposed) greater knowledge of babies, will explain this.

Meanwhile, I am,

THE BABY'S UNCLE.

P.S.—Which is a much finer thing than a mother.

To which her mother:

MY DEAR BOY,—It is too sweet of you to say you would like to get Buby something. No, I don't know how coral reefs are made, and I don't want to. I think it is wicked of you to talk like that; I'm sure I shan't dare to let her wear anything valuable now. And I don't think she really wants a mug.

I'm sure I don't know what she does

want, except to see her uncle (There!), but it ought to be something that she'll value when she grows up. And of course we could keep it for her in the meantime.

ARTHUR has smoked his last cigar to-day. Isn't it awful? I have forbidden him to waste his money on any more, but he says he *must* give me 500 for a Christmas present. If he does, I shall give him that sideboard that I want so badly, and then we shall both go to prison together. You will look after Baby, won't you?

I am, THE BABY'S MOTHER.

P.S.—Which she isn't proud, but does think it's a little bit classier than an uncle.

And so, finally, I:

DEAR CHILD,—I've thought of the very thing. I am, THE BABY'S UNCLE.



Mary Jane (to young brother). "ERE, DON'T YOU PLAY WITH 'IM. 'E'LL LEARN YER TO SWEAR!"

That ends Chapter I. Here we go on to

CHAPTER II.

Chapter II. finds me in the Toy Department of the Stores.

"I want," I said, "a present for a child."

"Yes, sir. About how old?"

"It must be quite new," I said, sternly. "Don't be silly. The child is only a baby."

"Ah, yes. Now here—if it's at all fond of animals—"

"I say, you mustn't call it 'it.' I get in an awful row if I do. Of course, I suppose it's all right for you, only—well, be careful, won't you?"

The attendant promised, and asked whether the child was a boy or girl.

"And had you thought of anything for the little girl?"

"Well, yes. I had rather thought of a sideboard."

"I beg your pardon?"

"A sideboard."

"The Sideboard Department is upstairs. Was there anything else for the little girl?"

"Well, a box of cigars. Rather full, and if you have any—"

"The Cigar Department is on the ground floor."

"But your Lord Chamberlain told me I was to come here if I wanted a present for a child."

"If you require anything in the toy line—"

"Yes, but what good are toys to a baby of four months? Do be reasonable."

"What was it *you* suggested? A sideboard and a cigar?"

"That was my idea. It may not be the best possible, but at least it is better

than perfectly useless toys. You can always blow smoke in its face, or bump its head against the sideboard. *Experto crede*, if you have the Latin."

Whereupon with great dignity I made my way to the lift.

In the Sideboard Department I said: "I want a sideboard for a little girl of four months, and please don't call her 'it.' I nearly had a row with one of your downstairs staff about that."

"I will try to be careful, Sir," he replied. "What sort of a one?"

"Blue eyes, and not much hair, and really rather a sweet smile... Was that what you wanted to know?"

"Thank you, Sir. But I meant, what sort of a sideboard?"

I took him confidentially by the arm.

"Look here," I said, "you know how, when one is carrying a baby about, one bumps its head at all the corners? Well, not too much of that. The mothers don't *really* like it, you know. They smile at the time, but... Well, not too many corners... Yes, I like that very much. No, I won't take it with me."

The attendant wrote out the bill.

"Number, Sir?"

"She's the first. That's why I'm so nervous. I've never bought a sideboard for a child before."

"Your Stores number, I mean, Sir."

"I haven't got one. Is it necessary?"

"Must have a number, Sir."

"Then I'll think of one for you.... Let's see—12345, how does that strike you?"

"And the name?"

"Oh, I can't tell you that. You must look that up for yourself. Good-day."

Downstairs I bought some cigars.

"For a little girl of four months," I said, "and she likes them rather full. Please don't argue with me. All your men chatter so."

"I must," said the attendant. "It's like this. If she is only four months, she is obviously little. Your observation is therefore tautological."

"As a matter of fact," I said hotly, "she is rather big for four months."

"Then it was a lie."

"Look here, you give me those cigars, and don't talk so much. I've already had words with your Master of the Sideboards and your Under-Secretary for the Toy Department . . . Thank you. If you would kindly send them."

CHAPTER III.

So there it is. I have given the spirit, rather than the actual letter, of what happened at the Stores. But that the things have been ordered there is no doubt. And when MARGERY wakes up on Christmas Day to find a sideboard and a box of cigars in her sock I hope she will remember that she has chiefly her mother to thank for it.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

He was rather a favourite of my young day,

I followed him noon and night,
At Talavera and Albuera,
And up on the Alma's height;
Plassey and Minden and Malplaquet,
I was with him in every fight.

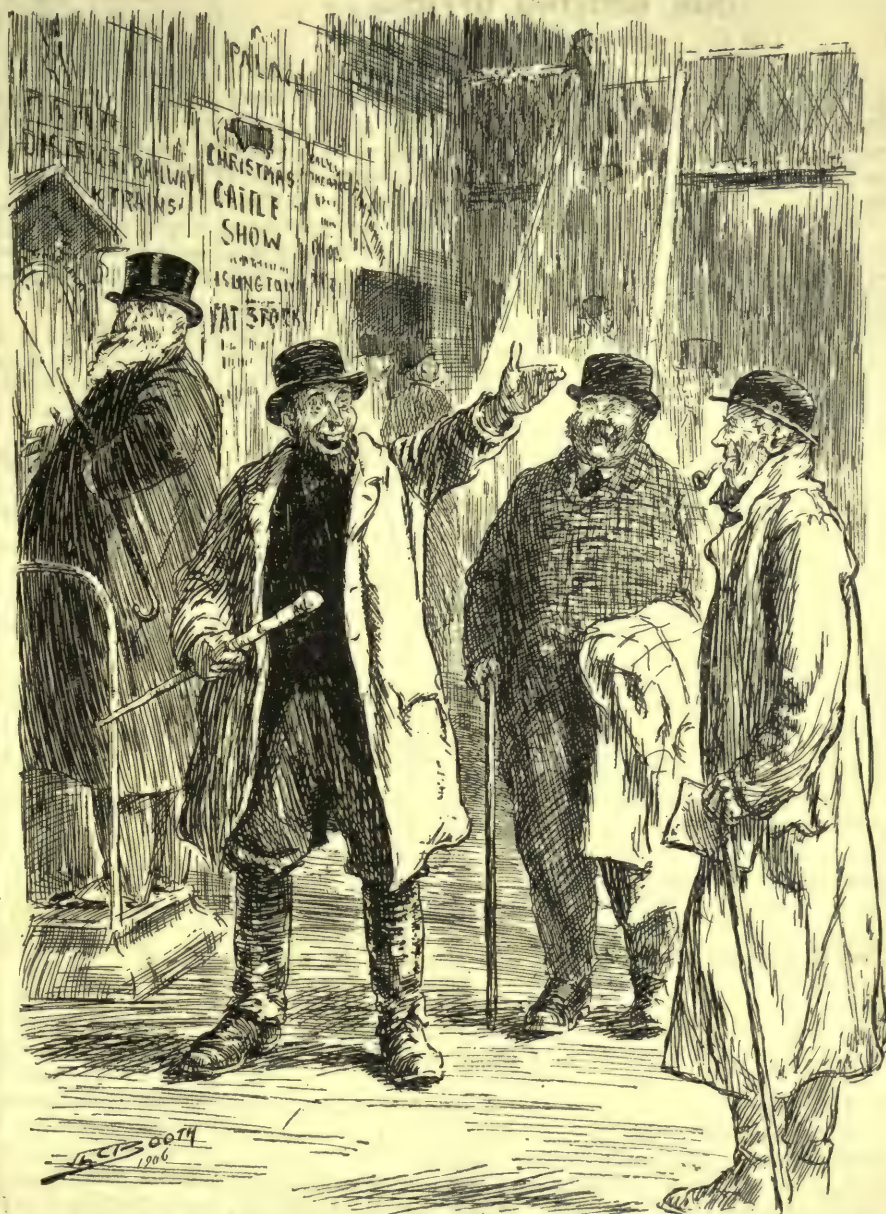
I thrilled when he heard the bugle note,
And led the charge with a cheer,
Footman or yeoman, spearman or bowman,

Lancer or Fusilier;
I liked his mail or his scarlet coat,
Which was very bad taste, I fear.

And later it pains me to reflect,
When the news of Mafeking came,
I used for lingo the maddest jingo
Regarding him and his fame;
I called him TOMMY, I recollect,
A vulgar but friendly name.

I thought how often he fought for me,
What deserts and seas he crossed,
I thought of his daring and stedfast bearing,
Whether he won or lost;
And, thinking of this, forgot, maybe,
Exactly how much he cost.

A peaceful subject, who pays his shot
In the way of taxes and rates,
I am told I am groaning and always moaning



Yorkshire Farmer (who has laid a wager—to gentleman on weighing machine). "WILL YE TELL US HOW MOOCH YE WEIGH, MISTER?"

Gentleman. "WELL, I'M SEVENTEEN STONE SEVEN."

Farmer. "WHAT DID A' TELL YE, LADS? A' COULDN'T BE WRANG, FOR A'S T' BEST JOODGE O' SWINE IN T' COONTRY!"

At the Army estimates:
I did not know it, but this is what
The accurate critic states.

Let me desert my youthful tracks
To take up a saner ground,
Let his fame as a hero sink to zero,
Let him be merely found
To mean in connection with income-tax
A penny or two in the pound.

He is too expensive: it may be so:
Wise words about him are mumbled;
They talk of reduction and reconstruction,
And I feel properly humbled:
Yet for old sake's sake I want him to know
That I, for one, never grumbled.

EVERYBODY knows that ten days ago the South Africans beat Wales. To most people it seemed as though there were only two ways of putting this. You might say that "the South Africans beat Wales"; or that "Wales was beaten by the South Africans." Luckily for those who love variety *The Athletic News* discovered a third method. It announced the matter thus:—

"A Nation or a Principality which chooses the succulent and aromatic leek for its emblem, may be excused if occasionally its enemies refuse to eat the pungent vegetable. Not only did the South Africans decline to make a humble meal off the peculiar product of the kitchen garden, but they forced Wales to swallow it with as good grace as possible."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Daniel O'Connell, His Early Life and Journal, 1795 to 1802 (ISAAC PITMAN) is a title at which the jaded reviewer jumps. Here is promise of a peep behind the scenes in the early life of one of the most interesting figures of the last two centuries. Alack! alack! In point of interest, personal or historical, the journal might easily be excelled by the diary of a schoolboy of fourteen. It is not even new, passages having been published in an Irish magazine twenty-four years ago. "They did not," the Editor (ARTHUR HOUSTON) sadly admits, "attract as much attention as they deserved." Well, let us see. Under date, Friday, December 11, 1795, it is written: "I went to bed last night at a quarter after twelve, and didn't get up this morning until five minutes after eleven. I remain, in general, too long in bed. This I must endeavour to correct. It is a custom equally detrimental to the constitution and to the mind." Other entries at later date, which fairly represent the journal: "I yesterday received a letter from my father. I must answer it by next post." "I read a sermon by Dr. BLAIR of twenty-four pages." Here the Editor hops in with a biographical note relative to our old friend the Scottish divine. Having mentioned the hour of his down-getting and up-rising, thrilling facts rarely omitted, O'CONNELL chiefly filled his journal with a catalogue of books read during the day. This gives the learned Editor opportunity, lavishly used, of inserting biographical notes about, amongst others, GIBBON, GODWIN and TOM PAINE, with a compendious summary of *The Age of Reason*. These things are informing. But the information is not exactly new, nor is it hopelessly inaccessible.

The Crackling of Thorns (CONSTABLE), by Captain KENDALL—"DUM-DUM" of *Punch*—is a really remarkable collection of light verse. No writer of to-day can get more fun out of an elaborate form of humour. His technique shews an advance on what before had come very near perfection. He has a preference for long stanzas, which seem, in his hands, to lend themselves to a highly-wrought style. If he had not achieved so marked a success in these forms, avoiding at once the otiose and the obscure, one would have supposed that they were more adapted to the garrulous prolixity of BYRON than to the terseness which is an essential of the modern art of light verse.

His faculty of invention is shown rather in the treatment than in the choice of his themes. These, as far as the present volume ranges, are largely confined to studies of himself (his person, his clothes, his affairs of the heart, considered lyrically) and of other and inferior animals. Thus he has odes to the back of his head, to his tall hat, to his fur-lined coat (a most delectable poem); he treats of his tailor's bill, his last illusion, his insomnia, his leap-year prospects, his tendency to reform; he addresses a fat pig, a caged lion, a sea-serpent, a hippopotamus; and makes a very touching threnody on a polar bear. His fancy has, of course, embraced a far wider field of subjects, political or otherwise transient, but with great courage and self-effacement he has refused to present in book form any matter that does not promise to "appeal at any ordinary time to any ordinary person." And this, as he justly hopes, should be "accounted to him for righteousness."

I heartily commend "DUM-DUM's" volume as the best kind of Christmas gift to all who have a palate for the rarer vintages of English humour.

Paper Pellets (ELKIN MATHEWS) by JESSIE POPE, is another collection of poems drawn largely from the pages of *Punch*. A first adventure in book-making, it is less ambitious than Captain KENDALL's work, but it deserves to win a very wide circle of readers, if only as an almost unique example of an Englishwoman's gift for light verse. Yet Miss POPE needs to make no apology either for her sex or for the brevity of her

experience. She has a true sense of humour, a dainty touch, and a nice feeling for rhythmic movement. The critics, not always very expert judges of technique in this school, have employed their usual formulas about the obvious influence of CALVERLEY. It may interest them to know that Miss POPE makes no secret of the fact that she has never had the curiosity to read a line from the work of that admirable exemplar. She will, of course, waste no time in making good this defect in order to find out where she got her originality from. *Mr. Punch*, who has enjoyed an intimate observation of her growing talent, ventures to give a guardian's blessing to what he knows to be an earnest of even better things to come.

When good *Sir Nigel* trod our soil
He dealt in deeds of knightly glory,
So says Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
Who (*per SMITH, ELDER*) tells his story;
In every chapter he is near
To death, yet always fails to strike it—
I fancy from a courteous fear
That gentle readers wouldn't like it.

He battles nobly in the thick
Of odds indubitably trying,
Of which not least I count the trick
Sir ARTHUR has of speechifying.
Whenever someone's going strong,
Sir A. dispatches several pages
To tell how codes of right and wrong
Have altered since the Middle Ages.

Now, booklore-laden atmosphere's
A thing that knights don't really care for;
They like to pull each other's ears
Without a thought of why or wherefore;
And so it rather spoils the fun
To find Sir ARTHUR's warriors waiting
While he postpones their turn for one
Less thrilling but more elevating.

In an *Apologia* prefixed to *The Little Squire* (CASSELL), MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE tells us that the story was written in her early youth, and received with unexpected favour. She would "fain have reconstructed it in the light of her present experience, if the process had not involved entire reconstruction." Such rare candour (successful authors, tempted to exhume your youthful indiscretions, please copy) almost disarms criticism, because it forestalls it. The story, to be worthy of a place on the same bookshelf as *Deborah of Tod's* and *Peter's Mother*, should have been entirely reconstructed. The boy squire and his two little friends are amiable, if a trifle elderly for their age; the sham tutor who seeks to disinherit him and marry his widowed mother is a fair sample of the fashion-plate villain, and all of them have too much vitality to fade at once from the memory. But for all that their sayings and doings are hackneyed and amateurishly conceived, and the verdict is that the defendant is not very guilty, but must not do it again, if she values her reputation.

OLGA MORGAN, with her writing-pen and her drawing-pen, and a little paint (mostly red), and HARRY ROUNTREE, with his drawing-pen and a lot of colour (mostly blue), have gone into partnership; and here is *Mr. Punch's Book of Birthdays*, which they have easily induced the Sage to publish at his own office in Bouverie Street. I would like to enlarge upon the pretty child-fancies of its tales, and the whimsical charm of its designs; but *Mr. Punch* cuts me short with these words, marked by a modest dignity all his own: "It is *my* book of birthdays," says he, "and it bears my *imprimatur*. What need of further commendation?"

AFTERNOON TEA SLEIGHTS.

WHILE, in regard to small feats of magic, the dinner and supper table are excellently well catered for, the modest claims of the smaller afternoon tea-table seem generally to have been overlooked. Also many of the illusions described in conjurors' handbooks require extensive paraphernalia, and your smartly-attired young man resents having the set of his coat impaired with partially concealed dishes of goldfish, barbers' poles, and collapsible bird-cages. Now the following sleights are performed entirely with the natural appurtenances of afternoon tea, and they demand little in the way of practice or natural skill; in fact any fool can do them.

We call them "sleights," but sleights in the strict sense of the term they are not. Etymological friends, however, have been as puzzled as ourselves to supply the exact word, and one—a man who is something of a purist, too, as regards nomenclature—said, why not call them pranks?

As we have said, anyone can perform these tricks, but we specially commend them to the young man who is lacking in the polite art of conversation, yet desires a share of the attention and interest of the company. This he can easily secure by following the directions below.

THE MAGIC SPOON.—This is a simple, but invariably effective trick, and requires no confederate. Having got your cup of tea you seat yourself by, if possible, a highly-strung person who is balancing his piece of Sevres lightly on his crossed knee, and is deep in conversation. Stir your tea slowly and abstractedly until the spoon has reached a temperature of about 180 degrees Fahrenheit; then quietly withdraw it, and lay its hot bowl gently on the back of the nervous person's hand. The result is electrifying, and should do much to remove the idea that English people are not emotional.

TAKING THE CAKE.—This is a useful as well as a highly diverting sleight, but if it is to be accomplished with absolute success the performer must keep a cool head. It may be laid down as a general rule, in fact, that for tricks of this kind coolness is required above all other qualities. The illusion is this: The cakes having been handed round or selected from a centre stand, you find perhaps that you have fared indifferently—some alert old lady having beaten you in open competition for the choicest or largest section. Be quick before she commences operations, and, directing her attention to some imaginary phenomenon on the ceiling at a point directly over her head, substitute your own confection for hers.



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. V.—"DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."

After a sufficiently long gaze at this angle, the old lady will grow slightly dazed, and her eyes, even on their return to her plate, will not immediately notice the deception that has been practised upon her. By the time they do, you must be calmly munching the spoils with a face that gives nothing away, and hands of the same description.

THE INTANGIBLE CHAIR.—This is a capital trick and, though quite an old one, has lost nothing of its power to surprise. An informal circle having been formed about the hostess, you take your position just outside it, and next to, but a little behind, a stout, choleric middle-aged gentleman—army man preferred. Watch your opportunity, and when he rises to have his cup refilled place your hand casually on the back of his chair. Don't show the slightest trace of excitement—there

will be plenty of that in the room when you have accomplished the trick. Wait now for the psychological moment, which is when the Major backs carefully to his seat with his full cup, and as he lowers himself into it (the chair, not the full cup) pull it deftly away. Do not be envious if, for a few moments, the Major has the centre of the stage; your share in the performance will not be permanently overlooked.

"THERE is no more dangerous footballer in the county than Birmingham's little pivot. Perhaps the most effective factor in his display was the cleverness with which he used his wings."

Birmingham Evening Dispatch.

If he goes on like this the little pivot will be able to retire on *The Daily Mail* £10,000 prize, and play as an amateur.

ONE GOVERNMENT, ONE VOTE.

[At the recent Conference on Wireless Telegraphy held at Berlin—a conference promoted by Germany with the idea (according to the frank admission of the *Vossische Zeitung*) of robbing the British Marconi System of the world-wide supremacy which it derives from having been first in the field—it was resolved that in future Conferences on this subject all nations should have a vote of equal value. Thus Great Britain, possessing the greatest navy in the world, and depending largely, for national defence, upon the present system of sea-communications, is to enjoy precisely the same voting power as Monaco. Among Colonies, again, it was arranged that Canada should have the same voting power as that patch of S.W. Africa which Germany is just now trying to hold against the Hottentots. These proposals were signed by the British Delegates. His Majesty's Government, induced at the last moment to intervene, retains the option of confirming or cancelling this signature. The question is about to come up before Parliament, and strong opposition to the confirmation of the Berlin agreement is anticipated from both sides of the House on the part of Members who have at heart the interests of national defence.]

PRINCE of that enchanted rock,
Mecca-goal of all religions,
Where you fleece them, flock by flock—
Trapped and plucked and peppered pigeons;
And the feathers which they shed
Make a rather downy bed
Where to lay your princely head:—

If at times you wonder well
By what oversight of Heaven you
Still conduct your model hell,
Growing fat upon its revenue,
It should move your heart to mirth,
Just to know what you are worth
In the Councils of the Earth.

Touching matters which affect
Men-of-war's communications,
You enjoy a like respect
With the first of fighting nations;
You, with your one pleasure-boat,
Have, it seems, as large a vote
As the biggest fleet afloat!

* * * * *

Lord of pestilential swamps,
Where the click of German triggers,
Bands and high Imperial pomps
Fail to awe the local niggers;
Do not rage for honour lost,
Though your Reichstag cuts the cost
Of a most amazing frost.

For the chunk of Hinterland
Covered by your eagle's pinions
Holds within its barren sand
Power to match our great Dominion's;
Canada, I'm told, is not
Better off, one little jot,
Than your dismal jungle-plot.

* * * * *

Happily was he inspired
(And his name is well worth noting)
Who with passion first was fired
To abolish Plural Voting;
Yet I question if he knew,
Modest fellow, how his view
Might be sprung on nations too.

Little could his brain divine
How, on polished Teuton vellum,
British delegates will sign
Just whatever Teutons tell 'em;

Yet, as I have lately heard
From a small MARCONI-bird
That's precisely what occurred.

If it's true; if they, in fact,
Gave away the whole position,
Then I think such nerve and tact
Ought to have some recognition;
In their honour I would see
Statues raised; and each should be
Vowed to WIRELESS VICTORY! * O. S.

* The nearest modern equivalent of the Greek figure of Wingless Victory.

ENGLAND v. SOUTH AFRICA.

SHOULD THERE BE A SECOND MATCH?

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Chronicle.")

PUBLIC interest has been excited almost to the point of frenzy by the indecisive result of the great mudlark under whistling rules at the Crystal Palace. For ourselves we may say at once that we are strongly of opinion either that the match should be re-played or that the result should be allowed to stand as it now does. It may be contended that the superiority of the Colonists has been subsequently proved by the fact that the victorious Oxford fifteen contained six times as many South Africans as the Cambridge team. But this will not do. Oxford is not (as yet) entirely South African, and Cambridge, although its team embraced two Scottish Internationals, is not strictly representative of England. It may be urged again that all the best precedents are against our proposal. But what does the Liberal Press exist for, if it cannot sweep away Precedent, and all other hide-bound and antediluvian institutions? We would direct the attention of the House of Lords to this courteous and even kindly warning. Reverting to the scheme of a re-play, we have invited, on this knotty point, the personal opinion of all the well-known men that we could think of, quite regardless of their connection with sport of any description, and we append a selection of their views.

When a great national question of this sort arises, one instinctively thinks first of all of the leading English author, and it may be said at once that he has responded nobly to our appeal in a letter breathing English manliness, and singularly free from any taint of petty prejudice. We only regret that, as it would have filled two of our columns, we are precluded from quoting it in full.

"I am certainly (he writes) in favour of re-playing the match, at which unhappily I was not present except in spirit. Let these twenty-two splendid athletes renew their gallant struggle until their clubs are shivered in their hands like the lances of old-world knights. Turning for the moment to this unhappy Book War, I may say that I am fully prepared to make another experiment to which I would draw your attention—"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., writes:—

"I wish to point out that the visit of the South African team has increased that good-will which happily has existed for the last twelve months between all our Colonies and the Mother Country. I have no desire to labour the point. I should like to see the match re-played. If either of the teams *should* want another leader either on or off the field, I may say that I know the ideal man."


DR. MACNAMARA, M.P., writes:—

"Certainly! If the general feeling is in favour of a re-play, why, I shall not stand in the way. I would even be present at the match myself, in response to anything approaching a national wish for my attendance."

MR. MOSES SCHWABSTEIN, the great financier, writes:—

"Let the match be re-played, of course! I take this



B.P. after 

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

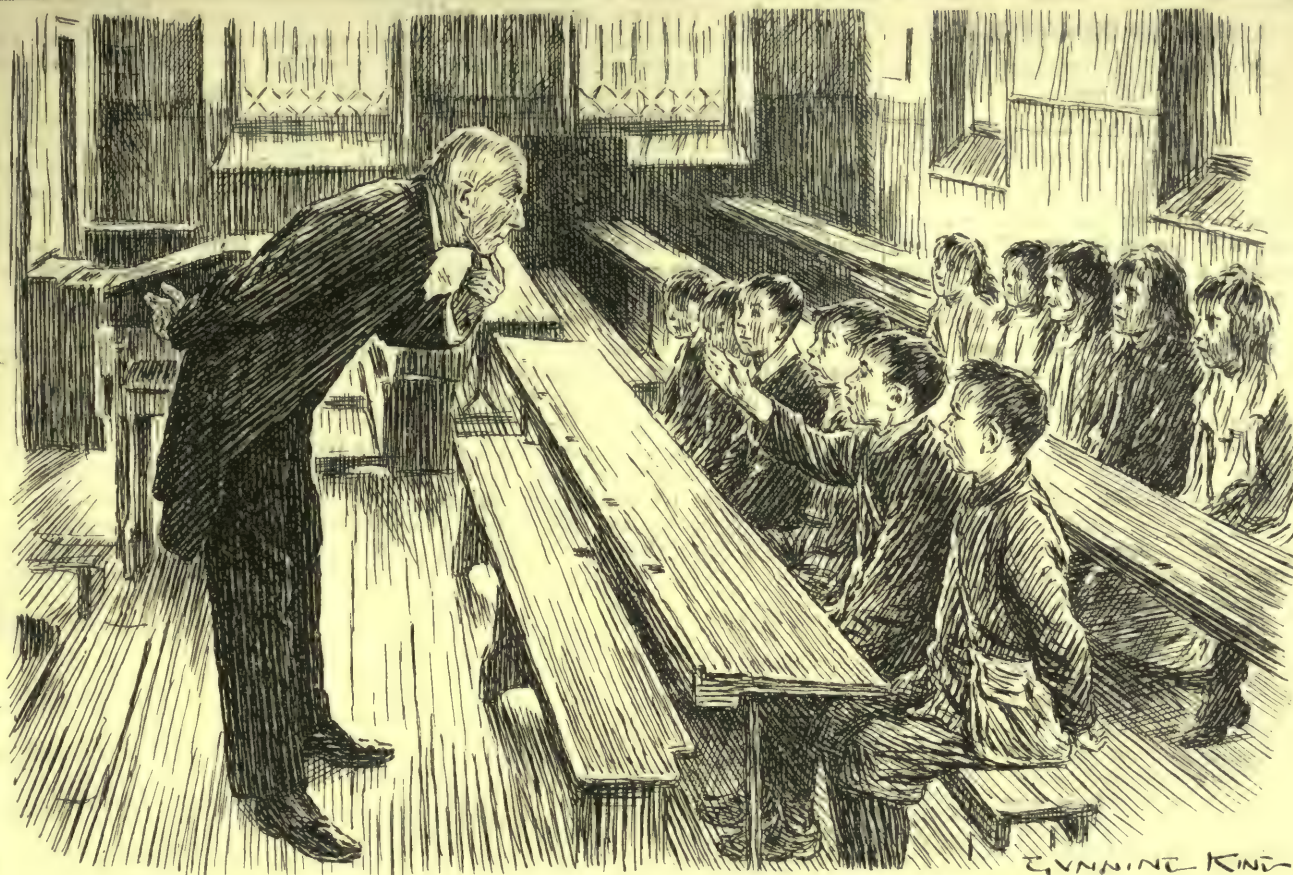
Alice . . . MR. BIRRELL.

The Cheshire Cat . . . MR. BALFOUR.

Pig . . . EDUCATION BILL.

“‘BY-THE-BYE, WHAT BECAME OF THE BABY?’ SAID THE CAT; ‘I’D NEARLY FORGOTTEN TO ASK.’

‘IT TURNED INTO A PIG,’ SAID ALICE. ‘I THOUGHT IT WOULD,’ SAID THE CAT.”—*Alice in Wonderland.*



Diocesan Inspector. "EXPLAIN 'HONOUR' IN THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT."
 Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY DON'T TEACH US DOGMA IN OUR SCHOOL."

opportunity of drawing the attention of the great B. P. to Kaffirs as a suitable investment. I myself have a supply with which I am prepared to meet all demands. This would of course be a sacrifice, but it would be cheerfully made in answer to a great Wave of Public Enthusiasm."

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE writes:—

"I was not at the match, as I was assisting at a demonstration by Mr. and Mrs. ZANCIG. What a wonderfully subtle telepathic talent is possessed by these two simple people! I *could* write at length upon this fascinating topic, but I refrain. With regard to this football match, I am in favour of both courses you suggest."

Answers have not yet come to hand, but are anxiously awaited, from the KAISER, King LEOPOLD and the President of the UNITED STATES.

The Daily Mail, in its account of the dissolution of the Reichstag, says: "The entire House, with the exception of the refractory majority . . . cheered itself hoarse." We recommend these felicitous phrases to our Tory contemporaries for any occasion when a speech by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR has been received with enthusiasm by the Opposition.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. *Punch* once made a picture for the Duchess of SUTHERLAND's Guild of Crippled Children of the Potteries. He is now commissioned to invite the many among his friends who are lovers of children to go to Stafford House this Wednesday afternoon (Dec. 19), when there is to be a sale of the delightful handiwork (in metal, &c.) of this same Guild.

GRACE AFTER MEALS.

(From a supporter of the Children's Feeding Bill.)

To the Members who voted for breakfast or lunch
 For the poor little children, this greeting from *Punch*.
 In the turmoil of parties you've done what you could,
 And *Punch* from his office pronounces it good.
 He has seen how the children, obeying your rule,
 Go hungry and wretched and feeble to school.
 He has seen how their efforts at learning are vain,
 How they strive and are beaten by hunger and pain;
 How, their brains in confusion, their stomachs unfed,
 They drag on through the day and go hungry to bed;
 And he saw how *your* children are fed and have fun,
 And he thought it was time to let something be done.
 So he welcomed your plan, for his heart was on fire,
 For giving poor children the food they require.
 Now your task is completed; the Bill has gone through,
 Though the pedants with bees in their bonnets looked blue.
 They were few, and you laughed as you noticed their frown;
 You despised their obstruction and voted them down.
 For your votes and your labour in crushing the cranks
 Mr. *Punch* and the children award you their thanks.

An advertisement in *The Motor* quotes the testimony of a gentleman from Moreton-in-the-Marsh, who states that he has run a certain car "nearly 412,500 miles in four months, and is more than pleased with it." As this works out (on a basis of twenty-four hours' running *per diem*) at about 143 miles per hour, we have pleasure in asking what the police are doing in Moreton-in-the-Marsh and its vicinity.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE. I

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XV.

London's Humour.

You have already had a taste of London's humour in Mr. PLOWDEN'S Court, and probably you have been convulsed a hundred times a day ever since your arrival by some repartee of the street, made either by cabmen or bus drivers, every one of whom, as is well known, is a humorist in disguise—often so well disguised as to be undiscoverable. Possibly you yourself have been the butt of an original sally, such as "Get your hair cut" or "There goes old Bill Bailey," and if so we hope you did justice to the wit, because the theory that London's drivers are witty has got to be fostered in every way. It is as important a tenet of our creed as that JOHN BULL, the typical Englishman, is an antiquated beefy farmer with a tendency to apoplexy.

London's humour may also be found in its fine flower in the music halls, where our greatest and most successful laughter-makers bring off their triumphs.

You may perhaps know something of the process by which herrings are split open, dressed and dried for more leisurely consumption than is possible when the fish is fresh. The process to which we allude is known as kippering, and the herring thus kippered is a breakfast-table delicacy. There seems to be nothing very comic about it. And yet, such is the Londoner's quickness and sense of humour, no one on the music-hall stage can mention the word kipper without plunging the audience into abysses of mirth.

The sausage is equally provocative; but that perhaps is more to be understood, since from the beginning of time it has been an article of humour to affect that the sausage contained everything except pig—dogs and horses in particular, and after them cats and buttons, and so forth. Such is our respect for antiquity that in England we laugh at everything that our parents and grandparents laughed at before us, particularly at our mother's mother.

Anyone who doubts this has only to visit the latest and most original example of what, in one of our rare bursts of irony, we call musical comedy.

The list of the favourite and guaranteed jokes of Londoners has not been exhausted, but very nearly so. There

remain, after kippers, sausages, and our mother's mother, only two topics—alcoholic poisoning and marital infidelity. With the mention of these, the catalogue is complete. No comedian can be sure of a laugh who deals with any other theme, and no comedian can fail of a laugh who offers himself as a heroic practitioner in either of those two last-mentioned branches of humour.

When we come to genuinely impromptu wit, the *locus classicus* is of course Capel Court, and after Capel Court the Law Courts. Perhaps it would be well to take the Law Courts first, for here that laughter which resides always in parentheses—thus, "(laughter)"—is at its best, and that is what you want, we suppose. The quickest route to the consummation is by way of the artless query. A Counsel, we will suppose, mentions a light of the stage or the turf,

Capel Court humour, but there are other manifestations too, such as the exchanged hat, or umbrella filled with rice and rolled up again.

But we must stop. We have perhaps said enough to show that London is not the grey city it has sometimes been said to be; not the "stony-hearted step-mother" of DE QUINCEY'S *Confessions*; but the home of innocent mirth and laughter—if only one knows where to go for them.

TO AN ARTIST IN NEWSPAPER POSTERS.

To one who, on the morning bills

The World's gyrations summarises,

Plays to the public taste in thrills,

And dishes up our daily crisis;

Whose web of Life's a hectic tweed,

Of loud design, and coarse in tissue;

Who writes that "he who runs may read"—

And, reading, buy the latest issue:—

Thine is the power to give or hold,

The succulent detail to mention,

Or hint that what remains untold

More richly merits our attention;

Thine the imaginative grace Which makes the drop

suggest the fountain,

Or on the molehill's slender base

Erects the high, parturient mountain.

Though storm and earthquake, fire and flood

Their dread activities should fetter,

Though men desist from deeds of blood,

Though there be no absconding debtor,

Though the war-dogs slip not their chains,

And nation dwells at peace with nation,

While yet thy hand its skill retains

We shall not fail of our sensation.

ON hearing of the Reichstag's refusal to vote supplies for the war, the Herreros expressed great sympathy for the KAISER in his pecuniary embarrassment. They are a sporting lot, and we understand that they have offered to advance a few sinews of war (in kind, of course—beads, feathers, rum, &c.), so that the enemy may not have to break off the game in the middle for want of funds.

"Motor Cycle for Sale, 2½ h.p., equal to 3½ h.p."—*Gloucester Citizen*.

DISCOUNT of ½ h.p. for cash?



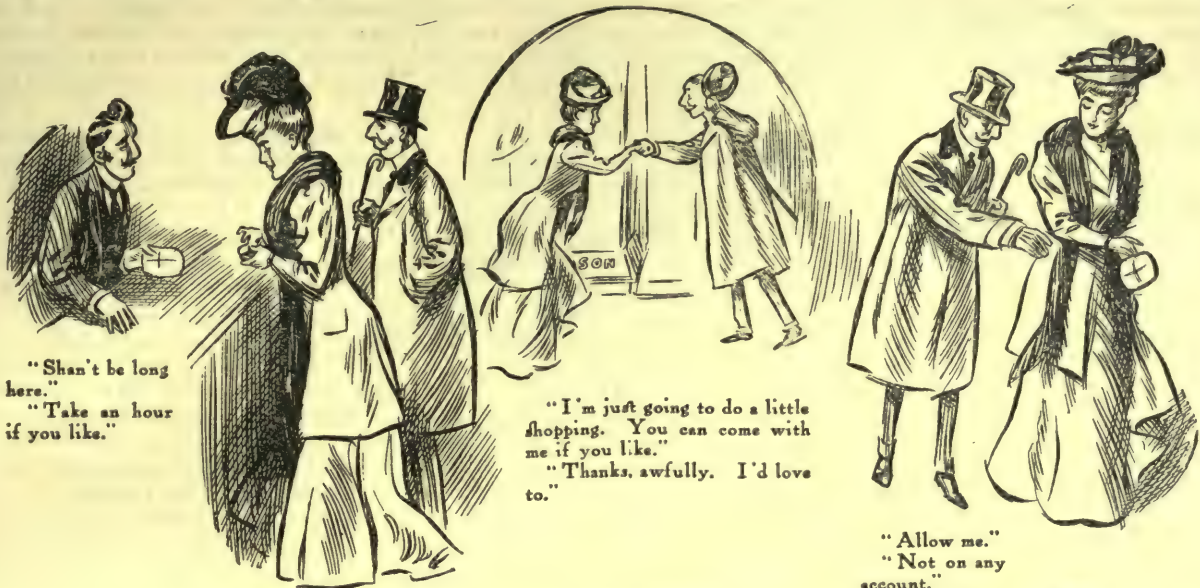
OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

FRENZIED FINANCE—A BUSY DAY ON 'CHANGE.

let us say, for example, a Springbok. Here is the really witty Judge's opportunity. "What," he asks with an exquisite air of perplexity and polite lunacy, "what is a Springbok?" On these words the Court begins to rock and stagger—to the total disregard of the pathetic notice on the wall, "Please do not split"—and another joke is added by the reporters to the great and shining roll.

At Capel Court, where the stockbrokers gambol, the wit is of a more practical nature. Objection might be urged by a purist against the humour of such a question as "What is a Springbok?" or "Who is CAMILLE CLIFFORD?" but there can be no question that it is funny to affix secretly to a financier's back a placard bearing the words, "Please kick me." In the intervals of money-making that joke has been thought of by quite a number of City men and instantly acted upon. The placard is the principal vehicle for

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.



"Shan't be long here."
"Take an hour if you like."

"I'm just going to do a little shopping. You can come with me if you like."

"Thanks, awfully. I'd love to."

"Allow me."
"Not on any
account."
"I insist."



"Tired?"
"All right,
thanks! Got a
chair."

"Lovely for the children! No, don't wrap it up, it'll be easier to carry."

"Hope you're not getting bored?"
"Ra-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ther not."



"Nearly done now. I'm afraid I'm giving you an awful lot of trouble."



"Not at all. It's a pleas——"

—LEWIS BAYNE—

LETTERS FROM "THE TIMES."

[The ingenuity of the Manager of *The Times* requires no assistance from the author of the following types of appeal. Still he offers them in that quarter with the faint hope that they may suggest new fields of usefulness.]

I.

To JOHN BROWN, SEA VIEW, BALHAM, S.W.
Printing House Square, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—Christmas is close upon us, and no doubt the usual family gathering will soon be assembling at your table. Probably the one thing of all others emblematic of this festive season is the Turkey for the Christmas Dinner. I can quite understand that, as a busy man, you will have had no time to give this important matter that personal attention which it deserves; and indeed it is not unlikely that this letter will be the first reminder you have had of your duties as the host of so many old friends and relatives.

The Times, as you are aware, is read by "the Country Gentry and the well-to-do and wealthy classes." Now *The Times* is too good to be, and consequently seldom is, thrown away after the nobility upstairs have finished with it. In nearly every case it passes down to the servants' hall; and the servants, when they have read the leading articles, either give it away or else sell it by weight to the tradespeople with whom they deal. It follows that all the high-class firms, such as habitually deal with the nobility and gentry, will see *The Times* regularly; and among these firms it may be safely assumed that several good-class poulterers will be included . . .

In view of the above considerations I feel sure that you will see the importance to yourself and your guests of advertising in *The Times* for your usual Christmas Turkey. I am, Yours faithfully,

THE MANAGER.

II.

To MRS. JONES, THE COTTAGE, PUDDLETOWN.
Printing House Square, E.C.

DEAR MADAM,—I see from *The East Puddletown Sentinel* that you have a second-hand bassinette that you wish to dispose of. Permit me to call your attention to the excellence of *The Times* as an advertising medium for this class of property. *The Times*, as you are aware, is read by "the Country Gentry and the well-to-do and wealthy classes." Now in such families it is above all necessary, for reasons of entail into which I need not enter here, that a direct descent in the male line should be ensured. It follows that in nearly every mansion and ancestral hall (where *The Times* is taken) there is to be found some little child or other, playing on the hearth, blissfully unconscious of the great inheritance

which is one day to be his. Further, it may be safely assumed that the parents or grandparents of such a child, being in need of a perambulator, mail-cart, or bassinette in which to wheel him about the wooded grounds or by the margin of the well-stocked lake, would consult the advertisement columns of *The Times* before making their purchase.

In view of the above considerations I feel sure you will see the importance to yourself, and the child who has now outgrown this relic of his youthful days, of advertising in *The Times* your wish to dispose of your bassinette.

I am, Yours faithfully
THE MANAGER.

III.

To MASTER THOMAS ROBINSON,
THE COLLEGE, CLIFFBOROUGH.

Printing House Square, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—Before your Academy closes for the vacation, and you return once more to the congenial atmosphere of the home circle, permit me to call your attention to a matter of some moment to yourself.

In a few days from now you will doubtless be receiving those monetary offerings, from uncles and other relatives, so usual at this season of the year. No sooner will the coins be in your pockets than you will begin to wonder how you can lay them out with most advantage to yourself. Probably you will decide to spend a good proportion of them in the purchase of foreign stamps to add to your collection. Permit me to call your attention to the excellence of *The Times* as an advertising medium for this class of goods.

The Times, as you are aware, is read by "the Country Gentry and the well-to-do and wealthy classes." Now such families, being of substantial means and able to indulge their every whim, will in many cases spend a great part of their time abroad in foreign countries; it being generally recognised that of all luxuries that of travel is the most to be desired. Further, it may be safely assumed that, while abroad, they will contract many new friendships among the natives of the countries through which they pass, and that these new friends will desire to keep up a correspondence with them on their return to their English homes. We thus see that it is practically certain that, in all mansions where *The Times* is taken, the daily post may be counted upon to contain numerous letters bearing foreign stamps upon their envelopes.

Again, it generally happens in these noble families that at least one member of them has either enlisted in some Colonial corps, or has had to emigrate suddenly to one of our Dependencies. What more likely than that he should write home at least once each mail to say

how happy he feels in his new life? It follows that the fortunate recipients of these letters (and of those from foreign countries that I mentioned above) will have many duplicate stamps in their possession, and will be only too glad to dispose of them at an unusually cheap rate.

In view of the above considerations I feel sure you will see the importance of inserting at once an advertisement in *The Times* to call attention to your need of good stamps for your album.

I am, Yours faithfully,
THE MANAGER.

THE LAST GROUSE.

(December 10.)

'Tis the last grouse of Autumn

Disturbed on the hill,

And the yells of the beaters

Are piercing and shrill;

In my butt I await him,

Yet nothing espy,

Except the dark moorland,

Except the dark sky.

Oh! the prospect is dreary,

With snow on the ridge,

And weather more suited

For firelight and Bridge;

On the wings of a blizzard

With black clouds behind,

The last grouse of Autumn

Comes whirring down wind.

Time was when in August

He rose from my boot,

And he gave me an instant,

Though I missed him, to shoot;

But now, a tough veteran

Of whipcord and wire,

He's a speck far to leeward

Before I can fire.

I'll not hit thee, thou last one,

So swift and so tough,

Even granting I see thee,

Which is doubtful enough:

Thus vainly I scatter

My pellets like hail,

At what I conclude is

Thy vanishing tail.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Gloucester Citizen*:—

"LOST, on Friday last, from Butcher's Cart, Shoulder Mutton.—Finder please return to B. PALMER."

If any of our readers has found it he should certainly return it to the owner in the course of the next week or two.

"Mr. SOARES coined a happy phrase when he said that there must not be peace at any price, but peace with honour."—*Chronicle*.

THIS is from "the abstract and brief chronicles" of the debate—to "coin" another happy phrase. Like Mr. SOARES we ask for more.

THE WHISPERING WEEK.

I.

This is the whispering week.

I don't mean to say that there has been no whispering in the few weeks immediately preceding it; but this is whispering week above all others.

There is whispering in every corner—whispering and caballing, plotting and planning, arranging and calculating, and a great deal of counting of money.

And every plot and every plan is being made for someone's happiness.

Mostly, perhaps, for mother's.

But for father's, too, and for the happiness of sisters and brothers and uncles and aunts and cousins and relations and schoolfellows.

And cook.

Everyone is to have something, even if it is only a joke, such as a lump of coal done up in heaps of pieces of paper.

For not only is this the whispering week, it is also the great week for brown paper and tissue paper and string.

Yes, and sealing-wax.

During the whispering week you may smell sealing-wax all over the house, and you must be very careful how you open drawers and cupboards, because you may come on a pile of parcels that you ought not to know anything about.

But everyone is careful.

II.

This is the whispering week.

The whisperers' faces wear expressions of triumph and mischief and the most important secrecy.

And if you had sharp ears and were invisible you would hear such phrases as these:—

"I've only got two-and-sevenpence altogether."

"But I wanted to give her that."

"Oh, not another photograph frame."

"I'm sure he's got a match-box."

"I shan't tell you, of course, but I know what father's going to give you."

"Did you give four-three each for them? Why! they're only three-three at BLACKLEY'S!"

"Well, I spent my last penny this morning, so everybody else will have to have cards."

III.

This is the whispering week.

It is also the week of woolwork against time, and embroidery *in extremis*.

It is the week when most of the tea-cosies and egg-warmers and kettle-holders and soft slippers of the world are finished.

It is the week of secret sewing, when work is hurriedly scurried away or hidden under a cloth directly the door-handle is turned.

But it is also the week of honourably-



Amelia (at a dance given in honour of a flying visit from the Fleet). "So you're off again to-morrow? Oh, you sailors are such birds of paradise!"

averted eyes by those who expect table-centres and doyleys.

Everyone is tactful in whispering week.

IV.

This is the whispering week, and may it never cease to be!

For it is a week of very warm hearts.

"RECIPE FOR INDIGESTION. — $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of compound tincture of gentian, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, 30 drops of essence of peppermint."—*Star*.

It certainly sounds as though it would give anybody indigestion.

"M. S.—The no-breakfast idea rests on the theory that one ought to give time for the assimilation of food as well as a little salt mixed lightly together, rolled into balls, and dropped into boiling water and boiled for twenty minutes?"—*P.T.O.*

PERSONALLY we should be resting after this theory, too.

THE accusation so often levelled against the Government of having seized every possible opportunity for appointing Royal Commissions is entirely undeserved. No Royal Commission has yet been appointed to report on what all the other Commissions are doing.



McFozzler (after a steady sequence of misses). "Ah—er—is THERE A LIMIT FOR THESE LINKS?"

A HARD LINE OF BUSINESS.

(Being a note from the Diary of a "Fluffy" Girl.)

I CAME into *The Beauty of Blackpool* half-way through rehearsals because LULU PRENDERGAST caught mumps, which made her useless for a Show Lady. The Fluffy Girls had a smart line each to say when RUPERT tried to kiss us all in turn. Mine was, "Ah! there's many a slip between the cup and the lip," and though I only got it late in the evening I was letter-perfect by eleven next morning, when the rehearsal began. But of course I hadn't had time to think out how to say it, so when I got my cue I asked Mr. WALKER, the producer, to give me some business.

He said, "Just put your tongue out when you say it, saucily, like this." That was easy enough, but it made it rather hard to enunciate clearly, and when we went through the scene again he changed it. He said, "When you say 'cup' do this, as if you were pouring out a cup of tea; and when you say 'lip' put your finger on your mouth and smile, like this:" and he made a face like a Gaiety photograph.

That was much easier, and I did it perfectly when we went through the scene again, only I put my finger on my mouth when I said 'cup,' and poured out tea at 'lip.' And next time I did

the business all right, but I said, "There's many a lip between the slip and the cup," and Mr. WALKER lit a cigarette, which is said to be a very bad sign with him.

Just then an awful scrubby man, who I supposed had come about the gas, came out of a corner, where he had been sitting watching us, and said: "Don't you reckon, Mr. WALKER, that she might sort of pretend to slip on the floor when she says 'slip'?" Mr. WALKER said it was a very good, novel idea, and I did it that way next time and got the words all right too.

The scrubby man, who was Mr. STEIN, the Manager, then said: "Don't you reckon, Mr. WALKER, it'd be bright if she held a cup behind her back till the word 'cup,' and then showed it to RUPERT?" Mr. WALKER, who I could see was getting quite annoyed with him, said he thought it was rather too much business to crowd one line with. But Mr. STEIN said: "I reckon she kin do it if she'll hustle."

So they got a cup and we did the scene all over again. But by this time I was getting rather tired, and mixed up the beastly "slip" and "cup" again, and Mr. WALKER went and strode up and down on the prompt side, trying to get the thing right in his own head.

When he came back he was very kind, and explained it all to me so

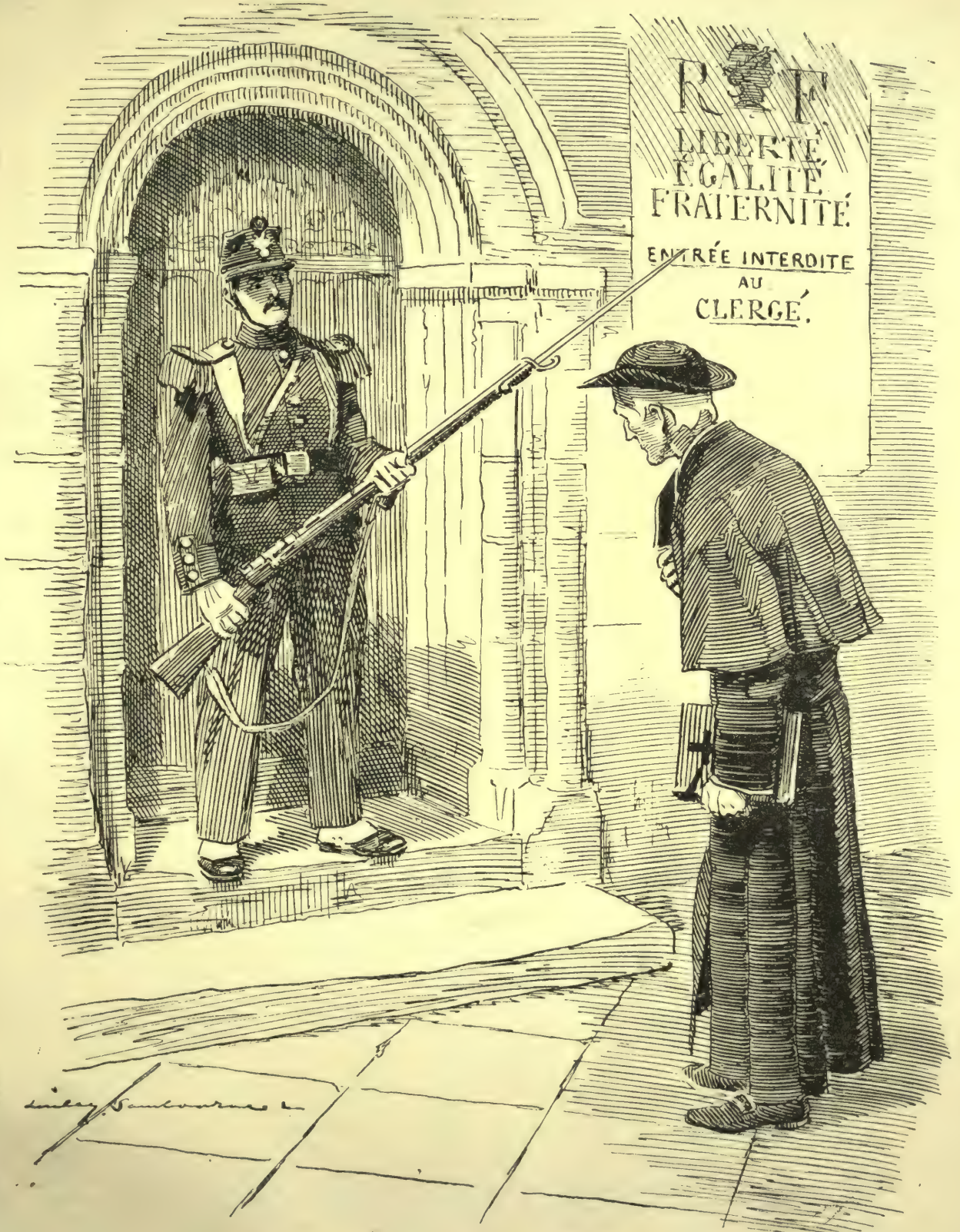
nicely. Just before we began again Mr. STEIN suggested that I should drop the cup on the stage, because it is always a sure laugh if you can break a bit of china in a play. Mr. WALKER said, "Certainly," and RUPERT lent me his tobacco pouch to drop during rehearsal. But when I got my cue again I clean forgot to drop it. I was getting right down nervous now, for all the other girls were saying hateful things under their breath.

Well, Mr. WALKER looked at me for quite a minute, and then he said: "My love"—oh! so cruelly—"you ought not to be an actress. You ought to be a producer, my angel. Tell me, my pet, do you really prefer your way to mine? because if so you must get another show to do it in, my beautiful adored one."

So I burst into tears and told him that I was engaged as a Show Lady and not as a Juggling Speciality, and I couldn't be expected to learn all that business in half a minute.

Then Mr. STEIN came back to say that he thought he'd keep the china-breaking till the third act, which wanted strengthening. So Mr. WALKER said I needn't drop the cup. He said: "Just do it the way I showed you before," and simply shouted, "Silence!"

But when I got my cue I found that I'd forgotten my line altogether, and so I fainted.



THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 10.—House this afternoon presented appearance indicative of historic occasion. All seats on floor thronged at Question time. Aliens from Treasury Bench settled on steps of SPEAKER'S chair or in Gangway. Side galleries filled. Strangers' galleries banked up with humanity. The Peers, who had their own little constitutional crisis in matter of Plural Voting Bill, forsook their chamber, crowding the gallery as if they were pittites awaiting the opening of doors at popular theatre on a first night.

"They ought to have tea served out to them," said LOUGH, looking up and gazing with compassionate eye on noble Lords huddled at the doorway of their gallery, hoping somehow at some time to edge their way in.

Cabinet secret well kept. Probably House pretty evenly divided on question, Would Ministers compromise with the Lords, or would they, recognising the hopelessness of situation, send back their amendments, leaving with them the responsibility of modifying them, or of throwing out the Education Bill, challenging the Commons to do their worst?

ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S appearance at Table signal for hearty cheer. Soon we should know all. On his legs for an hour, galloping along at pace that must have left many stenographers two sentences behind, before he came to question, What is to be done? This followed on detailed demonstration that the Lords' amendments "deliberately, intentionally, destroyed the whole fabric of the Bill." At the question Members bent forward in attitude of strained attention. ST. AUGUSTINE did not long dally with curiosity. The Government had, he said, made up their mind to ask the House to return to the Lords their amendments as a whole.

Hereupon the crowded benches to right of SPEAKER broke forth in volcanic burst of cheering. Below and above the Gangway it resounded. It was taken up by Labour party on Opposition side, and prolonged for a full minute by Westminster Clock.

"There is nothing," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "that so quickly and deeply stirs the Britisher as a declaration of war. Whether the fight be at home or abroad, in South Africa or at Westminster, the same thing. This means war between Lords and Commons. Of course the Lords can't haul down their flag at first shot. They have thrown down the gage of battle. It has been picked up with perhaps unexpected decision. They, like gallant cavaliers, will see the fight out. Meanwhile this is a night and a scene to remember."



COACHING THE PEERS.
T-m H-ly puts the Lords up to a few little wrinkles.

Whilst the great campaign thus opens and the main armies are in motion, the Lords have what the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR would call "a sort of" Saarbrück. Commons made attack on Plural Voting. The Lords, closing up their ranks, repulse it. Bill promptly thrown out. BEAUCHAMP, in charge of it, had his baptism of fire.

Business done.—Government propose to send back Lords' amendments to the Education Bill *en bloc*, declining to discuss them singly. Lords retort by tweaking nose of the Commons in matter of Plural Voting Bill.

Tuesday night.—Mr. Silas Wegg, it will be remembered, in his literary ministration to Mr. Boffin, occasionally dropped into poetry. To-night ACLAND-HOOD, freed from responsibilities of office, dropped into *Lemprière*. Testified that as late as Friday he, in communication with Government-Whip, was party to an arrangement whereby all important amendments made by Lords to Education Bill should be discussed. Had gone to his bed on Friday night cheered by the prospect of seeing Sr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL on Monday in the character of Hercules struggling with the Hydra. But when the Minister of Education took the floor it was in the character of TARQUIN (Superbus) cutting off all the amendments at a single blow.

Sr. AUGUSTINE blushed at being alluded to as Superbus. But there was an uneasy feeling in other parts of the House as to whether, in his classical zeal, ACLAND-HOOD had not stepped

beyond Parliamentary limits. One of the earliest actions of the last King of Rome was to murder his father-in-law. Of course A.-H. did not mean anything of that sort as applicable in remotest degree to records of Sr. AUGUSTINE'S family circle. But similitude is a two-edged sword, and it behoves one to be careful in its use.

Uneasy pondering over this little *bêtise* was put a stop to by spectacle of TIM HEALY in a new light. Presented himself as champion of the House of Lords, resenting insult conveyed in proposed treatment of their amendments. Quite a mistake, he confidentially assured House, to regard the hereditary Chamber as composed of men who are chiefly fools. Was able to name as many as three who did not come within that category.

"Take care!" he cried, wagging a friendly forefinger at Treasury Bench. "The House of Commons has been flouted many times. Never before has it been made ridiculous. Take care you are not made the doormat of the Peers. By refusing to discuss the Lords' amendments seriatim you have saved time, but you have lost the day."

The half-dozen Peers seated in the Gallery listened in pleased amazement. To be championed by TIM HEALY was approbation indeed.

Business done.—By 317 votes against 89 Commons accept PREMIER'S resolution "that the Lords' amendments to the Education Bill shall be submitted, considered, and voted upon as a whole."

Friday afternoon.—Had C.-B. adopted alternative course open to him, moving that Lords' amendments be considered this day three months, a strange predicament would have been possible. The motion would, of course, have been carried by a large majority, and the Order entered on Journals of the House. It is a familiar method of moving the rejection of a Bill. In the ordinary course of events, when the interval of delay is covered, Parliament is not sitting, and the Order necessarily lapses. But three months hence the House will be in full swing of the new Session, and might be called upon to fulfil its own mandate, and on the appointed day take up the Lords' amendments.

Seems grotesquely improbable. Yet the MEMBER FOR SARK recalls an instance of its actually happening. The late Lord DENMAN brought in a Woman's Suffrage Bill in the third week of February. It was quickly disposed of by the formula of ordering it to be read again on that day six months. It seemed thereby safely shelved. It came to pass that, business being superabundant, the House was sitting when in the third week in August the appointed day came round. Up gat Lord DENMAN. Reminded their Lordships of their undertaking, and proposed that the Bill should forthwith be read a second time.

By some ingenious discrimination between calendar months and lunar months the House wriggled out of difficulty. But it was felt that old Lord DENMAN, too often made the butt of supercilious authority, had scored.

Business done.—A little Scotch.

THE CONNUBIAL AEROPLANE.

Smith. Oh! do sit still, dear. What are you wriggling about for?

Mrs. S. I was only putting my hat straight, darling.

Smith. Never mind your hat. I want to keep her quite steady. Don't you see that chap down there taking a snap-shot at us?

Mrs. S. Of course I do. That's why I wanted— Look out, dear, here come the BROWNS. They live in the white house just below us, you know. Bow, dear, they're quite good people.

Smith. He can't steer straight, anyhow—barging us into a beastly patch of chimney smoke like that.

Mrs. S. Look out! there's a crow coming. Oh, do be careful, it's one of those fierce ones.

Smith. Where?—which way?—I can't see it.

Mrs. S. On your left. He's coming right at us— O-o-oh!

Smith. Missed him by a hair, by Jove! Confound these birds, we shall have to exterminate them.

Mrs. S. That would be rather a pity, too—the children like to see them about. Still we *could* keep a few in cages for them to look at, couldn't we? What's it rocking for now?

Smith. That's because you're wriggling again. You're making it rock.

Mrs. S. I'm not. I'm absolutely rigid. There's something wrong—I know there is! Oh, what is it?

Smith. Only a bit of a squall. Here comes the breeze. There—now she's shifting. That's fine, isn't it?

Mrs. S. Yes, dear; but I shall be awake all night with earache after this. I've forgotten the cotton-wool again. Why, there's a bit just below.

Smith. No—that's a sheep; and look at that little car crawling along. Aren't you glad we sold ours for this?

Mrs. S. Yes, dear, for most things, but of course one misses not having the road near to fall on. There now—it's beginning to wobble again. Do make it stop—there's no wind now!

Smith. Well, I'm trying to—I expect it's that off-wing wants a little oil.

Mrs. S. That's made it worse! Oh, we're going—oh—oh!

Smith. For heaven's sake leave go. How can I see to things with you clinging round my neck? There, she's right again now.

Mrs. S. I'm sorry, dear, but when it does like that I always think of the children.

Smith. Well, so do I—but if you are going to lose your head every time we tilt I shan't bring you up with me again.

Mrs. S. Don't say that—I couldn't bear to let you come alone, darling.

Smith. Shall we have the sherry and sandwiches now? You've got them, haven't you?

Mrs. S. I had until we began to wobble, then I put them on the little shelf behind.

Smith. There is no little shelf behind. I took it off before we started to lighten her. You've dropped them overboard, that's what you've done.

Mrs. S. I'm so sorry—but I tied them to a gas-bag, so we can soon pick them up.

Smith. One gas-bag won't keep them both up—there they are, drifting over the ground just above the road down there. What's that chap waving for?

Mrs. S. He's not waving, he's leaping up and trying to catch them before they float over the wall. It's a poor old tramp. Look, he's got them. He thinks it's a present—he's looking up and taking his cap off to us. How sweet!

Smith. Very sweet—to drop things overboard like that. You're always doing it.

Mrs. S. It was quite an accident. If you are hungry let's go home and have lunch.

Smith. I'm not particularly hungry.

Mrs. S. Well, personally, I couldn't touch a bit of any thing. The oscillation always makes me rather queer—and you're looking a little green, dear.

Smith. Green—nonsense—I'm all right—it never has any effect on me. Still, of course, if you really want to go home I'll take you at once.

Mrs. S. Thank you, darling—we've had a simply perfect fly, but I should love to lie down a little while on a fixed sofa.

THE VICTIM OF SCIENCE.

[In an article in the *Revue* Dr. MAURICE DE FLEURY declares that the chief cause of fatigue lies not in sticking to one subject, but in frequent change of occupation.]

In days of old, if dons seemed dry

And lectures desolation,

I thought it was the thing to try

A change of occupation.

When PLATO bored, when HOMER snored,

When proses came too stiffly,
Said Conscience, "Get a cigarette,
Or paddle down to Ilfley."

In later life the selfsame plan

I carefully adopted:

As soon as anything began

To weary me, I dropped it.

If I felt slack, or found a lack

Of thrill about a Blue Book,

I'd go to lunch, or pick up *Punch*,

Or dally with a new book.

And do not overlook the fact

That Conscience only guided

My conduct in each little act,

However small, that I did.

I'd take a day to drive away

The megrims or a liver,

And not because AMANDA was

Week-ending up the river.

But ah! the course to which I clung

With such entire devotion

Is scouted now as being sprung

From some fallacious notion.

"Change!" cries the sage in learned rage,

"It's perfectly untrue it

Brings rest to you. Whate'er you do,

Pray do not cease to do it.

"Don't dance about from this to that.

The longer one continues

Whatever task one may be at,

The more one saves one's sinews.

Beyond a doubt nought tires you out

Like endless alternation;

Would you keep fit and fresh in wit

Don't change your occupation."

The wise man speaks to ears that hear,

For who would dare gainsay him?

It seems to me supremely clear

I cannot but obey him.

And since the knack of being slack

In me is seldom lacking,

The simplest change I can arrange

Is just to keep on slacking.

FORECASTS FOR 1907.



III.—A VERY SMART GARDEN PARTY. DAYLIGHT FIREWORKS.

LITTLE LEGAL DECISIONS.

[After the curious legal decisions which have upset the Licensing Act of 1904, and the Cemeteries Act, and (until the result of the recent appeal) the Education Act of 1902, we may expect in the future to hear of even quainter legal pronouncements.]

Licensed Victuallers Association v. the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

(Before Mr. Justice CODDEM.)

IN giving his decision in this important case Mr. Justice CODDEM said that he had to consider the precise wording of the Act, which limited the opening of licensed premises on Sunday. He could not consider what was in the mind of the legislators who framed the law. The law stated absolutely that no licensed premises must be opened (save to *bonâ fide* travellers) before 12.30 on Sunday. The Dean, whom he must congratulate on the straightforward way in which he gave his evidence, admitted in the witness-box that Westminster Abbey was licensed for the solemnisation of marriages. Therefore, though with great reluctance, he was compelled to grant the injunction asked for by the plaintiffs, and order that Westminster Abbey should not be opened before 12.30 on Sunday save and except to *bonâ fide* travellers.

(Before Mr. Justice BOODLE.)

Pankhurst and Billington v. the Revising Barrister for the Strand Parliamentary Division.

IN giving judgment Mr. Justice BOODLE said the whole point of the case turned on the meaning of the word "man" in the Franchise Act of 1885. He was unable to take into account the interpretation put upon it by the Houses of Parliament. The question was, "Did man embrace woman?" He thought that the mass of evidence produced by the plaintiffs, which proved, conclusively to his mind, that they had been embraced by policemen, stewards, and excited politicians, settled the point. He therefore granted the injunction asked for—that the Revising Barrister should place plaintiffs' names on the roll of Parliamentary voters.

In the Court of Appeal, before Lords Justices JUGSON, PITCHER and SNOOZEM.

Duddle v. Dodger.

Lord Justice JUGSON, in announcing the decision of the Court, said this was an appeal against a County Court Judge's award under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Appellant alleged that the words of the Act, "common employment," did not cover the case of a

plumber who, when sent to repair a broken water-pipe, looked at the work then went into a public-house and broke his leg by slipping on a slide on the road. Had the respondent DODGER broken his leg when coming away from a public-house he (Lord Justice JUGSON) would have had doubts whether the words "common employment" covered the case, but after the mass of evidence produced as to trade customs he had no hesitation in pronouncing that in going to a public-house during working hours the plaintiff was following his common employment. The appeal would therefore be dismissed, and the County Court Judge's award of £150 compensation sustained.

Lord Justice PITCHER agreed with his learned brother.

Lord Justice SNOOZEM, on being awakened, said that he agreed with his learned brethren. In his opinion the weight of evidence was entirely against the validity of the will. (*Laughter in Court, which was instantly suppressed.*)

From Sir Oliver Lodge's Scientific Catechism.

"We have no knowledge which enables us to assert the absence of intelligence anywhere."

No knowledge perhaps; but a pretty shrewd suspicion in one or two cases.

CHARIVARIA.

THE movement for a good understanding between Great Britain and Germany continues to receive attention, and Lord AVEBURY has just issued a pamphlet on the subject. The only question is which of the two Powers is going to do the standing under.

The cost of suppressing the recent rebellion in Natal is estimated at about £700,000, and it has been intimated to the natives that they must not have another for some time.

The prisons in many towns in Russia are now absolutely filled with political offenders, and in consequence many hundreds of deserving criminals are homeless.

King LEOPOLD has declared to an American journalist that he is a poorer man because of the Congo Free State. You can get these American journalists to swallow anything. This comes of not being able to understand the humour of any country but their own.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN says that Lord COURTENAY has few equals in public life. We confess that, in the matter of politics, we do not share the PRIME MINISTER'S optimism on this point.

The Labour Members declare that they "will not allow so much as a comma to be taken out of the Trade Disputes Bill." It will be interesting to watch the struggle of Lords *v.* Commons on a matter of punctilio.

Dr. STANFORD READ, one of the L.C.C. lecturers, has issued a little book on "How to Keep Well." Many medical men consider this a gross act of perfidy, and it is rumoured that a rival brochure, entitled "Why keep well?" will shortly make its appearance.

The Prefect of Naples having prohibited the representation of one of MAXIM GORKI's dramas on the ground that it would endanger public order, MAXIM GORKI decided to read him a lesson which he will not soon forget. He resolved to leave the city at once.

Is the craze for living statuary spreading to our Art Galleries? In an account of an exhibition *The Morning Post*

mentions a certain exhibitor's "Calves" as being one of the freshest and most hopeful of the works shown.

At the re-opening of the Savoy Theatre, Mrs. D'OYLY-CARTE kindly provided tea for the early arrivals at the pit door. One of the playgoers was so astonished that he was heard to murmur:

"'Tis true, 'tis pit tea,
Pit tea 'tis, 'tis true!"

"Alarmed" asks whether it is possible

seen leaning against posts and roaring with laughter. The news had got about that a cat on show at the Crystal Palace had been valued at £2,000."

FORTHCOMING TOUR OF THE ALL-MACS.

FORTIFIED by the encouraging precedent of the famous "All-Blacks," and by the conquering career of the "Springboks," we understand that Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, the famous dramatic critic and *arbitrator elegantiarum*, is organizing a representative team of All-Macs, which it is his intention to captain and lead on a tour round the world with a view to the dissemination of sound views on dress, deportment, good manners and general culture. The team, as at present arranged, is constituted as follows:—

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM (Captain).

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. LEO MAXSE.

The MACGILLYCUDDY OF THE REEKS.

Sir HIRAM MAXIM.

MAX DAREWSKI (the infant prodigy).

MAX SCHILLINGS (the eminent German composer).

Sir HERBERT MAXWELL.

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P.

Sir ANTONY PATRICK MACDONNELL.

Mr. MACBETH BOURCHIER (12th man).

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM's claims to act as captain and commander of the team are so well founded as to render their enumeration well-nigh needless. It may suffice to say that in him we find the essential reincarnation of the spirit of the Regency; that he basks in the shade of an unusually fine family Tree; that he is alternately the idol and the despair of *The Tailor and Cutter*; and that he has recently developed into a most pronounced specimen of the *Inglese Italianato*.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, we need hardly remind our readers, is the famous historical novelist, whose romances have been translated into all the principal European dialects, and, after the novels of the Chevalier LE QUEUX, are the favourite reading of M. POBEDONOSTZEFF, General VON DER GOLTZ, King PETER of Servia, and the Emperor MENELIK of Abyssinia. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON will give costume recitals from his principal works, in which the other members of the team will take part,



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE PUT DIFFERENTLY.

Mr. Bumblepup. "I MUST APOLOGISE FOR COMING IN ORDINARY EVENING DRESS."

Hostess. "WELL, YOU REALLY HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF US. WE'RE ALL LOOKING MORE FOOLISH THAN USUAL, AND YOU'RE NOT."

that a Slave Market exists in London, and encloses a cutting headed "Piano-players at Nineteen Guineas each."

Noticing an advertisement of a book entitled *The Complete Motorist*, an angry opponent of the new method of locomotion writes to suggest that the companion volume, *The Complete Pedestrian*, had better be written at once before it becomes impossible to find an entire specimen.

"Last week," writes our Isle of Dogs correspondent, "many dogs were to be

incidental music to *The Iron Pirate*, *Cronstadt*, &c., having been specially composed by MM. MAX SCHILLINGS and MAX DAREWSKI.

The strength of the team will be greatly increased by the inclusion of Mr. LEO MAXSE. A slight difficulty arose in consequence of Mr. MAXSE's pronounced Teutophobia, but on his being assured that the music of Herr MAX SCHILLINGS was not in favour at Potsdam, and that MAX DAREWSKI has not yet been kissed by any member of the German Royal family, he courteously waived his objections. It will be Mr. MAXSE's special function to act as an antidote and counterblast to the excessive urbanity of the Captain and of Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, to illustrate the methods of the Mohocks as applied to journalism, and to instruct his hearers in the art of ornamental invective.

The MACGILLYCUDDY OF THE REEKS, as one of the most famous Irish chieftains, will impart an agreeable Hibernian aroma to the team, and tend to correct its predominantly Scottish flavour.

Sir HIRAM MAXIM has been specially retained, in view of his aviatory exploits, as the wing forward of the team, while his connection with the *Maxims* of LA ROCHEFOUCAULD will render him a *persona gratissima* with our neighbours across the Channel. He will lecture, from time to time, on the Law of Chance as applied to roulette and other games (a subject on which he has already written in the leading scientific reviews), and the spelling reforms initiated by Mr. ROOSEVELT.

Master MAX DAREWSKI, the modern MOZART, will appear at all the entertainments given by the team, in a Regency suit of velvet and Valenciennes lace, specially designed by the Captain and Madame PATTI.

Of Herr MAX SCHILLINGS it is enough to say that he is not and has never been a member of the Cobden Club, and that, though of German origin, he is, as his name conclusively proves, a loyal supporter of the British Crown.

Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, the famous Admirable Crichton of modern Scotland, will represent archæology, *belles lettres*, botany and trout fishing, while the unrivalled knowledge of the millinery trade possessed by his talented namesake, Mr. W. B. MAXWELL, will doubtless be turned to the best possible advantage by the Captain of the team.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL and Sir ANTONY MACDONNELL have collaborated in a

charming knockabout duologue entitled "The Two Macs Abroad," which will form a special feature of the tour.

Lastly, Mr. BOURCHIER, having qualified by his recent assumption of the rôle of *Macbeth* for inclusion in the team, will accompany it in the character of actor-manager, and serve as a perpetual object-lesson for the lectures on the drama to be delivered by Mr. MAX BEERDOHM.

IN THE SWIM AT NOTTINGHAM.

ACCORDING to *The Daily Mail* of Dec. 13, the *haute volée* (or should we say *nagée*?) of the hosiery metropolis in the Midlands have just discovered an attractive substitute for progressive whist in the

you take in to bathe, as the naiads of Nottingham are careful not to lounge about in such exposed situations at this time of year.

After an hour or so in the water "we all adjourn to a committee-room, where, before a blazing fire, we have light refreshments, and the ladies put the finishing-touches to their hair." So says the prime mover of the scheme. It is all very progressive—and Arcadian. There will soon, we suspect, be no bachelors left in Nottingham.

Meanwhile, one is moved to enquire, with some apprehension, whether the fashion is going to pervade London. If so, will Covent Garden be turned into a huge aquarium, and must we all get married before attending there?

Will week-ends in the water take the place of present-day country-house visits? Shall we be allowed to drown our less desirable acquaintance instead of just cutting them? Will the next dinner-scene of *The Man from Blankley's* be played in a tank? Is the Smart Set to oil itself and become the Smeared Set? These and similar possibilities present themselves, but we think that on the whole the average London host and hostess, not being a HOLBEIN or a KELLERMAN, will confine themselves to the blazing fire and refreshments, with other finishing touches.



Coloured Cadger. "WILL YOU PLEASE GI' ME SOMETHING TO EAT?"
Housewife (threateningly). "I'LL FETCH MY 'USBAND IF—!"

Coloured Cadger. "MADAM, PRAY DO NOT TROUBLE. MY RACE HAS GIVEN UP CANNIBALISM FOR GENERATIONS!"

shape of Mixed Bathing Parties for strictly young and married couples in the local swimming-baths. No bachelor can obtain an invitation under any pretext whatever, and we are not surprised, as it appears that the ladies wear swimming club costume without any skirts, while the gentlemen sport the ordinary university bathing dress. We further learn that it is curiously difficult to recognise people one has known all one's life when they come swimming past—especially the ladies, who are disguised by the rubber caps over their hair. It seems a negative kind of domino for the natatory incognita, but, anyhow, this novel *bal masqué* "causes the greatest fun imaginable." Still, there does not appear to be much opportunity for sitting out on the steps or the high spring-board with the lady

failed to find their proper form."

In the circumstances Mr. Punch can only congratulate the full-back, Mr. J. G. SCOLLAR, on not being beaten by more than 12 points to 8.

"KAISER DISSOLVES."

"Daily News" Placard.

THIS comes of being the salt of the earth. We always felt it was dangerous.

The KAISER, by the way, has been giving a fresh exhibition of Tireless Telegraphy.

"The daughters of Princess CHRISTIAN have wide interests. Princess LOUISE is the only English princess who has been to America, while Princess VICTORIA went to Sunningdale the other day to play golf."—*Sphere*.

"WHILE" is good.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs (HEINEMANN) have much of the charm of the otherwise incomparable PEPYS. They are written with the same simplicity of style, the same graphic touch. They differ inasmuch as the earlier diarist did not contemplate publication. Whereas the Prince authorised it. But he did not live to see proofs of the work, and the friend to whom he committed it felt at liberty to reproduce the MS. without editing it with niggard hand. It was the Prince's habit to keep a journal in which he recorded interviews with the eminent personages with whom his high diplomatic office brought him in contact. Nor does he refrain from personal comment, often piquant, upon his interlocutors. His diary illumines two notable epochs in European history. The first, the Franco-German war, the second, the fall of BISMARCK. It is naturally with the inner councils of statesmen rather than the achievements of Field Marshals that the Prince deals. We see BISMARCK, whilst France lay stricken after the great struggle, taking pains that she should not rise again. On February 18, 1874, BISMARCK remarked to HOHENLOHE: "We want to keep the peace. But if France goes on arming so as to be ready in five years and is bent on war at the end of that time, then we will declare war in three years." As for the "Dropping of the Pilot," immortalised in our JOHN TENNIEL'S Cartoon, Prince HOHENLOHE makes it clear that for fully fifteen years BISMARCK had been threatening to retire. Like a pampered butler or a wayward housemaid, whenever things did not go entirely to his liking he "gave notice." The old EMPEROR, believing him indispensable, time after time coaxed him to stay. The young EMPEROR, who believes indispensability is confined to himself, astonished the Imperial Chancellor by one day accepting his reiterated demand to be relieved from office. From this and many other stirring episodes Prince HOHENLOHE lifts the veil with uncompromising hand. We are not only told exactly what happened, but have set down the very words used by the parties to the drama. It is a long time since so valuable a contribution was made to modern history.

I must confess that I read *The Magic Jujubes* (ALSTON RIVERS) with a certain disappointment, knowing as I did something of Miss THEODORA WILSON WILSON'S other work. Speaking generally, I felt that the fairy part of the tale missed somehow the true magic, and that the every-day part brought up in one's mind odious comparisons with the incomparable E. NESBIT; so I selected my most pointed "G," and began (regretfully) to say so. Then, however, I reflected as follows: (1) This book is for children and you are no longer a child; (2) Previously you had been reading a problem novel by one of those strong silent authors; (3) You had a pretty rotten dinner, and your pipe won't draw. So I packed the book up and sent it off to a little girl of twelve. She read it straight off and was enchanted with it; and her sisters, who are in the middle of it, love it; and her father, who glanced at it surreptitiously, thinks it is charming; and her mother, who said it was time for them to go to bed . . . and her grandmother, who said that they needn't take the book with them . . . and her . . . Well, perhaps I'm getting older than I thought I was.

I prefer the rapier with which Mr. PERCY WHITE once spitted the suburbs in his mirth-provoking *Mr. Bailey-Martin* to the weighty bludgeon with which he now trounces the West-End. *Mr. Bailey-Martin* made me laugh, out loud and often; *The Eight Guests* (CONSTABLE) is a surfeit of

satire and the Smart Set. I don't want to meet any of them, least of all the smart mercenary Duchess who tries to make her niece marry the smart and vulgar millionaire, the host of the story. Nor do I much care for the smart niece, nor the smart young man about town whom she eventually prefers to Mr. Moneybags. The millionaire's plan for stripping the eight guests on board his yacht of their social veneer is ingenious and fairly successful, and is an attempt to get out of the ordinary rut of novels of this class. But, even here, it seems to me that the satire is spread too thick. Next time, Mr. PERCY WHITE, could you see your way to diluting it with the oil of laughter, which maketh glad the heart of man? I know you have some in stock.

OLIVER ONIONS' *Back o' the Moon*

Tells of a 'coiners' gang;
The plot doesn't thicken remarkably soon,
And it doesn't go off with a bang;
But the time of the tale
Is beyond the pale
Of latter-day strife and racket—
Seventeen-seventy-eight
Is the date,
(HURST AND BLACKETT
Back it).

OLIVER ONIONS' trick is to give
Sketches which seem detached—
Slight in themselves, yet cumulative
As the various parts are matched;
There are tears and smiles
And detective wiles
And hanging and love and fighting;
Sport of an excellent sort,
In short;
And a capital screed
To read.

Dr. MAITLAND makes haste to mention that sixty friends have assisted him in preparation of *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen* (Duckworth). There is here ominous hint of embarrassment of riches. Such consequence is apparent only in a somewhat unusual form of biography. There is some lack of ordered narrative, a filling and tacking on the course, which is rather picturesque than objectionable. Modestly keeping himself in the background Dr. MAITLAND allows STEPHEN to speak for himself by his letters, the picture being filled in by notes from the threescore friends. It is a profoundly interesting, on the whole a sad, story. A shy man, more swiftly bored than any fellow-sufferer of his acquaintance, he was brought into contact at varied points with the world academic and literary, and having to earn his living was fain to make the best of it. Reviewing his career towards its close, he pronounced it a failure, inasmuch as he "had scattered himself too much." "What with journalism and dictionary-making, I have," he growls, "been a Jack of all trades." The pity of it is that, having given up some of his best years to editing *Cornhill*, he retired with a sense of failure, from consciousness of which the delicate care of his colleagues could not shield him. Of the *Dictionary of Biography*, in whose service he nearly killed himself, Dr. MAITLAND writes, "even before Mr. LEE'S name appeared on the title-page he was in some respects a better editor than STEPHEN." For a proud spirit these things were hard to bear. LESLIE STEPHEN faced them with grim courage, and went on with other work. His complex character is summed up in a sentence written by an Alpine comrade: "Under a somewhat brusque exterior he concealed one of the sweetest and kindest hearts ever given to the sons of men."

FORECASTS FOR 1907.



IV.—DEVELOPMENT OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. SCENE IN HYDE PARK.

[These two figures are not communicating with one another. The lady is receiving an amatory message, and the gentleman some racing results.]

PRIZE ESSAY.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE ARISTOCRACY?

(With acknowledgments to "The Speaker.")

WHAT can be done under existing laws is, I fear, not very much, or, at any rate, nothing adequate. Emigration is, of course, a palliative, but for two reasons it can never provide a complete remedy: one is that the number of voluntary emigrants is not, and is not likely to be, nearly large enough to meet the requirements of the situation; and the other, that it is not easy forcibly to deport aristocratic undesirables.

But if under existing laws not much can be done we can at least pave the way for the good time when by a change of laws the evils of an hereditary aristocracy will automatically disappear.

To descend from generalities to concrete suggestions, there are two ways in which scope can be found for utilising the talents of the aristocracy before the abolition of the Second Chamber, the repeal of the game laws, and the extermination of the episcopate.

1. As Mr. KEIR HARDIE has pointed out in his article in *The Nineteenth*

Century, there is no reason why aristocrats should be denied admission to the ranks of the Socialist Party. On the contrary, as the course of history shows, your *déclassé* aristocrat is often a more ardent and efficient revolutionary than the son of humble parentage.

2. An even more satisfactory solution of the problem, however, is foreshadowed by that sternly democratic paper *The Daily Chronicle*. Chichester, as we gather from a vivid article, has been rescued from decrepitude by the advent of a bevy of high-born "society actresses." "Ancient Chichester has even now its young blood, its passionate hearts, its *Romeos* and *Juliets*," thanks to the performance of a comic opera written, composed, and performed by amateurs. The "good honest bourgeoisie of Chichester" made holiday to see the piece, which "in the music and in some of the acting and singing" proved "a good deal better than anything that Chichester is likely to get from professional sources." The daughter of a Peer displayed a "delightful voice, beautifully trained;" the singing of glees and madrigals was "quite wonderfully accomplished;" and the lyrics and airs were "often much prettier and

more taking than the ruck of what one hears in musical comedies."

The note of lyrical ecstasy which contemplation of these high-born amateurs elicits from this stalwart Radical is not without its significance. Against the invasion of the professional stage by titled histrions every true democrat must set his face like a flint. But as unsalaried amateurs these gilded popinjays, with their Bond Street gowns and "everything adorable by way of millinery," may temporarily justify their existence and mitigate the harshness and dullness of the labourer's surroundings with the amenities of gratuitous musical comedy.

If "crumbling old Chichester" can be awakened to gaiety and romance in the very heart of winter, the most congested districts may well yield to the revivifying influence of aristocratic "open-work ankles." What Radical whose mind is not caged in the prison house of a provincial caucus, or entangled in the meshes of some central home for wire-pullers, can regard without emotion the utilizing of this great national asset for the purpose of wooing labour back to the land and counteracting the general spirit of feudalism and squirearchy that still survives?

LONDON'S LIGHTNING PROGRESS.

Increased Facilities of Transit.

Through Tickets from Piccadilly to the Temple
To Meet the Needs of our Best Intellectuals.

Journey Accomplished at nearly Four Miles an Hour.

My idea was to achieve by electric traction the trip from the hollow of Piccadilly to Bouverie Street: that is to say, from the heart of Clubland to the head-quarters of the Press and the purlieus of the Law. This has always been the beaten track of London's leading intellectuals—her barristers and her journalists. Here then, if anywhere in this Metropolis of the World, I should enjoy, in their fulness, those modern facilities of transit-over which Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has lately spread his benediction. I had no use for the old methods: the tedious lurching horse-bus; the hansom-cab (no vehicle, this, for a man of refined nerves); the four-wheeler (an admirable means of transport, but never to be found). I could not tolerate the smelling, screaming, skidding motor-bus. I had no stomach for an altercation, on my office steps, with the domineering chauffeur of a motor-cab. And to foot the two miles on a heavy luncheon was unthinkable.

A Bad Start.

A short but stimulating walk took me to the Down Street Station of the Finsbury-Park-Great-Northern-Piccadilly-Brompton-and-Hammersmith Railway (Underground Electric Railways Company of London Limited). The scaffolding was still *in situ quo*, and the entrance had a forbidding air. I gathered from a bystander that some days must yet elapse before the station would be opened to the public. Being pressed for time I determined not to wait; and so returned to my Club and began again. (Waste of 3 minutes.)

Walking Exercise in the Underworld.

I now headed up the slope of Piccadilly to Dover Street Station and bought a triple combination ticket to the Temple. The price was very reasonable indeed. The ticket was then punctured and I descended into the bowels of the earth. After a pleasant promenade, with many quaint turns to vary the monotony of tubular prospects, I boarded a train for Piccadilly Circus at about the moment when I should, if proceeding on foot, have reached that centre of activity. Arrived there after a brief transit, I alighted to have my ticket again punctured; and passed through gallery after gallery of glazed catacombs and up flights of steps admirably hewn from the living clay, and so entered a train upon the Baker-Street-and-Waterloo Railway which bore me to the Embankment Station.

Ascensus Avernii.

Once more alighting, I took two sharp turns and found myself at the bottom of a prodigious acclivity leading on and on into what seemed an interminable vista. A man glanced at my ticket and I was permitted to pass. The upward grade is not really more than one in three, and the ground is thoroughly corrugated to prevent back-slip; but rubber soles are strongly recommended. Battling with a terrific head-wind I at last accomplished the straight ascent (actually less than a quarter of a mile in length) and came upon signs of human habitation. From here I deflected my course and reached the summit by a short flight of steps. Then a stretch on the level and I stood panting at the portals of the Charing Cross Station on the Metropolitan District Railway, where a man took a large slice, which I could ill spare, out of the remnant of my ticket.

Where to wait for First Class.

Taking my stand at the back end of the platform so as to be opposite the first-class carriage when it arrived, I waited.

When the train came, all except the last three carriages had been taken off, and so the first-class carriage drew up opposite the middle of the platform. Naturally I could not get to it in time. So I lost that train.

Then I took my stand in the middle of the platform and waited. And the next train was of the full size, and the first-class carriage was at the far end, last but one. Naturally I could not get to it in time. So I lost that train too.

Then I took my stand half-way between the middle and the end of the platform, so as to be ready for a train of either size. And so I had just time to scramble into the first-class, where I found a spare place between a navy and a bootblack. (Waste of time, $8\frac{1}{2}$ mins.)

The Unattainable Tram.

At the Temple Station I gave up my ticket—a mere skeleton—and ascended into the light of day. It was then a question whether I should take an L.C.C. tram. But the L.C.C. had laid both sets of rails on the far side of the road, knowing full well that nobody ever *begins* by being on that side; and I did not care to wade there and back, knee-deep in mud. So I walked the rest of the way, keeping to the path where the trees have branches on the north side of their trunks as well as on the south.

Time for the two miles (or rather less)— $42\frac{1}{2}$ mins.

But as I shall not try the Down Street Station again till it has an entrance door and not so much scaffolding; and as I shall know better another time where to stand at Charing Cross Station so as to be within reach of a first-class carriage, I think it would be fairer to deduct the 3 mins. and $8\frac{1}{2}$ mins. respectively wasted at these two points. Gross time, then, $42\frac{1}{2}$ mins.; nett time, 31; or, since in dry weather it would be feasible to attempt the crossing to the L.C.C. trams, let us call it in round figures half-an-hour—for a little under two miles.

So you see that, thanks to the remarkable development of transit facilities in the Metropolis of the World, you can be conveyed along the most necessary of all routes—namely, from the heart of Clubland to the head-quarters of the Press and the purlieus of the Law—at an average speed of very little less than four miles an hour; and that, too, without the necessity of having a man walking in front of you with a red flag.

O. S.

MATINS.

AROUSÉD, I hear the milkman's cry,

The postman's rat-tat-tat,

And know the morning's letters lie

In heaps upon the mat.

"Nay, blankets," murmur I, "are best,

And dawn has scarcely shone.

An earthquake shall not mar my rest;

I mean to slumber on."

The Cynic labels life a "sham,"

A "dream" the lover's bliss;

The Dryadust finds germs in jam,

And poison in a kiss.

In vain "Awake!" the factions scream,

And hurl me books to con;

If life's a cheat, and love a dream,

I mean to slumber on!

"Mr. H. S. has, with his usual generosity, given the whole of the employees at the Richmond Railway Station a couple of rabbits."—*North Star*.

It doesn't seem much, but it is always the kindly thought, rather than the actual gift, that counts.



WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

BRITANNIA. "ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS, SIRE, ON THE SPLENDID GROWTH OF YOUR NAVY. AND, SINCE I HAVE YOUR ASSURANCE THAT YOUR PROGRAMME IS NOT AN AGGRESSIVE ONE, I FEEL SURE YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO SEE WHAT I HAVE BEEN DOING IN THE LAST THREE YEARS!"

JIMMY AND MABEL.

(Or, Two Impressions of Christmas Day.)

I.

WHEN his mother really loves him he is JIMMY; when she still cares for him, but is preoccupied with other things, he is JIM; but he is JAMES, plain (and untruthful) JAMES, when he smacks his sister's head, or makes a noise in the study when he *knows* how hard Father has to work, or does any one of the hundred things that little boys mustn't do. I need hardly say that when I called to interview him, and found him injured at three o'clock of a bright Christmas afternoon, I knew he was JAMES again. Therefore I said:

"Hallo, JIMMY."

"Hallo. I say, come and tell me a story."

"You're resting again?"

"What? Oh, yes, it's rot. Well, I don't really mind, because I'm never good for much after plum pudding."

"What was it this time? MABEL again?"

JIMMY sighed.

"You know what girls are. At prayers this morning I just tied her sash round the leg of my chair . . . and when we all got up again . . . Well, of course there was a row. I ought to have gone to bed then, only it hadn't been made. And besides, I had to go to church. Now, then, get on with your story."

I cleared my throat loudly. "Ahem!" I said. "My story has a moral, I'm afraid."

"I suppose most stories do on Christmas Day."

"Yes. Anyhow this one has. Once upon a time there was a very bad boy called—JOHN. And his father and mother loved him very much. And one day his mother said: Now I do hope JOHN will be good on Christmas Day of all days, because I've got a turkey and two sausages and a plum pudding for him, and a bicycle, and a camera, and a Henty, and a lot of other things. Instead of which, what do you think he did?"

"I suppose you mean me?" said JIMMY.

"*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*"

"All right. Don't get sick. And I don't think much of your story."

"It's very popular," I pleaded, "in the City. It's all the rage in the House."

"Well, now I'll tell you one. This is a true one, mind you. Once upon a time there was an ordinary boy called JAMES. And he woke up on Christmas Day and was late for break-

fast, owing to MABEL going to sleep in the bath, as she always does. And he got in a row, and MABEL had finished the omelette, and if there's one thing I do like it's that. And he didn't get any of the presents he wanted. And then he went to church." JAMES paused impressively.

"Well, of course," I said. "We all do that."

"All I can say is that it isn't the best way to get ready for a Christmas dinner. What you really want is a good walk."

"Oh, JAMES!"

"Of course it's all right for you. You can go to sleep."

"JAMES! I didn't. I had to close my eyes because of the hat in front of me."

"That's Miss MITTON. She always wears hats like that. Well, then we

what you thought of Christmas as an institution."

"Well, now you know. Rotten."

II.

MA-BEL washed her hands and face, and brushed her hair, and ran down into the break-fast room.

"Good morn-ing, Papa and Mamma," she said. "A mer-ry Christ-mas to you both. O see what a pret-ty pin tray Aunt JANE has sent me! Is it not kind of her? And a card from Uncle JOHN! I must write to them to thank them."

"Where is your broth-er JAMES?" said her Mamma.

"He is in the bath-room. Do not be ang-ry with him, dear Mamma, if he is late. It is Christ-mas Day, and we should all be for-giv-ing to one an-other."

Just then JAMES came down. His tie

was on side-ways, and his boots were not laced. All through break-fast he was ve-ry dis-a-gree-able, and dur-ing prayers, when he was kneel-ing next to his lit-tle sis-ter, he was ty-ing her sash to his chair. "You naught-y boy," said Mamma.

"O Mamma!" said MA-BEL. "I do not mind. I have for-giv-en him."

But Papa said JAMES must go to bed af-ter din-ner.

Then they went to church. "I do so love church," said MA-BEL. "Is it not sad to think of all the poor boys who nev-er go to church?"

"Yes, dar-ling," said Mam-ma. "Now then, JAMES."

After church was o-ver, they all re-tur-ned to din-ner.

"Mamma," said MA-BEL, "I think JAMES would not like so much tur-key as he

had last time. He was so ill be-fore."

"There's a thought-ful lit-tle girl," said her Mamma.

"He must not have so much a-gain," said Papa.

Af-ter din-ner Mamma said, "Now what would you like to do?"

"I would like to take some tea and coal to the poor old peo-ple," said MA-BEL.

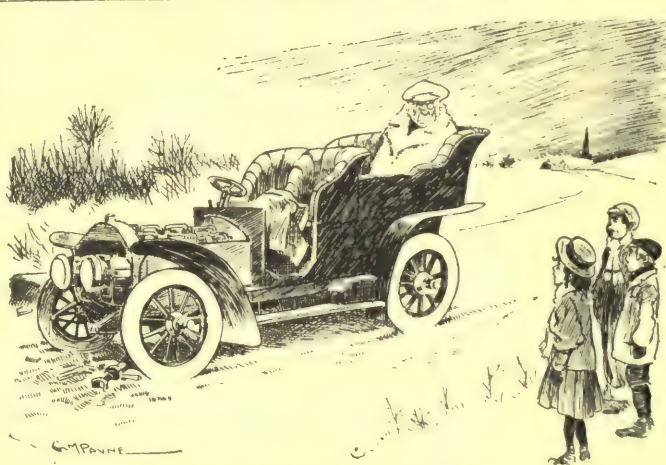
"And JAMES is going to bed," said Papa.

"O Papa," said his lit-tle daugh-ter. "Let JAMES take the coal to the poor old peo-ple, and I will go to bed. Do not pun-ish him."

"Not much," said JAMES, as he went up-stairs.

That ev-en-ing MA-BEL and her Papa and Mamma had sup-per a-lone, for JAMES was still in bed.

"I do love Christ-mas Day," cried MA-BEL. "I do hope all the poor lit-tle child-ren are en-joy-ing it too."



AN INOPORTUNE TIME.

JONES, WHILE MOTORING TO TOWN TO FULFIL AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT, HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO GET STUCK UP ON THE ROAD, AND HAS SENT HIS CHAUFFEUR TO THE VILLAGE FOR ASSISTANCE. IN THE MEANTIME SEVERAL VILLAGE CHILDREN GATHER AROUND AND SING, "GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMAN, LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY," ETC.

had dinner, and the first thing MABEL must say is, 'I wonder if JIM will make himself ill again like last time.' I particularly like that, after she'd eaten all the omelette for breakfast. And then Father says: 'Well, he mustn't have so much this time.' JIMMY stopped and wrestled inwardly with his wrongs. "You know," he blurted out at last, "when you've got to spend the afternoon in bed anyhow, to be told that you mustn't have so much as last time—well, it's a bit rotten, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed."

"I knew you'd back me up. Well, that's the end of my story at present."

"I see. Is there going to be a sequel?"

"I suppose it depends on whether I get any supper or not. I can't think why they let you come up. They never do ordinarily."

"I came to interview you—to find



Art-Master (who has sent for a cab, pointing to horse). "WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?"

Cabby. "AN 'ORSE, SIR."

Art-Master. "A HORSE! RUB IT OUT, AND DO IT AGAIN!"

SCHOLASTIC "SWEATING."

["The skilful teacher is the most valuable and economical asset that the country can lay its hands upon."—*Mr. Augustine Birrell.*]

As a Junior Classical Master I find,
With the uttermost gratification,
That the "strenuous life" of my suffering kind

Is assessed at a right valuation.
What matter if Youth is unable to see
Why the dative is governed by *placet*,
Suffice it to know that my country, in me,
Has a most economical asset.

A NAPOLEON'S will and a TALLEYRAND'S tact

I add to the lungs of a Stentor,
With the heart of a fiend, for when urchins are whacked,

My rôle is Assistant Tormentor;
Yet, if penknives occasion the spilling of gore,

I am ready with bandage and plaster,
For such surgical skill is expected, and more,

From a Junior Classical Master.

In order to quell diabolical pranks
I scowl on Young England at dinner;

I offer up grave semi-clerical thanks
On behalf of each juvenile sinner.

At supper I seize on unauthorised buns,
Enforcing dry biscuits and cocoa.

I interview screeching mammas, to whose sons

The "Head" has administered toko.

At night I must grind myself into my grave,

Yet rise with Aurora on each day;
The rest of the year I'm a menial slave,

But a noble grandee upon Speechday.
My chat with papas on the liberal arts

Declares me their affluent patron;
Who knows I'm a hack who can

"treble" the parts
Of boot-boy and usher and matron?

I teach little dolts of eleven to spell,
I toil like a lodging-house "skivvy";

Whene'er my employer is not very well
His form come to me with their *Livy*.

He cavils at all my best efforts—and yet
(Oh balm in a pedagogue's Gilead!)

His manner is sweet when he asks me to set

A paper for him on the *Iliad*.

But now all the clouds from my prospect are cleared

By the man whom I honour and trust in.
My outlook on life has been very much cheered

By thy generous statement, AUGUSTINE.
And when from my labours, at last, I'm released

Beneath the cold formal "*Hic jacet*,"
They'll add, "a great Statesman described the deceased

As a most economical asset."

EDINBURGH EXHIBITION
GUARANTEE

JOPPA LADY AND
HER TURKISH BATH.

Evening Dispatch Poster.

THE "human statue" business is being rather overdone just now. We did expect something different from the Edinburgh Exhibition.

THE HAUNTED EDITOR. OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was August; August, and a heat wave at that! Exhausted in mind and body with the completion of the most arduous labour of the journalistic year, the production of a Christmas Number that should take time not by the forelock but by the entire scalp, the Editor of *The Snappy Album* had flung himself back in his chair. "Out before any of the others!" he murmured triumphantly.

The clock, which, in accordance with the stern spirit of competition pervading that dread abode, indicated an hour somewhat in advance of the actual time, was approaching midnight before the Editor realised that the usual weekly budget of illustration had still to be made up. Fortunately, however, this was not a matter of difficulty. "After all," he reflected, with weary gratitude, "there is always SEYMOUR HICKS, and our old friends of the Gaiety, and somebody must have opened a new golf-links somewhere."

He was just thinking of rousing himself when the door of his sanctum was flung suddenly open. "Inspector to see you, Sir," said a liveried menial, and before he could reply that he was out of town and not expected back for a month, the Editor saw with annoyance that his unbidden visitor stood already within the room. The gaunt figure towered threateningly above the editorial chair; holly and mistletoe were wreathed about its frosted locks, and its presence seemed to be accompanied by a subtle aroma of glazed paper and printer's ink.

The Editor gasped. "What Inspector is this?" he cried. "Nuisances?"

"An error on the part of your informant," replied the visitor calmly, "for which we decline responsibility. I said a Spectre, not Inspector. The mistake was perhaps natural."

"Your voice," ventured the Editor in a more conciliatory tone, "is a trifle husky. Did you—er—happen to mention whose spectre you were?"

"I do it now," replied the Phantom. "I am the embodiment of that burden which has lain heavy on your soul for weeks, that burden which you have but now transferred to a forgiving public. Tremble, rash Mortal! I am the Ghost of Christmas Numbers Past!"

The Editor trembled as directed. "Just so," he said politely.

"And these," continued the Spectre, "are my children;" whereupon, following a gesture of its bony hand, the Editor observed at the far end of the room a shadowy company whose appearance struck him as unpleasantly familiar. "Come," said the Phantom, "look on them more closely; they should be

friends of yours. Yonder stately maiden, for example. See you naught to recognise in her?"

At this, a young girl of haughty yet benevolent appearance glided forward. "Speak!" commanded the Phantom, and the shadow spoke.

"I," she said wearily, "am called *Lady Bountiful*. Clad in becoming furs I visit the homes of needy cottagers, upon whom I bestow that vague variety of provender known as Christmas Cheer. The glow of a robust if somewhat aniline colour in my cheeks contrasts effectively with that of the pale recipients of my bounty. I am known also under various aliases, such as 'The Errand of Charity'; or, 'A Friend in Need.' I have been doing this sort of thing uninterruptedly for years. I wish now to retire on a small pension as a public servant."

"It is well," said the Phantom gloomily. "Next, please."

The next was a rubicund and choleric old gentleman with white hair. "My name," he began in an aggrieved voice, "is *Squire Jollyboys* of Jolliboys Hall, Blankshire, where I occupy myself with country dances and fox-hunting, the latter preferably after a heavy fall of snow. I live exclusively upon turkeys—"

"Turkeys, ha!" ejaculated the Spectre.

"And plum puddings," continued the old gentleman hotly, "a diet which fills me with repulsion. After such a meal it is my inevitable custom to embrace all my female guests beneath a convenient mistletoe. I am sick of it. The mere sight of a wassail-bowl makes me shudder. I demand to be placed on sick leave owing to chronic dyspepsia."

"You have heard his plea," said the Ghost; "do you admit its justice?"

The Editor fidgeted uneasily. "How the dickens—" he began, but the Ghost interrupted him.

"You touch the spot," it rejoined, "for it is the DICKENS who is responsible. But see! Who follows now?"

He pointed as he spoke to the forms of three young men, who had silently taken the place of *Squire Jollyboys*. One was very tall and thin, another very short and fat, and the third, by way of distinguishing characteristic, had red hair.

"We," answered the tall member of the trio immediately, "are of many names and periods, but of one generic title. We are The Three!"

He paused. "You know them?" asked the Phantom sternly.

The Editor groaned. "I know them well," he said.

"You should," continued the tall young man. "For our career under your auspices has been long and varied.

Clad in powder and brocade we have led Them through the mazes of the stately dance, or, in the costume of a later age, have hunted in Their company, broken the ice at skating parties with Them—"

"Them?" queried the inexorable Phantom, but the Editor checked him, almost with a sob. "Yes, yes," he cried, "The Three Maidens. I admit them also! Have mercy!" But the young man went on, "—and, later still, have rescued Them from bicycle or motor accidents. Presently it will be Aeroplanes! The result however is unalterable."

"The result?" began the Inquisitor, but again his victim broke in with piteous haste. "I know," he said quickly; "a triple wedding at the village church, and the departure of three couples—"

"By pillion, motor, or flying-machine as the case may be," concluded the young man. "The separable accidents may differ slightly, but we ourselves remain always and inevitably the same. It was the everlasting monotony of it," resumed the young man, "that drove us to come out with the others."

"To come out?" repeated the Editor, mystified.

"I should have warned you," said the Spectre sternly. "This is a Deputation. The employees whom year by year you have so grossly overworked have risen at last. Henceforward the comic carol singers and the old gentleman in the nightcap who throws things out of windows will go through their dreary performance no longer; the yule-log will remain ungarnered; and the Christmas coach will discontinue its annual adventure with the snow-drift. Even the salmon-coloured children and the impossibly curly dog, whose proud motto, "Suitable for Framing," boasts your encouragement of the Arts, even they have joined us. In a word, your 800 per cent. profits are at an end. We have Struck!"

"Struck!" screamed the Editor, sitting bolt-upright in his chair.

"Yes, Sir, the clock has struck, Sir," answered the liveried menial politely, "just gone twelve."

So it was only a dream after all! With a sigh of relief the Editor realised that his trusted and familiar assistants were still to be depended on, and next morning the summer sunlight gleamed upon a thousand bookstalls, where, unchanged from any of its predecessors save in date, reposed "The Earliest Christmas Number."

FROM the notice board of a Hull church:

PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOONS
THE GREAT SILENCE BY THE VICAR.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are sorry to have to record a grave set-back to Humour. President ROOSEVELT's order making Comic Spelling compulsory has been revoked.

LORD TURNOUR, the eldest son of the Earl of WINTERTON, upon arriving at New York, announced that he was not looking for an American heiress. At this, we understand, the long *queue* of heiresses outside his Lordship's hotel slowly broke up and went quietly home.

Nearly every first-class Power is now building a *Dreadnought*, and a correspondent suggests that a Regatta should be arranged confined to craft of this class.

Much interest continues to be taken in the impending House Match between the Commons and the Lords.

A woman suffragist has christened her baby boy "Franchise." The news has not been broken yet to the unfortunate child.

The pit and gallery doors at the Court Theatre are to be opened one hour before the performance, "in order," it is said, "to obviate the cold waits." A suburban correspondent writes to say that he wishes some of the noisier waits in his neighbourhood could be obviated as easily.

Some burglars last week removed from a house a safe weighing eleven hundred-weight, using cushions and mats to deaden the sound of their movements so as not to disturb the inmates of the house, who were all asleep. There are plenty of persons always ready to sneer at our criminal classes, but one might journey far before coming across another such example of kindly consideration for others.

Both the plaintiff and the defendant in a recent action felt hurt when a County Court judge who had a difficulty in pronouncing "th" described the matter as being a case of "oaf against oaf."

Now that it has been proved that flying machines are practicable, the various omnibus companies are already thinking of titles for their new lines. We understand that among those which have already been decided on are "The Boomerang," "The Castle in the Air," "The Rocket," and "The Bird of Prey"—the last-named being of course for a line of Pirates.

An Irish lawyer has suggested a



ACCOMMODATION FOR BOY AND BEAST.

"HE CERTAINLY SEEMS A BIT SAD—THIS HORSE THAT SANTA CLAUS SENT YOU. WHAT DO YOU THINK HE WANTS?"

"DO YOU KNOW, MUMMY, I FINK HE WANTS A TRAIN TO SHY AT."

remarkably neat and simple method of abolishing Perjury. He proposes that in future the administration of the Oath—without which Perjury is impossible—shall be dispensed with.

Rumour is again busy with the promised appearance of a motor-bus which is to be so quiet that you will not know that there is one on the road until you have been run over.

The condition of the SULTAN (whose health is really fairly good) shows "no change," says a report from Constantinople. We should have thought that this state of his purse was too habitual to call for a cable.

The Foundling's Mite.

"ABERDEEN ROYAL INFIRMARY. Receipt of following contribution reported:—

Mr. G. Gall (found in a parcel six months ago and unclaimed), £1."—*Aberdeen Daily Journal*.

THE new outbreak of the Suffragettes has revived the now hallowed joke by which Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE immortalised himself. Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST is reported by *The Daily Telegraph* as having said: "Four working women from the North went to prison, and their husbands are enthusiastic." Nevertheless, Miss BILLINGTON courageously announces her intention of assuming the bond of matrimony.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

STRIKING LETTERS OF PROTEST.

The Daily Mail having deprecated the continuance of the Westminster Plays on the ground that they do not repay the exertion involved in their preparation, and, for the rest, are not particularly elevated in their morality, a number of representative publicists have written to *Mr. Punch* to express their views on the subject. The selection from the correspondence printed below abundantly proves what a fund of good sense, sanity and good taste supports the strictures of our patriotic contemporary.

DEAR SIR,—As I have no sons at Westminster, and never intend to send any there, I am in a position to discuss this question with perfect impartiality and detachment. I have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that the waste of time and energy involved in this annual preparation of a Latin play is nothing short of a national scandal, and I trust that some patriotic Labour Member will call attention to it in the House of Commons without delay. Anywhere else the survival of this obscurantist cult of the classics might have been tolerated, but in the heart of Westminster, almost within a catapult-shot of Parliament, its presence is a monstrous insult to the representatives of Labour. If the Westminster boys must act plays, let them be in the vernacular or in Esperanto.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

MODERN SIDE.

DEAR SIR,—When will the democracy awake to the full sense of their responsibilities? Year after year the Westminster Play is made the excuse for a scurrilous epilogue, in which, under the cloak of an obscure and outlandish tongue, disgraceful and libellous attacks are made on the most cherished instruments of modern progress and emancipation. The London County Council, the Labour Party, Woman's Suffrage, Municipal Trading—all these are subjected to violently calumnious misrepresentation, and yet no voices are raised in protest against this worst form of *lèse-majesté*—this belittling of the sovereign democracy. I feel sure that *The Daily News* would not, even if it could, sully its pages by printing a translation of this atrocious pasquinade, yet I have searched in vain for any protest against the continuance of what must be regarded as the worst blot on our system of secondary education. I am, Sir, yours indignantly,

VOX POPULI.

DEAR SIR,—The drama is admittedly one of the most humanising and refining influences of modern society, but here, as everywhere else, all depends on the

choice of plays. Count Tolstoi has finally and irrevocably demolished the claim of SHAKESPEARE to be regarded, either from the ethical or artistic standpoint, as worthy of study or performance. Greek and Latin are hopelessly dead; English is dying rapidly; the only language with a future before it in this disunited kingdom is Irish. If Doctor Gow, the Headmaster of Westminster, bends to the inevitable and makes the study of Irish compulsory amongst his boys, a new lease of life may be secured for the discredited institution over which he so negligently presides.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

PHAUDRIG BOROIMHE.

DEAR SIR,—I understand that the repertory of plays on which the Westminster authorities draw is almost exclusively confined to the works of an obscure and obsolete poet named TERENCE, obviously of Irish origin. Why, in the name of common sense, should this preferential treatment be accorded in the capital of England to so undesirable an alien? The anomaly becomes all the more flagrant when it is borne in mind that by far the greatest living Irish playwright cannot obtain a hearing in his native country, and is unable to speak a single coherent sentence in Erse. Unable for the moment to tell whether I am standing on my head or on my heels,

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully
G. B. S.

DEAR SIR,—The fetish worship of mediævalism at Westminster is sufficiently degrading, but what can you expect of a school which for centuries has allowed its pupils to indulge annually in a disgusting bear-fight over a pancake, a comestible which derives its name appropriately enough from the two Greek words *πᾶν* and *κακόν*? I am, Sir,

Yours truthfully,

HUMANITARIAN.

DEAR SIR,—While readily admitting the truth of the old saw that "all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy," I think that greater care should be shown in the choice of the play than has hitherto been the case at Westminster. It is all very well to do in Rome as the Romans do, but London is not Rome, and the traditions of Drury Lane ought to be more binding than those of the Eternal City. This, of course, does not apply to the choice of theme, but only to that of the language in which the play is presented. Speaking as an impartial outsider I should say that, alike as regards spectacular interest and moral influence, such plays as *The Bondman* are far better adapted for performance by impressionable youths than the dubious works of antiquated playwrights like PLAUTUS and TERENCE, none of which, so far as I am aware, can be obtained

with photographic illustrations at so low a figure as 2s. net.

I am, Sir, yours gratefully,

MANXMAN.

HELLAS PRESERVED.

[A contemporary has observed that "when Greece began to be living Greece once more, the quantity of currants produced year by year began to grow larger . . . and their relative cheapness to-day is a direct consequence of the disappearance of the Turk."]

GREECE, whose poets' pure affection

For the sterner syntax rules

Barely saves them from rejection

In our secondary schools—

Mourn not (though your sons can never

Warble with their fathers' ease)

While the fruits of their endeavour

Serve to spice our A. B. C.'s.

Though no more the Muses foster

Markets for Pierian song,

See! the merry Grecian coster

Still contrives to get along;

Though no modern wits can weave you

Rôles of Sophoclean make,

Corinth of the double sea-view

Keeps her interest in cake.

Since upon your mountains Freedom

Reassumed her normal pose,

Swifter to the shores that need 'em

The Levantine currant flows;

Till, where tea-cups sound a pæan,

Clerks absorb (their labours done)

Trophies of the soft Ægean,

Set like Cyclads in a bun.

On you go, light-hearted masters

Of a craft that always paid,

And, if unforeseen disasters

Do not cause a slump in trade,

Bards, whose simple meals are mottled

By your toothsome stuff, shall learn,

KEATS-like, to applaud the bottled

Beauties of a Grecian urn.

Ancient songs are immaterial,

Art of little use to man;

Pies, we know, if less ethereal,

Often keep the mark of Pan;

So the best of Greece we cherish

(Spirit of her hills and woods),

Though the pure ideals perish

In a lb. of grocers' goods.

That is why no sorrow stirs us

That the classic Muse despairs,

And you count the lyre and thyrsus

Unremunerative wares;

Who can grumble, "*Hellas fuit!*"

When perforce our cooks must seek

For the cult of Saxon suet

All the cunning of the Greek!

MOTTO FOR EDWARD AND MOBERLY:
"Sweet Bells jangled, out of tune."

MOTTO FOR A SUFFRAGETTE: "*Il ne faut pas être belle pour suffragier.*"



"For though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

Huntsman. "WOULD YOU LIKE THE BRUSH, MISS?"

Miss. "NO, THANK YOU. I WOULD RATHER HAVE A PAD. BRUSHES ONLY LIE ABOUT AND BRING MOTHS INTO THE HOUSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It looks as if the WILLIAMSONS (C. N. & A. M.) had been motoring along the Corniche and during their progress conceived the original idea of choosing Monte Carlo for the site of one of their new creations—*Rosemary in Search of a Father* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). But the difficulty of getting the child-heroine fixed in that neighbourhood—her mother being a young English widow at once virtuous and penniless—called for even greater ingenuity. This is how they solved it. They sent the young widow to Paris to do type-writing, and then her friends recommended her to go South where the competition would be less strenuous. And so we find her in a third-rate hotel in the Condamine at Monaco. Compared with this brilliant stroke of phantasy the rest of the book is commonplace. *Rosemary* is a sort of female "Little Lord Fauntleroy," who calls her mother "Angel" instead of "Dearest," and prattles tolerably. Their scheme must have taken the authors at least an hour to elaborate, and the result (with discount off) is perhaps not a very good bargain at 2s. for the matter and 1s. 9d. for the margins.

The First Claim (METHUEN) has suggested to me a good new game for Christmas parties. The first person who opens the book without finding one or more words in italics wins. I have played a considerable number of matches against myself, and have never won yet. I suspect, though, that the author, M. HAMILTON (Miss, I imagine) really wrote the novel for quite another purpose. Her aim is to show how ineffaceable is the maternal instinct, and she has certainly treated the theme excellently, with the help of some very cleverly drawn characters. But the story is just a little bit long-drawn-out, and my game cheered the way wonderfully.

Mr. Punch having always a warm corner in his heart for the Young People, welcomes a book entirely devoted to their interests. This, under the title *The Young People*, by One of the Old Ones (MURRAY), lies before him, and he has read it and re-read it with very great interest, delighted by the gentle philosophy and urbane kindness of the author. Incidentally the book is also a Guide to London! No one who feels fogeydom coming upon him should neglect the opportunity which this book gives him of recovering his youth—or at any rate of preserving it in good spirits.



PACIFIC INTIMIDATION.

Discordant Voices. "WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED——"

Candidate for County Council (looking into outer darkness). "YOU HAD BETTER GO HOME."

Treble Voice. "WON'T YOU PATRONISE OUR SINGING, SIR?"

Candidate for C.C. "CERTAINLY NOT; AND SHUT THE GATE AFTER YOU."

Bass Voice (after a pause). "SOME OF US HAVE GOT VOTES!" (*Collapse of Candidate for C.C.*)

"THE AIR IS FILLED WITH FAREWELLS . . ."

["'Au Revoir, my little Hyacinth,' will be sung on Boxing Night by over 200 artists in pantomimes all over the British Isles."—*The Evening News*, Dec. 14.]

If you've studied the successful songs of Pantomime

(A pastime for a *very* rainy day!),

All the ones that people *would* buy

You'll have noticed have a "good-bye!"

To a yellow bird, *Yo-San* or *Dolly Gray*.

Write them something like "Farewell, my little Bantam, I'm

Afraid I cannot stay at home with you,"

And, although the critics mock it,

You will find it fills your pocket—

Which, I take it, 's all you really have in view.

It's the surest way to win a lyric victory:

Write your verses in a vein that's valedictory!

True, a man may now and then obtain a modicum

Of kudos in another sort of strain,

As he did with *William Bailey*,

Who was supplicated daily

By a million throats to join his home again.

Still the thing that's sure of making everybody come

To the Panto at, and after, Christmas time,

Is a tender farewell ditty

Sung (or said) by *Princess Pretty*—

With the generous assistance of the lime.

Au revoir, my little H., and here's a beaker to

Our next meeting—on the organ in a week or two!

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

WE understand that a slight change will take place in the Government before the beginning of the next Parliamentary Session. Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN will be promoted to the responsible position of Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs, whilst Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will be relegated to the First Lordship of the Treasury. If the change should not after all take place it will be because this premature announcement will have upset the Cabinet's plans.

It is whispered that a curious intrigue is going on to secure the support of the Labour Party during the coming Session. Mr. KEIR HARDIE will take office as Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, and the position of Mistress of the Robes will be offered to Miss PANKHURST.

It is the talk of the political clubs that Sir ANTONY MACDONNELL has ordered Mr. BRYCE to resign his office, and has nominated Mr. BYLES to succeed him. The rumour runs that Sir ANTONY holds certain compromising anti-Home-Rule letters written by Mr. BRYCE.

I hear on the best authority I can get that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has not shown sufficient business capacity for a President of the Board of Trade, and that he will have to resign. Also that he is to be mollified by an appointment as Special Envoy to RAISULI. The Government will try to strengthen their position by including some well-known business man in the Cabinet. The name of Mr. A. E. W. MASON has been mentioned in this connection.



A CHRISTMAS TRUCE.

Mr. Punch (to C.B. and Lord Lansdowne—*Rival Waits*). "HERE, COME IN AND HAVE YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER. I'VE NEVER KNOWN EITHER OF YOU WORK SO HARD FOR IT!"





"BOXING THE COMPASS."

The Cap'en gives up his old shipmates as hopeless and ships on the Rival craft.
 ("Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles has been elected a member of the Eighty Club."—*The Globe*.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, December 17.

—LANSDOWNE the mildest-mannered man that ever was spokesman of militant political party in time of crisis. House crowded in anticipation of announcement of decision of Opposition on Commons' rejection of Lords' Amendments to Education Bill. Steps of Throne crowded with Privy Counsellors. Among them PÈRE BIRRELL, pale with anxiety for the fate of his first-born.

At half-past four LANSDOWNE discovered standing at the Table. In Commons, at such a moment, the Party leader would be welcomed by wild cheer, assailed by answering storm of counter-cheering. No one seems to have thought of cheering LANSDOWNE. It would, SARK insists, be almost indecent. Is clad in deep mourning that suggests he has come to bury the Bill, not to save it. In tones of sedate regret, laments the unprecedented procedure of the Commons. In unemotional matter-of-fact manner mentions that such conduct is insulting.

The Lords would neither withdraw nor re-consider their amendments. But, tempering mercy with justice, kindness with righteous anger, they would still give the Government and their majority in the other House a chance. The Commons, assuming, nay asserting, that

they, fresh from the polls, represent national feeling in the matter, had fashioned and passed a particular Bill. The Lords had turned it inside out, and stuffing it afresh, moulded it in new shape. Might be supposed that the Commons, finding their long labours thus treated cavalierly, were the affronted party. Not at all. It was the Lords who were injured and insulted by having the changeling thrown on their hands. But of their magnanimity they would provide the Commons with a *locus penitentiae*. So LANSDOWNE proposed to move adjournment of debate in order to give the Commons a chance of going "on the knee."

Business done.—Debate on Commons' refusal to accept Lords' amendments to Education Bill unexpectedly adjourned.

Tuesday.—Again a crowded House. Through the dull day there have been coming and going of heralds of the two Houses; consultations of leaders on both sides, merging in conference between representatives of the Lords and Commons.

Surely all is settled now; the long-drawn-out agony of suspense is cut short. For an hour before public business commenced, Lobbies thronged with Commoners and Peers discussing situation. Bishops, "with warm hearts beating beneath their gaiters," as the Vicar of Gorleston said on another occasion, flit across the Lobby asking for news. No



RUNNING SHORT OF EXPLETIVES.

A fancy portrait of some members of a Service Club who have just heard that Mr. Haldane proposes, after consultation with civilian advisers, to reduce the number of Colonels in the Army.
 "B'ginning of the end, Sir! Most disgraceful, Sir! Br-br-br, &c.!!"



SCENE—The Hall of a Country House. Guests arriving for dinner.

Perkins (the extra man who is had in to help at most dinners given in the neighbourhood—confidentially but audibly). "GOOD EVENING, MISS WATERS. THERE'S SOME OF THAT NICE PUDDING 'ERE TO-NIGHT, WHAT LAST TIME YOU TOOK TWICE OF!"

one has any of authentic character. Conjecture is rife, rumour running steadily in direction of the happening of a hitch.

This confirmed when Orders of day were reached in the Lords. Motion made for further adjournment. "Till when?" asked a noble Lord. Who could say? Probably till to-morrow; possibly to a later hour of the sitting. Nothing to be done at the moment but take up the next business on Agenda and wait patiently on the Lords and Commons still in secret chambers trying to wrangle out Compromise.

Business done.—Hitch in arrangement of Compromise on Education Bill.

(To be continued in our next.)

AEROPLANE SAILING DIRECTIONS.

1. AERONAUTS are requested not to heave the lead, jettison cargo, passengers or empty bottles whilst sailing over the Strand in the daytime. A triangular piece of land known as the Strand Improvement and marked on the chart due south of Kingsway is quite large

enough to be hit from almost any altitude, and has been kept vacant for this purpose for several years past.

2. The Dome of St. Paul's is the private landing-stage of the Dean and Chapter, and the vergers have strict orders to cast off all hawsers made fast thereto by unauthorised persons. Small craft may be moored to the tree-tops along the Embankment, but the County Council cannot guarantee that the trees will be fit for this or any other purpose. The use of the Nelson Column as a mooring-post is restricted to the Admiralty.

3. Air-ships should not make rapid and sudden descents upon the top of the Victoria and Albert Museum. This regulation is framed in the interest of the aeronaut himself.

4. Every effort will be made by the Fire Brigade to rescue by means of a rocket apparatus the crews of airships *bonâ fide* stranded upon overhead wires, steeples, sky signs, or other perils of navigation, but the aero-world is respectfully invited not to regard this as a normal method of coming ashore.

Great caution is to be observed in passing over storm-centres like the Hippodrome, especially in the afternoon or evening, when they are for a space in violent eruption. Such places will as soon as possible be buoyed with captive balloons, illuminated at night, the managements having made no objection to their being so distinguished.

5. Public statues are not to be looked upon merely as convenient anchorages. There are certain exceptions to this rule (a list of which will be furnished on application) where, on condition that the statue is hauled up bodily with the anchor and transported sufficiently far away, no penalty attaches to the displacement of it.

6. Airships navigating crowded thoroughfares within twenty feet of the ground are required to display suitable boards inscribed (in the tongue of M. SANTOS-DUMONT) "*Ne pas déranger les hélices.*" It is expected that this rule and the reason for it will tend to familiarise the public with the French (and the more obscure departments of the English) language.



MR. PUNCH approached the door of the tent.

"The Captain of the Commons, I presume?" he said, as he raised his hat.

"Well," said the Captain, "what's your business?"

"Observe the white flag," said MR. PUNCH, taking out his handkerchief. "This is, in fact, purely a friendly visit. I am come to interview you on behalf of my readers." Here he referred for a moment to his note-book. "What," he continued, "are your views with regard to the coming contest?"

"Ah, my dear Sir," said the Captain, "I did not recognise you for the moment. Pray sit down. Very cold the weather is. Yes. The contest? Ah, yes. Well, roughly speaking, the struggle will be one of Birth *v.* Brains. I need hardly say that Brains will win in the end."

"Brains," said MR. PUNCH, writing rapidly in his note-book. "That's you, I suppose?"

"Of course. At present we are not quite sure what nickname we shall adopt for the contest, but probably it will be 'The Brains Ones.' I myself," he added proudly, "am known as 'The People's Will.'"

"The People's Will," wrote MR. PUNCH. "And are you adopting the 2-3-2 formation or the 3-2-3?"

"Neither. The 'all-talking-at-once formation' has always been ours."

"I see. Now I think my readers would like from you a few words on the moral aspect of the struggle."

"Well, it's like this. I am 'The People's Will,' and the Lords have defied me. And they attacked and brutally ill-treated 'Education' Bill, one of our strongest and most popular Forwards. And to make matters worse they have just shown that they are too cowardly to tackle 'Trade Disputes' Bill."

"But you can't have it both ways," argued MR. PUNCH. "You can't make it first a cause of offence that they mangled one Bill, and then a cause of offence that they didn't mangle another. If——"

"Excuse me," said the Captain coldly, "but didn't you say you came here to interview me?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then why are *you* doing all the talking? As I was saying—who are the Lords that they should oppose 'The People's Will'? They are representative of nothing but their own incompetence."

"Representative of nothing but their own incompetence," wrote MR. PUNCH. "Is that really your own? It sounds more like 'The People's David.' And when will the contest begin?" he went on hastily.

"Well, I can't say exactly. The position is this. We have defied them to do their worst, and they are doing it. But we still defy them. So now it is their move again."

"I see. I suppose it is useless to suggest arbitration?"

"Quite Oh, must you be going? Well, tell your readers that my final message is, 'May the best boat win!' Which is us," he added, after a pause.

Mr. PUNCH found his way out of the camp; and went up the hill and down again the other side into the enemy's camp.

"The Captain of the Lords, I presume?" he said, as he raised his hat.

"Hallo," said the Captain. "What is it?"

"Observe the white flag," said Mr. PUNCH. "This is a friendly visit. I am come to interview you on behalf of my readers. What,"—he had it off by heart this time—"what are your views with regard to the coming contest?"

"Roughly," said the Captain, "that it's been a jolly long time coming."

"But when it does come?"

"Then it will be one of Gas v. Brains. I need hardly say that Brains will win in the end."

"Brains," said Mr. PUNCH, writing rapidly in his note-book. "That's you, I suppose?"

"Of course. We are known as 'The Brainy Ones,' you know. At least you might tell your readers so."

"Certainly. And what formation are you adopting?"

"The sit-tight-formation has always been ours. It has carried every scrum so far."

"Ah yes. Now I think my readers would like from you a few words on the moral aspect of the struggle."

"Moral?" said the Captain. "I don't know about moral, but the common sense of it is this. The People don't know what's good for them."

"And you?"

"That's what we're here for. All this rot about interpreting the People's Will—is all—well, rot. That's not where we come in. The Commons do that. At least they think they do. We are here to protect the People against themselves. Like a father with his children. That sort of idea."

"Yes, that's all very well," said Mr. PUNCH; "but how is it that it's always one particular party you're protecting against itself, and never the other?"

"Excuse me," said the Captain coldly, "but didn't you say you came here to interview me?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then why are *you* doing all the talking?"

Mr. PUNCH apologised.

"But give me," he said, "a final message to take to my readers."

"Well," said the Captain, "all I can say is, 'May the best boat win!'"

"Which is you?" suggested the SAGE.

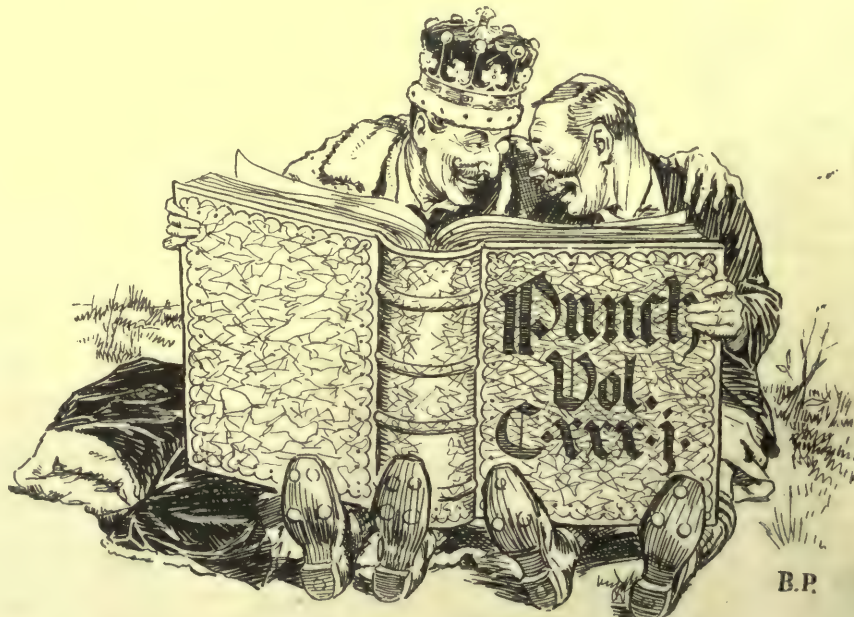
"Oh, well, if you say so," laughed the Captain. "Good-bye. Come again next year and see us. We shall still be here."

* * * * *

When Mr. PUNCH was on neutral ground again he took out his note-book, and read it carefully.

"Arbitration no good," he repeated to himself. "I wonder." Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him. He snapped his pocket-book, replaced it, and began once more to climb the hill. At the top, in full view of both camps, he ostentatiously opened, for purposes of common consultation, his

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B.P.



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